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The Confederate Veteran  
magazine





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The  
Confederate Veteran  
Magazine  
1920



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VOL. XXVIII.

JANUARY, 1920

NO. 1

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"I think it the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or General Government directed to that object. It is particularly incumbent on those charged with the instruction of the young to set them an example of submission to authority."—*From Lee's letter to the Trustees of Washington College, August 24, 1865.*



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W. M. Kilgore, 2308 Hawthorne Avenue, Birmingham, Ala., writes: "I was a member of Company C, 31st Tennessee Regiment, Col. W. M. Bradford. I would like to hear from some member of my company or regiment. I am eighty-three years old."

Mrs. George N. L. Buyers, 504 High Street, Columbia, Tenn., makes inquiry for any surviving member of the company or regiment of Alabama troops with which Aurelius Whittington served. He enlisted from Alabama and served throughout the war. This information is needed to get a pension for his widow, Mrs. Susan Whittington.

The widow of the late S. D. Coleman wishes to get in communication with some of his old comrades of the War between the States. He was a member of Company B, 1st Battalion of Kentucky Cavalry, Duke's Brigade, Army of West Virginia. She is entitled to a pension from the State of Georgia if she can get affidavit from one comrade who served with him. Address Mrs. A. W. Coleman, Fort Gaines, Ga.

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From N. P. Davidson, Driftwood, Tex.: "I have been taking your most excellent magazine ever since 1893 and have never missed a copy. I am now nearing my eighty-second anniversary and hope to continue my subscription as long as I live."

SERVICEABLE TO PAPA.—A Red Cross public health nurse in a Southern town has found the latest novelty in names for babies. She was weighing a little black youngster. "What do you call baby?" she asked the grinning young mother. "Weathah-strips," replied the parent. "Weather-strips!" exclaimed the nurse. "What's the idea, Mandy?" "We done named her Weathah-strips 'cause she kept her papa outa de draft."



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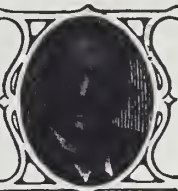
# Confederate Veteran.

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SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1920.

No. 1. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
FOUNDER.

## SOVEREIGNTY.

ATLANTA REUNION, 1919.

BY A. W. LITTLEFIELD, NEEDHAM, MASS.

From the Pilgrim Rock to the Golden Gate.  
From the Northern Lakes to the Southern Sea,  
The Stars and Stripes and their sovereignty  
Defend the land and its noble estate.  
And the Stars and Bars in the Southland, strong,  
Float proudly o'er hearth and the home love, dear,  
The symbol of sovereign men who fear  
But the laws of God and the deeds of wrong.  
As foes they were pitted when kindred fought  
In the terrible strife that banished peace.  
But ever in union long may they wave—  
Emblems of peoples by suffering taught  
That fraternal hatred must henceforth cease—  
The guide of the free, the pride of the brave!

## GREETINGS.

To each and all a glad New Year!

To its friends everywhere the VETERAN sends this old, old greeting with the wish for their health and happiness throughout the days of 1920.

The VETERAN is now beginning its twenty-eighth year, which is a long life for a Southern periodical. Its length of days has been made possible through the loyal support of friends, whose interest and coöperation have enabled it to carry on this work for the truth of Southern history. This work is all the more important in these days of greater interest in more recent happenings, and of old friends and new is now asked a continuance of that support which will help to extend the work of the VETERAN nearer to a successful completion.

GEORGIA'S PROVISION FOR CONFEDERATE VETERANS.—Referring to the article in the December VETERAN on "Where Georgia Does Not Lead," Robert P. Martyn, Chaplain of the North Georgia Brigade, U. C. V., writes: "During the past three years Georgia veterans received an advance of \$10 on their previous \$60 per year, and next year the provision gives them \$100, after which no further increase has been provided. There has been no discrimination between officers and privates, and the claims of those who have been receiving larger sums than the others were based on their being more or less physically injured in the war. Florida is to be complimented for the much better part she does for her veterans and puts Georgia to shame thereby, but Georgia should have due credit, nevertheless."

## MEMORIAL TO VIRGINIA'S WAR GOVERNOR.

The John Letcher Memorial Fund has been established at Washington and Lee University in honor of the "War" Governor of Virginia by his children, Col. John D. Letcher, of Norfolk, Va., Mrs. Margaret L. Showell, of Berlin, Md., and Mrs. Virginia Lee Stevens, Miss Fanny W. Letcher, and Capt. Greenlee D. Letcher, of Lexington, Va.

The income from the fund, which amounts to \$4,000, is to be used primarily "to aid needy, deserving students who, while students through the session, do manual labor to assist in obtaining their education." Permission is given the President of the University, however, to take from the income the sum of fifty dollars annually, or from time to time as he deems wise, and offer it as a prize for the best paper on some political subject designated by him, and also in his discretion to use part of the interest from the fund to purchase books on political and economic subjects, the books to be designated as the John Letcher Memorial Library. It is further provided that the University shall have a copy made of the portrait of Governor Letcher which hangs in the Capitol at Richmond and place it in the University library.

FOR THE DAVIS MONUMENT.—Dear VETERAN: My grandfather, Maj. Joseph Kiger, was a personal friend of Jefferson Davis; was in the Senate of Mississippi with him. My grandfather went from South Carolina to Mississippi in 1838. He won his title in the War of 1812. I think it was in 1853 that he was with Mr. Davis in the Senate of Mississippi. He was styled the "Father of the Senate of Mississippi." My husband and I sent to-day a check amounting to ten dollars to Maj. John Leathers for the Jefferson Davis Memorial.

MRS. A. E. GOING, Gordo, Ala

## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

### WHY DID WE GO ACROSS?

DEDICATED TO SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

BY HUGH GAYLORD BARCLAY, MOBILE, ALA.

We went across because we must!  
Ours was no transient, aimless gust  
Of mobile sentiment or hate!  
That magic, dazzling star of hope,  
Against whose lure no might may cope,  
Proud freedom for both small and great—  
Such magnet drew our willing feet  
The rise of freedom's star to greet,  
To share disaster, yield our blood,  
To help stem anarchy's dark flood!  
How could we rest at home and feel—  
While we of such black blot were free—  
A shackled world's woeful appeal  
Would not be met? It should not be!

### FOR THE TRUTH OF CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

At the last General Reunion of the Confederate Veterans a great movement was inaugurated to teach the young the truths of Confederate history, and to carry this out a committee of veterans was appointed, consisting of Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Honorary Commander in Chief U. C. V., Chairman, Charleston, S. C.; Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander Army of Northern Virginia, U. C. V., Durham, N. C.; Gen. Calvin B. Vance, Commander Army of Tennessee, U. C. V., Batesville, Miss.; Gen. Virgil Y. Cook, Commander Trans-Mississippi, U. C. V., Batesville, Ark.; Gen. A. J. Twiggs, Commander East Georgia Brigade, U. C. V., Augusta, Ga.

The Sons, cooperating, have appointed as their committee: Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, Chairman, Danville, Va.; Dr. John W. Hooper, Roanoke, Ala.; W. C. Chandler, Memphis, Tenn.; W. S. Lemley, Temple, Tex.; J. J. Slaughter, Muskogee, Okla.

The Daughters of the Confederacy at their Tampa Convention did not consider the request of the Veterans' proposition, but they as individuals, Chapters, and Divisions, we are sure, will give aid to an object they have previously commended.

The committee has actively commenced on its labors. Being without funds, they have been forced to adopt a plan, not perhaps the most efficient, but the only practical one apparent. Teachers or lecturers, veterans if possible, if not red-hot Sons, will lecture for two or five days to the pupils of the educational institutions of the various States of the South. It is reasonably expected that such institutions as avail themselves of this opportunity to have the truth fearlessly told will be willing to pay the very moderate fees charged for the benefits derived. General Walker has been assigned to this duty for his State and very promptly made engagements with the leading colleges therein. If such in South Carolina are ready to aid in teaching the truths of history, similar institutions in other States can be expected to do as well.

When the next schoolbook adoptions occur, the committee will be ready to fight unfair books and make such representations to the boards of adoption as will, it is hoped, prevent the use in the schools of the South of histories which either misrepresent the South or "damn it with faint praise." They will also make an earnest effort to have all libraries in the South mark unfair books as 'unjust to the South.'

To assist in both of their aims Miss Mildred Rutherford has prepared and is now having published a historical "Measuring Rod," which will show to all interested the misstatements affecting the South and what of such are to be guarded against. The thought, mental labor, and material printing of this booklet will be a freewill offering of this distinguished Southern historian to the great cause.

Is there any prosperous Veteran, Son, or Daughter who is willing to do as much?

It is unnecessary to explain the necessity of teaching the truth, but only to urge the assistance of all Veterans, Sons, and Daughters. A line to Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Chairman, Charleston, S. C., or to the teacher or committee for the State will put any one in connection with the movement.

Don't fear the cry of arousing sectionalism. Only those who attack the South, not the South in defending its actions, are the sectionalists. The committees are well aware that they have a pretty hard job trying to overtake a lie, when it is once started, but they hope and believe they will, as they run in pursuit, drop some seeds which will take root and flourish.

Moreover, the days of passion on this subject have passed, and it can now be considered in a purely academic manner. When it is proved that the South was right and the North wrong fifty-odd years ago, it will not make an iota's difference in the devotion of the few surviving veterans and their hosts of descendants to the United States nor of their willingness to do their full patriotic duty. A man who was willing to fight as did the Confederates from 1861-65 is the kind of material out of which loyal citizenship is made and the kind to teach his children and grandchildren the truest and noblest lessons of patriotism.

[Matter contributed by committee.]

### COL. HENRY MOORMAN.

A letter from Capt. W. T. Ellis, of Owensboro, Ky., confirms the sad news of the death of Col. Henry Moorman, which occurred very suddenly. It was only in the November VETERAN that his picture appeared with the handsome little grandsons, of whom he was so proud. Captain Ellis writes: "His death was a great shock to all of us who knew and loved him so well. He was a glorious man, and our Camp has lost its best and most useful member. A committee has been appointed to prepare a sketch of him for the VETERAN. You correctly say that our veterans are passing rapidly away. Directly the last of that mighty host who

"Marched and fought with Johnston  
And stormed the heights with Lee'

will have passed away, and then there will not be a survivor of the men who wore the gray to

"Weep o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done

Or to shoulder his crutch and show how fields were won.'

But we can trust the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to do justice to our memory and the cause for which we fought."



## SHALL THE DAVIS MEMORIAL BE COMPLETED?

BY E. POLK JOHNSON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Shall the monument to Jefferson Davis on the site of the modest home where he was born be finished? This is a question addressed not alone to Kentucky, but to every Southern State. That he was born in Kentucky is a matter for congratulation. That he was the President of the Confederate States at the same time that another Kentuckian was President of the United States seems something more than one of fate's accidents. The birthplace of Mr. Lincoln, the humble cabin in which his eyes first looked out upon this goodly land, is covered from the storms of heaven by walls of granite and is a perpetual charge upon the United States government. The birthplace of Mr. Davis, scarce one hundred miles away, remains unmarked, for the Confederate government has no treasury, no funds, no abiding place save in the hearts of those who followed its flag through four long years, years of glory and of sorrow, as the pendulum of fate swung between victory and defeat. To these few, "these gallant few," and to their descendants and to those living Southerners through whose veins the red blood of the fathers of our Southern land still flows must we turn, not with an appeal—that would cheapen the monument—but to set before them the simple facts.

During the recent gubernatorial campaign in Kentucky each of the candidates promised General Haldeman that in the event of his election he would ask the State Legislature to take over the monument and the park in which it is to stand and to keep watch and ward over them both so long as time shall last. Mr. Morrow, the successful candidate, is the son of a gallant Kentuckian, a Federal officer, whose heart and hand after the war were freely open to every plea from a Confederate soldier. Though he has long filled an honored grave, there is no doubt that to that generous father his son owes the great majority by which he became Governor. Confederate veterans do not forget those who have been their friends. The monument when finished will be faithfully guarded by the State.

The South has often, far too often, been the object of rebuke from Northern press and people for its love of those who were its heroes in the dear dead days of the past. To such critics let a Northern newspaper make reply. The *Charleston News and Courier* in a spirit of good-natured banter challenged the *Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle* to an expression of opinion concerning the placing of a statue of Mr. Davis in the Hall of Fame in Washington. The New York paper made no reply, but the New Haven (Conn.) *Register* was of finer clay and met the challenge in these brave words: "Very well. The *Register* on its part accepts the challenge. There is something to say about Jefferson Davis and his admission to the Hall of Fame. It is high time it was said. It is high time that the mist which for half a century has distorted the North's view of this son of the South was cleared away. It is in justice time that the man who in his day suffered more than any other Southerner for the cause in which he believed should cease to be reckoned a traitor and a coward and be esteemed for what he was, a brave, true Southern gentleman. \* \* \* The South will never cease to admire the man of iron nerve, of dauntless courage, of ceaseless loyalty, of unsullied honor, of tireless energy, of peerless chivalry, who suffered and dared and all but died for the cause he loved and lost. Of that host of true men who gave their best and their all for the Confederacy because in their deepest hearts they believed they were doing right, none was more sincere than he. Of that multitude who lined up for the struggle against their brothers of the North, none was braver, none

was nobler. His sacrifice was as extreme as it was sincere, and his treatment by the victors after the crash came was sore medicine for a heart that was breaking."

It is more than a century since Jefferson Davis was born; it is more than half a century since his cause was lost. It is more than a quarter of a century since he drew the drapery of his couch about him and passed into another world. Hear further from the *Register*: "What better time could there be to signify, by the placing of his statue in the nation's capital, that the wounds of that war are healed, that in the blood of brothers shed the Union is forever cemented on a foundation that standeth sure. Then let his presentment stand erect, noble, commanding, impressive as he stood in the days when he was master of the destinies of half a nation. \* \* \* Let it picture a martyr to a cause that, though lost, was not wholly vain, since it taught brothers to appreciate a relationship they were in danger of forgetting. And not inappropriately might there be carved on it the inscription which an unknown poet of the South once suggested for his statue:

"Write on its base, 'We loved him.' All these years  
Since that torn flag was folded we've been true,  
The love that bound us now revealed in tears  
Like webs unseen till heavy with the dew.'"

Rarely has a finer tribute been paid a Southern statesman than these graceful words from one in the Northern land who could have had no sympathy for the cause for which the men of the South fought and died. A Southerner, ignorant of the source from which they came, would instinctively declare them the product of a Southern mind and heart, so free are they of the usual gall and bitterness of Northern utterances.

The writer of this article knew Mr. Davis personally, and in his home at Beauvoir was his guest. In addition, he had also been one of his escort from Charlotte, N. C., to Washington, Ga. In the home of Mr. Davis no word of bitterness toward even those who had despitefully used him was heard. He declined to discuss the politics of the day, evidently feeling the indignity that was daily heaped upon him by those who, forgetting nothing, also learned nothing. Of Mr. Lincoln he spoke several times in kindly terms, instancing his fine capacity for illustrating his meaning with apt anecdotes, an accomplishment in which he thought few public men had excelled him. Though in Congress at the same time as Mr. Lincoln, he stated that he had no recollection of his personality. In an article which was written by the writer of this after his visit to Mr. Davis the following is found: "Not by word or tone did this chief of the greatest of civil wars express other than respect for the memory of that other great Kentuckian who, like himself, sat in a Presidential chair and held in his hands the destinies of a great people during that struggle between the two finest armies of volunteers the world has ever known."

In concluding the article from which the words above are quoted the following were the sentiments of the present writer: "The most remarkable man of his day in many respects, the chief of the greatest civil war the world has known, the head of a government and an army which, considering their resources, or the lack of them, put on



MUST WE LEAVE  
IT THUS?



record the greatest military achievements of the age; the unfaltering advocate of an idea which he refuses to abandon in the face of defeat, which idea represents the opinions of the founders of the government and the spirit of the Constitution, he sits by the side of the sea, a citizen of no land under the sun; proscribed, misrepresented, and derided, yet accepting it all without a murmur and calmly resting his case for those who will come after all of us to decide, conscious of the uprightness of his public and private career, his faithful devotion to his State and section, and the honesty of his purposes. Surrounded by his family, he as calmly and bravely awaits the end, which cannot be far away now, as he faced the storm of Santa Anna's bullets in Mexico and bore the indignity of chains and the horrors of a dungeon in later years. Kindly, gentle old man! When that good gray head is pillowed upon the bosom of your beloved Mississippi, may there come one who will write upon the pages of history the fair record of your brave, upright, and honored life, for it has been and is all of these, deny it as your bitterest adversary may!"

Men and women of the South, herein you have two pictures of Mr. Davis, one from a Northern point of view, the other from a Confederate soldier and friend of Mr. Davis. Choose either of them and from deep down in your hearts answer if you do not feel that the birthplace of this illustrious man should be marked with an enduring monument, that his fame and his services to his country may not be snuffed out as a candle and as soon forgotten. Kentucky has done much and will do more. He was yours as he was Kentucky's, and to you and to us is left the task of preserving his memory for all time. Will you not answer the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us"?

### THE GREAT AMERICAN MYTH.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

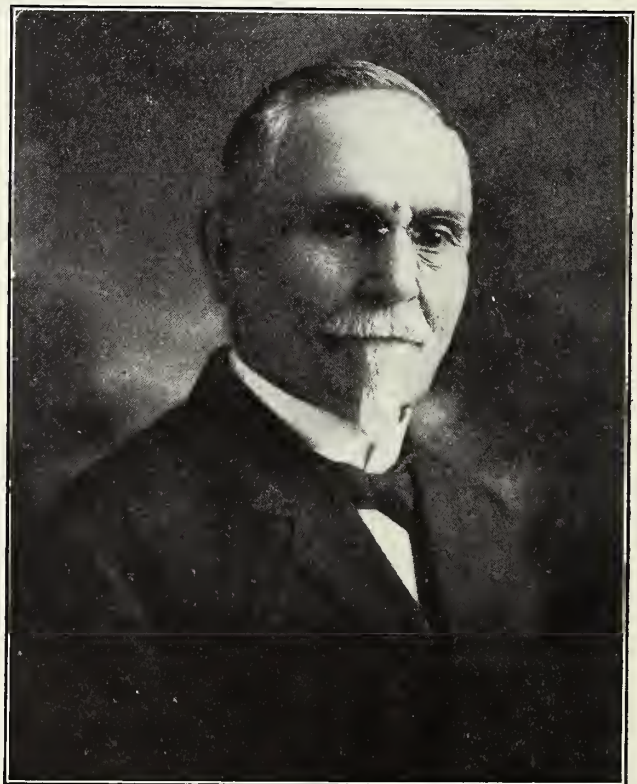
It involves an essential fallacy to assume that the myth-creating faculty faded from the consciousness of our race as the world moved from the shadowy dream sphere of symbol, legend, and romance toward its modern secularized and empirical life in which types, visions, and fantasies wrought by the genius of romance serve no higher end than poetic illustration, social recreation, even to beguile weary hours in the nursery or by the fireside, as we recall snatches of witchlore, fragmentary, disjointed lines from chants drawn from fairyland, echoes and notes that bring back the day when superstition was a dominant and almost unchallenged power. Romulus and Remus may yet assume a renaissance, and the peerless Idylls of Tennyson have invested Arthur, Lancelot, Percival, and Galahad with a charm undreamed of in the mythic era until,

"Substantialized in flesh and blood,  
They live from age to age upon the poet's page,  
And yet have never donned this mortal clay."

Within the last half century and in large measure under the eyes of a generation still in the vigor of manhood a transformation surpassing any of those I have indicated or any accomplished by the shaping spirit of dramatic imagination has become an assured, if not an abiding, invincible reality, in the apprehension or belief of the American people. Like Lord Tennyson's ideal statesman, Mr. Lincoln has "moved from high to higher" until, having attained the "crowning slope" of political ascendancy, at least in popular estimation, the hallucination, or delusion, acquires a most tenacious and apparently invincible character. The origin of the Lincoln cult, or, to describe it more accurately, the Lincoln mania, may be traced

to the time of his tragic death, April 15, 1865, but its growth, or diffusion, as well as its unrestrained and often senseless manifestations or expressions, have received a marked impulse during a comparatively recent period. The war with Germany, which, as contemplated from the viewpoint of the Northern press, was a phase of symbolical crusade against the ideals and the history of the South, tended in no small measure to stimulate the prevailing insanity and to invest it with renewed energy and vigor. From stage to stage it has advanced until every trace of reason, moderation, or discernment has ceased to exist in so far as it forms an element or an influence in determining the historic position of Abraham Lincoln or in attaining a just appreciation of his gifts as an orator, his character as a man, or his rank in the long array of administrative chiefs who "took occasion by the hand" in their endeavors "to make the bounds of freedom wider yet."

The fame of Lincoln concentrates its vital power upon his achievements in the sphere of oratory. Above all, does this criterion, or test, hold good of his much-vaunted Gettysburg address, delivered November 19, 1863. By one of those revealing ironies to which both literary and oratorical renown are ever subject the special phrase that has been most thoroughly ingrained and assimilated into the heart and speech of the world traces its suggestion, if not its specific origin, to Webster's memorable reply to Hayne during the historic debate of January, 1830. By reference to Webster's argument as edited by Bradley, "Orations and Arguments" (page 227, paragraph five), the reader will discover at a glance the very essence of the language, "government of the people, by the people, and for the people," so intensely associated with the memory of Lincoln. Note the harmony existing between the words of Webster uttered in 1830 and those which fell



WILLIAM L. RITTER,

Surviving Captain of the Third Battery of Maryland Artillery, C. S. A., at the age of eighty-four years.



from Lincoln at Gettysburg in November, 1863: "It is the people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people." (Bradley, page 227, paragraph five.) The resemblance existing between the passages cited is too minute and definite to admit of explanation as a mere coincidence of form or a simple analogy in the mode of exposition. Even if we waive the charge of willful plagiarism, the most exuberant charity cannot ignore or condone the palpable and wanton imitation of the thought and diction of Daniel Webster.

At the time of the delivery of the address at Gettysburg I was a prisoner in Federal hands, disabled from the effect of an almost fatal wound received on July 3 at Kulp's Hill, Gettysburg. A lad in my teens, I retain a vivid and graphic memory of that period of sorrow and gloom, remote from friends and home, devoid of all facilities for communication with them, and reckoned among the dead at my own fireside and my own family altar. I recall from out my valley of shadows that the Gettysburg oration when given to the world seemed to fall upon unheeding and irresponsible ears, "rousing no deed from sleep." Its celebrity was a development of later years and traces its origin, as well as its inspiration, to the tragedy linked with the fate of its author. "The deep damnation of his taking off" was a most auspicious creative agency and invested the name of Lincoln with a halo and sanctity that spring from martyrdom alone.

On March 4, 1861, while a student at the University of Virginia, in company with a party of my classmates, I attended the first inauguration of Mr. Lincoln and listened to his address upon assuming the functions of chief executive. It was a grim, bleak day, snow, rain, mist, all blending in the dissonance of elements marking the bodeful Monday morning which chronicled his advent to supreme official dignity. His manner of delivery was simple, earnest, unaffected, but lacking in every essential feature of rhetorical art or oratorical charm and grace. He displayed a tendency to "saw the air with his hand." I recall but a simple genuine gesture as he uttered the words: "No State has a right to leave the Union." No more consummate fiction has been devised since the age of Æsop than that which attributes transcendent oratorical genius to Abraham Lincoln. The malignity constituting the vital essence of Stanton seems not to have determined his moral attitude, nor did he display his diabolic glee in the mere contemplation of human suffering. Still, it cannot be demonstrated by any form of proof or evidence that his voice or his influence, personal or official, was in one instance brought to bear in order to mitigate or restrain the barbarous excesses of his own commanders. The blood of the victims of Sheridan and Sherman cries out from the earth against the memory of the "martyred President."

To my own apprehension, one of the most lamentable delusions prevailing in the South with reference to Lincoln relates to his fictitious or mythical oratory. Strange is it, even pathetic, that in the native source and fountain of American eloquence such fatal misconceptions should hold sway. The typical college or university president, the masters of assemblies, oracles of senates, lords of the forum, and beyond the Potomac the howling dervishes of the platform or the pulpit have exalted Lincoln's Gettysburg speech into a supreme criterion, a magical touchstone, by which ideal art in oratory is to be estimated and determined. Culture, literary discernment, reverence for our golden age have been renounced and abdicated in self-abasement before the shrine of Abraham Lincoln. The clarion tones, the remorseless logic, the invincible charm, the resistless grace which crowned the sov-

ereign lights of a day that is dead have paled into shadow and eclipse. Alas for one trumpet note or even echo of Hayne, Legare, Preston, Gaston, Badger, Davis, Dobbin!

"They are all gone into the world of light,  
And we alone sit lingering here;  
Their very memory is clear and bright,  
And our sad heart doth cheer."

Most to be deplored of all the results or sequences associated with the deification of Mr. Lincoln is the tendency it has developed toward irreverence, if not in some instances a form of blasphemy, perhaps undesigned or unconscious, but none the less real in its nature, on the part of Northern authors, clerical lights, and popular lecturers. I am prepared to cite specific instances or illustrations in which he has been exalted to the same plane and assigned to the same supreme eminence with the incarnate God. In many circles, in the educational sphere, in life as affected by the influence of libraries, in the field of political activity, in the dominant mental attitude of the nation, to impeach or even question the sanctity and infallibility of Abraham Lincoln is construed as almost equivalent to a species of treason. Assuredly his apotheosis is fast attaining its final stage. In abject and sycophantic idolatry of a dead though sceptered sovereign the American of our own day has no rational or logical reason to hold in reproach the record of the Hohenzollern empire or to institute a contrast of self-adoration between Lincoln and William the Second. The admirable and unanswerable monograph of Dr. C. L. C. Minor, "The Real Lincoln," is rigidly excluded from every Northern library. The fierce light that beats upon falsehood cannot be endured. "Touch not mine anointed; do my prophet no harm," such is the imperial strain. Even at this late stage a pleasing hallucination prevails in reference to the beneficent influence of Lincoln, had he survived the last act of the war drama, in tempering the wind to our prostrate and stricken Confederacy. A more baseless fantasy was never wrought by maudlin sentimentality or morbid sycophancy. The "red fool fury" and frenzy which swept an innocent woman to the scaffold would have submerged like a tidal wave both President and the line of policy imputed to him by a gracious fiction that ascribes not evil to the dead. No earthly agency or power could have turned aside the carnival of infamy, the dance of death, revealed during the Saturnalian day of Reconstruction. As the ax of the headsman elevated Charles I. almost to the saintly dignity in the roll of Anglican ecclesiastical worthies, so the dagger of Booth transformed Lincoln into a martyr and encircled his head with the halo and radiance of the amaranthine crown. His trivial utterances, his mere banality and jaded platitudes are conserved with fastidious devotedness and guarded from the assaults of time with pharisaic zeal and minuteness. To the Northern mind he has assumed the rôle of oracle and prophet, whose simplest deliverances carry with them a mysterious and inspired significance. In accord with one of those suggestive and logical ironies, so often marking the retributive character illustrated in the attitude of the human tragedy, Lincoln, untouched by any form of definite religious conviction or belief, met his fate in a theater on Good Friday, April 14, 1865, the most sacred and hallowed of the anniversaries commemorated by the homage and devotion of the Christian world.

"O eloquent, just, and mighty death!  
What none hath dared thou hast done."

## WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY.

The recent movement toward securing a large endowment fund for Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Va., has been the means of directing to that institution a larger share of public interest than has hitherto been accorded it. Harvard and Yale and like institutions of the North are known everywhere, yet Washington and Lee, surpassing them in some particulars, has accomplished a great work in the obscurity of a little Southern town. From its location in the South, it has been considered a sectional institution; yet while we claim it proudly as a part of this Southern country, its history identifies it with the whole country, and its influence has been national in extent. A glance at the list of men who have fitted themselves for their life work at Washington and Lee shows that its impress is felt in the highest circles of public life. With this brilliant record of the past and present, what may not be expected of the future of this institution if properly endowed? The movement to raise a fund for the School of Engineering as a memorial to Gen. R. E. Lee should arouse the enthusiasm of the whole South. Could any Southerner render a greater service to his section and country than by a contribution or bequest to this great memorial school? The department of engineering was started by General Lee himself, and his memory could not be more fittingly honored than by an endowment that will provide for a building and teachers to train the youth of this country in that important branch of public service.

Some data compiled for use in this financial campaign give briefly interesting points in the history of the institution, which are here presented for the purpose of informing those who are not and yet should be acquainted with this great school and interested in its future.

## HISTORY OF THE INSTITUTION.

1749.—Washington and Lee University founded, a few miles northeast of its present site, under the name of Augusta Academy.

1776.—In the spring of this year the patriotic fervor of the trustees led them by unanimous vote to change the name of the institution to Liberty Hall.

1782.—Liberty Hall was chartered by the State of Virginia as a self-governing institution under a self-perpetuating board of trustees, independent of either Church or State control.

1798.—George Washington, after years of consideration, selected Liberty Hall as his beneficiary, endowed it with fifty thousand dollars, and authorized it to bear his name as Washington Academy.

1803.—The Virginia Society of the Cincinnati upon its dissolution designated Washington Academy as the recipient of its funds.

1813.—By act of the Legislature of Virginia the name of Washington Academy was changed to Washington College.

1865.—At the unanimous request of the trustees Gen. Robert E. Lee accepted the presidency and entered upon his phenomenal work of rebuilding and developing Washington College. He added the Schools of Law, Journalism (the first in America), and Engineering.

1870-71.—Worn out by his incessant labors, General Lee died and was succeeded by his son, Gen. G. W. C. Lee. By act of the legislature his name was added to that of his great kinsman, and the institution became Washington and Lee University.

1873. Erection of Lee Mausoleum and unveiling of Valentine's recumbent statue of the great leader.

1884.—Vincent L. Bradford, of Philadelphia, bequeathed to the University and endowed the Bradford Art Gallery.



THE WASHINGTON BUILDING.





WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, THE SOUTH'S MOST FRUITFUL NURSERY OF AMERICAN LEADERSHIP.

1905.—The William L. Wilson School of Commerce founded and endowed.

1913.—The University was made the residuary legatee of the Robert Parker Doremus estate in New York City.

1917.—The trustees offered the University's whole plant and equipment to the national government as a base hospital.

1919.—Inauguration of a movement to so increase its endowment as to enable the University to meet the financial emergency of the present and the enlarging opportunities of the future.

#### A NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

Washington and Lee's inspirational assets are a unique and unpurchasable inheritance. No institution in America can compare with it in the influence of its great names and ennobling associations. George Washington selected it to use his wealth and bear his name. The immortal Lee, having no money to give, gave himself to the institution. Through five years of magnetic and inspiring leadership he rebuilt and developed his great kinsman's college and set forever its ideals of tolerance, courtesy, honor, and patriotism; then, worn out with his incessant labors, he bequeathed to it his sacred dust and his incomparable name.

Young men whose characters take shape amid such influences must from the very air they breathe grow toward the stature of greatness and learn the nobility of service.

Washington and Lee's nationalism, therefore, is no surprise. Although located in the very focus of Southern history and tradition, its campus has become a meeting ground for North, South, East, and West, where a universal campus friendliness knows no difference between Democrats and Republicans. Protestants and Catholics, Southerners and Northerners. Of 626 students enrolled last year, 418, or more than two-thirds, were from outside of Virginia.

Three-fourths of the University's endowment and equipment are of national rather than Southern origin, and such alumni as Ambassadors John W. Davis, of West Virginia, and Thomas Nelson Page, of Virginia; Secretary Newton D. Baker, of Indiana; Senators George E. Chamberlain, of Oregon, Robert L. Owen, of Oklahoma, and Miles Poindexter, of Washington; Representative Hal D. Flood and Judge Samuel J. Graham, of Virginia, with others scarcely less distin-

guished, bear witness in national affairs to the national spirit engendered in its halls.

Throughout its long history Washington and Lee's campus has been a center of ardent patriotism and evangelical religion. In 1776, three months before the immortal declaration of July 4, its trustees changed its name from Augusta Academy to Liberty Hall. Its sons exemplified the spirit of their *Alma Mater* on the battle fields of the Revolution. Again, in 1861, they left the campus in a body as the Liberty Hall Volunteers and shed their blood on a score of battle fields during the dark days of the War between the States. Lately amid the horrors of France and Flanders its thousand representatives in military service and its famous ambulance corps have proved worthy of the best traditions of Washington and Lee.

A steady stream of ministers and missionaries has borne testimony to the religious atmosphere of the institution, and one of its most zealous alumni associations is maintained in China.

In independence and progressiveness Washington and Lee is unique among Southern institutions. It stands almost alone in its entire independence of both Church and State. Deeply and evangelically Christian in its founders and presidents, its local environment, and its spirit and traditions, it is governed by a self-perpetuating board and is under no denominational control. Although located in the heart of Virginia and itself a shrine of Southern tradition, it is entirely independent of Virginia politics and legislative control.

Washington and Lee was the first institution in America to recognize journalism as a profession and establish regular courses in this department. The first endowed school of commerce in the South was established at Washington and Lee with its own faculty, building, library, and reading room. It is also one of the very few Southern institutions which for many years has allowed a student to substitute modern languages and take an A.B. degree without either Greek or Latin. In the freedom of its elective system, its universal compulsory physical training, and its fifteen-unit requirement for entrance it also follows national rather than Southern customs and standards.

Its opportunity for national service is limited only by the



financial resources placed at its disposal by those who wish to enlarge its work and propagate its ideals.

Never has America so needed the service which such an institution can render. In the turmoil of the present and the immediate future the only safety of the republic lies in trained leadership of the Washington and Lee type, national, tolerant, broad-minded, and imbued with a passion for service.

With such a background of history and tradition, such an unbroken record of service, such an inherited atmosphere of patriotic idealism, the institution, rich in everything but money, stands ready to outdo the past in the service of the future.

#### NATIONAL LEADERSHIP IN PEACE.

From an editorial in the New York *Evening Post*, September 9, 1911:

"The alumni of Washington and Lee University are naturally gratified by the remarkable number of its graduates who are now occupying prominent positions in politics, on the bench, and in the various fields of social activity. A new justice of the Supreme Court, Joseph R. Lamar, is a graduate of the law school's class of 1878, in which were also Ex-Governor Stevens, of Missouri, and Ex-Governor MacCorkle, of West Virginia, the present chief justice of the Supreme Court of Alabama, the general counsel of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway, and the director of the Russell Sage Foundation. In the Senate of the United States are five graduates of this University: Foster of Louisiana, Chamberlain of Oregon, Owen of Oklahoma, Bryan of Florida, and Poindexter of Washington. Six graduates speak for five States in the House of Representatives, including such useful Congressmen as Slayden of Texas and Hay of Virginia. It is claimed for Washington and Lee that its law school, 'though never large in comparison with such schools as Harvard, Columbia, Yale, and others,' has none the less 'more alumni upon the supreme courts in a larger number of States than any other law school in the country.' The chief justice of the Court of Claims in Washington was graduated in 1868, and still other prominent graduates are: Thomas Nelson Page, Clifton R. Breckinridge, lately Ambassador to Russia, Wade H. Ellis, Dr. James H. Dillard, the head of the Jeanes Fund, and Julius Kruttschnitt, now prominent as the executive of the Harriman railways.

"Altogether, this is an extraordinary showing and one which has set people to wondering just why Washington and Lee should have produced so many notable men, particularly during a period when it was sharing the Reconstruction miseries and poverty of the South. The St. Louis *Republic* has a theory of its own about this particular case of Washington and Lee. It is this: 'The kind of education that makes great men is not merely cultural, technical, or what not; it is a training that unlocks the possibilities of personality.'"

The list given by the *Post* could easily have been doubled by an editor more familiar with the South and West. Even as it stands, however, it justifies the statement made by Thomas Nelson Page in 1912 that no other institution in

America, although some of them number their alumni by scores of thousands, could assemble in the city of Washington such a gathering of distinguished graduates as could Washington and Lee.

#### NATIONAL LEADERSHIP IN WAR.

Yet even this record has been outdone by the amazing leadership of Washington and Lee alumni during the tumultuous era of the World War. The following is a partial list of important national positions held between 1914 and 1919 by the representatives of an institution which since the War between the States has not averaged a student attendance of over three hundred men: Secretary of War, Ambassador to Great Britain, Ambassador to Italy, Justice of the Supreme Court, Solicitor-General of the United States, Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, two judges of the United States Court of Claims, general counsel of the United States Food Administration, President of the American Section of the Interparliamentary Union, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Mines and Mining, Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Relations, Joint Chairman of the National War Labor Board, Secretary of the National War Labor Board, with a score of others of scarcely less importance. And this is the list in Washington City alone during only five years of the nation's history. If all the United States were included, what a list of distinguished names could be assembled!

Surely the investment made by George Washington, Thomas S. Scott, W. W. Corcoran, Francis G. Peabody, Robert Parker Doremus, and other philanthropists in Washington and Lee has paid dividends almost beyond imagination.

I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them fall under my standard. I shall devote my life now to training young men to do their duty in life.—  
*Robert E. Lee.*



THOUGH HE PASSED AWAY, HIS WORK LIVES FOR US TO CARRY ON.

## WAR-TIME JOURNAL OF A "LITTLE REBEL."

[Conclusion of the journal kept during 1862-63 by Ellen Virginia Saunders, daughter of Col. James E. Saunders, of Alabama, later Mrs. L. B. McFarland, of Memphis, Tenn.]

*May 25.*—Rocky Hill! Home again! We traveled as far as Decatur on the 18th with General Forrest and his staff. Our barouche met us there. Gen. Bill Johnson is camped near us and wrote a note last night asking that some supper be sent him, as he "was too tired and soiled to come for it," and this morning he and his staff rode over to breakfast. He was accompanied by a guard of two hundred men, and his flag floated proudly in the breeze. They spent the morning with us, until the stern laws of military forced their departure. I never talked to so many officers at one time before.

*June 14.*—Our struggle for independence is hourly becoming more bloody. The sad, sad news has reached us that General Forrest, our hero, noble Forrest, is wounded. How gladly would I substitute myself rather than the South should lose so able and chivalrous a defender! When peace comes, how happy would I feel could I exclaim, "My country, I too have helped to win for you your glorious independence"! I try to do all I can for our soldiers, but what is that compared with what they suffer? Were I a man, I could fight for the South, but I could not love her more. But I am throwing a shadow across your page, dear journal.

*July 26.*—It is thought this is the darkest hour of the Confederacy, but still I hope. It makes me angry to think the Yankees can drive me from my home. My sisters and I will go to Columbus, Miss., and I from there to the Alabama Female College, at Tuscaloosa. There is also a military college there now with two hundred and fifty cadets. The Yankees are expected here in a few days, and Lawrie leaves Wednesday for the army. Capt. Will Forrest, brother of the General, has been with us for some time past and is recovering from a wound in the leg.

*August 21.*—A proclamation by President Davis making this a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer. Ah, how many prayers are wafted to the throne of Light this day for fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, and lovers! May God on high hear us! Captain Forrest is at Bailey Springs. He was thrown from his buggy, and his wounded leg broken.

*August 22.*—Would you know why I am so sad, my dear journal? Alas! a dear soldier friend is dead—Fred A. Ashford, colonel of the 16th Alabama. He fell nobly on the altar of liberty. Ah, we will think of you when our soldiers return with happy tramp from the war! I shall think of you when so gallantly rallying your men to the charge, though wounded, you cried, "Forward, my brave boys!" your last words. I wonder if you know how desolate the death missile has made the hearts that love you.

*August 25.*—The Tories (Jayhawkers) in the mountains between here and Tuscumbia have organized into a band of marauders and rob all who travel that route. This makes me very uneasy as to my trip to Tuscaloosa.

*September 16.*—A considerable change in military affairs since I last wrote. General Wheeler has ordered General Roddy to Gadsden, and now our valley is left again exposed to the invader. Roddy is yet in the valley, and our house has been headquarters for him and many agreeable officers as they came and went. Lawrie leaves to-morrow with General Roddy's escort. My heart is sad, but that is his place, and there he should be.

*September 19.*—Lawrie left with General Roddy. He will ultimately join General Forrest's command. Bragg has had a great battle with Rosecrans (Chickamauga). We were victorious. Great losses on both sides. The noble General Helm was killed, one of Kentucky's bravest sons. O, how we mourn him! He was here with us, and we knew him well.

*October 10.*—General Wheeler and troops are in the valley, also Gen. Stephen D. Lee, of Mississippi, and General Wharton, of Texas. General Wheeler sent a courier to father last night saying that he and staff would be here. They crossed the river yesterday, and the Yankees are just on the other side. Another courier has come, and father has gone to meet the generals.

*October 11.*—Well, last night came General Wheeler and staff and Gen. Stephen D. Lee and Gen. Sam Ferguson. All three are young to be generals. General Wheeler left for Decatur. His staff is composed of elegant gentlemen—Major Burford, Lieutenant Wailes, Major Pointer, and others. Major Pointer gave me a "five-shooter" and Captain Nichols a beautiful crimson army sash, captured on the McMinnville raid in Tennessee, and General Wheeler displayed for our benefit the Federal flag he had captured there. General Wheeler returns to-morrow night.

*October 14.*—I thought I would have been at school in Tuscaloosa ere this, but the deserters and Tories are still banded together in the mountains and intercept all travelers. So father fears to let me go.

*October 17.*—There was a concert in Courtland last night for the benefit of the 35th Alabama. All of us took a part. Sister Prue went with Captain Wade and I with Lieutenant Pointer, and I played "Whispering Winds" and "Wheeler's Polka" and was dressed in the Confederate colors.

*October 18.*—Lawrie arrived last night, bringing dispatches from General Roddy to General Wheeler. He is pleased with "soldiering." Our house is crowded all the time.

*October 20.*—A large concert in town last night and another to-night. Brass buttons have been very attractive of late.

*October 25.*—Alas, what a change has "come over the spirit of our dreams"! All the military are gone—Generals Lee and Ferguson to meet the enemy below Tuscumbia, who are advancing in large force, General Wheeler to Guntersville. The Yankees, twenty-five hundred strong, are as near as Mount Hope, this county, and we are also pent in on all sides and could not retreat if we would. They are tearing up every inch of railway between here and Decatur, and from present appearances the Yankees will be on us before the end of the week. We have heard cannonading distinctly all day, and while I write the rapid booming of artillery shakes the house. General Lee, I suppose, is engaging the enemy. Ah, every report of those cannon hurries souls into the next world! It is terrible.

*April 9, 1864.*—Tuscaloosa Female College—I cannot do without my journal. It is an intimate and loving friend who never betrays. I am here alone going to school, and my family are now scattered to the four winds—some within Federal and some within Confederate lines and others across the foaming ocean. And still "the baying of the dismal dogs of war answer each other."

*April 23.*—How lonely I feel at the end of the week! General Lee and General Ferguson are in town and came to see me on Wednesday.

*May 1.*—Tuscaloosa is filled with soldiers, and many Missourians are among the numbers. I have just seen General French, Gen. Ed Johnson, Gen. George A. Johnston, Adjutant



General McCann, Capt. James Scanlan, and Capt. Ed Terger. Friday there was a review of the Missouri troops. They are noble-looking men, and Gen. S. D. Lee, General Jackson, General French, and General Hodge, with their staffs, were present.

May 2.—Yesterday Jennie and I were walking in front of the college and met General Jackson (William H.), who jumped down from his horse and began talking to me, when his horse ran off. He ran after it and then, returning, walked on with us, when I told him I "had just accomplished more than ever a Yankee had, for I had unhorsed him." His manner is very courtly. Friday night Jennie Mellon and I went to a large party given to General Lee, and he kindly sent to know if I would go with him, but Mrs. Saunders preferred not. We were also invited to Mrs. Figet's Saturday night, but did not accept.

"Free is his heart who for his country fights,  
He on the eve of battle may resign  
Himself to social pleasures; sweetest then  
When danger to the soldier's soul endears  
The human joy that never may return."

(Douglas.)

After the War.—My father and Lawrie were captured 11th of August, 1864. Father returned August 16, but Lawrie was sent on to Nashville and later to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he languished until the surrender, coming home to die of illness contracted in prison.

It is told of this "little Rebel" that when she was only about fourteen years of age Federal troops were encamped near her home, Rocky Hill, and the commander of the troops, out of respect for her father, Col. James E. Saunders, placed a guard with a captain in charge to protect the home. The captain was given his meals in the dining room and was especially respectful and courteous. On leaving he was making his adieus on the porch and extended his hand to Miss Ellen. She drew back, folded her hands behind her, and repeated these lines of Douglas to Marmion:

"The hand of Douglas is his own,  
And never shall in friendly grasp  
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

At which the captain raised his hat and laughingly departed.

#### EMERGENCY AMMUNITION.

[From an English newspaper.]

When Sir John Gorst was occupying an editorial chair in Waikato half a century ago, he found himself, to his dismay, in the center of the Maori fighting.

"One afternoon," he recalls, "when the Maoris ran short of ammunition for their fourteen-pound gun, they raided the *te hakiioi* (printing works) and charged their cannon with type and stereo blocks, which proved very destructive missiles. One brave soldier was sent to the hospital by a patent medicine advertisement, another lost his leg to a solid leader on the land bill, and I myself narrowly escaped an exit from the world through the medium of one of my own poems."

No less resourceful was a force of native Indians when besieging a fort held by United States troops. Having captured some hundreds of tins of preserved meats, they proceeded to load their weapons with them and poured into the beleaguered fort a perfect deluge of beef, mutton, and ox tongues.

In one of the Afghan wars, when an attack on one of our outposts seemed doomed to failure through lack of ammunition, the Afghans collected the spent cartridge cases and fired them back at the British, who promptly returned the compliment.

In our own civil war (England) many a small army of rustics, marched to battle equipped with scythes and flails, pickaxes, pruning hooks, and blacksmiths' hammers, unmartial weapons with which they did deadly execution. Many a Boer in the last war faced British rifle and bayonet with a scythe blade or dagger attached to a broom handle for sole protection.

It is no exaggeration to say that in the toll of war thousands of lives have been cut short by bullets fashioned from gold and silver. When Napoleon led his conquering army into Italy the plate from a hundred church altars was coined into the bullets which mowed down the lines of Austrians and Sardinians.

The Princess Conde, surrounded in Amadangar by Akbar's hosts, gave orders that every ounce of gold and silver in her capital should be melted to feed her guns. Bullets of silver were molded by the thousands in our civil war in the hope of ridding the earth of Cromwell, and it is on record that it was such a bullet that stilled Claverhouse's heart at Killiecrankie. At the storming of Badajos, a gallant British colonel was found dead with a silver pencil case imbedded in his heart, and a gold signet ring brought death to a Captain Forbes on the same day.

Bullets of gold too were common enough in the palmy days of the Australian and California gold fields, when in tavern brawls many a digger was shot with a bullet molded from the gold dust that was in ever pocket. And scores of our soldiers fighting in Kashmir have fallen to bullets whose core was a garnet or other precious stone.

But there is practically no limit to the incongruous variety of weapons of offense, which range from the red-hot cannon balls with which the Gibraltar garrison destroyed in flame the Spanish floating batteries to the cowhide whips which the Federals used on the backs of the staff of a Philadelphia paper, who retorted with a muzzle loader heavily charged with small type.

On one memorable occasion when the Yaqui Indians in revolt found themselves faced by a strong body of Mexican soldiers they advanced to the attack behind a covering line of men carrying wet blankets, against which the enemy's rifles were as ineffective as pea shooters, for the bullets caught in the loose folds fell impotently.

WHEN GENERAL GREGG WAS KILLED.—The following comes from John F. Green, Hope, Ark.: "In the October VETERAN, under 'Confederate Generals Killed in Battle,' I find 'John Gregg, Texas, brigadier, at Burgess's Mill, October 27, 1864.' Kindly correct this to read: 'On Charles City Road, below Richmond, 9 A.M., October 7, 1864.' By special order I was serving on the General's staff. We had driven the enemy all morning, and General Gregg doubted whether he should advance farther. By his request I went to find Gen. R. H. Anderson, commanding our corps. His order was: 'Say to General Gregg, sir, press the enemy.' In less than twenty minutes after delivery of the order General Gregg was killed, and I was painfully wounded."

## WAR'S HARVEST IN "THE DEBATABLE LAND."

[This interesting article was sent as a newspaper clipping without name of author by James P. Wintermyer, of Shepherdstown, now W. Va.]

September, 1862, was in the skies of the almanac, but August still reigned in ours. It was hot and dusty. The railroads in the Shenandoah Valley had been torn up, the bridges had been destroyed, communication had been made difficult, and Shepherdstown, Va., cornered by the bend of the Potomac, lay as if forgotten in the bottom of somebody's pocket. We were without news or knowledge except when some chance traveler would repeat the last wild and uncertain rumor that he had heard. We had passed an exciting summer. Winchester had changed hands more than once. We had been "in the Confederacy" and out of it again and were now waiting in an exasperating state of ignorance and suspense for the next move in the great game.

It was a saying with us that Shepherdstown was just nine miles from everywhere. It was, in fact, about that distance from Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, oft-mentioned names, and from Williamsport, Md., where the armies so often crossed both to and from Maryland. It was off the direct road between those places and lay, as I said, at the foot of a great sweep in the river and five miles from the nearest station on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. As no trains were running now, this was of little consequence. What was more important was that a turnpike road, unusually fine for that region of stiff red clay, led in almost a straight line for thirty miles to Winchester, on the south, and stretched northward, beyond the Potomac, twenty miles to Hagerstown, Md. Two years later it was the scene of Sheridan's ride.

Before the days of steam this had been part of the old posting road between the Shenandoah Valley towns and Pennsylvania, and we had boasted a very substantial bridge. This had been burned early in the war, and only the massive stone piers remained; but a mile and a half down the Potomac was the ford, and the road that led to it lay partly above and partly along the face of rocky and precipitous cliffs. It was narrow and stony, and especially in one place, around the point of "Mount Misery," was very steep and difficult for vehicles. It was, moreover, entirely commanded by the hills on the Maryland side, but it was the ford over which some part of the Confederate army passed every year, and in 1863 it was used by the main body of infantry on the way to Gettysburg. Beyond the river were the Cumberland Canal and its willow-fringed towpath, from which rose the soft and rounded outlines of the hills that from their farther slopes looked down upon the battle field of Antietam, four miles distant. On clear days we could see the Union fort at Harper's Ferry without a glass and the flag flying over it, a mere speck against the sky, and we could hear the gun that was fired every evening at sunset.

Shepherdstown's only access to the river was through a narrow gorge, the bed of a small tributary of the Potomac, that was made to do much duty as it slipped cheerily over its rocks and furnished power for several mills and factories, most of them at that time silent. Here were also three or four warehouses, huge structures, testifying mutely that the town had once had a business. The road to the bridge led through this cleft, down an indescribably steep street, skirting the stream's ravine, to whose sides the mills and factories clung in most extraordinary fashion; but it was always a marvel how anything heavier than a wheelbarrow could be pulled up its tedious length or how any vehicle could be driven down without plunging into the water at the bottom.

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In this odd little borough, then, we were awaiting "developments," hearing first that "our men" were coming and then that they were not coming, when suddenly on Saturday, the 13th of September, early in the morning, we found ourselves surrounded by a hungry horde of lean and dusty tatterdemalions, who seemed to rise from the ground at our feet. I did not know where they came from nor to whose command they belonged. I have since been informed that at Lee's orders General Jackson recrossed into Virginia at Williamsport and hastened to the capture of Harper's Ferry by the shortest roads. These would take him some four miles south of us, and our haggard apparitions were perhaps a part of his force. They were stragglers at all events, professional some of them, but some worn out by the incessant strain of that summer. When I say that they were hungry, I convey no impression of the gaunt starvation that looked from their cavernous eyes. All day they crowded to the doors of our houses, with always the same drawling complaint: "I've been a-marchin' an' a-fightin' for six weeks stiddy, and I ain't had n-a-rthin' to eat 'cept green apples an' green cawn, an' I wish you'd please to gimme a bite to eat."

Their looks bore out their statements; and when they told us they had "clean give out," we believed them and went to get what we had. They could be seen afterwards asleep in every fence corner and under every tree, but after a night's rest they "pulled themselves together" somehow and disappeared as suddenly as they had come. Possibly they went back to their commands, possibly they only moved on to repeat the same tale elsewhere.

The next morning—it was Sunday, September 14—we were awakened by heavy firing at two points on the mountains. We were expecting the bombardment of Harper's Ferry and knew that Jackson was before it. Many of our friends were with him, and our interest there was so intense that we sat watching the bellowing, smoking heights about that town for a long time before we became aware that the same phenomena were to be noticed in the north, in Maryland. From our windows both points could be observed, and we could not tell which to watch more keenly. We knew almost nothing except that there was fighting, that it must be very heavy, and that our friends were surely in it somewhere; but whether at South Mountain, where McClellan was forcing the passes in order to get at the main body of Lee's army, or Harper's Ferry, we had no means of discovering. I remember how the day wore on, how we stayed at the windows until we could not endure the suspense, how we walked about and came back to them, and how finally when night fell it seemed cruel and preposterous to go to bed still ignorant of the result.

Monday afternoon about two or three o'clock, when we were sitting about in disconsolate fashion, distracted by the contradictory rumors, our negro cook rushed into the room, her face working with excitement. She had been down in "de ten-acre lot to pick a few years ob cawn," and she had seen a long train of wagons coming up from the ford, "and dey is full ob wounded men, and de blood runnin' outen dem dat deep," measuring on her outstretched arm to the shoulder. This horrible picture sent us flying to town, where we found the streets already crowded, the people all astir, and the foremost wagons of what seemed an endless line discharging their piteous burdens. The scene speedily became ghastly, but, fortunately, we could not stay to look at it. There were no preparations, no accommodations. The men could not be left in the street. What was to be done?

A Federal soldier once said to me: "I was always sorry for your wounded; they never seemed to get any care." The re-



mark was extreme, but there was much justice in it. There was little mitigation of hardship to our unfortunate armies. We were fond of calling them Spartans, and they were but too truly called upon to endure a Spartan system of neglect and privation. They were generally ill fed and ill cared for. It would have been possible at this time, one would think, to send a courier back and inform the town and bespeak what comforts it could provide for the approaching wounded; but here they were unannounced on the brick pavements, and the first thing was to find roofs to cover them.

Men ran for keys and opened the shops, long empty, and the unused rooms. Other people got brooms and stirred up the dust of ages. Then swarms of children began to appear with bundles of hay and straw, taken from anybody's stable. These were hastily disposed in heaps and covered with blankets, the soldiers' own or blankets begged or borrowed. On these improvised beds the sufferers were placed, and the next question was how properly to dress their wounds. No surgeons were to be seen. A few men, detailed as nurses, had come, but they were incompetent, of course.

Our women set bravely to work and washed away the blood or stanching it as well as they could where the jolting of the long, rough ride had disarranged the hasty binding done upon the battle field. But what did they know of wounds beyond a cut finger or a boil? Yet they bandaged and bathed with a devotion that went far to make up for their inexperience. Then there was the hunt for bandages. Every housekeeper ransacked her stores and brought forth things new and old. I saw one girl, in despair for a strip of cloth, look about helplessly and then rip off the hem of her white petticoat. The doctors came up by and by, or I suppose they did, for some amputating was done—rough surgery, you may be sure. The women helped, holding the instruments and the basins and trying to soothe or strengthen. They stood to their work nobly; the emergency brought out all their strength to meet it.

One girl who had been working very hard helping the men on the sidewalks and dressing wounds afterwards in a close, hot room told me that at one time the sights and smells (these last were fearful) so overcame her that she could only stagger to the staircase, where she hung half conscious over the banisters, saying to herself: "O, I hope if I faint some one will kick me into a corner and let me lie there!" She did not faint, but went back to her work in a few moments and through the whole of what followed was one of the most indefatigable and useful. She was one of the many; even children did their part.

It became a grave question how to feed so many unexpected guests. The news spread rapidly, and the people from the country neighborhoods came pouring in to help, expecting to stay with friends who had already given up every spare bed and every inch of room where beds could be put up. Virginia houses are very elastic, but ours were strained to their utmost. Fortunately, some of the farmers' wives had been thoughtful enough to bring supplies of linen and some bread and fruit, and when our wants became better known other contributions flowed in; but when all was done it was not enough.

We worked far into the night that Monday, went to bed late, and rose early next morning. Tuesday brought fresh wagonloads of wounded and would have brought despair except that they were accompanied by an apology for a commissariat. Soon more reliable sources of supply were organized among our country friends.

Some doctors also arrived who, with a few honorable exceptions, might as well have stayed away. The remembrance of that worthless body of officials stirs me to wrath. Two or

three worked conscientiously and hard, and they did all the medical work except what was done by our town physicians. In strong contrast was the conduct of the common men detailed as nurses. They were as gentle as they knew how to be and very obliging and untiring. Of course they were uncouth and often rough, but with the wounded dying about us every day, and with the necessity that we were under for the first few days of removing those who died at once that others not yet quite dead might take their places, there was no time to be fastidious; it required all our efforts to be simply decent, and we sometimes failed in that.

We fed our men as well as we could from every available source and often had some difficulty in feeding ourselves. The townspeople were very hospitable, and we were invited here and there, but could not always go or hesitated, knowing that every house was full. I remember once that, having breakfasted upon a single roll and having worked hard among sickening details, about four o'clock I turned, wolfishly ravenous, and ran to a friend's house down the street. When I got there I was almost too faint to speak, but my friend looked at me and disappeared in silence, coming back in a moment with a plate of hot soup. What luxury! I sat down then and there on the front doorstep and devoured the soup as if I had been without food for a week.

It was known on Tuesday, the 16th, that Harper's Ferry had been taken, but it was growing evident that South Mountain had not been a victory. We had heard from some of our friends, but not from all, and what we did hear was often most unsatisfactory and tantalizing. For instance, we would be told that some one whom we loved had been seen standing with his battery, had left his gun an instant to shake hands and send a message, and had then stepped back to position, while our civilian informant had come away for safety, and the smoke of conflict had hidden the battery and all from view. As night drew nearer, whispers of a great battle to be fought the next day grew louder, and we shuddered at the prospect, for battles had come to mean to us, as they never had before, blood, wounds, and death.

On the 17th of September cloudy skies looked down upon the two armies (Jackson having rejoined Lee in the meantime) facing each other on the fields of Maryland. It seems to me now that the roar of that day began with the light, and all through its long and dragging hours its thunder formed a background to our pain and terror. If we had been in doubt as to our friends' whereabouts on Sunday, there was no room for doubt now.

There was no sitting at the windows now and counting discharges of guns or watching the curling smoke. We went about our work with pale faces and trembling hands, yet trying to appear composed for the sake of our patients, who were much excited. We could hear the incessant explosions of artillery, the shrieking whistles of the shells, and the sharper, deadlier, more thrilling roll of musketry; while every now and then the echo of some charging cheer would come, borne by the wind, and as the human voice pierced that demoniacal clangor we would catch our breath and listen, trying not to sob, and turn back to the forlorn hospitals, to the suffering at our feet and before our eyes, while imagination fainted at the thought of those other scenes hidden from us beyond the Potomac.

On our side of the river there were noise, confusion, dust, throngs of stragglers, horsemen galloping about, wagons blocking each other and teamsters wrangling, and continued din of shouting, swearing, and rumbling, in the midst of which men were dying, fresh wounded arriving, surgeons amputating

limbs and dressing wounds, women going in and out with bandages, lint, medicines, and food. An ever-present sense of anguish, dread, pity, and, I fear, hatred—these are my recollections of Antietam.

When night came we could still hear the sullen guns and hoarse, indefinite murmurs that succeeded the day's turmoil. That night was dark and lowering, and the air was heavy and dull. Across the river innumerable camp fires were blazing, and we could but too well imagine the scenes that they were lighting.

We sat in silence, looking into each other's tired faces. There were no impatient words, few tears, only silence and a drawing close together as if for comfort. We were almost hopeless, yet clung with desperation to the thought that we were hoping. But in our hearts we could not believe that anything human could have escaped from that appalling fire.

On Thursday the two armies lay idly facing each other, but we could not be idle. The wounded continued to arrive until the town was quite unable to hold all the disabled and suffering. They filled every building and overflowed into the country around—into farmhouse, barns, corncribs, cabins—wherever four walls and a roof were found together. Those able to travel were sent on to Winchester and other towns back from the river, but their departure seemed to make no appreciable difference. There were six churches, and they were all full; the Odd Fellows' Hall, the Freemasons', the little Town Council room, the barnlike space known as the Drill Room, all the private houses after their capacity, the shops and empty buildings, the schoolhouses—every inch of space, and yet the cry was for room.

The unfinished Town Hall had stood in naked ugliness for many a long day. Somebody threw a few rough boards across the beams, placed piles of straw over them, laid down single planks to walk upon, and lo! it was a hospital at once. The stone warehouses down in the ravine and by the river had been passed by, because low and damp and undesirable as sanitariums, but now their doors and windows were thrown wide, and, with barely time allowed to sweep them, they were all occupied, even the "old blue factory," an antiquated, crazy, dismal building of blue stucco that peeled off in great blotches, which had been shut up for years and was in the last stages of dilapidation.

On Thursday night we heard more than usual sounds of disturbance and movement, and in the morning we found the Confederate army in full retreat. General Lee crossed the Potomac under cover of the darkness, and when the day broke the greater part of his force, or the more orderly portion of it, had gone on toward Kearneysville and Leetown. General McClellan followed to the river and, without crossing, got a battery in position on Douglas's Hill and began to shell the retreating army and in consequence the town.

What before was confusion grew worse; the retreat became a stampede. The battery may not have done a very great deal of execution, but it made a fearful noise. It is curious how much louder guns sound when they are pointed at you than when turned the other way. And the shell, with its long-drawn screeching, though no doubt less terrifying than the singing Minié ball, has a way of making one's hair stand on ends. Then, too, every one who has had any experience in such things knows how infectious fear is, how it grows when yielded to, and how when you once begin to run it soon seems impossible to run fast enough; whereas if you can manage to stand your ground, the alarm lessens and sometimes disappears.

Some one suggested that yellow was the hospital color, and

immediately everybody who could lay hands upon a yellow rag hoisted it over the house. The whole town was a hospital. There was scarcely a building that could not with truth seek protection under the plea, and the fantastic little strips were soon flaunting their ineffectual remonstrance from every roof, tree, and chimney.

When this specific failed, the excitement became wild and ungovernable. It would have been ludicrous had it not produced so much suffering. The danger was less than it seemed, for McClellan, after all, was not bombarding the town, but the army, and most of the shells flew over us and exploded in the fields; but aim cannot be always sure, and enough shells fell short to convince the terrified citizens that their homes were about to be battered down over their ears.

The better people kept some outward coolness, with perhaps a feeling of *noblesse oblige*; but the poorer classes acted as if the town were already in a blaze and rushed from their houses with their families and household goods to make their way into the country. The road was thronged, the streets blocked; men were vociferating, women crying, children screaming; wagons, ambulances, guns, caissons, horsemen, footmen, all mingled—nay, even wedged and jammed together—in one struggling, shouting mass. The negroes were the worst, and with faces of a ghastly ash color and staring eyes they swarmed into the fields, carrying their babies, their clothes, their pots and kettles, fleeing from the wrath behind them. The comparison to a hornet's nest attacked by boys is not a good one, for there was no "fight" shown; but a disturbed ant hill is altogether inadequate. They fled widely and camped out of range, nor would they venture back for days.

Had this been all, we could afford to laugh now, but there was another side to the picture that lent it an intensely painful aspect. It was the hurrying crowds of wounded. Ah, me, those maimed and bleeding fugitives! When the firing commenced the hospitals began to empty. All who were able to pull one foot after another or could bribe or beg comrades to carry them left in haste.

In vain we implored them to stay; in vain we showed them the folly, the suicide of the attempt; in vain we argued, cajoled, threatened, ridiculed, pointed out that we were remaining and that there was less danger here than on the road. There is no sense or reason in a panic. The cannon were bellowing upon Douglas's Hill, the shells whistling and shrieking, the air full of shouts and cries. We had to scream to make ourselves heard. The men replied that the Yankees were crossing; that the town was to be burned; that we could not be made prisoners, but they could; that anyhow they were going as far as they could walk or be carried. And go they did. Men with cloths about their heads went hatless in the sun; men with cloths about their feet limped shoeless on the stony road; men with arms in slings, without arms, with one leg, with bandaged sides and backs; men in ambulances, wagons, carts, wheelbarrows; men carried on stretchers or supported on the shoulder of some self-denying comrade—all who crawled went, and went to almost certain death. They could not go far. They dropped off into the country houses, where they were received with as much kindness as it was possible to ask for; but their wounds had become inflamed, their frames were weakened by fight and overexertion. Erysipelas, mortification, gangrene set in, and long rows of nameless graves still bear witness to the results.

Our hospitals did not remain empty. It was but a portion who could get off in any manner, and their places were soon taken by others who had remained nearer the battle field and had attempted to follow the retreat, but, having reached



Shepherdstown, could go no farther. We had plenty to do, but all that day we went about with hearts bursting with rage and shame and breaking with pity and grief for the needless waste of life. The amateur nurses all stood firm and managed to be cheerful for the sake of keeping their men quiet, but they could not be without fear.

One who had no thought of leaving her post desired to send her sister, a mere child, out of harm's way. She, therefore, told her to go to their home, about half a mile distant, and ask their mother for some yellow cloth that was in the house, thinking, of course, that the mother would never permit the girl to come back into the town. But she miscalculated. The child accepted the commission as a sacred trust, forced her way out over the crowded road, where the danger was more real than in the town itself, reached home, and made her request. The house had its own flag flying, for it was directly in range and full of wounded. Perhaps for this reason the mother was less anxious to keep her daughter with her; perhaps in the hurry and excitement she allowed herself to be persuaded that it was really necessary to get that strip of yellow flannel into Shepherdstown as soon as possible. At all events, she made no difficulty, but with streaming tears kissed the girl and saw her set out to go alone half a mile through a panic-stricken rabble, under the fire of a battery, and into a town whose escape from conflagration was at best not assured.

To come out had been comparatively easy, for she was going with the stream. The return was a different matter. The turbulent tide had now to be stemmed. Yet she managed to work her way along, now in the field, slipping between the wagon wheels, and once at least crawling under a stretcher. No one had noticed her coming out; she was but one of the crowd, and now most were too busy with their own safety to pay much heed to anything else. Still, as her face seemed alone set toward the town, she attracted some attention. One or two spoke to her. Now it was: "Look a-here, little gal, don't you know you're a-goin' the wrong way?" One man looked at the yellow thing she had slung across her shoulder and said with an approving nod: "That's right, that's right; save the wounded if ye kin." She meant to do it and finally reached her sister breathless, but triumphant, with as proud a sense of duty done as if her futile errand had been the deliverance of a city.

I have said that there was less danger than appeared, but it must not be supposed that there was none. A friend who worked chiefly in the old blue factory had asked me to bring her a bowl of gruel that some one had promised to make for one of her patients. I had just taken it to her, and she was walking across the floor with the bowl in her hands when a shell crashed through a corner of the wall and passed out at the opposite end of the building, shaking the rookery to its foundations, filling the room with dust and plaster, and throwing her upon her knees to the floor. The wounded screamed; and had they not been entirely unable to move, not a man would have been left in the building. But it was found that no one was hurt, and things proceeded as before. I asked her afterwards if she was frightened. She said, "Yes, when it was over," but her chief thought at the time was to save the gruel, for the man needed it, and it had been very hard to find any one composed enough to make it. I am glad to be able to say that he got his gruel in spite of bombs. That factory was struck twice. A schoolhouse full of wounded and one or two other buildings were hit, but I believe no other serious damage was done.

On Saturday morning there was a fight at the ford. The

negroes were still encamped in the fields, though some, finding that the town was yet standing, ventured back on various errands during the day. What we feared were the stragglers and hangers-on and nondescripts that circle round any army like the great buzzards we shuddered to see wheeling silently over us. The people still were excited, anticipating the Federal crossing and dreading a repetition of the encounter in the streets. Some parties of Confederate cavalry rode through, and it is possible that a party of infantry remained drawn up in readiness on one of the hills during the morning, but I remember no large force of troops at any time on that day.

About noon or a little after we were told that General McClellan's advance had been checked and that it was not believed he would attempt to cross the river at once, a surmise that proved to be correct. The country grew more composed. General Lee lay near Leetown, some seven miles south of us, and General McClellan rested quietly in Maryland. On Sunday we were able to have some short Church services for our wounded, cut still shorter, I regret to say, by reports that the Yankees were crossing.

Such reports continued to harass us, especially as we feared the capture of our friends, who would often ride down to see us during the day, but who seldom ventured to spend a night so near the river. We presently passed into debatable land, when we were in the Confederacy in the morning, in the Union after dinner, and on neutral ground at night.

We lived through a disturbed and eventful autumn, subject to continual "alarms and excursions"; but when this Saturday came to an end the most trying and tempestuous week of the war for Shepherdstown was over.

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#### CAPTURED A FEW YANKEES.

[In a letter to a friend N. C. Fontaine, of Marrowbone, Henry County, Va., gives an account of a big capture. Any others of either side having knowledge of this incident are asked to write something of it. The letter was dated December 18, 1888, and addressed to J. W. Power, Riceville, Va.]

*Dear John:* Doubtless you have given out of ever hearing from me again in regard to my capturing those Yanks in the battle of the 19th near Strasburg, Va.; but it has seemed that so many strange events have happened one upon the other so fast I fear. I will not be able to remember every little incident that occurred. However, I will try to give you the main facts.

On the night of the 19th of October, 1864, we were opposite Strasburg in camp on the south side of the Shenandoah close to the river. Our orderly sergeant, Dick Whitehead, came around for a special detail of three men to cross the river immediately in front of the enemy's fortifications above the ford from Front Royal to picket or act as sentinels. He selected William L. Lillie, Pat Boothe, and me. So early in the night the Sergeant crossed the river with us where there was no ford at all and placed each one of us on post and ordered us not to allow either friend or foe to go in or out of the lines; that our cavalry would attack the enemy's picket post just before day, and our entire force, infantry and all, would charge the enemy's camp as they could get to it; and that when the firing became general we must fall in and join our regiment and charge with them.

The night was quite cold, for it was getting the time of year in that part of the country to be a little chilly in October, and I certainly thought it would be the longest night I ever spent. There we sat close to the enemy's works, could see the lights of their fires, also the sentinels walking their "beats," the guards relieving the different posts, and could hear them

laugh and talk. They kept up a light until a late hour of the night, then everything was quiet, as still as death, except once in a while they would come relieving and placing guards. Soon I began to feel tired and sleepy, worn out for rest, sleep, and warmth. It was then really cold, it being nearly day, the coldest part of the night. I was just thinking it was time we were having other orders or time the firing had begun, one or the other, when I heard several guns fire in quick succession.

I heard Lillie's horse running down the river. I was up the river above him on the extreme left. I also started and went down the river apiece, then turned obliquely across the hill in front of me, where the enemy's fortifications were, aiming to go far enough to the right to flank the enemy's works, which commanded the ford that our troops were crossing at that time, and to keep far enough under the hill to keep from attracting the enemy's fire. So I made a mistake. I did not make my calculations exactly right and found myself within a few feet of the enemy's works, on their flank, and in their rear; so I stopped awhile to look about me. I could see nothing but a large white horse grazing quietly away, as if there were no firing going on just below him. I then rode up to the horse to get a look at him—it was still dark—when I discovered a tall man advancing toward me. I presented my gun to him and ordered him to halt and surrender. He did neither, but kept sidling off toward the woods, and I advanced on him and ordered him to halt and surrender. He had now got to the edge of the woods and stepped behind a tree, but kept his head to one side of the tree all the time, I suppose to watch me, and remarked that he "belonged to the 8th." "Eighth what?" says I. He replied: "Eighth Virginia." "Well," said I, "come out and let's talk about it." He acted suspiciously all the time. Just then I heard something behind me and to my left. It was two Yankees grinning with two bayonets almost touching my side. So instead of capturing the man I was after I was captured.

Our troops just then seemed to be making a fearful charge almost in our rear when heavy firing and yelling began. I was hurried off rapidly to a little ivy cliff facing the river, or gorge, on the main hill, very much like a big gulley. I was then ordered to dismount and hand over my arms, which I did at once. Now, in the gorge there was a battalion of Yanks all huddled up, more like a gang of quail than anything else, holding their muskets. As well as I can remember, they told me it was the 12th New York Battalion of Artillery, but the artillery was gone—I saw nothing of it—and they were armed with muskets. The battalion numbered three hundred, so one of the captains told me afterwards.

One of the captains began to question me. First he said: "Who is in command of your men?" I replied: "General Early." He said: "You are a damned liar; you know very well that Early was reinforced last night by General Longstreet."

I saw he wanted to believe what he had said and thought it might do me some good, and I rather tried to encourage him in the belief. I said that I was on the outpost all night and had a poor chance to find out who had reinforced us, but doubtless some one had. Of course I did not believe any one had. An Irishman said: "Early was early enough for us this morning, anyway." I then asked for a chew of tobacco. They gave me three narrow plugs of black sweet navy tobacco. The captains asked me many questions in regard to our army that I can't remember now. Very suddenly heavy firing began to our right and rear, and bullets began to cut twigs about us. They all squatted as if they were very uneasy, and no doubt

they were, like all soldiers when the enemy gets in the rear. So I chose this opportunity to make them a little more uneasy. I remarked to the captain nearest to me, and who had questioned me so closely, that I believed we would "all be butchered here in a pile." "Why?" he said. "Well," said I, "you know our soldiers never throw out videttes in a fight of this kind. They go pell-mell and sweep everything before them when they charge a piece of woods, and they seem to be coming this way from the way the bullets are cutting around us, and they will be sure to fire upon us as soon as they see us." A private remarked that it was "a fact that the Rebs hardly ever threw out videttes anyway." Just at this time several guns fired close to us, bullets whizzed through the ivy above us, and beyond a doubt they were very much excited and uneasy. So one of the captains asked me if I thought I could carry them out without being fired on. I said I thought I could. "Then do so," said he. I replied that I would "run over the hill and see the colonel or some of the regiment and make arrangements as quickly as possible." I told him our regiment was at the ford, where our forces crossed early in the morning, and we were held as a reserve. Some objected to the plan and said they believed they could go down the river and get away, especially the color bearer. He was the tall man whom I tried to capture that morning and I believe the most determined man in the command. The captain then asked me if I wanted any one to go with me. I told him I did not. The tall man, or color bearer, said he would go along and look around to see what he could see. I made no particular objection, but I did not want him, for I knew there was nothing at the ford except Company 2, which might be in great disorder, and might encourage the color bearer to get his men to charge down on them and make their escape, which they could easily have done had he known of the situation; but, fortunately, when we got up on the hill we met Mr. Bogue Pritchett, of the 5th Virginia Cavalry, and the squad at the ford made a very good show. There was a lot of prisoners with them. The same white horse that I had seen that morning before light had attracted Mr. Pritchett, and he was trying to catch him when I spoke to him. Mr. Pritchett did not know me at that time, but I knew him. The first thing I said to him was: "Is not your name Pritchett?" "Yes," he replied. "Is this your horse?" "No," said I. "It is yours if you want him." He looked a little surprised, and I believe he took me for a Yankee, as I had a "Fed" standing by me, and I had on a blue overcoat. He then asked me who I was. I told him my name was Fontaine, of Company G, 6th Virginia Cavalry. I then asked him please to go down to the ford and tell the colonel not to allow his men to fire on us, that there were a lot of Federals over the hill, and they had agreed to surrender if I would take them down to the ford.

Mr. Pritchett took in the situation at once and acted promptly and wisely. Of course there was no colonel, but he sent a soldier (a private) back by the name of Richards and said to come ahead, that everything was all right. So we ordered the Federals to form a line and stack arms, which they did nicely and promptly. A few minutes before they stacked arms the captain who had questioned me so closely ordered a private to bring back my little mare (Gracc) and deliver her, with my arms, back to me. We then marched off down the hill.

Mr. Richards and I, in charge, delivered them to a Major Miller, who was a quartermaster of Cox's North Carolina Brigade. When they got near enough to see only a few scattering cavalry, and most of them Company 2 and three or four



ambulances, they began to laugh and joke. I heard several say, "Weren't we badly sold?" and "We could have taken in you fellows so easily had we known this." Then one of the captains, a handsome, gentlemanly fellow, came up to me and slapped me on the leg and said: "You took us in completely, and here is my belt. I want you to have it." It was a beautiful belt, but the saber was gone, and I did not ask him what became of it. When I went into camp my friend Robb Farley, a messmate, said he was bound to have the belt and insisted so much that I gave it up to him, and he has it yet, I suppose.

Major Miller asked me if I did not want a receipt for the prisoners, and I told him I did not. He remarked that my company and regiment should have credit for it.

There were perhaps forty or fifty prisoners that would not surrender at the time the others did. When the captain proposed to surrender to me they said they would take chances and at once darted down the hill toward the river above the ford.

Just before starting to the ford the captain, who gave me his belt told me his name and also gave me a note to Captain Welch, of my regiment. He said he dreaded Libby Prison; and that, as he took Captain Welch from Point Lookout Prison in a skiff at night and released him, he hoped Captain Welch would remember him while in prison. I think he said he was a cousin to Welch.

So I left them in Major Miller's charge and started out for my regiment. I went as far as Middletown, or the first town north of Strasburg. There I found General Early and staff. The General was spying the enemy with a field glass, and they were advancing with a large force. It was the 6th United States Corps, so I was told. Our men were scattered all over the battle field plundering, some with piles of new United States blankets and everything else they could get. The field to our left and also our rear was thickly covered with the dead and wounded. The officers were doing their utmost to form our men into line, but never succeeded in getting a great many. So the enemy advanced, yelling terribly as they came, forcing our army back until we reached Strasburg. And the glorious victory so brilliantly won that morning was lost by dark the same day.

You know the result. You were there yourself, as well as I.

#### WHEN MISSOURI WENT INTO THE WAR.

BY ROBERT A. MARSHALL, DELAPLANE, VA.

When this unhappy strife was inaugurated, I was a resident of Boonville, Mo., and may claim some knowledge of what was transpiring around me and the causes leading thereto. I was by no means a secessionist *per se*, although I deplored the election of Lincoln and the hasty action of South Carolina. An election for members of a convention was ordered, and I think each senatorial district was entitled to three members. I have seen the statement made recently that Missouri went Union by eighty thousand majority. Such statements as that must be taken with a tremendous grain of salt. The leading Union candidate in the district where I was a voter was perhaps the leading lawyer at the Boonville bar, a Virginian from the Panhandle region, who professed to follow in the footsteps of Virginia, and under that pledge received my support. No doubt thousands all over the State were deceived by just such pledges. Gen. Sterling Price, who was chosen president of the convention, was elected as a Union delegate. A most stupendous blunder was enacted when they decided to hold their sessions in St. Louis under Federal bayonets.

While the convention was discussing the relation of Missouri to the Federal government the legislature was passing the military bill. The State was divide into nine military districts, with a brigadier for each, and General Price was appointed major general in command. Several of these generals had served in the Mexican War. Gen. D. M. Frost, who was a West Pointer, was given command of the eighth division (brigade) and chose his camp in or near St. Louis almost under the guns of Jefferson Barracks. This was a step as disastrous in the results as the location of the convention.

The bombardment of Fort Sumter and the call for troops by Lincoln precipitated the issue. Governor Jackson pronounced the proclamation "revolutionary and diabolical." The war spirit seemed now to be aroused all over the State. Apparently Boonville was not behind in zeal for the South; but on assembling to form a company a prominent lawyer, who since the war has been elected Governor of the State, offered a resolution that the married men should form a Home Guard and the single men the State guard. This had the effect of leaving those who would go to war in a large minority. Indeed, the company formed consisted of more officers than enlisted men. However, we went industriously to drilling, and soon a quantity of powder, which had been stored at Jefferson City, was transported to the arsenal at Boonville and guarded by the State guard company there. On the 10th of May Capt. Nat Lyon surrounded Camp Jackson, and General Frost's command, being practically without arms, surrendered. The Germans, who formed a large part of Lyon's force, fired upon the crowds which lined the streets and killed many women and children. This aroused the war spirit to a still higher pitch, but the Boonville company when ordered to Jefferson City made but a beggarly show. General Harney had been in command of the Federal forces stationed at Jefferson Barracks, but had been superseded by Captain Lyon, and the latter received the very rapid promotion from captain to brigadier for the capture of Camp Jackson. The State guard remained in Jefferson City a very short time, and General Price was in command, but did not like the flaunting of secession flags. Some sort of a truce was patched up, the exact terms of which I have forgotten; but the State guard evacuated Jefferson City, and the Federal forces abstained from further activity. General Price and Governor Jackson went to St. Louis under a safe conduct, but nothing was accomplished, and Lyon declared he proposed to "reduce Missouri to the precise condition of Maryland."

The State guard was then ordered to rendezvous at Boonville, and troops from the surrounding counties were hurried to Boonville; but Lyon, who had already occupied Jefferson City, proved himself a man of energy, as he advanced on Boonville with fifteen hundred men and four pieces of cannon. General Price, sick and unfit for duty, had taken a steamer for Lexington. There were scarcely three hundred and fifty Southern men to oppose this Federal force. Two companies at least were mounted men, and there was no organization. Col. John S. Marmaduke, who was the ranking officer, proposed to retreat; but Capt. Bill Brown, who commanded a company of mounted men from Saline County, said he came there to fight, and he was going to fight. Marmaduke suffered himself to be overruled. The result is easily anticipated. The company of scouts to which I was attached certainly obtained no glory. The man who acted as commander, said to have been an old Indian fighter, rode off somewhere, presumably to reconnoiter, took a shot at the enemy, and was seen no more by us until the next day. General Parsons, who

was the brigadier for this territory, was hastening up four pieces captured from the Liberty arsenal, but arrived in the vicinity of the battle field about two hours after the defeat. This battle occurred on the 17th of June.

A few of us passed the night at houses of friends and found ourselves the next evening, sometime before sundown, at Syracuse, a station on the Missouri and Pacific Railroad. Here we met General Parsons and his staff and Governor Jackson and many of the State officers. Colonel Marmaduke, despairing of success with the Missourians, was seeking a Southern clime. We remained at Syracuse through the 19th of June and commenced on the 20th a retreat toward Warsaw.

We had been aroused from sleep more than once during the night, and what was called Cole's company started on this jaunt without the semblance of rations. In the early afternoon a man named Harness overtook us, riding without saddle, and stated that a cavalry command had ridden into Syracuse and was now in hot pursuit. We formed a sort of line of battle, and I heard Capt. Gus Elgin, of Howard County, say: "Governor, if they approach within fighting distance, we will place the wagons across the road and fight behind them." We learned better than that later. No enemy materialized. When we arrived at Cold Camp we learned that a force of Germans, estimated at seven hundred men, armed and drilled by one Cook, had intended to intercept Jackson's retreat, but were forestalled by the prompt action of Colonel O'Kane and Editor Leitch, who attacked them in two large barns, killing several and capturing a great many and scattering the whole force.

Our retreating column halted about nightfall, presumably to rest and feed the teams, and we were offered what raw meat we chose to cut off. I was pretty hungry, but I did not succeed in masticating a great deal. My steed, which was very frisky when we first started out and came very near ending my military career at its very inception by running away with me when only half mounted, had to be urged forward by spurring and hitting him over the head with the gun barrel. We arrived at Warsaw, on the Osage, a little before day, and I lay down in the bushes to snatch a little rest in spite of the seed ticks.

We had retreated a matter of fifty miles, with artillery and baggage wagons, in a single day. That was doing pretty well for raw troops. After a short nap I proceeded to town and purchased a light coat, as I had gone into battle in a blue overshirt. Cole's company was designated as the support of the battery, and we were ferried over with it. Some of us, including Robert McCulloch, who afterwards became a brigadier, struck off for Osceola. By some means I went to a different tavern from the others. I had eaten nothing but a slice of raw meat for two days and had slept very little. After a comfortable supper I retired early. The next morning, upon appearing below stairs, I was greeted by the landlord with: "You gave us a good scare last night." "How did I scare you?" I asked. It seems that after I had retired the landlord, being a lad of an inquiring mind, unrolled my blanket and found my blue shirt and, mistaking it for a Yankee uniform, declared that I was a Lincoln spy and proposed to do unspeakable things to me; but wiser counsels prevailed, and I was not molested. William D. Muir, circuit attorney, had furnished me a horse. His brother, Poythress, had lost his in the battle and borrowed another from a neighbor. We made an exchange; and as my affairs were in a very unsettled condition, I returned to Cooper County and restored the horse to his owner.

Having settled my affairs more to my satisfaction, and the

battle of Springfield having frightened all the home guards to take refuge in St. Louis and Jefferson City, all the companies which had not joined Price prepared to do so. I held a lieutenantancy in the Boonville company, but it had "played out." The captain of an infantry company which was permitted to go mounted offered me a mount if I would go out with him. I complied. We started from Cooper on the 26th of August, 1861, and arrived in the vicinity of Fort Scott about September 1. We had been in camp just long enough to cook and eat our dinners when we were ordered to mount and hasten toward Drywood Creek to assist in repelling Jim Lane and his jayhawkers. The battle was ended before we arrived on the ground. I think we lost no men. I saw two dead jayhawkers the next day. We doubled on our track and found our wagons by inquiring along the line, as the wagon train followed in the wake of the fighters. We had barely time to unsaddle, turn our horses loose on the prairie, and pitch our tents before a terrific storm was upon us. A thunderstorm on a prairie is an awful sight. Some of our men mistook heaven's artillery for that of the enemy. Our horses stayed by us, and we were soon mounted and *en route* to find Jim Lane, but he was *non est*.

One incident of the battle I heard related. The spyglass was knocked from the hand of General Price as he was reconnoitering the enemy. His son, Col. Ed Price, rode up, exclaiming: "Are you hurt, pa?" "'General' on the battle field, sir," replied "Old Pap."

We retraced our steps and went into camp, and I certainly did enjoy my dinner, having fasted since midday the day before. Soon a man came along and said: "Fort Scott is evacuated." Good news, though awkwardly expressed.

In the evening of the next day we were ordered to saddle and mount, and our destination was Warrensburg, as we learned upon getting on the road. We expected to capture a regiment of Illinois cavalry, but they had retreated toward Lexington before our arrival. We spent the night at Warrensburg, which was a rainy one, and resumed our pursuit about ten o'clock the following day.

Ladies ran out from the farmhouses along our route waving their handkerchiefs and cheering us. One volunteered the information that "Washington was taken." We rode mostly at a canter, singing:

"It was on the tenth of May;  
Kelly's men were all away;  
The Yankees surrounded Camp Jackson."

FORTY-FOURTH MISSISSIPPI AT MURFREESBORO.—Some time ago a correspondent of the VETERAN sent a newspaper article in which appeared the statement that the 44th Mississippi Regiment made a charge in the battle of Murfreesboro with not a man having any other weapon than his bare fists, but that when they emerged from the fight there was scarcely one of the survivors who could not show a Springfield rifle captured from the enemy. Reference is made to that now in the interest of getting the truth of it. It seems incredible that a whole command should go into battle unarmed, though not surprising that they should come out with better arms than they went in. The Confederates knew how to do that. Survivors of the 44th Mississippi are asked to tell about this happening. The comrade who sent the newspaper clipping had talked with Union soldiers who were in that battle, and they said the Confederates charged them mounted on artillery horses.



SECOND DAY'S BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS,  
MAY 6, 1864.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

I will continue my narrative of the battle of the Wilderness by telling of the part we had in the next day's activities—a day in which the fortunes of our country hung in the balance quite a while; and had it not been for the withholding of permission for General Gordon to throw the weight of his own brigade, supported by every man that could be spared on the left of our line, on Grant's exposed right until it was too late in the day to have a decisive result, Grant's defeat would have been more complete than that of Hooker near that place a year before. Their right wing completely crushed and routed, followed closely by the yelling Confederates, would have produced consternation in the men holding the center. These in turn would have given way when they saw themselves attacked on two sides at a time when their left was giving ground before Longstreet and A. P. Hill. From what I saw on this occasion and afterwards, Gordon possessed more military sagacity than all his superiors except General Lee himself, though all of them were slow to see it and to allow him a chance to demonstrate his ability. Grant, of whom so much was expected, defeated and his great army destroyed at that time, would have been more than public sentiment at the North could have borne, and some kind of a peace quite different from that which we got at Appomattox would have been arranged.

Our brigade (Gordon's) spent the night after this great fight in noisy rejoicing over its splendid achievements, passing the word in loud shouting to the next brigade to the right that they had whipped everything. This was communicated to the next until the news went from brigade to brigade to Lee's extreme right. The word came back to us, by the same means from every part of the line, of the same import. So great and continuous was the noisy demonstration that the enemy decided we were receiving reinforcements from the coast; but this was only bluff on our part to affect the morale of our foe. When day dawned each side had constructed breastworks out of logs and everything lying about on the ground. Ours consisted of logs and dirt dug up with bayonets and cast up with tin plates and our naked hands. Those of the enemy contained also the dead bodies of their own men, besides army blankets, knapsacks, and anything they could find in the darkness of the night. These two lines ran parallel to each other for miles through this wilderness and about one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards apart. As to the dead being used in the construction of the enemy's defenses, I do not pretend to say this from what I heard, but I make this assertion from what I actually saw on the third morning of the fighting after we had routed them from their works.

Not a match was struck and not an ax was used on either side in building the works, on account of the proximity of the two armies. Those in command of Grant's extreme right made a fatal mistake in leaving that wing exposed and entirely unprotected. Their line extended to an open field on the west. This field was crossed from north to south by a deep ravine not more than a hundred yards from the end of their works, giving the Confederates a convenient place to form a brigade of troops at right angles to their line and out of their sight. The Confederate line ended opposite that of the Federals, but was concealed by thick woods, which gave them protection in reconnoitering the position of the enemy.

This was the situation on the morning of the second day of the fighting; and our brigade, under our noble Gordon, ex-

cept the battalion of sharpshooters under Captain Keller, was kept in reserve and shifted from point to point whenever it was thought they might be needed to restore the line if it should be broken. This battalion was strung out in a very thin line, thirty or forty feet apart, wherever each man could find protection for himself in front of the other brigades composing the division (Early's). Opposite them the enemy had a heavy line of skirmishers, five men on each post. This battalion of Confederates was composed of select men from every company in Gordon's Brigade, the best marksmen and the most fearless, well trained for this special duty. They were armed with short Enfield rifles, and when strung out thirty or forty feet apart they could hold any advancing line in check. From what I saw in going over the ground the next morning, very few shots fired by them were ineffectual. In front of them at every post occupied by their opponents, as far as I went, were lying from one to five dead men. Prisoners told us that they were compelled to reinforce their skirmishers several times during the day with new men to take the places of those killed and wounded.

It was very fortunate for General Grant and his army that General Gordon was held in check by his superiors and not allowed to make his great flank movement earlier in the day, when Longstreet and A. P. Hill were striking sledge-hammer blows on his left and driving him back in confusion. At the eleventh hour permission was given to make the movement, just as the sun was going down, and it was a complete surprise to the enemy. His right wing was routed and driven back on his center, and the darkness of night alone put a stop to the progress of the victorious Confederates when they were only a short distance from Grant's headquarters.

Just before sundown we were shifted to the extreme left in the rear of the works held by the Virginia brigade of our (Early's) division to await orders. While here I noticed General Gordon taking with him General Early on foot to observe the enemy's position. They soon returned, and Gordon took with him General Ewell, who commanded the corps, over the same ground. Then Gordon appeared again with General Lee. He showed him also the great advantage he had over Grant's men and explained to him what he had been begging to do all day. They were not gone long until they came up out of the thick woods to where an orderly was holding old Traveler. General Lee rode off and disappeared from our sight. He had at last seen his great opportunity, and now orders came to strike. We were told to move to the left with our heads low and not to make the least noise. When we reached the ravine we moved up into the field and formed the entire brigade, with the sharpshooters deployed a few feet in front. All orders were given in a whisper. The sharpshooters were to advance up the steep hill at the word at double-quick; we were to advance at quick time and not to fire until we had passed over these brave fellows, who were to fall flat after the first volley. This last order was not well carried out, as everybody in the main line knew we had the enemy entirely in our power and were eager to begin the fray.

The order to advance was now given, and the skirmishers ran up the hill and were on the enemy, then cooking their evening meal on thousands of small fires, secure, as they thought, behind their breastworks. Poor fellows! None of them suspected the bolt that was about to strike them. Suddenly, and only a few yards away, the long line of gray-clad soldiers appeared and opened on them seated in groups about the fires with their guns stacked back of their works. Never was lightning from the clouds more unexpected, and confusion reigned supreme. About this time the main line came

on the scene, and so anxious were they to open fire that they disregarded the orders and poured a deadly volley into the confused enemy, endangering very much the lives of our sharpshooters, who fell on their faces, shouting back to us not to shoot until we had passed over them. No attention was paid to this; and we were at their works. The regiment to which I belonged was on the extreme right of the brigade, and my company formed the right of the regiment. It so happened that the most of the company was on the right of the enemy's works. The enemy, rolled up in a confused mass behind their defenses, supposed we were the only troops making the attack and, seeing us in the dim light of their fires, opened on us with a heavy fire. All the company leaped over to the left side, and I found myself the only survivor remaining on that side. Thinking perhaps the fire on the left side, where my comrades had gone, was less severe and afforded some hope of life, I jumped over among the men fighting there. No sooner had I done so than two or three of my comrades fell dead by my side, and the fire from the great mob, only a few feet in our front, was too hot for us. It was like the old saying about jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. So I again crossed the works, while my comrades moved to the left, but at the same time advancing on the enemy, who continued shooting in the direction of their abandoned works. The other regiments to the left were now sweeping on through the forest almost unopposed, shooting at the fleeing enemy whenever seen, like sportsmen driving game through the woods, with little or no loss to themselves.

When I landed on that side (I cannot say now with what dignity that maneuver was made), I found an oak tree standing there to shelter me from the rain of Minié balls passing through the air. Behind this I took my stand and opened fire on my opponents, a short distance away, but out of sight on account of the thick undergrowth. I had been here but a short time when Col. Clement A. Evans came running up to me in great excitement and told me that I was firing into our own men and for me to move forward. I could not do this, alone as I was, without being killed or captured; but I veered to the right as I went forward and was soon out of range of the enemy's fire, which was directed down the breastworks. They were wasting a great deal of ammunition at this time, while the whole force of Confederates was sweeping onward in their rear.

I now made my way through the forest, illuminated only by the flashing of guns and the explosion of Confederate shells, looking for comrades with whom I could unite to assist in the fighting. Finally I saw a small gray-clad soldier standing behind a tree, from which he was shooting toward the enemy's works. I asked him what command he belonged to, and he said: "Hays's Louisiana Brigade." Ah! then, I felt that I had found a friend I could rely on. I told him not to shoot over there any more, as he might injure our own men. He replied indignantly: "They are Yankees." This was true, but I was not sure of it. I told him I was going to see, and he said he would go too. So we started and were soon standing on the breastworks. Out in the woods we could see a great number of men in much confusion. Not knowing exactly who they were, we went in among them and found from their uniforms and their foreign accent that they were Yankees. The fire from the Confederates was cutting them down around us, and the brigade looked like an army of fireflies in the forest as they advanced in a long line through the woods. My comrade stuck close to my side, and I whispered: "They are Yankees. Let us run out." We elbowed our way to their front and bolted. For the first hundred yards of our retreat

out of this situation I suppose we struck the ground a few times, but we gradually slackened our pace until we came to a long line of Confederates brought up to assist our brigade if needed. They were sitting and lying about on the ground and kindly allowed us to pass on when we told them that we had just made our escape from the enemy. Following the line of works, we soon saw ahead of us a number of small fires kindled out in the field where we first made the attack, around which were Confederate soldiers and Yankee prisoners. As soon as I reached the opening I met a comrade who informed me that our company (I, 31st Georgia) had captured two generals—General Seymour, of New York, and General Shaler—and their fine horses. Pointing to a small fire, he said: "There they are." And my curiosity led me to draw near and see them and hear what they had to say. General Seymour was talking to his captors as familiarly as if he had been one of them. He told them it was only a matter of time when we all would be compelled to come back into the Union. He was a tall, handsome young officer with a very pleasing address. General Shaler was short and thick-set and seemed too mad to say a word, gazing sullenly at the little fire before him, while his fellow prisoner chatted with our men, all of whom took a great liking to him. These two generals in the confusion as our men were sweeping through the woods rode into our company, supposing they were their own men. They were made to surrender and dismount. In doing so General Seymour patted his fine dappled iron-gray on the hip and said: "Take good care of him, boys; he is a fine animal." Just at this time Lieutenant Compton, who was leading the company, was shot in the ankle. His men put him on Seymour's horse and went to the rear with their prisoners.

I had heard General Seymour make only a few remarks when Col. Clement A. Evans rode up and told me to take all of our brigade back into the woods to the firing line. I was puzzled to know how I should do this, since I had been separated from them and did not know where they were. But my comrade volunteered to show me the way, and I soon had them all in line, some two hundred of them, and on our way. Just before we reached our destination the Yankees opened with a great volley on our men ahead of us. I ordered all to fall on their faces, which they were very prompt to do, and as soon as the shooting had somewhat subsided I told every man to break for his place in the line.

When day dawned I was sent to the rear on some errand and had an opportunity to see the captured works of the enemy and their dead and wounded, who had not as yet been picked up and sent to the field hospital. I also was surprised to see the great number of little fires and suppers that were in course of preparation, some of which had been knocked over in the scuffle of the night before. I returned by way of the line held by our skirmishers the day before and observed the deadly effect of their fire, plainly demonstrated by one to five blue-coated corpses lying at each post held by the enemy.

Our foe retired from our front some distance during the night and fortified their position, and our sharpshooters, ever ready to renew the fight, were pushed forward to develop their new position. All that day they kept up the fight, bantering them to come out and try it again with us, telling them how we had beaten them the previous two days; but they kept close in and replied only feebly. Grant had decided not "to fight it out on that line if it took all summer," but was endeavoring to extend his left wing to occupy a position at Spotsylvania C. H. between Lee's army and Richmond. All that day the brigade lay quietly in the woods, resting and



waiting for orders, which came at midnight for us to move to the right; and at dawn the next day, the 8th, after a hard night's march, we found ourselves at Spotsylvania, where other troops had already arrived and were engaged in building earthworks.

### MY REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR FOR AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY JAMES H. McNEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

It may seem strange that a man of the present day should be writing memories of a war that closed a hundred and thirty-six years ago. But when one has lived more than four-score years in this world and for threescore years has been an active Presbyterian preacher, mingling with all classes and conditions of people, he becomes a kind of cyclopedia of memories and traditions. And my younger associates ask me so many questions as to the customs and precedents of days long gone by that I sometimes almost fear they will demand personal reminiscences of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob and find my memory failing.

Of course these recollections I now write come to me from my grandparents as their personal experiences in that far-off time, and they told them to me, a boy, as we gathered about the evening winter fire. My great-grandfather on my mother's side was a captain in the patriot army. The family lived in Guilford County, N. C., and were members of the old Alamance Church, and several of them were with the Regulators in the battle of the Alamance, where a number were killed on both sides in this preliminary conflict to the war against British oppression—a conflict scarcely mentioned in our current histories, while the much-lauded "Boston Massacre" of eight rioters by British soldiers is trumpeted as the beginning of the Revolution.

The battle of Guilford Courthouse was fought partly on my great-great-grandfather's farm. And my grandfather, who was then a boy of eight or ten years, told me of the family's tearing up sheets to make dressings for the wounds of American soldiers in that battle. My grandmother was then only a baby, but she became a storehouse of family experiences which she treasured up in memory as they were told to her—stories of British and especially Tory brutalities inflicted on her own and neighbors' families. I have as souvenirs of those days my grandmother's Church letter, signed by her pastor, the great divine and patriot, Dr. David Caldwell, given to her when she came as a bride to Tennessee one hundred and ten years ago. I also have the iron mess pot, battered and broken and cracked, which was used by my great-grandfather, the captain, and his lieutenant during the war to prepare their meals. The State of North Carolina gave large grants of lands to this soldier ancestor, and his old home, built in 1796, is still in possession of one of his descendants. I once had quite a quantity of Continental money, in which he was paid for his service, but I gave it all away to various friends.

One of the captain's brothers-in-law, my grandmother's uncle, was also an officer in command of a company of cavalry, or rangers. He was known to the Tories as "Devil John." On one occasion his younger brother, a mere boy, was visiting him in his camp, and as he went out with a small squad on a scout the boy went with them. He was a very pious youth and was designated for the gospel ministry. The squad rode by a large house, and it was proposed that they stop for water. As they rode up to the gate they asked the mistress of the house if there were any British troops near. She assured them there were not and invited them to come

to the well and to help themselves. The boy sprang off his horse and went into the yard, when a company of Tories rushed from behind the house. His squad retreated a little distance and saw the Tories capture the young man and prepare to shoot him. He asked them to allow him a little time to pray, and while he was on his knees praying they shot him to death in full sight of his brother. The Tories then left the place, knowing that the captain, with his whole company, would pursue them. And this older brother after that never spared the life of a Tory, hence his name "Devil John."

In 1810 my grandmother came as a bride to her new home in Tennessee, riding horseback all the way from Guilford Courthouse, across the mountains, to Middle Tennessee. It was quite a caravan, moving leisurely and camping wherever night overtook them. In the party was grandmother's uncle, "Devil John." One day they came to a nice country tavern, where they determined to rest for a day or two. The proprietor welcomed them cordially, and his family received the ladies pleasantly; but very soon the landlord disappeared and was seen no more while they tarried there. While they were wondering as to what had become of him, "Devil John" gave the explanation, saying: "That fellow was a noted Tory during the war, looting and burning the homes of the patriots. I have hunted him many a day in the Caraway Mountains to kill him on sight. He recognized me as I recognized him, and he was afraid that I would still hold him to account, so he left home until we should go on our way." Conscience made him a coward.

A brother of "Devil John" was a Presbyterian preacher. "Uncle Sammy" he was called by all the kindred. He became one of the founders of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

It will be recalled that in the battle of King's Mountain there were among the victorious Americans men like "Devil John," who were determined to slay all the captured Tories, and they were restrained only by the earnest efforts of their leaders, Campbell, Sevier, and the others. It was a time when primitive instincts held sway in men's hearts.

One of the incidents told to me occurred in the family of the pastor, Dr. David Caldwell, preacher, physician, and schoolmaster. The Doctor, though a man of great influence in the community, was *persona non grata* to British and Tories, and he spent much of his time in the woods in hiding to avoid capture by them. On one occasion a number of British officers came to the house to get the "old rebel," and when they found that he was gone they required the family to serve dinner to them. The Doctor's daughters were gracious and obliging, and while they were preparing the meal the officers made themselves at home, appropriating whatever they fancied. When the dinner was served, the officers noticed that the ladies seemed to be in high good humor, whispering among themselves and casting significant glances out of the window. Finally one of the ladies whispered to her sister, yet so that the leader of the company heard her: "Keep them well fed. The boys will soon be here." The commander became very restless and uneasy, evidently afraid that he and his men were in a trap. Directly he sprang up from the table and gave hurried orders, and soon they were all galloping back to their camp. It is needless to say that the "boys" were all imaginary. It was a bluff pure and simple. The American daughter of Eve has always been skillful in wiles to lead an enemy astray when necessity might demand deceit. She can still smile and smile and be too much for the blundering man who would injure her loved ones or take away her home.

My father's people were all devoted to the cause of the

colonies. They were in Mecklenburg County, not far from Charlotte, N. C. My grandmother told me how they suffered from the depredations of the Tories. Her father, an old man, was very ill when a band came to pillage and burn their home. While the house was burning, the father was carried to an outhouse on the farm, where he soon died. Sometime before, in dread of trouble and in anticipation of the father's death, the family had placed a quantity of linen and clothing in a box and buried it near the house. When they unearthed the box to get things to prepare his body for burial, they found the sheets and underclothes so mildewed and decayed that they would scarcely hold together and could not be sewn. So he was just wrapped in sheets and placed in his coffin for burial.

As an instance of Tory insolence she told me this: Cornwallis seemed to be master of the whole country around Charlotte, and the Tories felt that they had the right to whatever of rebel goods they might fancy. The Martin farm had a fine orchard of apples and peaches, one variety of the peaches being noted for delicious flavor. One day an old woman, poorly clad, rode up on a sorry bag-of-bones pony, called the mistress of the house to the door, and issued orders to her: "Miss Martin, I been a-lookin' at your peaches, an' them finest ones is most ripe. My darter [daughter] is gwine to be married next week, and I'll need every one of them peaches for the weddin'. So I just come to tell you not to let the chillun touch a one of 'em. I'll come myself to gather them." "Miss" Martin made no reply, but as soon as the old woman was out of sight she sent the children to beat the peaches from the trees and then turned the hogs in the orchard.

My grandmother was once brought face to face with Colonel Tarleton, the much-feared and hated cavalry leader in Cornwallis's army. When the family heard that Tarleton was on a raid and would pass near their home, the two little sisters, one thirteen, and my grandmother, eleven years, were sent to take the horses to a swamp at the back of the farm. As the two little girls came back into the road with the bridles in their hands they saw the head of the British column approaching. They had presence of mind to throw the bridles into a thick flax patch near the road. Tarleton rode up to them and in a threatening manner asked where the men of the family were. When they told him that they were in the army, he then demanded to know where their horses were kept. They declared they had no horses. He insisted that they were not telling the truth, but they persisted in their denials. At length he drew his sword and said he would cut their heads off if they didn't tell him where the horses were. But they stood firm and refused to tell, although, of course, they were terribly frightened. The Colonel with a laugh put up his sword and said: "Let the infernal little rebels go; we can't scare them into telling the truth." My grandmother said that Tarleton's appearance did not correspond to his reputation for cruelty, for he was a very handsome man, splendidly dressed and mounted, and of a knightly figure.

From these talks with my grandparents I think there were two classes of Tories. One class conscientiously opposed separation from the mother country and would not take up arms against her, but they tried to live on kindly terms with their neighbors and tried to protect them. Just as it was during our War between the States. There were in the South conscientious Union men who showed kindness to Confederates when opportunity offered. But in those old strenuous days there was a class of Tories—ignorant, rough, brutal—who were ready for any cruelty by which they could profit. They hated the men who had property, and they

looted and killed without much regard to whether the victims were pro- or anti-British, just as bushwhackers and home guards in the South without any true principle outraged and robbed peaceful citizens, whether Confederate or Union. And it came to pass that the names British and Tory stirred those old people to indignation just as scalawag and carpetbagger stirred contempt and hatred in Confederates. An amusing illustration of the hatred for Tories was shown in my own case. Both of my grandmothers were strong on genealogy, and they gave me the family history of many people from Southern Virginia, across North Carolina, to Upper South Carolina. These people had settled in Tennessee, and the purpose of these dear old ladies was that I might never marry the descendant of a Tory—and I didn't!

The large proportion of those who were most loyal to the cause of the colonies in the Carolinas were Covenanters, the Scotch and Scotch-Irish Puritans, and the Huguenots, the French Puritans. Both had suffered persecutions for their religious faith and had sought in America not only liberty of conscience, but recovery of the fortunes that were wasted by persecution.

It is somewhat remarkable that, while deserved praise is given by writers on American history to the New England Puritan and the Virginia Cavalier for their splendid service in winning the independence of our country and establishing our institutions of civil and religious liberty, scant notice is taken of the achievements of the Covenanter and Huguenot element in this great crisis of the history of liberty. Yet Patrick Henry, of Virginia, and the Laurens (Henry and John, father and son), of South Carolina, were of this stock, as were Sevier and Robertson, famous men of Tennessee and the victors at King's Mountain and the Cowpens. The two men most prominent in preparing and defending the Constitution were Alexander Hamilton, of New York, son of a Scotchman, and James Madison, of Virginia, educated at Princeton under that stern old Covenanter, signer of the Declaration of Independence, John Witherspoon, D.D. The Scotch-Irish were most urgent in their various conventions for declaring the colonies independent of the mother country—as an example, the Mecklenburg Declaration in May, 1775. Since that day the honor roll of this stock includes such names as Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun, Stonewall Jackson, and nine Presidents of the United States.

Though the main body of these early settlers, Covenanter and Huguenot, came from fifty to a hundred years after the Cavalier and Puritan, they at once became active and efficient in the material, political, and religious life of the communities where they cast their lot. They were generally earnest supporters of education and of the Church. They differed from both Cavalier and English Puritan in that they were more tolerant. They had suffered persecution, but they insisted on freedom of worship; while in the earlier days, both in New England and in Virginia, only the established forms of religion were tolerated, and dissenters were persecuted. Each race represented a distinct form of Church government. The Puritan's was a kind of theocratic democracy, in which the people ruled directly. The Cavalier's preference was a semi-autocracy, with the power in the hands of the clergy. The Covenanter believed in a thoroughly representative government in which the people ruled through representatives chosen by themselves.

Of course in the development of our free institutions all of these strains of blood, Cavalier, Puritan, and Covenanter, have mingled, and all of the Churches have in them large elements of each strain; and no doubt it has been a strong factor



in liberalizing each Church and in promoting the spirit of brotherly coöperation now so manifest in all the Protestant Churches.

The Covenanters came to this country mainly through the ports of Boston, Philadelphia, and Charleston, whence they scattered over Pennsylvania, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. The Huguenots came here mainly through Charleston and are chiefly settled in South Carolina. Everywhere they are noted for steadiness and order, for high ideals of faith and duty, and for a courage that is faithful even unto death.

### CEDAR RUN BATTLE AS I SAW IT.

BY H. T. CHILDS, FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.

In the November *VETERAN* appears a splendid article giving incidents of the battle of Cedar Creek, Va., by which and by the report of the Historian General U. D. C., urging "that what we do about collecting original narratives from the Confederate veterans must be done quickly," I was inspired to give incidents of the battle of Cedar Run, Va., as I saw them.

Immediately after the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond General McClellan's army was transported by way of Norfolk back to Washington. After a few days' rest, General Lee began the onward move which I have always thought the grandest campaign of the war. The first clash of arms was with General Pope upon the plains of Cedar Run. The Yankees called it the battle of Cedar Mountain, and it was fought in the afternoon of the 9th of August, 1862. On the night of the 8th of August the opposing armies bivouacked on the opposite banks of the Rapidan River. Early in the morning of the 9th the Stonewall Brigade and the cavalry forced their way across the river, followed by General Pender's North Carolina brigade. Then came General Archer with his Tennesseans, Colonel Turney in the lead. When we reached the river we waded right in like horses, holding our guns and cartridge boxes above the water. All day long we were in hot pursuit. It was the hottest day I ever saw, the big men continually falling by the wayside, worn out by fatigue and oppressive heat. About 3 P.M. the Yankees ran into line to give us battle. When the 1st Tennessee came up, General Pender's North Carolina troops had laid off their knapsacks, and we followed suit. Here I saw two of Pender's boys faint away from excessive heat. Colonel Turney caught each one and eased him down, calling for the surgeon. Colonel Turney then looked around for his own men. I heard him ask: "Where are my big men?" We answered: "Colonel, here are your boys. Your big men have broken down."

Each company averaged about a dozen men. Forming on the left of Pender's "Tarheels" in battle array, our line began to move. Soon we met the old Stonewall Brigade being driven back by the Yankees, and soon after we met a heavy column of Yankees in a big wheat field, the wheat in shocks. Every boy leveled his gun, and the roar of battle began. Not a Yankee got out of that wheat field. The whole line was cleaned up. Behind the fence on the far side of the field stood another column of Yankees. Then the order rang down our line: "Forward! Guide, center!" And when we reached the fence it was turned bottom side up, and on we moved, while bullets whistled by our ears. While crossing a ravine in the field our company officers told us to hold our fire until we reached the line of Yankees at the fence. When we reached the brow of the ridge at a "trail arms" with fixed bayonets and the wild Rebel yell, we made a terrific dash for the fence. While making this dash Paul Boyce, who was by my side, was wounded

in the leg, causing the loss of it, and dropped out of the line. I never saw him again until the war was over. In making this charge two of the Fayetteville company lost an arm each, Jim Kelso and Jim Cashion.

When we reached the fence the line of Yankee soldiers was not there. They had retreated into a dense thicket and jungle. Right into it we followed. As we scrambled through the bushes we picked up prisoners and sent them to the rear. When we emerged from the jungle, a distance of half a mile, we were in another field. The moon was shining brightly. An officer dashed along the line, ordering: "Halt! Cease the pursuit!" While we were dressing up our lines two men rode in our front. One of them said: "Boys, I want to introduce to you Gen. Stonewall Jackson." Jackson took off his hat. Every boy snatched off his hat and with the wild Rebel yell saluted the General. Jackson then called for fifty volunteers as skirmishers to go in front. The whole line stepped forward. The company officers called us back and designated who should go. I was sent from my company. Deployed as skirmishers, the line began to move. My recollection is that Lieut. Col. N. J. George commanded this skirmish line. Soon we came to Cedar Run Creek. The Yankees had been crossing for miles above and below. Right into the creek we waded, every boy filling his canteen with muddy water. We were continually picking up prisoners. When we reached the woods in front, the command was given: "Skirmishers, deploy upon the right!"

I was upon the extreme right, and as the skirmishers gathered around me a little incident occurred. Colonel McGuire, who was second lieutenant in the Boon's Hill company, with a detachment had taken charge of the Yankee surgeon's ambulances and medical supplies. Hearing the racket as the skirmishers gathered around me, McGuire thought we were Yankees. His whole detachment cocked their guns and leveled them upon us. He called in a loud voice: "Who are you?" I knew his voice and answered: "Colonel McGuire, don't shoot. We are friends." "Well, who are you?" I told him my name, and he said: "You come here, but the rest of you stay right there." When he saw me and was sure, the rest of the boys were ordered to come.

Just here perhaps it will not be amiss for me to tell of a funny incident which occurred while the battle was in progress. Colonel Turney's big men, who were broken down, when they came to where we had laid off our knapsacks halted right there. Soon they were engaged in hunting "graybacks," for all soldiers have them. While thus busily engaged, with their shirts pulled over their heads, a body of fifty or a hundred Yankee prisoners hove in sight. Somebody called out, "Yankees!" Looking up and seeing the bluecoats, the stampede began. Some left their hats, some their shoes, some their shirts, and others their pants. When they ran against a bush or sapling, they would swing clear over it, the stampede increasing in volume and intensity. Finally it was checked, with but little damage, when they had run two or three miles.

THIRSTY SOUL!—Maj. J. Ogden Murray, of Charles Town, W. Va., sends a copy of an order found among some old papers which he thinks must have been issued to a Dutch Yankee with a liking for beer. This is the order:

"CHARLES TOWN, VA., April 25, 1865.

"*Sutler*: Please sell the bearer sixteen (16) glasses of beer.

L. S. PHILLIPS, 2d Lieut. 5th N. Y. Arty."

## IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1863.

*Bragg vs. Rosecrans.*—The following extracts from correspondence of various Union commanders show that, to say the least, they were "up in the air" as to whether Bragg would stand or run. It is human nature to believe more readily something you want to believe than the contrary; and although repeatedly warned that Bragg was not retreating far, they seemed to believe that he was, even up to about a week before they locked horns at Chickmauga.

On September 9 the ball was started rolling with: "Chattanooga is ours. Our move on the enemy progresses, while the tail of his retreating column will not escape unmolested. The general commanding has ordered a general pursuit by the entire army. The enemy all say they would give battle at Rome, and their army is moving by cars and marching to that point."

On the same date one of these knowing ones said: "There are various rumors of Bragg's having stated that he just wanted to get us in here, that he is not far off, but I am not a bit scared."

Again on the 10th: "An officer of the 32d Mississippi, who was captured, while not very communicative, was generous enough to tell them not to advance, as they would get severely whipped." And a contraband also on the same date insisted that the Rebels were marching back toward Chattanooga with many soldiers and many guns. Another wiseacre said: "I am satisfied, from what I can learn from citizens, negroes, and deserters, that Bragg has gone with his main army to Rome." And even General Garfield himself said, "The contraband's story is in the highest degree improbable," and ordered General Palmer "to pursue the enemy with the greatest vigor, as the rumors that Bragg had moved out with the design to fight us between this and Lafayette are hardly worthy of a moment's consideration and should be treated with total indifference."

On the 11th McCook said, "The enemy, I fear, has got beyond our reach"; but General Wood reported: "It seems that the story of the contraband was not so far from the mark, as General Harker says Bragg was here yesterday with a large force. I trust we may be able to send them on their way with new impetus." A little later Colonel Opdycke reported: "A bright mulatto has just come to me and says that he waited on Bragg since last March; deserted last night; says Bragg was going to Rome and Atlanta." Colonel Opdycke was answered, "The general commanding directs that you keep the bright mulatto and keep a bright lookout for Bragg," which witty answer showed that they were beginning to sit up and take a little notice.

But on the 12th General Crittenden said, "In my opinion the enemy have fled beyond my reach, and my only hope is that Thomas or McCook may be able to hit them a side lick"; and a little later in the day: "I still believe that the enemy is running and that he will not make a stand this side of Rome."

They had given up hopes of Bragg except by running him down. However, as General Garfield told him: "There is far more probability of the enemy's attacking you than he is of running." It shows that he at least wasn't so sure of the retreating part. But after this date they were at last convinced that Bragg would fight and made their plans accordingly.

*McPherson Well Protected.*—On September 4 General Sherman wrote McPherson: "A batch of negroes have collected at Roach's Plantation, and I have given orders to organize

the males of that gang into a kind of outlying picket. There are about one hundred fit for service under the command of the venerable George Washington, who, mounted on a spavined horse, with his hat plumed with an ostrich feather, his full belly girt with a stout belt from which hangs a terrible cleaver, and followed by his trusted orderly on foot, makes an army on your flank that ought to give you every assurance of safety from that exposed quarter." Sherman never cared much for negro soldiers and never had one in his command on the march to the sea.

*Negro Characteristics.*—General Baird, U. S. A., said: "I stopped a negro riding a mule who said he had found it in the road. I did not arrest him, as I have enough thieves of my own." General McPherson gave orders to arrest all able-bodied negroes who were floating around doing nothing. Which shows that the race is the same now as then.

*Razor Backs.*—General Negley, U. S. A., reported on his march to Chattanooga that "hogs were plentiful, but it required lard to fry the meat." Not much of a compliment to Tennessee porkers.

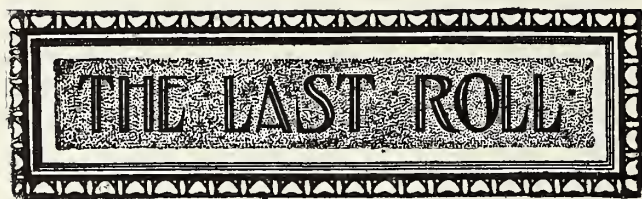
*In a Bad Position.*—J. C. Van Duzen, Rosecrans's chief telegrapher, wired Washington on September 13, "You may soon look to hear of Bragg's getting hurt," but admitted that "we are in a ticklish position here, but hope to come out with a whole skin." As it turned out, their skin was not so badly lacerated after all.

*Sherman's Opinion of Some Southerners.*—This gentleman said: "I must confess that I have little respect for the Union men of the South. They allowed a clamorous set of demagogues to muzzle and drive them like a set of curs. Afraid of shadows, they submit tamely to anything that the enemy do, but are loud in complaints of the smallest excesses of our soldiers. I account them as nothing in this great game. The young bloods of the South, sons of planters, lawyers about towns, good billiard players and sportsmen—men who never did work and never will—war suits them, and the rascals are brave. They are fine riders and bold to rashness and dangerous subjects in every sense. They care not a sou for niggers, land, or anything. They hate Yankees and don't bother their brains about the past, present, or future. As long as they have good horses, plenty of forage, and an open country they are happy. They are splendid riders, shots, and utterly reckless. Stuart, John Morgan, Forrest, and Jackson are the types and leaders of this class. They must all be killed or employed by us before we can hope for peace. They are the best cavalry in the world, but it will tax Mr. Chase's genius of finance to supply them with horses. At present horses cost them nothing, for they take where they find and don't bother their brains who is to pay for them."

*Chattanooga Lost to the South.*—General Reynolds, U. S. A., says: "I conversed with some citizens at Trenton who said that Chattanooga was evacuated and 'you-uns' in possession." "You-uns" in and "we-uns" out told the story to a nicety.

*A Dogfall.*—President Lincoln on September 24 wrote his wife: "The result of the battle of Chickamauga is that we are worsted, if at all, only in the fact that we, after the main fighting was over, yielded the ground, thus leaving considerable of our artillery and wounded to fall into the enemy's hands." Precisely the same as we were at Sharpsburg and Gettysburg, yet in both instances the Yankees called them sweeping victories.





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"There'll come a day—I shall not care how passes  
The cloud across my sight  
If, only lark-like, from earth's nested grasses  
I spring to meet its light."

COL. CHARLES WETMORE BROADFOOT.

Col Charles W. Broadfoot, of Fayetteville, N. C., who passed from us on November 24, illustrated in their noblest significance all the ideal virtues and excellences that characterize and distinguish the Confederate soldier as well as the typical gentleman of the Old South. Sprung in both lines of descent from a most honorable lineage, social grace and charm were his by prescriptive right, blending into harmony with the most finely touched shades and phases of intellectual culture in their nonprofessional or purely catholic attitude and relation.

I may apply to my friend, now in the world of light, the language of "Lycidas," with not the faintest trace of poetic embellishment: "We were nursed upon the selfsame hill." Our devotion to each other was nearly simultaneous with the origin of consciousness. We were classmates in the elementary school, in the Donaldson Academy, and then the lines fell to us in different places, as he entered the University of North Carolina and I, after a year in the Military Institute at Charlotte, became a student of the University of Virginia. The coming of the war drama, 1861, brought us into contact again in the historic Bethel, or 1st North Carolina, Regiment at Yorktown, Va. During a brief period in 1862 he was associated with my command, the 43d North Carolina, Company D, stationed near Drewry's Bluff. In the autumn of this year he was assigned to the staff of Gen. Theophilus Holmes in the department of the Trans-Mississippi. On a bright and golden morning, near the James River, he bade me farewell as he set out for his new sphere of action in the remote occidental region beyond the "Father of Waters." His last year of service found its field in his native State and was devoted to the organization and training of the Junior Reserves. Rapidly he advanced through the several grades, attaining the rank of colonel of infantry despite his youth. To indulge in eulogy of his valor or heroism would prove a work of supererogation. Devotion to the ideals, traditions, aspirations, incarnate or embodied in our dream of "Ethnogenesis," was almost his vital essence. His moral code and creed found its chastened enunciation in the Tennysonian dictum:

"Because right is right, to follow right  
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

Two brothers survive Colonel Broadfoot, Andrew Broadfoot, of Fayetteville, and Maj. John B. Broadfoot, of Black Mountain, N. C. He married Miss Kate Huske, a representative of one of the ancient and honored families of Fayetteville. Mrs. Broadfoot and four children, Misses Kate, Frances, and Margaret, and Charles W. Broadfoot, are still with us.

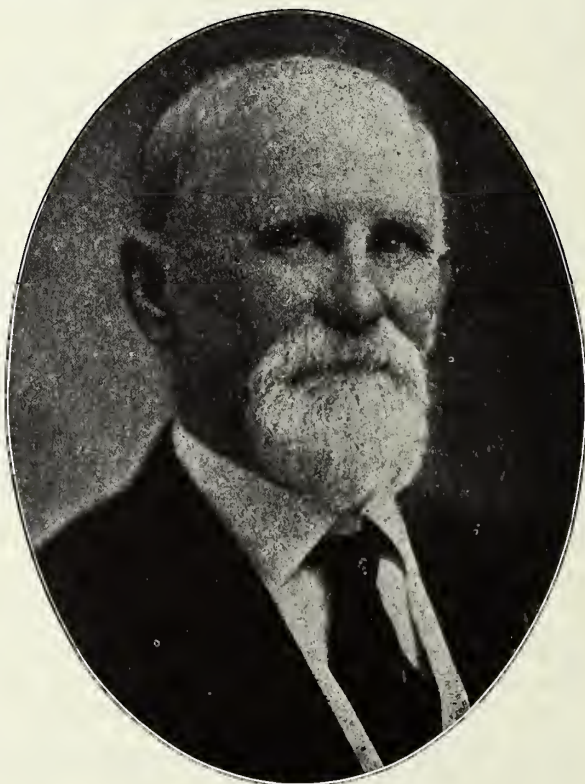
Although absorbed in the profession of the law, achieving an enviable and abiding fame, Colonel Broadfoot retained a discriminating appreciation of the finer phases of literary and spiritual acquirement. The empirical tendencies of legal procedure had not petrified his sensibilities nor turned his finer soul to clay. The pure, the beautiful, the good, as illustrated in human attainment and glorified by human skill, abode with him until the coming of the eventide, when the perfect light arose upon his vision.

[Henry E. Shepherd, Baltimore, Md.]

GEN. D. M. HAILEY, U. C. V.

Gen. Daniel Morris Hailey, commanding the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., died at his home, in McAlester, Okla., on October 14, 1919. He was a native of Louisiana, born at Baton Rouge February 9, 1841, and received his education in that city and State.

In May, 1861, young Hailey enlisted at Camp Moore, La., becoming a member of Company A, 8th Louisiana Infantry, and his regiment was at once sent to Richmond, Va., where he was sworn into the Confederate service for three years, or for the duration of the war. This regiment became a part of the brigade under Harry J. Hays, Early's Division, Jackson's Corps, A. N. V. Some of the engagements of this command in which young Hailey took part were the first and second battles of Manassas, Malvern Hill, Cold Harbor, Winchester, Leesburg, in the trenches at Petersburg, Cedar Creek, and Rappahannock Station. At the latter place he was wounded and captured and placed in Old Capitol Prison, at Washington, D. C., from whence he was sent to Point Lookout, Md., and thence to City Point, Va., where he was exchanged. After returning to the ranks he took part in the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, White Oak Road, Cedar Mountain, Groveton, Sudley's Mills, Warrenton Turnpike, Oak Hill, Antietam



GEN. D. M. HAILEY, U. C. V.

(first and second battles), South Mountain, Harper's Ferry, Front Royal, Winchester, Cross Keys, Lewis's Farm, Port Republic, Sharpsburg, Kernstown, Gaines's Mill, Hanover C. H., Savage Station, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Brandy Station. Here he was captured with the whole brigade and a little later was exchanged at Aiken's Landing, Va., and again went into action with his regiment, taking part in the Wilderness, Spotsylvania C. H., Cedar Creek, Winchester, Richmond Railroad, and Hatchers Run. At this place he was again wounded, and in October, 1864, he was given a furlough to return to his home in Louisiana. He made the journey with two comrades, who had each lost a leg, the three riding on two horses. While on the way they met Sherman's army going south, which they flanked to the right, and after some severe hardships reached Memphis, Tenn. From there young Hailey made his way up the river to Fort Smith, Ark. In September, 1866, he went to the Indian Territory, and in 1868 he settled at McAlester, being among the first physicians of the town. He opened the first drug store there and was also editor of the first newspaper published in the town. He took great interest in the Indian government and was one of its leaders, and he was also one of the prominent Confederate veterans of the State, having been Commander of the State Division for a long while.

For many years General Hailey had been connected with the development of Masonry in Oklahoma, in which he had taken highest rank, and at his death he was Sovereign Grand Inspector General in Oklahoma. The funeral services of a Knight Kadosh were held over his body on the night before his burial, and the services at the grave were conducted by members of the Jeff Lee Camp, U. C. V., of McAlester. His wife and five children, two daughters and three sons, survive him.

## MAJ. JOHN R. PADDISON.

How thin grow the ranks of the veterans who made the Confederate war one long story of heroism! And how profoundly it stirs the heart of the South to note the passing of these men! When we consider the youth, the dash, the unbreakable courage of the "boys in gray," we well may see how it does us honor to honor them.

Another of these soldiers, after living a clean and noble life, has heard the final call to arms and has gone to receive the Great Commander's commendation. Maj. John R. Paddison, of Mount Airy, N. C., passed away on September 16, 1919, leaving his wife, six sons, and a wide circle of friends to mourn their loss.

Major Paddison was born in Prince William County, Va., in 1846, of English parentage. At ten years of age he came to North Carolina with his father, who settled in New Hanover County, now Pender, where he attended school until April 1, 1861. Although not then fifteen years old, he volunteered for service and joined the Sampson Rangers, the first company from Sampson County, which was organized in Clinton under command of Capt. Frank J. Faison on April 20, 1861. In a few weeks the company was armed and equipped, ordered to report for duty at Smithville, now Southport, N. C., and assigned to the 20th North Carolina Regiment. At the election of officers Captain Faison was promoted to lieutenant colonel, which caused a split in the company, and Major Paddison went with the part that elected Capt. William S. Devane. The company was recruited to the full number and placed as Company A, 61st North Carolina Troop, and remained at the fort until the breaking out of yellow fever in 1862, when it was ordered into camp a few miles above Wilmington. Later on

young Paddison returned to Fort Caswell and was transferred to the battery of light artillery under Capt. A. A. Moseley, one of his former officers. After a few months he found this branch of the service too heavy for him, and upon the recommendation of his captain he was transferred to the signal corps. He served in this capacity at Fort Caswell, Smithville, Fort Anderson, and Battery Buchanan, just below Fort Fisher, where he was captured when Fort Fisher fell, January 15, 1865. He was taken as a prisoner of war to Point Lookout, Maryland, where he remained until June 16, 1865, when he was released upon taking the oath of allegiance to the United States government. He then went back to Pender County and engaged in business with his brother, Capt. R. P. Paddison, at Point Caswell, N. C.

He married Miss Alice Foard, of Iredell County, with whom he lived most happily for the space of fifty years, lacking a few days.

In 1886 he moved to Mount Airy, N. C., where he lived until the time of his death. He was long an active member of Surry County Camp, No. 797, U. C. V., and became Inspector General with the rank of major on the staff of Gen. P. C. Carlton, commanding the First Brigade of the North Carolina Division, United Confederate Veterans.

## MAJ. GEORGE R. DIAMOND.

Maj. George R. Diamond was born in Giles, W. Va., in 1837, and died at the home of his son, Charles Diamond, in Sandywoods, Mo., in December, 1919, at the age of eighty-two years.

George Diamond enlisted at Prestonburg, Ky., October 26, 1861, in the Confederate army and rose to the rank of major. He was captured and paroled May 8, 1865, at Athens, Ga. He commanded a company of cavalry that bore his name and won considerable fame for bravery and daring. He was wounded once when capturing a guerrilla, who shot him in the hand. At one time he was the only officer who stayed with the colors, and he surrendered a large number of men.

Major Diamond went to Scott County, Mo., from Kentucky about eighteen years ago. He was married to Mrs. Tina Graham in 1885 and was the father of eight children, two sons and six daughters. One brother, Joshua Diamond, aged eighty-one years, living at Louisa, Ky., also survives.

While a resident of Kentucky "Colonel" Diamond, as he was known, was elected to the House of Representatives and wrote a bill that later became a law appropriating \$15,000 for the deepening of the Little Sandy River.

## PETER W. GRIFFIN.

Peter Griffin was born near what is now the little town of Alice, in West Feliciana Parish, La., August 1, 1845, and died near the place of his birth on August 14, 1919. He enlisted in Company I, 3d Louisiana Cavalry, early in 1863 and gave his whole time to the service of the Confederacy until paroled at Gainesville, Ala., in 1865.

Comrade Griffin was never robust, but lived out something over his threescore and ten, and died in the faith of a life beyond this. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was twice married, his first wife being a Miss Thom, who left one son. A few years later he married another Miss Thom, who also preceded him to the grave. Four sons, a daughter, and two brothers survive him.

[W. R. Campbell, Rogillioville, La.]



## CAPT. JOSEPH HUFFMASTER.

In the death of Capt. Joseph Huffmaster the town and county of Kaufman, Tex., have lost one of their oldest and most worthy citizens. He was born at Newport, Ky., February 19, 1838, went to Rockwell, Tex., early in 1868, and in 1885 settled in Kaufman, where he had since been a quiet, unobtrusive, honorable, and lovable citizen. He died at his residence there on November 23, 1919, and after a brief religious service at his home was interred with Masonic honors at Terrell.

Captain Huffmaster was in many respects a remarkable man. With one exception, he had never spent a day in bed from illness in his eighty-one years of life until the latter part of last August, when his illness began.

At the outbreak of the War between the States Joseph Huffmaster joined Company E, 43d Tennessee, with the rank of first lieutenant, and was soon promoted to command of this company, serving it as captain to the end of the war. He was in all the Shenandoah Valley campaigns and with Early in the advance on Washington. Passing through Bowling Green, Ky., upon one occasion, the ladies of the town presented to Captain Huffmaster's company a large and beautiful silk flag. When this flag was captured at the fall of Vicksburg, so written history has it, there were nine hundred and seventy-two bullet holes in it.

Captain Huffmaster never surrendered as an officer of war. He succeeded in getting away from Vicksburg with a part of his company and started to join a Confederate expedition to Texas. Getting over into Mexico a little later, he was stricken with fever and lay for some time desperately ill in a Mexican hut. Recovering, he made his way into Texas and made that State his home. In 1869 he was married to Miss Fannie Terrell, daughter of the man for whom the town of Terrell was named. Only recently they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Five children—two daughters and three sons—with their mother, are left to mourn the loss of a devoted father and husband. Four children were waiting for him on the other side.

Captain Huffmaster practiced law successfully in his adopted State. He had been admitted to the bar before the war at the age of nineteen. He was very prominent in Masonic circles and had served in nearly all the offices of his Lodge, Chapter, and Council, as well as District Deputy Grand Master.

His home was a place of love, peace, and friendliness. He reared a creditable family and did a useful work, and it can be truthfully said that the world is enriched by his life and bereaved by his death.

## JOSEPH CHENOWETH.

Joseph Chenoweth, formerly of Dallas, Tex., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. L. Thiel, at Hampton, Va., in November, 1919. He had reached the age of eighty-two years, and death was due to the infirmities of age. Mr. Chenoweth went to Hampton from Texas to visit his daughter last August. He served with the Texas Rangers during the Indian uprising, and in the War between the States he served in the Confederate army with distinction, although he was born in Illinois. He was a member of Sterling Price Camp, No. 31, U. C. V., of Dallas, Tex. He is survived by his widow and eleven children, who are: Mrs. A. L. Thiel and Mrs. G. D. Culpeper, of Hampton; Mrs. J. H. Bennett, of New York; Mrs. H. N. Witmer, of Chicago; Mrs. W. B. Carr, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. E. H. Kantz, Mrs. A. J. McCollum, W. B. Chenoweth, and Howard Chenoweth, of Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. M. J. Smith, of Garland, Tex.; L. R. Chenoweth, of Philadelphia, Pa.

## CAPT. F. M. HARE.

Capt. F. M. Hare, who died recently at Wynne, Ark., was a native of Tennessee, the son of Jacob and Emma Hare. While he was quite young his parents removed to Cross County, Ark., and there in 1861 he organized a company which became a part of the 5th Arkansas Regiment of Infantry. This regiment went out under Col. Davis C. Cross and was afterwards under Colonel Murray, of Pine Bluff, a West Point graduate. Captain Hare was with Morgan in his raid through Ohio and was captured at Buffington Island on July 10, 1863, and taken to Johnson's Island. After being kept there nine months, he was transferred to Point Lookout, Md., and from there to Fort Delaware, where he was exchanged and rejoined his regiment. After the surrender he returned to his desolate home in Arkansas, the plantation laid waste by vandal troops, but a dear old Southern mother and two sisters anxiously awaited the home-coming of the soldier son and brother.

Captain Hare was a man beloved by all who knew him, a fine Christian gentleman.

## DEATHS AT LAKELAND, FLA.

C. L. Willoughby, Adjutant U. C. V. Camp No. 1543, of Lakeland, Fla., reports the following deaths in that Camp since 1912 to date: J. L. Boquemore, W. H. Clifford, W. W. Jackson, A. T. Williams, A. S. McGregor, W. S. Ryal, W. L. Finger, Isham Walker, J. P. Thompson, J. D. Richardson, R. T. Caddin, J. A. Rhodes, George P. Webb, D. M. Marshall, O. W. Collier.

## CAPT. WILLIAM PROBST.

Capt. William Propst was born in Cabarrus County, N. C., February 17, 1831, and died in Concord, N. C., August 11, 1919, in his eighty-ninth year.

Captain Propst was married to Miss Etta Ritchie on June 7, 1854. He is survived by his wife, eighty-five years of age, and three children, John W. Propst, of Concord, N. C., Mrs. C. W. Trice and Henry L. Propst, of Lexington, N. C. (one daughter, Mrs. John R. Patterson, died a good many years ago), also by twenty-seven grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

Captain Propst enlisted in Company F, 57th North Carolina Regiment, and was commissioned captain of the company, serving in that capacity the entire four years of the war. He was a brave and true soldier and was in all the battles under Lee and Jackson until the battle of Gettysburg, where he was severely wounded and left on the field. He was taken prisoner there and sent to Johnson's Island until the close of the war.



CAPT. WILLIAM PROBST.

He then returned to his farm, in Cabarrus County, and started to work, helping to build up the waste places. He was elected sheriff of Cabarrus County in 1882, holding the office a number of years, and he was at one time county commissioner.

Captain Propst was an official member of St. James Lutheran Church and very prominent in all its interests, faithful in attendance, and a liberal contributor to all objects. He was a

man of unusual character, goodness and sincerity, a gentleman in the highest degree, and numbered his friends by the limit of his acquaintances. He was known by nearly every one in Cabarrus County. The many beautiful floral designs attested to his popularity. Eight grandsons acted as pallbearers.

## SAMUEL J. COFFMAN.

Samuel J. Coffman, who served as sergeant in the Charlottesville Artillery, C. S. A., passed into eternal rest at his home, Ivy Depot, Va., on September 25, 1919.

Born in Rockingham County, Va., April 15, 1836, his youthful years were spent on the farm, and at the age of seventeen he entered the University of Virginia and there spent several years preparing himself for teaching. The beginning of the Confederate war found him teaching in a boys' school and still attending lectures. He at once enlisted in the University Volunteers, a student company, and with it participated in the West Virginia campaign. He then joined the Charlottesville Artillery, serving with it until after the battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse. The battery was in position at the "Bloody Angle," which accounts for its losses. From May 12, 1864, until the final tragedy at Appomattox Sergeant Coffman served with the Staunton Artillery, Cutshaw's Battalion. The most cherished memento of this Christian soldier is his parole, showing that he followed Lee to the end.

After the war Professor Coffman resumed his work as a teacher in Charlottesville until called to Clarksville, Tenn., in 1870 as professor of modern languages. At this institution and its successor, the Southwestern Presbyterian University, he remained until 1891. Subsequently he was principal of male schools in Virginia and West Virginia until his retirement, some twelve years ago. He was a charter member of Forbes Bivouac, of Clarksville, Tenn., and ever cherished a strong feeling of affection for his old comrades.

A faithful soldier of the Confederacy, he was yet a still more devoted follower of the Master. Early a member of the Presbyterian Church, he was chosen an elder in 1877 while residing in Clarksville and so remained to the end of his life. His influence for good was felt by thousands of the South's best young men during the long years spent as teacher and college professor.

Full of years and honors, he passed peacefully away and was laid to rest by loving hands in quiet St. Paul's Churchyard, Ivy, Va.

## E. A. MEADERS, SR.

E. A. Meaders, Sr., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Purser, at McComb City, Miss., in March, 1919, and was laid to rest in the Odd Fellows' Cemetery at Grenada. He was born at Oxford, Miss., and would have completed his seventy-sixth year his next birthday. He was a veteran of the War between the States and lost a leg at the Seven Days' fight in front of Richmond. After the war he removed to Coffeeville and served for several years as circuit clerk of Yalobusha County. At Coffeeville he married a Miss Garner, and his wife preceded him to the grave some four years.

At Grenada he engaged in the furniture and undertaking business, which he closed out about three years ago because of impaired health. He was known for his integrity of character and for those essentials that go with an honorable manhood and with a high conception of the duties of citizenship and the true aims of life. He was a strict adherent of the Baptist Church and endeavored to live faithfully up to his profession. He is survived by two daughters and four sons.

## JOHN M. VANN.

John M. Vann went to Arkansas with his parents in 1850, when he was only five years of age, and his home was always within a few miles of the spot selected by his father, Renselear Vann, for a home when he went from Fayette County, Tenn., to Cross County (then St. Francis), Ark.

Just as he was preparing to go away to school the war came

on, and John, like many other boys, felt the call of duty and made a brave young soldier. He was only nineteen when the war closed. He enlisted in Company A, McGee's Regiment, and served nearly four years.

Mr. Vann engaged in business in 1868 and continued the life of a merchant-farmer for forty-five years. He was successful and enjoyed the fullest confidence of a loyal line of customers, who came to him for advice and counsel even



J. M. VANN.

in most intimate and private matters. The statesman sought his advice; the politician begged his support, because a multitude followed when it became known that the candidate would have the support of J. M. Vann; the widow trusted him; the broken-hearted confided in him; the preacher leaned upon him. He never sought a crowd, but once in it he was the life of it. He loved a clean story and was an artist in telling one.

He was married to Miss Ida Hare, daughter of Rev. Thomas Hare, and their children were Claude, Thomas, and Bessie.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN was always read, reread, and carefully filed away. It is now read with great interest by his children and grandchildren.

## MATTHEW F. MAURY.

Mr. Matthew Fontaine Maury, one of the oldest citizens of Williamson County, Tenn., passed away at his home, in Franklin, on December 5, 1919.

Matthew F. Maury was born in Williamson County January 19, 1829, and had thus nearly completed his ninety-one years. His father, who was a brother of the famous Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, the "Pathfinder of the Seas," for whom the nephew was named, came to this county from Virginia at the opening of the last century, and the family has always been prominent in the county. He went into the Confederate army with Baxter's Artillery from Williamson County, but was later detailed by General Johnston in the Engineering Corps.

Mr. Maury spent some years in Washington as a youth when his distinguished uncle, by whom he was educated, was in official life at the national capital, and the nephew had a rare fund of first-hand reminiscences and anecdotes of the great men of that time. He was a man of keen intelligence, high principles, and generous sentiments, strong in his convictions and firm to maintain them. He leaves an honored memory as a heritage to his children. His wife, who was Miss Eliza Buford, daughter of a prominent citizen, died several years ago.

Surviving is one sister, Miss Bethenia Maury, of Franklin, the last of a large family. Of his children, five sons and five daughters survive him.



## HORATIO C. HOGGARD.

Horatio Cornick Hoggard, aged seventy-four years, died on December 8, 1919, at his home, in Norfolk, Va. He was born on February 11, 1846, in Princess Anne County, Va., at Poplar Hall, which had been the ancestral home of the Hoggard family for seven generations, since the grant to Thurmer Hoggard by Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. His grandfather served in the War of 1812 and his great-grandfather in the Revolutionary War. He enlisted in the Confederacy two months before he became sixteen years old and served continuously until he was captured in the battle of Yellow Tavern in 1864. He was then serving under the command of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. After ten months in prison he escaped and again returned to duty. He participated in a large number of battles, including those of Fredericksburg, Brandy Station, Culpeper Courthouse, Chancellorsville, and Spotsylvania C. H.

Mr. Hoggard was a Past Commander of Pickett-Buchanan Camp of Confederate Veterans, of Norfolk, and was a familiar and conspicuous figure at all Reunions. His love for the Confederacy and his ready help and sympathy for his comrades were an inspiration to all.

As a vestryman of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, he earnestly and faithfully continued the Church affiliations of his ancestors. At the time of his death he was the senior member of the real estate firm of H. C. Hoggard & Co.

In sending notice of the death of this comrade, T. B. Jackson, Adjutant of Pickett-Buchanan Camp, writes: "Comrade Hoggard was one of the finest gentlemen I ever knew. He was especially devoted to the welfare of his comrades of the Camp, being Chairman of the Finance Committee, and participated in all matters having in view the welfare of the members and of all other Confederates."

## J. S. WARE.

Jaquelin S. Ware, one of the leading citizens of Clarke County, Va., passed away at his home, near Berryville, on the 3d of December, at the age of seventy-three years. He was born at Springfield, the old colonial estate of the Wares. His father was Col. J. W. Ware, a prominent citizen of the county before the war.

Young Ware attended school at the old Berryville Academy until July, 1863, when he entered the Confederate service at the age of seventeen, enlisting in Company D, 6th Virginia Cavalry. Shortly after he was detailed as courier at the headquarters of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart and served there until General Stuart was killed. He then returned to his company and served as a private to the end, participating in various engagements during the last year of the war.

Not disheartened by the fate of the Confederacy, he returned home and resumed his studies at Berryville Academy, then engaged in agriculture as his life work. The fighting spirit of the Southern soldier was in his business pursuits to the end. He was married in 1900 to Miss Helen Glasswell Crinnan, of Richmond, who survives him, with three brothers and a sister.

General Stuart held his young courier in the highest estimation, as is shown by the following letter to his mother:

"HEADQUARTERS 2D CAVALRY CORPS, A. N. V.,  
February 20, 1864.

"My Dear Madam: You need have no apprehension about your son Jaquelin, who is still with Major Fitzhugh, and has won golden opinions with all who knew him. If it should ever be in my power to assist him, be assured it will be cheerfully done. I have the honor to be,

"Very respectfully yours,

J. E. B. STUART."

## JUDGE WALTER S. BEARDEN.

Judge Walter Scott Bearden, eminent jurist of Tennessee, died at his home, in Shelbyville, on December 15, after an illness of several months. At the time of his death Judge Bearden was Chancellor of the Fifth Division of the State, and previous to his election to this office he had been judge of the Chancery Court of the Fourth Division since 1886, making a total service on the chancery bench of thirty-three years.

Judge Bearden was a native of Petersburg, Lincoln County, Tenn., where he was born on January 10, 1843, the son of Benjamin Franklin and Susan Margaret Blake Bearden. He received his education at Emory and Henry College, which he left before graduation to enter the Confederate army, in which he served with distinction, becoming a captain in 1864. He was wounded in the battle of Peachtree Creek and two days later in the battle of Atlanta and received a third wound at Jonesboro.

In 1874 Judge Bearden was married to Miss Margaret Cooper Whiteside, who preceded him in death. He is survived by two sons and two daughters.

He was a prominent Mason, being a Knight Templar and a member of the Scottish Rite, holding membership in the Murfreesboro and Nashville Lodges. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church and a man held in the highest esteem throughout the scenes of his long and honorable judicial service.

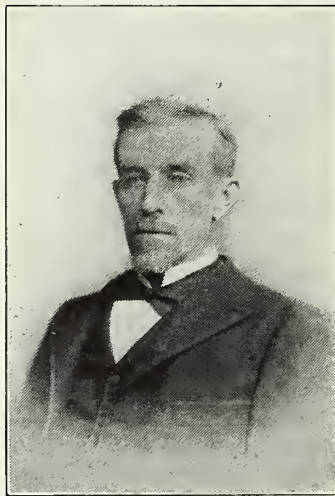
## COL. W. M. MCCALL.

At his home, in Humboldt, Tenn., on the 10th of July, 1919, Col. William M. McCall, splendid citizen, able lawyer, and polished, courtly gentleman, passed to his reward. He was in his eightieth year and had long been in feeble health.

Colonel McCall went to Humboldt from Milan, Tenn., some thirty-five years ago and began the practice of his profession.

Colonel McCall was born and reared in Smith County, Tenn., and from that county went into the army of the Confederacy, serving as a member of the 7th Tennessee Regiment, Hatton's Regiment, of Archer's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. He was a brave and faithful soldier to the end.

After the war closed he went to Gibson County and began the practice of law at Milan, but some thirty-five years ago he removed to Humboldt, where he built up a large practice in his profession and ranked as one of the leading lawyers of West Tennessee and as a citizen was interested and ac-



COL. W. M. M'CALL.

tive in promoting the general good of his community

Colonel McCall was married twice, his first wife being Miss Harrison, of Milan. Some years after her death he was married to Miss Lillie Dance, who survives him. His death marks the passing of one of the most interesting and beloved characters of Humboldt and Gibson County, and he will long be remembered and sincerely mourned. He was a man of genial disposition and had many friends.

## THE PASSING OF A WAR NURSE.

BY MISS MARION SMITH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

At the beautiful suburban home of her daughter, Mrs. N. H. Reeve, near Bristol, Tenn., on August 20, 1919, there passed from earth the soul of a brave and noble woman, Mrs. LeGrand Sexton, of Washington, D. C., who as a young girl of nineteen years during the war between the North and South was a volunteer nurse of sick and wounded Confederate soldiers. Mrs. Sexton's name was then Kate Korff. She was born in Georgetown, D. C., January 29, 1842, of sturdy Dutch stock on her father's side and pure American on her mother's. Her parents were Herman G. and Ellen Korff. Mr. Korff was a native of Holland, who came to America in the early thirties and engaged in the mercantile business in Georgetown.

After leaving her home at the call of the Southland for nurses, Miss Korff served the Confederate cause in every way possible.

Dr. Price, in his "History of Methodism," Volume V., states: "Being in deep sympathy with the South, she came through the lines to Richmond, Va., and nursed in the Richmond hospitals." And it was here that she nursed the wounded warriors of Seven Pines. While at Staunton, Va., she cared for the defeated and discouraged survivors of Gettysburg. She had also ministered to the injured in the battle of Manassas. She was a veritable Florence Nightingale in the fever-haunted hospital at Atlanta, Ga., where were brought the stricken ones of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, and was untiring in her efforts to save the lives of the soldiers, to soothe their last moments, and to comfort their bereaved relatives. Here is a story of her service in this respect, written by herself not many months before she passed away:

"A young Virginian (I cannot remember his name) whom I nursed in the 1st Georgia Hospital died of typhoid fever. Mr. Randolph Axson (an uncle of President Wilson's first wife), who was then a clerk in the 1st Georgia Hospital, called me one morning to his office and told me that an old lady and her daughter were there to see about this young soldier, the son of the former. I exclaimed: 'He is dead!' As I spoke these words the two, whom I had not seen sitting on the steps at the doorway of the hospital, fell fainting. Mr. Axson and I carried them to couches, and he administered to them until they recovered from the faint, then I entertained the sorrowing mother and sister for two days in my room, as they were anxious that I should show them even the cot upon which their loved one had died. I gave them the brave young soldier's clothes, which I had carefully put away.

"The mother on her return to Chesterfield, Va., sent to Mr. Axson and me many dozens of eggs and pounds of butter to be used in the hospital for our sick charges."

Not only as a nurse did Miss Korff serve her country, but, quoting from Dr. Price's work again, "she was also in the Treasury Department, as can be seen by her name appearing

on a series of Confederate notes." The Confederate Treasury was located at Columbia, S. C., and while Miss Korff was performing the duties of this position, to which she had been appointed by Alexander Stephens, Sherman was making his march to the sea. She then refuged from Columbia to Richmond, Va., and, among her varied war experiences, was present at St. Paul's Church, in Richmond, seated just across the aisle from President Davis, when a courier came in from General Lee with the message that he would surrender to General Grant in a few hours. Soon thereafter she was compelled to witness the triumphal entry of the Northern forces and the capital of the Confederacy in flames.

After the surrender Miss Korff returned home for a brief stay and then accepted a position as teacher in the school at Jeffersonville, Southwest Virginia. Not long afterwards, as the result of a pretty romance, she married Mr. LeGrand Sexton, who owned a country place at Chatham Hill. Here they lived happily many years until his death. Mrs. Sexton came later to Washington to rear and educate her young family. She was the devoted mother of six children of her own and two stepchildren.

Mrs. Sexton belonged to the Southern Relief Society and the Robert E. Lee Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. She frequently attended the Confederate Reunions and greatly enjoyed these occasions. She was deeply religious and of a charitable and tolerant disposition to all denominations and creeds. She possessed a multitude of friends not only in the national capital, where she lived for twenty-four years, but wherever she went she was wont to make and keep friends. Her death has left a void in their hearts that cannot be filled, but her memory remains, making the world better that she had lived. It is pleasant to think that in heaven the spirits of the fallen heroes of the Southern cause, a portion of the choir invisible, whose last moments Kate Korff had soothed and comforted, awaited her coming and welcomed her amid their shining hosts.

## MRS. THOMAS WOOD PARRY.

The death of Mrs. Thomas Wood Parry, of Kansas City, Mo., removes from the ranks of the Daughters of the Confederacy one of the most loyal members of the organization. Mrs. Parry had just completed a two-year term as Missouri Division President and had resigned the office of Recording Secretary General. She was a tireless worker in all departments of U. D. C. work, but educational interests had her continual support. The Lee Duke Parry scholarship at Missouri University was founded by her, and she organized the Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., in Kansas City.

The added duties laid upon all patriotic women during the recent war no doubt undermined the constitution of Mrs. Parry; and though blood transfusions from her two sons were made, the effort was in vain.

Mrs. Parry was born in Austin, Miss., but had lived in Kansas City since early childhood. Besides her husband, she leaves two sons, Duke Parry, who is assistant university publisher at the University of Missouri, and Thomas Wood Parry, Jr., eighteen years old.

Funeral services were at the Central Presbyterian Church, of which Mrs. Parry was an active member for many years, conducted by Rev. S. M. Neal and Rev. Charles Nisbet.

"Made like Him, like Him we rise—  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies."



MRS. KATE KORFF SEXTON.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*  
Paducah, Ky.

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[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: You have conferred upon me a high honor, and in accepting its duties and responsibilities I do so with my heart fixed upon the ideals for which this organization stands, for surely in the firmament of woman's endeavor there is no brighter star than the one bearing the words *live, love, think, pray, dare*.

*Live* to brighten the declining years of the men who wore the gray; *live* to educate their posterity and thereby fasten more securely the rights and privileges of citizenship upon a pure Anglo-Saxon race; *live* to hand down to generations to come a truthful history of these men and of the times in which they lived.

*Love* the land made holy by their blood and sacrifice.

*Think* upon the problems that confront the world to-day and be a factor in solving these problems.

*Pray* for strength to accomplish the things needful to make the U. D. C. the greatest organized force for good the world has ever known.

*Dare* to stand for the traditions of our Southland and fearlessly present them to a wondering world.

As I take up this task with its purpose so high I realize the confidence you have placed in me, and I pledge to you the best my hands, my mind, and my heart can do, trusting that when the time comes for me to render an account of my stewardship I may hear you say: "Well done."

Four of the five great efforts for which Miss Poppenheim asked your consideration two years ago, while our country was at war, are as urgent in these times of reconstruction as they were then:

**Membership.**—Interest the young girls in becoming members now. The work must go forward after the present workers have ceased from their labors. Fire the spirits of the youth of the South with a desire to be members of the U. D. C.

**Confederate Veterans and Needy Confederate Women.**—Care for the Confederate veterans and needy Confederate women with the same zeal that has marked these two branches of service throughout the years. They are the U. D. C.'s very own and must not be neglected.

**Education.**—The U. D. C. has pledged itself to the youth of the South and cannot be found wanting. The educational need is great, and the time for work is the present. Give every support to building greater possibilities for the boys and girls, the young men and young women, who turn to this organization for the means by which they may receive an education. These young people through the efforts of this organization are fitted for the best citizenship. What greater service can be rendered this country? What greater asset can a nation have than educated men and women?

**The Hero Fund.**—Our monument to the men who served in the World War should be finished this year. Let us set our faces to the goal and when the report is made in November make it possible to close the account. By generous systematic giving this can be accomplished.

**Jefferson Davis Monument at His Birthplace in Kentucky.**—The convention at Tampa indorsed a resolution to ask every member of the U. D. C. to contribute 25 cents to the monument to Jefferson Davis at his birthplace in Kentucky. The amount asked is very small, but it gives the great privilege of having a part in building this memorial. Division Presidents are urged to request their Directors to begin at once to collect this *per capita* gift and send to the Division Treasurer, who will forward all funds to the Treasurer General. A list of contributions should be sent to Mrs. Jacksie Daniel Thrash, Chairman, Tarboro, N. C., so proper credit may be given.

**Important Changes Made by Tampa Convention.**—The convention at Tampa changed the *per capita* tax from ten cents to twenty cents. Division Treasurers are asked to send this information to Chapters as soon as possible to avoid confusion at the time the dues are to be paid.

The certificates of membership, by action of the Tampa Convention, are now twenty-five cents each. Division Registrars are requested to send out this notice to Chapters.

It is with regret that I announce the death of Mrs. Thomas Wood Parry, which occurred November 22 at her home, in Kansas City, Mo. The last months of this noble woman's life were devoted to the work of the U. D. C., and in her passing we lose a member faithful to every trust.

**Committees.**—Following are the names of new chairmen of committees. Others will be announced when the President General is notified of their acceptance:

Education, Miss Armida Moses, Sumter, S. C.

Award of University Prize, Mrs. L. R. Schuyler, 567 West 139th Street, New York City.

Relief of Needy Confederate Women, Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, 1917 Stuart Avenue, Richmond, Va.

Monument to Jefferson Davis at His Birthplace in Kentucky, Mrs. Jacksie Daniel Thrash, Tarboro, N. C.

State Constitutions, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, 74 Weissinger-Gaulbert, Louisville, Ky.

May I ask you to take advantage of the great opportunities that lie along the way? Hold a firm purpose to make this the best year of service by facing the difficulties and accomplishing the work. If every Daughter and every Division will take up the task with singleness of purpose, we will be "in unity invincible."

With best wishes for the new year, faithfully yours,

MAY M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

## THE HERO FUND.

RECEIPTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1919.

Alabama Division: Cradle of the Confederacy Chapter, \$6; Asheville Chapter, \$2.50; Joe Wheeler Chapter, \$5; Marion Wilmer Jones Chapter, C. of C., \$1.....	\$ 14 50
Kentucky Division: Paducah Chapter (bonds), \$50; Owensboro Chapter, \$10; Russellville Chapter, \$5; Lexington Chapter, \$25; Maysville Chapter, \$3; Bloomfield Chapter, \$5; Winchester Chapter, \$10..	108 00
Louisiana Division: Robert E. Lee Chapter, \$43.60; Gen. Alfred Mouton Chapter, \$4; Gen. Dick Taylor Chapter, \$1; Bunkie Chapter, \$3; Pickett Chapter, \$6; Edward Sparrow Chapter, \$20; Ruston Chapter, \$5 .....	82 60
Minnesota Division: Robert E. Lee Chapter, \$10...	10 00
Mississippi Division: Holly Springs Chapter, \$2; McComb City Chapter, \$2; J. Z. George Chapter, \$2; Stephen D. Lee Chapter, \$2; Beulah Chapter, \$2; Col. H. M. Street Chapter, \$2; Charles E. Hooker Chapter, \$2; Utica Chapter, \$2.70; Frank A. Montgomery Chapter, \$2.50; Kosciusko Chapter, \$5...	24 20
Missouri Division: Sterling Price Chapter, St. Joseph, \$23.20; Independence Chapter, \$25; Robert E. Lee Chapter, \$1.....	49 20
North Carolina Division: Warsaw Chapter, \$5; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, \$10; Little Confederates' Chapter, C. of C., \$5; Bethel Heroes Junior Chapter, C. of C., \$10.....	30 00
South Carolina Division: Fairfax Chapter, \$2; Winthrop College Chapter, \$1; Mrs. Dell Williams, \$5 .....	8 00
Tennessee Division: Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, \$2.....	2 00

Total .....\$ 328 50  
Previously reported ..... 18,424 08

Total December 1, 1919.....\$18,752 58

## RECEIPTS BY DIVISIONS IN ORDER OF CONTRIBUTIONS UP TO NOVEMBER 1, 1919.

Georgia, \$2,695.31; South Carolina, \$2,429.35; Texas, \$1,849.33; Alabama, \$1,528.83; North Carolina, \$1,429.50; Arkansas, \$1,235.50; Virginia, \$1,095.81; Philadelphia Chapter, \$874.29; Missouri, \$851.05; Maryland, \$830; Oklahoma, \$715; District of Columbia, \$657.25; West Virginia, \$615.80; Louisiana, \$579.03; Ohio, \$540.03; New York, \$518; Florida, \$387; California, \$359.50; Kentucky, \$246.93; Washington, \$216.84; Mississippi, \$197; Illinois, \$135.12; Tennessee, \$102; Colorado, \$20.50; New Mexico, \$16; Boston Chapter, \$5; Evansville Chapter, \$5; Pittsburg Chapter, \$5; Arizona, \$4; Minnesota, \$2; Oregon, \$2.

ARMIDA MOSES, *Treasurer*.

## TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION, U. D. C.

REPORTED BY MRS. HERBERT M. FRANKLIN.

The General Convention held in Tampa, Fla., November 11-15, was one of the most harmonious and thoroughly delightful conventions in the history of the U. D. C. organization.

The two-year term of the President General, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, has been characterized by system and unity, and an immense amount of work has been accomplished.

The De Soto Hotel was headquarters for the Convention, and all business sessions were held in the First Presbyterian Church, across the street from the hotel.

The Convention opened Tuesday night, with Mrs. Amos Norris, President of the Florida Division, presiding. Special honor guests were veterans from Camp Loring, U. C. V., and Camp Dickinson, S. C. V. Gen. E. M. Law, of Bartow, Fla., the ranking surviving general of the Confederacy, made a thrilling speech for the veterans, and Dr. Sumter Lowry, Commander of the Florida S. C. V., welcomed the Convention to Florida. Many other gracious speeches of welcome were made, and the response for the U. D. C. was given by Mrs. C. M. Roberts, Second Vice President General.

Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York, presented the President General, Miss Poppenheim, also the beloved Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone and Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, former President Generals.

Following Miss Poppenheim's response came the presentation of the U. D. C. bars for President Generals, which was made by Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone. A former Convention decided that a special insignia should be bestowed upon the President Generals of the U. D. C., and at the Louisville Convention a number were presented. That for Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee was presented upon this occasion, as well as those for three deceased President Generals, Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, of Tennessee, Mrs. E. G. Weed, of Florida, and Mrs. Virginia F. McSherry, of West Virginia.

This was a working Convention, and all reports and business affairs were expedited. Upon the roll call of States came the beautiful presentation of flags, each State President bringing forward her State flag and placing it in the keeping of Mrs. Franklin, Custodian of Flags.

Upon the platform, in addition to the general officers, were three Honorary President Generals—Mrs. Norman Randolph, of Virginia; Mrs. John W. Tench, of Florida; Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Texas—and Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, of Mississippi, a former President General.

Mrs. F. F. Fleming, wife of a former Governor of Florida, was presented to the Convention, as was also Mrs. C. B. Bryan, of Tennessee, daughter of Admiral Raphael Semmes, C. S. N.

The total voting strength of the Convention was announced to be 1,727 votes.

The report of the President General was of the greatest interest, as it was felt to be an epitome of a war administration, and the enthusiasm and approbation with which it was received proved how thorough and far-reaching the work of the organization had been. The report showed that incorporation of the U. D. C. under the laws of the District of Columbia had been secured; that the U. D. C. now had 1,161 Chapters in thirty-four States and the District of Columbia, with a total membership of 63,479. Adhering to the U. D. C. five-pointed star, the work was classed under five heads: Membership, Care of Veterans, Relief of Confederate Women, Education, and War Relief. The former Educational Endowment Fund, now known as the Hero Fund, was announced to be \$19,165, with Miss Armida Moses, of Sumter, S. C., as Treasurer. Miss Poppenheim reported that a case of one hundred and thirty-six books and pamphlets concerning the history of the South had been collected and sent to the Bodleian Library in London by Miss Elizabeth Hanna, of Georgia, chairman of this special committee. She also gave a brief record of Southerners in the World War and of the splendid war relief work of our organization.

The report of the Registrar General, Mrs. Charles L. Trabert, was read by Mrs. Franklin, of Georgia, who also presented the Allen Farris Trophy, offered by Mrs. Roy W. Mo



Kinney in memory of her father to the Division enrolling the greatest number of members between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five since April, 1919. The cup was won by North Carolina, that Division having registered twenty-seven new members.

The report of Mrs. Sells, Custodian of Crosses of Honor, showed that more than 30,000 crosses have been bestowed by the organization in the eighteen years since this work was begun, 391 crosses having been issued by the Custodian in 1919.

Reports read by the First and Second Vice President Generals, Mrs. Youree and Mrs. Roberts, showed careful administration of their office.

The report of Mrs. Hyde, the Historian General, recorded a great amount of historical work done by the various Divisions and showed the systematic plan by which that office has been administered.

The report of Mrs. Bashinsky, of Alabama, Chairman of Education, showed 798 scholarships, valued at \$72,466.65 per annum, as owned by the organization. According to her report, Georgia leads in U. D. C. scholarships, the total value of scholarships maintained by this State amounting to \$28,850, with Alabama and Tennessee coming next. She also reported Georgia leading in contributions to the Hero Fund, with South Carolina second in amount raised. The splendid work accomplished by this committee won much commendation. The University of Virginia gave twenty-two scholarships to the organization, and seven of these were used in 1919 by soldiers who had returned from the World War.

Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Alabama, Chairman of the War Relief Committee, now the World War Record Committee, reported on the activity of the U. D. C. during the war. The summary of the report covers work in twenty-two States. She reported:

Bonds and W. S. S. bought by U. D. C. members, \$24,655,259.88.

Bonds and W. S. S. sold by U. D. C. members, \$46,563,255.45.

Total amount contributed to Red Cross, other war relief, French and Belgian orphans, American military hospital, etc., \$25,599,916.03.

Total Red Cross articles, hospital garments, surgical dressings, knitted articles, 15,742,904.

Total U. D. C. members in canteen, Y. W. C. A., Y. M. C. A., hospital work, and four-minute speakers, 1,553.

Total U. D. C. members sent overseas, 78.

U. D. C. members chairmen of Red Cross and bond issues, 600.

Red Cross Chapters, auxiliaries, and branches organized by U. D. C., 314.

Sons of U. D. C. in army and navy, 4,326.

Husbands of U. D. C. in army and navy, 505.

The chief feature of Thursday morning was the election of officers, which resulted as follows:

President General, Mrs. Roy Weeks McKinney, of Paducah, Ky.

First Vice President General, Mrs. Alice Baxter, of Atlanta, Ga.

Second Vice President General, Mrs. George Cunningham, of Little Rock, Ark.

Third Vice President General, Mrs. R. P. Holt, of Rocky Mount, N. C.

Recording Secretary General, Mrs. R. D. Wright, of Newberry, S. C.

Corresponding Secretary General, Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, of Charleston, W. Va.

Treasurer General, Mrs. Amos Norris, of Tampa, Fla.

Registrar General, Mrs. Fannie Ransom Williams, of Newton, N. C.

Historian General, Mrs. A. A. Campbell, of Richmond, Va.

Custodian of the Cross of Honor, Mrs. William D. Mason, of Philadelphia.

Custodian of Flags and Banners, Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw, of Montgomery, Ala.

Mrs. C. B. Tate, of Virginia, and Mrs. George Pickett were elected Honorary President Generals.

The revision of the by-laws consumed much time, one important feature being the grouping of the old by-laws under proper headings.

The *per capita* tax was increased from ten to twenty cents and the price of membership certificates to twenty-five cents.

The articles of incorporation now form the constitution.

The report of the Insignia Committee was made, but action was deferred until the next Convention.

The Convention voted to establish an annual prize of a pair of binoculars, to be competed for by the students of the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis, as a memorial to Matthew Fontaine Maury.

Mr. John C. Brown, of Tennessee, gave to the organization a prize of \$100 as a memorial to his mother. It was decided to give this as the peace prize offered by the U. D. C. for the best essay on the subject of "A Lasting Peace."

The principal action of the Convention on Friday morning was the decision to build a fireproof treasure house for the storing of documents and papers pertaining to the Confederacy. The resolution was offered by Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, of Richmond, Va., who stated that she had come to the Convention for the purpose of making an appeal for a fireproof building on land owned by the Confederacy at Richmond, which was the "White House of the Confederacy." The building will be erected in style similar to the architecture of the Museum and will cost some \$35,000. A central committee of seven will be appointed for this work.

The report on the Confederate Museum, by Miss Sallie Archer Anderson, was read by Mrs. Hyde. An appeal was made for an endowment fund, owing to the increased cost of keeping up the Museum, where are stored priceless relics. Rooms are maintained by most of the States in the U. D. C. organization.

Mrs. R. C. Cooley, of New York, introduced a set of resolutions indorsing the League of Nations, which were adopted and a copy ordered sent to the papers, to the Associated Press, and to the President, Senators, and Congressmen.

A number of interesting addresses were made before the Convention. Matthew Page Andrews, the eminent historian, spoke briefly of his book, "Southern Women in War Times," the publication of which has been undertaken by the U. D. C. Dr. Henry Louis Smith, President of Washington and Lee University, of Lexington, Va., made an eloquent and scholarly address urging the organization to undertake the renovation of the chapel containing the mausoleum of General Lee, and a resolution indorsing the movement was adopted. Gen. W. B. Haldeman, of Louisville, Ky., spoke in behalf of the monument to Jefferson Davis at his birthplace in Kentucky and made an inspiring appeal for funds to complete this memorial. Upon motion of Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, the Convention voted to ask every member of the U. D. C. for a donation of twenty-five cents, which will complete the fund necessary for the erection of the monument.

Invitations for the Convention to meet in Asheville, N. C., were presented by Mrs. Felix Harvey, President of the North Carolina Division, and Mrs. James M. Gudger, President of Asheville Chapter, and these were unanimously accepted.

## MEMORIAL HOUR.

The memorial hour was in charge of Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Virginia, and was one of the most beautiful and touching ever held by the organization. A memorial to the Daughters of the Confederacy was read by Mrs. J. P. Higgins, of Missouri, and one to the Veterans, by Miss Nancy Watson, was read by Mrs. Miller, of Mississippi. "A Tribute to Our Boys, the Heroes of 1917-18," written by Rev. J. W. Bachman, D.D., of Tennessee, Chaplain General U. C. V., was read by his daughter, Mrs. Charles R. Hyde.

## HISTORICAL EVENING.

The exercises on Thursday evening were in charge of Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, of Tennessee, the Historian General, who was presented by the President General. The following Division Historians were introduced by Mrs. Hyde: Mrs. St. J. Allison Lawton, of South Carolina; Miss Lowry Shuford, of North Carolina; Mrs. J. W. Wilkinson, of Texas; Miss Ida F. Powell, of Illinois; and Miss Lillie Martin, Assistant Historian, of Georgia.

The principal address of the evening was made by the Historian General, who spoke upon the subject of "The Religious Instruction of the Negroes Prior to 1860." She related the early missionary work among the negroes and told of the educational work done on Southern plantations.

Mrs. Hyde's address was forceful and impressive, and in appreciation of her splendid work as Historian General a beautiful gold pin, inscribed "Historian General U. D. C.," was presented to her by the Executive Board.

The Rose loving cup was won by Miss Armida Moses, of South Carolina, for the best essay on the subject of "The Confederate Navy" and was presented by Mrs. Bryan, daughter of Admiral Semmes.

The Rutherford historical medal was won for the third time by Colorado and was presented by Mrs. Randolph, of Virginia.

The Youree prize of \$20, offered for the largest list of descendants of Confederate veterans enrolled in the World War, was won by Arkansas and was presented to Mrs. Beal, the Division President, by Mrs. Rountree, Chairman of the War Relief Committee. Mrs. Youree has increased this prize to \$50 for 1920.

The Raines banner was won for the third time by North Carolina and was presented to Miss Shuford, State Historian, by Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler.

The Ricks banner was won by the Winston-Salem Chapter, C. of C., and was presented to Mrs. Harvey, Division President, by Mrs. Mason, of Philadelphia.

The Anna Robinson Andrews medal was won by Mrs. Walter Matthews, of Kentucky, and was presented by Mrs. Merchant, of Virginia.

The Florence Golder Faris medal was won by Virginia B. Sherrill, of Virginia, and presented to Mrs. Flournoy, Division President, by Mrs. McKinney.

"A Soldier's Prize" was presented by Miss Poppenheim to Mrs. Sarah H. Newman, of Alabama, and was received for her by Mrs. Crenshaw, Division President. This prize, given by a member of the American Expeditionary Force, a soldier whose identity is unknown, was again offered for 1920.

## SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENT.

Perhaps no Convention has ever been more hospitably entertained. The welcome was so cordial, the weather so beautiful and balmy, and everything that could be arranged for comfort and pleasure had been so well provided for by Mrs. Amos Norris on behalf of Florida, that every one joined with Mrs. Frank Harrold, of Georgia, in returning thanks for the many courtesies extended, including those of the press, the pulpit, and the musicians, upon whom too much praise cannot be bestowed for the many beautiful and appropriate selections.

On Tuesday the Tampa Chapter entertained all the delegates at an elaborate luncheon at the De Soto Hotel.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. C. E. Graham, of Greenville, S. C., gave a beautiful dinner in honor of Miss Poppenheim, at which fifty guests were present, including the general officers and the newly elected President General.

Immediately succeeding this dinner came the brilliant reception given at the De Soto Hotel by the Tampa Chapter in honor of all officers and delegates. The spacious verandas were utilized, and the decorations of palmetto, oranges, grapefruit, tangerines, and gray moss were as beautiful as appropriate.

On Thursday afternoon a boat trip to St. Petersburg across beautiful Tampa Bay was enjoyed by about five hundred U. D. C. officers, delegates, and hostesses on the new boat the Bay Queen. The boat was met by the Mayor of St. Petersburg and members of the Speed Club, who took the visitors for a ride over the Sunshine City. The Dixie Chapter, U. D. C., served tea at the docks, and the Mayor extended a welcome, and all were made to feel at home in Florida.

A touch of pageantry was given the Convention by the attendance and services of the beautiful young pages, who wore crimson smocks with white satin skirts and who proved themselves useful as well as ornamental. Miss Emma Bouknight, of South Carolina, was page in chief, and Mrs. R. D. Wright, of South Carolina, was general chairman of pages, with Mrs. J. D. Sinclair as chairman of local pages. An auto ride about the city and an elaborate ball at the Yacht and Country Club were given in their honor.

At the close of the Convention Mrs. Youree, of Louisiana, presented Miss Poppenheim, the retiring President General, with a beautiful silver bowl engraved "Mary B. Poppenheim, from her Executive Board, 1917-19," as a testimonial for her devotion to duty and her wonderful executive ability, which has made this administration such a success.

Following the beautiful ceremony of the presentation of the incoming officers and the acceptance of the gavel by the new President General, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, the twenty-sixth Convention passed into history. Mrs. McKinney well deserves the high honor which has come to her, and under her able leadership the organization will continue with tireless zeal its work for the education and uplift of humanity.

In renewing the subscription of her father, Mrs. H. D. Dillard wrote from Rocky Mount, Va.: "As Historian of the Jubal Early Chapter, U. D. C., I have been using the VETERAN in my work, and I find it not only instructive, but intensely satisfying. This work of giving to the world true Confederate history must be carried on, and it is a source of much regret to me that there are not more institutions of your kind. I wish the VETERAN could be placed in every home in the South; its spirit is needed."



## DIVISION NOTES.

*District of Columbia.*—On New Year's Day of 1919 the Division gave a reception to the Confederate veterans, their families and friends, which was attended by Secretary of War and Mrs. Baker, who sang some stirring war songs. The Children's Chapter celebrated Lee Day in the Hall of Statuary in the Capitol, surrounded by a guard of honor of boys from the Junior Defense Guard. Mr. E. Hilton Jackson, a relative of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, made an address, then the children placed wreaths before the statue of the glorious general of the South, Robert E. Lee. Later the Confederate veterans held a beautiful service in the Christian church in memory of General Lee and of the great Christian soldier Gen. Stonewall Jackson. The Daughters of the Confederacy assisted and conferred three Southern crosses of honor.

This Division took a conspicuous part in the liberty loan, and when the victory loan was put out it made a record success, raising the splendid sum of \$575,000, receiving a medal, which was pinned on Mrs. Carolyn S. Fahnestock, President of the Division, as Chairman of the Division Loan Committee, by Mrs. McAdoo, the General Chairman. Five medals were given to others of the committee. No other women's committee received so many.

In April a memorial service was held for Col. Hilary A. Herbert, and on June 3 the birthday of the President of the Southern Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, was commemorated, the veterans of Camp 171 being guests of honor. Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, made an interesting address, telling many things about Mr. Davis not generally known. On June 8 the usual memorial service for the Confederate dead was held at Arlington.

Mrs. Fahnestock presented to the Division a mahogany sideboard which was once the property of President Davis when he was in the White House of the Confederacy in Richmond. This is to be placed in the Confederate Memorial Home and used as a repository of the Division minutes and papers and World War records. The Division gave an entertainment for the Hero Fund and the Confederate Memorial Home, which was a financial success.

## "THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY."

COLLEGE PARK, GA., November 28, 1919.

*My Dear Mrs. White:* May I call your special attention to an opportunity that is open to your readers to secure a "treasury of knowledge" and delight? Having been privileged to inspect the manuscript, I gladly state that, in my opinion, the forthcoming book, "The Daughters of the Confederacy," to be edited and published by Mrs. Bryan W. Collier, of College Park, Ga., will be a brilliant achievement of a talented Southern woman, daughter of a Confederate surgeon and a devoted Confederate mother.

This unusual volume will contain the portraits and biographical sketches of more than a hundred glorious Daughters of the Confederacy, including as it does all of the Historian Generals, the present President General and all of the past President Generals, and many Division Presidents and State officers.

In order to issue more than the copies already placed with the subjects of the book, orders must be placed with the publisher before going to print, in January or February, 1920. Knowing the historical value of this book, now nearing completion, I suggest that individual Chapters order one copy at least for use in the Chapter. Then think what a Chapter might accomplish by placing a copy in each Southern school library! The beauty of the lives and faces portrayed would be a hallowed benediction to unborn generations.

We owe it to those who come after us to see that they know the truths of Southern history and the glorious life of our ante-bellum sires, the conviction of our mothers as well as that of our fathers. Let's place several hundred copies of this beautiful, almost priceless book in the schools of our land.

MRS. B. D. GRAY.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

*My Dear Daughters of the Confederacy:* Your first program for the year is a study of Jefferson Davis. This is in compliance with a suggestion of Miss West, Chairman of the Jefferson Davis Highway, and also, seems appropriate, as a special appeal is made this year for the Jefferson Davis monument at his birthplace. The February program is also given, so that the Chapters can have it in ample time for the February meeting.

A yearbook giving the program for twelve meetings has been sent to each State Historian and to each Chapter where there are no Divisions. The State Historians can incorporate this yearbook with such additions as they wish and send out to their Divisions. Should any State Historian fail to do this, on application I will send the yearbook to any Chapter applying. The program will also be published each month in the VETERAN.

The C. of C. programs will also be published monthly and will be distributed by the Third Vice President, Mrs. R. P. Holt, of Rocky Mount, N. C.

With best wishes for each one of you, sincerely,

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, *Historian General U. D. C.*

## U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JANUARY, 1920.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

(1) Soldier, statesman, Secretary of War; (2) President of the Confederate States; (3) prisoner of war; (4) private citizen.

## U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY.

SOUTHERN MEN IN THE WORLD WAR.

Compile list of Southern men from your State prominent in the government, the army, navy, and aviation. Collect incidents and adventures from men who were in the service from your county or your State, have them typewritten, and file them with your Chapter Historian for future use. Relate some of the most interesting incidents at your Chapter meeting.

## C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JANUARY.

POCAHONTAS, THE INDIAN MAIDEN WHO SAVED THE JAMESTOWN COLONY.

Tell the story of her life and death and mention some of her descendants.

## C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY.

THE CAPTIVES OF ABB'S VALLEY.

This is one of the sweetest stories of a pioneer life, and it is the title of the book. The story is also found in "Sketches of Virginia," by W. M. Foote, in "History of Southwest Virginia," by L. P. Summers, and in Bickley's "History of Tazewell County, Va."

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
 436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
 MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
 Memphis, Tenn.  
 MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
 Fayetteville, Ark.  
 MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*  
 Seale, Ala.  
 MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
 7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
 MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*  
 1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.  
 MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
 113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.  
 MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
 1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



## VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
 ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
 FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson  
 GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning  
 KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn  
 LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
 MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll  
 MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
 NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones  
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
 TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer  
 VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

## GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To Members of the C. S. M. A.: Truly can your President General say: "Happy New Year to you, friends and co-workers!" Since the time of our convention in Atlanta, when we had the pleasure of seeing you face to face and learning to know you as coworkers, the bond of friendship has strengthened, and we greet each other as friends.

The past year has been for us a happy year, because it has been a busy one and, furthermore, because the cause and work so close to our hearts has had fresh impetus and strides forward facing the new year of opportunity with courage and enthusiastic determination to plan for bigger things—to work unceasingly and to write high on the pages of 1920 achievement.

Let us clasp hands in an unbreakable but ever-widening circle of opportunity and make of this the best year in the history of the C. S. M. A., ever holding our motto as a beacon light:

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget."

To each and every one the wish of the heart is peace, love, and joy in your homes, enthusiasm, loyalty, and devotion in your work.

The God of peace be with you all!

Faithfully yours, MRS. A. McD. WILSON,  
*President General.*

## ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

We are facing a new year. What lies within its unexplored regions we cannot know, but in our hands are the threads spun by a devoted band of Southern women with which we can weave a beautiful pattern on the pages of history. Then let the tapestry be wrought of golden threads of love, as it always has been, and let the somber tone of sympathy be a background upon which the pattern will glow in rich warm colors.

In all the world there is not another such organization as the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. It typifies the loyalty of the Southern heart that has treasured its unconquered flag and its unsullied traditions for over half a century with a steadfastness that has no equal among the peoples of the earth.

The new year has much in store for the women who constitute the C. S. M. A., and with the President General, who has never known the word "fail," its revivication, its renewed strength, its growth of junior associations will but add to its already splendid accomplishment.

## CONFEDERATE MOTHERS.

Already a far-reaching interest has been made manifest in locating the mothers of Confederate veterans, and at present there are four on the honor roll, each of whom will receive a gift pin, which souvenir was the happy thought of Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, the President General.

The first name sent in with proper credentials establishing her right to one of these recognition pins was that of Mrs. Mercedes G. Brent, aged ninety-eight years. Mrs. Brent is the mother of R. J. Brent, a veteran who resides in Pensacola, Fla. On the 7th of November the bar of purest Etruscan gold, bearing the letters "C. S. M. A." on the top and underneath the name and date, was presented to Mrs. Brent in the name of the President General, whose pleasure it was to make the gift. The presentation was made at the bedside of the Confederate mother by her little six-year-old great-granddaughter, who pinned the bar on the invalid, thus giving happiness not only to the honored one, but to all the circle who rejoiced with her that the honor, though late conferred, carried with it the loyal devotion of every Memorial woman.

Florida's second veteran mother is Mrs. Joshua Allen Crosby, of Westville, Fla. Mrs. Crosby is ninety-seven years old, her birthday falling on December 25. At that time the love gift of the C. S. M. A. will be presented. Mrs. Crosby is the mother of a living Confederate soldier, Solomon Crosby, aged seventy-nine, who is also a resident of Westville.

It is hoped that every State where there is a Memorial Association will endeavor to locate the mothers of Confederate veterans and take advantage of the opportunity to honor them, for there remains but a very small remnant of the mighty force that stood behind the men in the trenches and fulfilled the expectations of those who believed in them as the most gallant fighting force that ever answered the call to arms. It should not be forgotten that soon it will be too late to honor them in this simple but loving way.

The subject of searching out and trying to locate every living mother of a Confederate veteran was enthusiastically taken up at the Atlanta Convention, which went on record as warmly indorsing the movement. Each State President was requested to undertake the work in her own State and to send names to the President General. It is hoped that the convention enthusiasm will continue and that in each State active work is being done. Mrs. Frank D. Tracy, delegate from Pensacola, Fla., returned to her home deeply interested and at once began search, with the result that she has already sent in two names with the names of veteran sons living and vouchers which will insure the C. S. M. A. recognition pin. Mrs. Wilson is very desirous that each State President make this her first duty of the new year. Mrs. Tracy has been appointed General Chairman of Veteran Mothers and will appreciate any assistance given her.



## OFFICIAL BIOGRAPHER.

Mrs. Bryan W. Collier, of College Park, Ga., has been made official biographer for the Confederated Southern Memorial Association and has well under way the interesting book of sketches and portraits which she expects to publish in the near future. The book will include biographical sketches of many distinguished women who have been part of the memorial work of the South and will add a new value to the historical records of the C. S. M. A. and all branches of its work. Mrs. Collier is a scholarly woman and well qualified to fulfill this mission.

*COL. ASHBEL SMITH, OF TEXAS.*

BY JAMES A. STEVENS, BURNET, TEX.

Knowing as an ex-Confederate soldier one or two peculiarities of the above distinguished Texan, I read Dr. McNeilly's sketch of him in the December *VETERAN* with peculiar interest. He was lieutenant colonel of the 2d Texas Infantry, which was commanded by the gallant Colonel Rodgers, killed in the battle of Corinth and whose body received military honors by the Federal general, Rosecrans, on account of his gallantry in that bloody conflict.

I first saw Colonel Smith when his regiment was brigaded with the 35th Mississippi and one or two other regiments I do not now recall, the 43d Mississippi being one of them perhaps. Gen. John C. Moore commanded the brigade. The 2d Texas was in the battle of Shiloh and so terribly cut down in killed, wounded, and sick as to be reduced to about two hundred men. They were a lot of as reckless daredevils as ever fired a gun and would have done honor to Hood's immortal brigade in the Virginia Army. On one or two occasions, when passing the 35th Mississippi on a march, our boys would cry out: "Look to your camp kettles, men; the 2d Texas is coming!" This is not said in any depreciation, for it was a weakness with many soldiers in the Confederate service to "borrow" cooking utensils and even rations from their fellow patriots in a pinch. I recollect that a hog which had tried to "bite" some of Company H just before the siege of Vicksburg was divided among the messes, and not only nearly caused the loss of my life from an overload of pork, but caused me to lose the glory and honor of participating in that memorable event. A sudden change from stringy beef and weevily peas to fat pork in an unusual quantity at one meal was too much for my digestive organs. I honestly believe that if stealing something to eat was ever a pardonable offense it was when committed by a hungry Confederate soldier.

I am reliably informed that during the many weeks' siege Colonel Smith was often seen sitting in the trenches or at his tent or dugout door calmly reading a copy of one of his favorite classics—"Vergil," I believe it was—while the shells would be bursting overhead or in the rear, so passionately devoted was this singular character to literature and so accustomed do men become to the dangers of war. Colonel Smith was too brave a man to affect this unconcern.

My recollection of him personally is that he was rather small of stature, was an awkward rider, and when passing along at a trot the rattle of his sword and canteen and spurs, perhaps, made such a comical noise that his men gave him the pet name of "Old Jingle," and that is what the 2d Texas always called him.

His fondness for literature and striking way of showing it strongly reminded me of the character of Parson Adams in Fielding's famous novel, "Joseph Andrews." One day, walking along the road, the parson, poring over the pages of his be-

loved "Æchylus," waded unconsciously through a large pond of water lying directly in his route instead of side-stepping on to a dry path beside it. Absent-mindedness often goes along with love of learning and the highest courage.

A CORRECTION BY DR. MCNEILLY.—In my article on Col. Ashbel Smith, of Texas, in the December *VETERAN*, I stated that he was a native of North Carolina. This was a mistake. He was born in Connecticut, and his early years were spent there. In his manhood he came South, settling for a while in North Carolina, but soon going to Texas. He was so warmly devoted to the Calhoun theory of States' rights that I supposed him a native of the South. From a letter received from the President of the Texas State Historical Association it is learned that his splendid library was willed to the University of Texas.

*THE MONUMENT TO GEN. STAND WATIE.*

The following statement is made by Mrs. M. W. Anderson, Chairman of the Gen. Stand Watie Monument Committee, Oklahoma Division, U. D. C.:

"The Oklahoma Division, U. D. C., has undertaken to erect a monument in memory of Gen. Stand Watie, the only Indian brigadier general of the Confederate army, a man whose character was above reproach and whose remarkable bravery was known far beyond the limits of his activities.

"The value of his services to Indian Territory, Arkansas, and Missouri can scarcely be estimated. He sleeps in an unmarked grave.

"Rally to our aid and help us pay this long-neglected tribute to this Oklahoma hero.

"We have now \$1,127 toward the required sum of \$1,750. During the period of the war the fund was put in liberty bonds and war savings stamps, where it still remains; but the Division is anxious now to complete the long-neglected tribute, the movement for which was begun in 1913. The Oklahoma Division has responded loyally to all the demands of the war, as our printed records show, and also to educational funds and Confederate memorials. Any contributions to this fund for the monument to the Indian hero of the Confederacy will be gratefully received. A printed record will be kept of every contribution. The amount of this fund has been given by the Oklahoma Division alone, except for a very few small personal gifts."

Send all contributions to Mrs. Anderson at Pryor, Okla.

WHERE IS THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA?—T. C. Holland, of Steedman, Mo., says: "I would like to know what has become of the hosts of writers for this leading journal who in former days kept us informed of the reminiscences of the Army of Northern Virginia. Perhaps those who are left are too old to write. Keep it up, boys, until the last taps, and you will undoubtedly please the followers of our noble chieftain, R. E. Lee."

Dr. E. P. Lacey, writing from Bessemer, Ala., says: "I am a veteran in sentiment only, as I was only four years old when the War between the States began. \* \* \* I am sending you three new subscriptions and am asking for no bonus, prize, or anything else, for I am doing this because I think you deserve it. I think it is the duty of every patriotic Southerner to give the *VETERAN* his support; in fact, it will do any one good to read it who loves his country and its institutions."



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W. E. Boyd, of Queen City, Tex., wishes to get in communication with some member of Company E, 27th Louisiana Regiment, with which command he served.

BOOK WANTED.—Any one having a copy of Miss M. A. H. Gay's "Life in Dixie during the War" will confer a favor by writing to Mrs. J. H. Snodgrass, of Hugo, Okla., who wishes to procure a copy.

WANTED—The address of a private or officer of Company B, later known as Company G, of the 5th South Carolina Cavalry, in 1862, in order to get a pension for a veteran's widow. Address J. P. Mendel, West Palm Beach, Fla.

Mrs. Callie E. Peak, 1194 Seventh Street, Douglas, Ariz., asks if there are any readers of the VETERAN who remember Callie Johnston or H. C. Peak, of Warsaw, Ky., who served in Morgan's command. She will be glad to hear from them.

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C. E. Brooks, 239C State St., Marshall, Mich.

### THE POISON APPLE.

[By request of the Tennessee Anti-Tuberculosis Association.]

Our grandparents thought that the tomato was poisonous and called it "The Poison Apple." They also were under the impression that tuberculosis was incurable and called it "consumption," from the fact that it consumed those who contracted it.

To-day we know that the tomato is an extremely succulent vegetable, but everybody does not know that tuberculosis is not only preventable and controllable, but that it is also curable. And this latter truth is the message that the Tennessee Anti-Tuberculosis Association is bringing home to thousands of people in this State.

Already as a direct result of the efforts of this society hospitals have been erected that contain three hundred beds for the care of tubercular patients, and institutions containing two hundred more beds are under construction. Cities and towns are boosting for fresh-air camps and open-air schools, and the way is being opened to make Tennessee the healthiest State in the Union.

When one realizes that all this work has been accomplished through the sale of those little Red Cross Christmas seals which we attach to our letters and packages each Christmas, the fact is brought home that this work must continue. This year the campaign to sell the seals and urge subscriptions will be held from the 1st to the 10th of December.

Seeing the need of more health work and continuance of work now being accomplished, the campaign has been endorsed by Gov. A. H. Roberts, Col. Alvin C. York, and a host of other prominent Tennesseans. This health work must go on, so enlist in the local Anti-Tuberculosis Movement.

J. A. Bethea, of La Crosse, Fla., wants to get in communication with some of the comrades who served in the Confederate army with Redding R. Bethea. He enlisted in Marion County, S. C., and served in Hill's Corps. A record of his service is wanted for the benefit of his widow.

Mrs. Laura Trice, 1410 Holly Street, Nashville, Tenn., wishes to correspond with any comrade of her husband, James E. Trice, who served in Company E, Hewitt's Regiment. His home was at Providence, Tenn., near Clarksville. She will appreciate any information that will help her to get a pension.

## 50 Eggs a Day

Yes—fifty a day. How? Read the letter below.



"More Eggs" Tonic is a Godsend," writes Mrs. Myrtle Lee, of Boston, Ky. She adds: "I was getting 12 eggs a day and now get 50."

## \$1.00 FREE Package

If you send \$1.00 to E. J. Reefer, the poultry expert, 2521 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., to-day he will send you two large-size \$1.00 packages of "More Eggs"—one package being absolutely free on the special limited offer he is making now. The Million Dollar Merchants' Bank of Kansas City, Mo., guarantees if you are not absolutely satisfied your dollar will be returned on request. So there is no risk. Send a dollar to-day on this free package offer. Profit by the experience of a man who has made a fortune out of poultry.

## Poultry Raisers Everywhere Tell Wonderful Results of "More Eggs"

**15 Hens—310 Eggs**  
I used "More Eggs" Tonic, and in the month of January, from 15 hens, I got 310 eggs.—MRS. C. R. STOUGHTON, Turners Falls, Mass.

**160 Hens—1,500 Eggs**  
I have fed 2 boxes of "More Eggs" to my hens, and I think they have broken the egg record. I have 160 white leghorns, and in exactly 21 days I got 125 dozen eggs.—MRS. H. M. PATTON, Waverly, Mo.

**\$200 Worth of Eggs from 44 Hens**  
I never used "More Eggs" Tonic until last December, then just used one \$1.00 package and have sold over \$200.00 worth of eggs from 44 hens. "More Eggs" Tonic did it.—A. G. THODE, Sterling Kans., R. No. 2, Box 47.

**1,368 Eggs After 1 Package**  
Last fall I bought a box of your "More Eggs" Tonic and would like to have you know the result. From January 1 to July 1 my hens laid 1,368 eggs.—A. E. WHITE, Scranton, Pa.

## Send Coupon

Just fill in and mail coupon with only one dollar. You will be sent, immediately, two \$1.00 packages of "MORE EGGS," the extra package being **FREE**. Don't wait! Reap the **BIG** profits "MORE EGGS" will make for you. Act **NOW** on this special free package offer. Every day's delay means extra egg profits lost. Send the coupon to-day.

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Dear Mr. Reefer: I accept your offer. Send me the two \$1.00 packages of Reefer's "More Eggs," for which I enclose \$1.00. You agree to refund \$1.00 if both of these packages do not prove satisfactory in every way. Remember—the one package is **FREE**.

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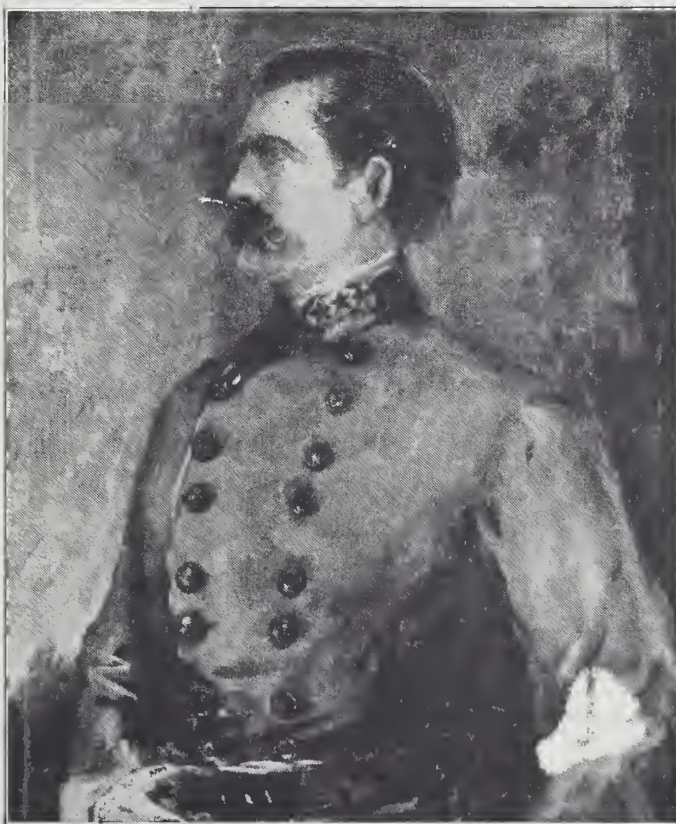


# Confederate Veteran

VOL. XXVIII.

FEBRUARY, 1920

NO. 2



GEN. WILLIAM BUFFIN COX, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

From a Portrait.

(See page 45.)



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### "ENGLISH" HISTORY.

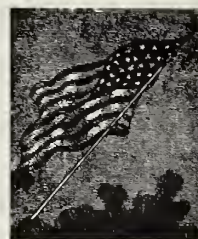
A Bostonian was showing a British visitor the sights of the Hub. They were driving past Bunker Hill Monument. Not wishing to make any pointed reference to the fact that at one time we had been fighting with our cousins, the Boston gentleman merely indicated the monument with his thumb and said: "Bunker Hill."

The Englishman looked at the hill intently and asked: "Who was Mr. Bunker, and what did he do to the hill?"

"You don't understand," said the Bostonian. "This is where Warren fell."

The Englishman screwed his monocle into his eye, leaned back, and, looking at the top of the towering shaft, remarked inquiringly: "Killed him, of course?"

E. T. Easton, of Jacksonville, Tex., asks that any survivors of Company H, 1st Mississippi Cavalry Reserves, organized at Shubuta, Miss., in the early part of 1864, will kindly write him, as he is trying to prove his record in order to secure a pension. The regiment was organized at Enterprise, Miss.



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### HELPING FORMER SERVICE MEN.

The following provisions of the new law are of vital importance to the millions of former service men and their relatives and beneficiaries. Promulgation of this information by public-spirited citizens will constitute an important and patriotic public service for the benefit of ex-soldiers, sailors and marines, and their families in every community.

New and more liberal benefits for ex-service men and their relatives and beneficiaries effective December 24, 1919.

Under the new amendment to the War Risk Insurance Act, which has been passed by Congress and which became a law on December 24, 1919, when it was signed by the President, war-term insurance, or United States government life (converted) insurance policies, may be made payable to any of the following list of beneficiaries: Parent, grandparent, step-parent, parent through adoption, wife or husband, child, grandchild, step-child, adopted child, brother, sister, half brother, half sister, brother through adoption, sister through adoption, step-brother, stepsister, uncle, aunt, nephew, niece, brother-in-law, sister-in-law, a person who has stood in the relation of a parent to the insured for a period of one year or more prior to the insured's enlistment or induction, the children of such person, parent, grandparent, step-parent, or parent through adoption of the insured's wife or husband.

United States government life (converted) insurance may now be paid at death in a lump sum or in installments for thirty-six months or more, at the option of the insured.

Miss Lucy M. Cardwell, of Washington, D. C., writes: "I have but recently become familiar with the VETERAN, and I find it so interesting that I desire to become a subscriber."

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Frank White, of Springfield, Mo. (Route 4, Box 93), wishes to hear from Mr. John Furnish, who was in Captain Lemon's company, of Shelby's Brigade.

T. B. Walker, of Elkhart, Kans., wishes to get in communication with some members of Company B, 3d Tennessee Infantry, Brown's Regiment, with which command he served during the sixties.

WANTED—Copies of the VETERAN for 1893. Any one having these numbers will please write to R. F. Vaughan, Fairview, Ky., stating price, etc.

John K. Stephens, now living at Sacramento, Cal. (2711 W Street), would be glad to hear from some of the boys of the 8th Missouri Cavalry, especially any of them who were with Price in his last raid through Missouri.

# Confederate Veteran.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1920.

No. 2. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
FOUNDER.

## THE BREAKING LINKS.

[From Richmond *Times-Dispatch*.]

Another link in that human chain which connects the Old South with the New South is broken by the death of Gen. William Ruffin Cox. So rapidly are the famous leaders of the Civil War period passing that soon the old order will have become but a glorious memory, a tradition to be cherished forever and ever by generations that must learn their history of the South only from its written records. \* \* \*

General Cox was typical of the South, of the South's best in strong, self-reliant, independent manhood. Like thousands of others of its young men in the years immediately preceding the war, he saw the clouds gathering over his beloved homeland, and he set about preparing for the breaking of the storm. The first shot at Sumter found him ready, his troops organized, and from that hour to the day when his soldiers, his sturdy North Carolinians, acting under his orders, fired the final volley at Appomattox, he was in active service, fighting, fighting, always fighting for the cause he knew was right, but which he was doomed to see defeated. Eleven wounds he bore to the grave, honored wounds from Northern bullets, scars in which he gloried throughout the long years he was spared after the coming of peace. The list of engagements in which he fought, names written in letters of living light, is sufficient evidence of the warrior's rôle he played—Meadow Bridge, Seven Days, Malvern Hill, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Spotsylvania, with its Bloody Angle, the Valley Campaign, Petersburg, Appomattox. What memories they stir, and what a heritage of glory for any warrior to leave!

As he fought for the South on the field of battle, so he fought for it in the dark days of Reconstruction, his ardor and determination undiminished by the unsuccessful outcome of the armed conflict. Setting his face to the tasks of peace, he took a leading part in the work for his native State. As a judge, member of Congress, and as a wise leader in the councils of his party he did much for the restoration of tranquillity and for the maintenance of supremacy of the white race, threatened by the old carpetbag régime. Had he cared to do so, he might have received far higher honors than those he accepted; but he was ever content to work along his

chosen lines, caring little for personal preferment, and to his credit be it recorded that his achievements in peace were equally meritorious with those of war. And in his ripe old age, honored by North and by South, he gave to the service of a reunited country, gave gladly and proudly, a son who fought in France under the Stars and Stripes, a son who brought fresh credit and happiness to the aged warrior. Now he has answered the last roll call and passed over the river, where one likes to believe that he is reunited with Lee, Jackson, Ramseur, and all those other fellow heroes whose glory even the passing of time cannot dim.

[From Richmond *News-Leader*.]

William Ruffin Cox was the last of all the generals born in North Carolina. That of itself is a fact that calls for more than passing notice. Virginia cradled the three greatest strategists of the War between the States, barring the wizard Forrest; South Carolina gave the Confederate cavalymen and corps commanders; North Carolina supplied a notable array of brigade and divisional leaders. In addition to Braxton Bragg, who was a full general, and the beloved T. H. Holmes, who ranked as a lieutenant general, North Carolina gave the Confederacy twenty-four brigadier generals and seven major generals. Among the latter were some upon whom Lee leaned heavily. J. F. Gilmer was of the major generals, a brilliant engineer to whom historians owe the best maps of Southern battle fields; Maj. Gen. Bryan Grimes was also a North Carolinian and had the peculiar honor of receiving from a Carolinian and passing on to another son of the Old North State the order to clear the Bloody Angle. Of Hoke, that old war horse, of Pender, of Ramseur, of Robert Ransom, and of the luckless Whiting, all North Carolina major generals, it is unnecessary to speak. Without exception, their names are written on some of the finest pages of Southern history. Of North Carolina brigadiers, who can forget Branch or Clingman or Daniel? What veteran does not remember "Jim" Lane and "Mat" Ransom and Gabriel J. Rains, who might in times of peace have been a mechanical genius? And who does not put on the same scroll J. J. Pettigrew, who led his brigade up the hill at Gettysburg? Gallant was that company, deathless its honor!



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

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All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

## HEROES OF THE WORLD WAR.

The following tribute to "Our Boys, the Heroes of 1917-18," was written by Rev. J. W. Bachman, Chaplain General U. C. V., and was read at the memorial hour during the U. D. C. Convention at Tampa, Fla.:

"They sleep well on the front beneath the cross of wood;  
Those white crosses are their patent of nobility and badge  
of patriotism, for they are the price of blood;  
Their faith cried out, '*Noblesse oblige*,' and they met the chal-  
lenge at the front with the shout of victory.

That wooden cross is our honor and their honor;  
They are ours, and we are theirs.

We thank God they belong to us, that they are our crowns  
of rejoicing.

It makes us glad to know that they counted not their lives  
dear unto themselves that they might do the  
Will of God and serve their country.

There were some who were not permitted to view the land  
that was afar off, but in their own  
Country, in camps, in the hospitals, by the wayside,

When the call came clear  
Fevered lips and body worn,  
Racked by pain so bravely borne,  
Answered, 'Here.'

"For them also and for those who rest beneath the waves  
'till the sea gives up her dead' we give thanks at the remem-  
brance of their heroism, which is a precious thing to us.

"They have lifted up our young manhood to a plane far  
above the earthly. 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but  
by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord.'  
They did not die; they lived by dying. 'Death was swal-  
lowed up in victory.' 'There is a glory in graves, there is a  
grandeur in tombs,' for out of that darkness future greatness  
is born. True life grips the eternal at the command of God  
and mounts from the human to the divine. The simple mark-  
ing of their resting place bids us 'carry on' and live for the  
things for which they died."

## JACKSON'S SWORD.

During the morning of October 11 exercises were held in the Confederate Museum to mark the presentation of the sword of Stonewall Jackson to the Confederate Memorial Literary Society for that valuable collection of Confederate relics. The presentation was made by Mrs. Randolph Preston, of Charlotte, N. C., granddaughter of General Jackson, on behalf of her brother, Lieut. Col. Thomas J. Jackson Christian, who has been on duty overseas and could not be present.

As President of the Society, Miss Sallie Archer Anderson presided, and prayer was offered by Rev. James Power Smith. Maj. William A. Anderson, of Lexington, made the address, and the sword was accepted by Governor Davis on behalf of the Society.

## WHAT THEY FOUGHT FOR.

BY E. POLK JOHNSON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Does the devil ever tell the truth, I wonder? It would be no more surprising than the return to sanity and truthfulness displayed by certain parties in the North who during the War between the States solemnly proclaimed that the struggle was being waged solely for the preservation of the Union and the return of the Southern States to their rightful place in the sisterhood of States. Any such charge as that the object of the war was for the freedom of the negro was resented as casting unjust reflection upon the Union soldiers—volunteers, drafted men, and foreign-born hirelings—who were risking their lives, precious and otherwise, that the perpetuity of the Union, founded by our fathers, might be assured. Fighting that the negro might be free! Perish the thought! They were patriots, they were, and knew what they were fighting for, and that was that the blessed Union might be saved, casting at the same time a side glance at the \$13 per month in the shape of a most persuasive force.

How things, matters, and opinions do change as time pursues its way! In the *Literary Digest* for December 20, 1919, pages 32 and 33, appears an article under the caption, "The Belated Lincoln Monument," and a prominent quotation from the *Boston Transcript*, from which this persuasive paragraph is copied. The *Transcript* is describing the monument for the benefit of its readers as follows: "The memorial can be seen to-day from almost any vantage point about Washington. When the grounds are completed and everything is in place, it will rise many feet above the tops of the trees which will surround it, even when they are full grown. By means of openings in the encircling foliage it will be seen in its entirety from six different approaches. Its whole eastern and western façades will be exposed to view, the former toward the Washington Monument and the latter toward the Potomac River and the hills of Arlington, where rest thousands of the men who fought that the negro might be freed."

There you have the solemn truth in the fourteen closing words of the quotation. I call it the "solemn truth" because no self-respecting Massachusetts man begins the day without having first read a chapter from James Russell Lowell before partaking of the daily news in the *Transcript*, the two publications forming somewhat a dual Bible, in that neither is to be disputed.

Does the devil ever tell the truth? was asked at the beginning of this article. The answer is: "Occasionally in the office of the *Boston Transcript*."

## THE PRIZE WINNER.

The prize of fifty dollars offered by the VETERAN for the largest number of subscriptions reported by one person from November 1 to December 31 was won by Mrs. R. P. Holt, of Rocky Mount, N. C., with a close second in Mrs. W. L. C. Palmer, of Independence, Mo. Both of these ladies are prominent in U. D. C. work, and Mrs. Holt has made a splendid record as leader of the Bethel Heroes Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, which was awarded the Ricks banner for its work in 1918.

A VOICE FROM NEW ENGLAND.—The following comes from Frank Baldwin, of Waltham, Mass.: "Will you kindly continue to send 'this old Yank' the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for another twelve months? Though we may live to be one hundred years old, we shall never tire of reading the stories of the boys, both gray and blue, who fought away back in the years of 1861 to 1865."

## GEN. WILLIAM RUFFIN COX.

Gen. William Ruffin Cox, of North Carolina, distinguished as soldier, jurist, and statesman, died in Richmond, Va., on December 26, 1919, in his eighty-eighth year. Of the few surviving generals of the Confederacy, he had perhaps enjoyed the most vigorous old age up to a year ago, when his health began to fail. In his consecrated service to his State and people he was richly entitled to that heirship of length of days accorded by divine promise.

William Ruffin Cox was born at Scotland Neck, N. C., March 11, 1832. His first American ancestor on the paternal side was John Cox, an efficient officer in the British navy, who emigrated to the New World and settled in Edenton, N. C., an old, aristocratic locality, and there married into the distinguished Cheshire family. His energy was conspicuous in the American merchant service in the War of 1812, and his duties were hazardous. His eldest son, Thomas Cox, married Olivia, daughter of Marmaduke Norfleet, a wealthy planter of Halifax County and descendant of good Virginia as well as North Carolina families.

Thomas Cox was a prosperous and useful citizen of his State, a leading politician as well as agriculturist and merchant. He represented his county in the Senate of 1823, and as one who looked into the needs of the future he was a pioneer in the construction of railroads through North Carolina. He died early, and his widow removed to Tennessee and devoted her best efforts to the rearing of her children, the youngest son of whom was William Ruffin Cox. At the early age of fifteen he entered Franklin College, near Nashville, from which he graduated with distinction. He then studied law at Lebanon College, was admitted to the bar in 1852, and practiced his profession successfully in Nashville until 1857. Some time after his marriage to Miss Penelope B. Battle, of Nashville, he returned to North Carolina and began to cultivate his lands in Edgecombe County. But two years later he again took up the practice of law at Raleigh and entered into the political and economic life of the State, though continuing to superintend his plantation.

Momentous times were approaching—times to call out the highest qualities of any man. Looking into the future, William Cox began to prepare for the grim emergency of war. Of his own means he equipped a light battery and subsequently recruited a company of infantry. Realizing his eminent fitness to command and inspire, the Governor of the State appointed him major of the 2d North Carolina Troops, and thus the military service of William Ruffin Cox began.

After six months' experience he was put in command of heavy artillery at Pratt's Point, on the Potomac River, and in June, 1862, his regiment was the first to cross Meadow Bridge at Mechanicsville under terrible fire. The next day, as all of the field officers had fallen, Major Cox led this gallant band into the Seven Days' Battles, so famous in the annals of war. His courage was contagious and his endurance almost supernatural in the heroic effort to beat McClellan back. At Malvern Hill he was badly wounded and did not rejoin his regiment till after the battle of South Mountain.

Again at Sharpsburg his courage was wonderful. Colonel Tew fell there. Colonel Bynum was promoted to the vacancy, and Major Cox became lieutenant colonel. After the battle of Fredericksburg Colonel Bynum resigned, and Cox took his place.

At Chancellorsville Colonel Cox displayed remarkable coolness and military ability, and his regiment was one of the sixteen North Carolina regiments that Jackson led across Hooker's front. Cox, fearless and assured, with unusual skill

drove the enemy from their works and actually mocked with wonderful endurance the five wounds that he had received. Ramseur in his famous report called him "the chivalrous Cox, the accomplished gentleman, the splendid soldier, the warm friend, who fought, in spite of five bleeding wounds, till he sank exhausted." And the immortal Jackson sent through Robert E. Lee a message to the famous brigade.

At Spotsylvania William Ruffin Cox and his defiant brigade again won undying fame by their reckless intrepidity in driving the enemy from the Bloody Angle after twenty-three hours' conflict, and the command was commended for its achievement by General Lee and the corps commander, Lieutenant General Ewell. Soon after this Ramseur received his commission as major general, and Cox led the brigade which had won its spurs for courage and ability.

General Cox was with Early in the Valley Campaign and the movement to Washington, and his brigade had the distinction of being the nearest to approach to the national capital.

From his dramatic experience with Early, General Cox was called to aid Lee at Petersburg, and there he was placed in command of two miles of front under this immortal chieftain, and again he received the highest commendation for his conduct. It was at Sailor's Creek, when Lee was overwhelmed with apprehension, that Cox's Brigade cheered his sad heart.

At Chancellorsville, stoical endurance and three wounds; at Spotsylvania, greater endurance, remarkable courage, and promotion; finally Petersburg to Appomattox! In the tragic demoralization of this ghastly march soldiers struggled along almost bewildered, many falling out of ranks half dazed. On rushed the enemy fully equipped and intoxicated with victory, and the Confederates made a stand to save the trains, while Robert E. Lee on his horse stood on a bit of rising ground and deputed his staff to rally the stragglers. Presently he saw an advancing column, small but complete, with its stalwart commander at the head. As this column took its position General Lee asked: "What troops are these?" "Cox's North Carolina," was the reply. "God bless old North Carolina!" Lee exclaimed, and for a second the sad countenance relaxed into a smile. Cox's Brigade made the very last charge at Appomattox.

On April 9 the pitiful remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia, after six days of retreat and continual fighting, reached Appomattox. Gordon's Corps before and Longstreet's Corps behind awaited the signal for a general advance, the cavalry already skirmishing right and front. Grimes was called temporarily to another part of the field, and General Cox was put in command of the division. General Gordon ordered him to throw forward up the slope of the hill. He obeyed with immediate celerity, and the impetuous color bearers bore their flags too far forward. Soon Cook's and Cox's Brigades received a terrible artillery fire from a battery in front. Nothing daunted, they advanced, charged boldly, and captured it. The Federal cavalry attacked fiercely, but, unsupported by the infantry, it had to retire.

General Cox heard that the woods in front were full of troops under General Ord, and he took a commanding position and ordered a halt. Presently columns of infantry bore down upon the flanks and center of the division, and the firing was resumed. Couriers from Gordon ordered the withdrawal of the division, and it was ingeniously accomplished.

The Federal army, conscious of the movement, advanced so rapidly that the situation became alarming. Something must check them. What? General Cox at once ordered through an aid the regimental commanders to meet him at its



center without halting the command. This was done immediately. Then he pointed to a hill between them and the enemy and ordered them to face their right about, double-quick to the crest of the hill, and before the enemy could realize their action to halt and fire upon them by brigade, then with equal rapidity to face about and join the division in retreat. With a wild Rebel yell Cox's Brigade swiftly and precisely obeyed the shrill mandate: "Halt! Ready! Aim! Fire!" And the last shot at Appomattox is the immortal verdict of Cox's Brigade, which safely withdrew and rejoined the division.

"Gallantly, gloriously done!" was the salute of General Gordon; and although the white flag of surrender waved and a beautiful cause was apparently lost, to the brigade of Gen. William Ruffin Cox is due the credit of giving the parting shot.

The experience of war did not weaken the energy of General Cox, and he turned his attention to the healing and reconciling work of peace, realizing that a strenuous life was ahead. He resumed the practice of law in Raleigh, but the rare qualities of his character—his executive ability, calm judgment, keen foresight, and philosophy—made him essential to the public life of his State, and in the darkness of the miserable carpetbag rule he used his best efforts to destroy it. In 1865 he was elected solicitor of the Metropolitan District, thus discounting the boasted Republican majority of forty thousand in the State. He was then the only Democrat in North Carolina in a prominent position, but his work as Chairman of the State Democratic Committee resulted in a Democratic majority which made him the peace hero of the State. For the next decade he was prominent in political leadership in North Carolina, declining to run for Governor in order to continue his work for his party. Governor Vance appointed him judge of the Metropolitan District in 1877, which he resigned to enter the wider field of national politics, and he was elected to the Forty-Seventh Congress of the United States, where his career was similarly successful. He was three times elected to Congress and served on some of the most important committees, notably that of Foreign Affairs and Civil Service Reform. His declaration that civil service reform is the essence of democracy will ever survive as a national legend.

In 1892 General Cox was elected Secretary of the United States Senate, an office requiring not only ability, but tact, exactness, and cordiality, and he had the unique distinction of serving in this capacity under both Democratic and Republican Presidents.

In reviewing the life of General Cox it is found that interlaced with his most conspicuous efforts and earnest official labors was earnest action for the alleviation of his people. He was chairman of the committee which established the North Carolina Journal of Education, and his influence carried through some of the most vital reforms.

General Cox was especially gifted as an orator, and he delivered some notable orations on Memorial Day and other important occasions in North Carolina and Virginia. At the Mecklenburg Declaration Centenary in North Carolina he acted as chief marshal and orator in the place of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

Since 1905 General Cox had lived in Richmond, Va., but he continued to keep up his plantation in North Carolina, for, like a golden thread, in his heart was love of the soil. He was for some time President of the North Carolina Agricultural Society, and his leadership was to the benefit of the land of his State. Age never dimmed the activity of mind and body, and nature, with her perpetual change and problem,

was ever an interesting study for him. He was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons of North Carolina, and for years he was a trustee of the University of the South. Through life he was a devoted member of the Episcopal Church, of which he was long a vestryman and often a delegate to its conventions.

General Cox is survived by his third wife, who was Miss Kate Cabell, daughter of Henry Coalter Cabell, of Richmond, and two sons, children of his marriage to Miss Lyman, of North Carolina. The older son, Col. Albert Cox, returned six months ago from France, where he distinguished himself as an artillery officer, like his father. The other son is Capt. Francis Cox, of North Carolina.

### "EMERGENCY AMMUNITION."

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

In reference to the above article in the January VETERAN, our own war shows many instances where the Confederates, when running out of ammunition, used rocks with telling effect. The "Official Records" show that we used them at Romney, Va., also in the second battle of Manassas, where Jackson's men kept the Yankees back with this weapon; and at Gettysburg Tate's North Carolinians, getting in a hot corner, held the fort temporarily with these missiles.

At Berwick, La., Green's men lambasted the foe with bricks; but as they were returned to the senders, they were more in the nature of a boomerang than anything else.

At Gettysburg General Hancock was busted with a ten-penny nail which presumably came from a "ragged Rebel" who, lacking the proverbial silver bullet to kill the devil with, took the next best thing he could get and sent it along with his best wishes, and I imagine if that billet hit the "superb one" slab-sided he quickly realized that the "something coming to him" had arrived.

And then we Georgians had the famous "Joe Brown" pike, with which our State militia was armed; but as I can find nothing to show where our "Fireside Rangers" came to close grips with any opponent, I am not able to prove or disprove the fact that the aforesaid "jobber" was a deadly weapon or otherwise. I presume, however, that a man could have been killed with this instrument, provided he would let it be done.

### FORTY-FOURTH MISSISSIPPI AT MURFREESBORO.

As to the statement that the above organization (known as Blythe's Mississippi Regiment) made a charge in this fight with no weapons other than their fists and that upon emerging each survivor was armed with a Yankee rifle, the "Official Records" tell us that this regiment was in Chalmers's Brigade of Withers's Division, and before it got fairly in its brigadier was knocked out, and consequently when the next ranking officer, Col. W. T. White, of the 9th Mississippi, had been located and took charge the brigade as a unit had ceased to exist; but as the 44th lost four killed, thirty-one wounded, and seventeen missing in the charge, it goes to show that they were among those present on this occasion. If General Chalmers or Colonel White had made a report of this battle and the 44th had gone in unarmed, the fact would certainly have been mentioned; but as they did not, it will have to be proved or disproved by some one that was there with them. Personally, I don't believe it was possible, as General Bragg had reported a short time previous to this that for the first time since the war started they had more arms than they had men to wield them, and I feel sure that he would have kept enough to supply his own army. As there were seven thousand small

[Continued on page 78.]

## THE SOUTH'S TRIBUTE TO STONEWALL JACKSON.

After more than half a century from the time Stonewall Jackson fell at Chancellorsville, a great memorial has been erected in his honor at Richmond, Va., the combined tribute of his native State and the whole South. This handsome equestrian monument was unveiled on the 11th of October, 1919, and of those who had served on the staff of the great commander only one was left to take part in its dedication. It stands at the intersection of Monument Avenue and the Boulevard in this beautiful Southern city, and the bronze figure of rider and horse rises to a height of seventeen feet over the base. It is the work of F. William Sievers, who also made the Virginia Memorial at Gettysburg, the magnificent equestrian statue of General Lee.

The monument represents a total cost of approximately \$40,000, of which \$10,000 was appropriated by the legislature of Virginia, \$10,000 was given by the city of Richmond, and \$5,000 was raised by the sale of Confederate flags by a committee of the Richmond ladies. The remainder represents individual contributions from all over the South. The Daughters of the Confederacy have everywhere assisted actively in securing contributions and arousing interest in this memorial.

The unveiling exercises were presided over by Capt. James Power Smith, the sole survivor of Jackson's staff, and little Anna Jackson Preston unveiled the bronze statue of her great-grandfather, assisted by the little son of the sculptor. The orator of the day was Col. Robert E. Lee, grandson of Gen. R. E. Lee. In the parade as escort of honor was the corps of cadets from the Virginia Military Institute, in which Jackson was instructor before going into the Confederate army. Representatives of the leading families of the Old Dominion and other States had prominent places in this parade, and many military companies of the State and city gave that feature of distinction to the pageant.

### THE JACKSON MEMORIAL.

A historical sketch of the various monuments to Stonewall Jackson and the occasion of their erection, with an account of the Stonewall Jackson Monument Corporation

and its work in the erection of the equestrian memorial in Richmond, was prepared by the Rev. James Power Smith, President of the Monument Corporation and sole survivor of Jackson's staff, and was read by him as a part of the unveiling exercises. It is here given:

"When Gen. Thomas J. Jackson fell at Chancellorsville, to the men from all the Confederate States, whom he had won to a profound and undying devotion, there seemed nothing they could do too great to show their admiration, their confidence, and their love. Throughout the Southland there was the thought and the purpose to remember their great leader and perpetuate his memory in some enduring form.

"Dramatic and memorable was the meeting of the Stonewall Brigade on the field of Spotsylvania, after Chancellorsville, when resolutions were adopted with bowed heads and deep emotion pledging themselves to erect a monument which would testify to their love and perpetuate his memory to generations to come. But when at last the war was ended, those men who survived went back to immediate and universal industry to feed and clothe an impoverished people.

"In 1875 there came across the seas the gift to Virginia of English gentlemen, led by Mr. Beresford-Hope, the splendid

portrait statue of Stonewall Jackson which stands in our Capitol Square. It was received by Governor Kemper for Virginia, and the statue was unveiled October 26, 1875, and the oration delivered by the Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D.D. That statue has given a profound satisfaction to our people.

"An association was formed at Fredericksburg to erect a memorial on the spot where Jackson fell. It was designed by Col. W. E. Cutshaw and built of Virginia granite cut for the Richmond City Hall. It was unveiled and dedicated June 13, 1888, with an oration by John Warwick Daniel, soldier and Senator.

"In 1891 the noble statue of Jackson by Edward V. Valentine over Jackson's grave in Lexington was unveiled, when the orator was Gen. Jubal A. Early. And later a statue of Jackson from the skill of Sir Moses Ezekiel was erected in the Capitol Square at Charleston, W. Va., and a replica was given



Photo by H. P. Cook, Richmond, Va.

THE JACKSON MEMORIAL.



by Sir Moses himself to the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va.

"There was still the widely prevailing sentiment that Virginia and her sister States had not yet accomplished that which it was in their hearts to do, to erect an equestrian monument to Jackson, our own memorial and our gift to generations after us.

"Again and again the desire found expression in published letters, in appeals to the legislature, and in public orations. Men from all sections and from other lands asked: 'Where is your monument to Stonewall Jackson?'

"At last, in 1911, a circular letter was sent out calling a meeting of those interested. The call emanated from Capt. W. M. Myers and the officers and men of the Richmond Howitzers. The first meeting was held November 29, 1911, in Lee Camp Hall, with the Mayor of the city, Hon. D. C. Richardson, in the chair. The first contribution came from W. H. McCarthy, of the Veteran Howitzer Association. Organization was effected and officers elected, with a board of directors, as follows: Officers—James Power Smith, President; Judge George L. Christian, First Vice President; Mrs. Edgar D. Taylor, Second Vice President; W. Witcher Keen, Third Vice President; Capt. William M. Myers, Secretary (who, entering the military service of the country, was succeeded by Col. W. S. Archer); E. D. Hotchkiss, Treasurer. Directors—Col. W. S. Archer, Maj. W. A. Anderson, Capt. J. Thompson Brown, the Hon. D. C. Richardson, Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Mrs. Charles E. Bolling, Miss Anna B. Boykin, Miss Kate Mason Rowland, Maj. T. M. Wortham, Edwin P. Cox, Gen. W. W. Sale, Col. John S. Harwood. To the board there were added later Gen. C. J. Anderson, Gen. Jo Lane Stern, T. Peyton Giles, Capt. John Lamb, John Stewart Bryan, Edgar D. Taylor, and Mrs. B. A. Blenner. During our seven years of service we have mourned the removal by death of three valuable and honored members, Mrs. Edgar Taylor, the Second Vice President, Miss Kate Mason Rowland, and Col. John S. Harwood.

"On the evening of April 29, 1914, a great public assembly filled the city auditorium, organized and conducted by Mrs. G. T. W. Kern, Historian of the Richmond Chapter, U. D. C., Gov. Henry Carter Stuart presiding, and the meeting was addressed by the Hon. A. J. Montague, Dr. S. C. Mitchell, John Stewart Bryan, and the President of the Jackson Monument Corporation. This great meeting was notably graced by the presence of the venerable widow of our hero, Mrs. Mary Anna Jackson.

"Following this, on May 1, 1914, came the Jackson Flag Day, when the ladies of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, with splendid organization and indomitable spirit, brought about \$5,000 into our treasury.

"The site, corner of Monument Avenue and the Boulevard, was determined on November 30, 1914, and the corner stone was laid June 3, 1915, with an appropriate address by the Hon. William A. Anderson, of Lexington, Va.

"The Association and the people of Virginia are indebted to Mrs. N. V. Randolph and the Richmond Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy; to Mrs. A. A. Campbell and the Virginia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy; to Mrs. G. T. W. Kern for the great memorial meeting in the auditorium and the large success of the Jackson monument flag day; to Mr. E. D. Hotchkiss, our Treasurer, for the watchful care and the increase of funds; to the Hon. Henry Carter Stuart, Governor of Virginia, the legislature of the State, the Council and the Board of Aldermen of the city of Richmond, and to Col. Barton H. Grundy, of the

Finance Committee; to the unfailing devotion to the cause of all the members of the Board and to F. William Sievers, our gifted sculptor, who has won for himself a lasting fame. And now to the State of Virginia, to the city of Richmond, to the people of all our Southland, and to the sons and daughters of all Confederates with profound and grateful satisfaction we present our completed work."

#### JACKSON'S STAFF OFFICERS.

Of those who served on the staff of General Jackson in the several staff departments and at various times, four fell in battle: Capt. James Keith Boswell, engineer officer, Fauquier County, fell at Chancellorsville; Col. Edward Willis, 12th Georgia Infantry, Savannah, Ga., fell at Cold Harbor; Lieut. Col. A. S. Pendleton, A. A. G., Lexington, Va., fell at Fisher's Hill; Col. Stapleton Crutchfield, chief of artillery of the Virginia Military Institute, fell on retreat from Petersburg.

At the beginning of the war, when Jackson went to Harper's Ferry, there came to his aid from the V. M. I. Col. J. T. L. Preston, Prof. James Massie, Col. Alfred Jackson, Col. Stapleton Crutchfield.

To these were added Maj. John Harman, chief quartermaster; Maj. W. Hawkes, chief commissary; Dr. Hunter McGuire, medical director; Capt. George Junkin, A. D. C.; Maj. Jed. Hotchkiss, topographical engineer.

And the following came from time to time: Major Bier, ordnance; Capt. J. M. Garnett, ordnance; Col. William Allan; Colonel Snead, assistant inspector general; Maj. H. K. Douglas, inspector general; Capt. W. Wilbourne, chief of signal officers; Maj. D. B. Bridgforth, provost marshal; Maj. R. L. Dabney, A. A. S.; Lieut. Col. C. J. Falkner, A. A. S.; Capt. J. P. Smith, A. D. C., now the sole surviving member of the staff.

#### STONEWALL JACKSON.

[Poem written by Dr. Beverly R. Tucker and read at the unveiling of the Jackson monument in Richmond, Va., October 11, 1919.]

Mold him in bronze, son of our sod!  
Mount him on steed, not a throne!  
Leader of men, servant of God,  
Raise him on wall built of stone!

Peerless the chieftain we know,  
Fearless and matchless and true.  
Jackson, no statue can show  
Love that the South hath for you.

Stone wall wert thou to our needs;  
None can thy honor assail;  
Wonders the world at thy deeds—  
Strategy's master we hail!

Stand with thy comrades on earth—  
Davis and Stuart and Lee.  
Know that the land of thy birth  
Prouder of none is than thee.

Thou, 'mongst the first of the blest,  
Early crossed—"right arm of Lee's"—  
Over the river to rest—  
Rest 'neath the shade of the trees.

## AN ENGLISHMAN'S VIEW OF AMERICA.

[Editorial from the *State*, Columbia, S. C., of Sunday, October 26, 1919.]

Perhaps the chief requisite in a historical work should be its adherence to the truth. We say perhaps because there are some persons who insist that the readability of any work is its ultimate excuse for being. On both counts Cecil Chesterton's "History of the United States" deserves to survive.

As to the question of historical verities, the world still holds to a large extent the point of view of Pontius Pilate in regard to truth, and those of a historical nature seem particularly hard to get at. We are all agreed, however, as to the fact that a history should not be misleading. A fair and dispassionate attitude on the part of the author is desirable. It should not be a piece of special pleading nor an attempt to color facts in accordance with the writer's prejudices or predilections.

Sometimes such a point of view is most easily obtainable by one who is entirely outside of the phase which he undertakes to describe. The fairest account of the war between the sections, for instance, is by many considered to be that given by an Englishman, Percy Greg. Naturally there are disadvantages in such detachment. It is generally supposed that a

man who knows most of incidents and has been in closest touch with them is most fitted to represent them. But there is such a thing as knowing too much about a subject, because that generally means knowing too exclusively one side of it. Very often the outsider, as in other sports, sees most of the game.

The book which we are considering was written, as Gilbert Chesterton, the more famous brother of the author, states in his introduction, "often in the intervals of bitter warfare and by the aid of a brilliant memory." Largely, therefore, written where reference books were not available, it is consequently not free from minor inaccuracies. On the whole, however, it presents a breadth of view and fairness of outlook no less than remarkable. In that sense it is a good history.

As to its readability, we do not remember any history of our country which is as easy and fluent reading as this. Cecil Chesterton lays no claim to the scintillating, epigrammatic, controversial style of his brother. To the lover of paradox and word jugglery he will be disappointing. To the admirer of sane and natural English he will prove a delight. He adopts a clear narrative style, with no leaning on the one hand to dramatic rhetoric in the grand manner of Gibbon and none on the other hand to the textbook of accuracy which distinguishes those well-hated gentlemen who write for students, their pages bristling with dates like quills upon the fretful porcupine or guns upon the truculent battleship. Dates are kept down to the extreme minimum. Lists of the skirmishes which we in our younger days were forced to learn as the battle of this or the siege of that are mercifully omitted. Whatever is mentioned has a definite bearing on the destinies of the whole.

There appear, however, flashes of originality which suggest a Chesterton family quality. For instance, when he speaks of the idea of taxation without representation used as a grievance, as being, "in view of the constitution of that Parliament (of 1764), somewhat comic." Not only the American colonial of that day was voteless; the vast majority of Englishmen were in the same box. When the latter of the lower classes had a vote, casting it was a mere matter of form, owing to the prevalence of the "pocket boroughs," which men like Burke were fighting for, even while taking the part of the Americans and deploring abroad the conditions which they supported at home.

It is, however, when Chesterton touches on the questions which most concern our section of the country that he becomes most interesting, at least to the Southerner. In his preface he strikes the note of his comprehension of the situation: "The whole future of our civilization may depend upon a thoroughly good understanding between those nations which are now joined in battle for its defense, and that ignorance of each other's history is perhaps the greatest menace to such an understanding. To take one instance at random, how many English writers have censured \* \* \* the treatment of negroes in Southern States in all its phases, varying from the provision of separate waiting rooms to sporadic lynching! How few ever mention or seem to have even heard the word 'Reconstruction,' a word which in its historical connotation explains all!"

Again, in discussing the question of State rights, Chesterton lays sufficient stress on two incidents which most historians have either ignored or skated delicately over. The first was the attitude of the Federalist party toward Jefferson at the time of the Louisiana Purchase: "To injure him \* \* \* they were now ready to tear up the Union and all their principles. One of their ablest spokesmen, Josiah Quincy, made a



MRS. JAMES LOUIS STUNSTON, OF KENTUCKY.

The unanimous election of Mrs. Stunston as President of the Kentucky Division, U. D. C., in September, 1919, shows the general appreciation of her work in the organization for years. She served as President of the Mayfield Chapter and for two terms as Recording Secretary of the Kentucky Division. She made a fine record as a public health worker under State appointment, serving as Vice President of the Kentucky Board of Tuberculosis Commissioners, and is now Secretary of the State Health and Welfare League. Mrs. Stunston is a daughter of Albert McNeill Winn, and traces her ancestry to Virginia revolutionary and colonial patriots. Her handsome home is the scene of much old Kentucky hospitality.



speech against the purchase, in which he anticipated the most extreme pronouncements of the Nullifiers of 1832 and the Secessionists of 1860, declaring that his country was not America, but Massachusetts, \* \* \* and that if her interests were violated \* \* \* she would repudiate the Union and take her stand upon her rights as an independent sovereign State."

The other and kindred incident is the Hartford Convention. There are living at this time ardent New Englanders who have never heard of this meeting and down-face one that it never could have occurred. It did occur, however, at the time of the second war with England, while British troops were in possession of Washington and when every American should have rallied to the support of the administration. Instead Massachusetts "began a movement which seemed to point straight to the dilemma of surrender to the foreigner or secession and dismemberment from within." She called a convention of New England. "Some of its promoters were certainly prepared, if they did not get their way, to secede and make a separate peace." When Massachusetts later raised the cry of "traitor" against South Carolina, she had entirely forgotten that secession had first been her own "ideear."

The problem of slavery Chesterton faces squarely. According to his view, the best minds in the new republic regretted the existence of the institution, but did not see how to do away with it. "It can hardly be said that these great men were wrong in tolerating slavery. Without such toleration at the time the Union could not have been achieved and the American republic could not have come into being. \* \* \* They certainly expected that slavery would gradually weaken and disappear. But as a fact it strengthened itself." One factor which consolidated the defense of slavery was the attacks made against it by Northern abolitionists. The South had had her own abolitionists and had put up with them, even allowing a great antislavery convention to meet at Baltimore, but an offensive from the outside was not to be endured. To begin with, it was coupled with the Garrisonian implication that a slaveholder was to be classed with murderers and other criminals. "For the North had been the original slave traders. The African slave trade had been their particular industry. Boston itself, when the new ethical denunciation came, had risen to prosperity on the profits of the abominable traffic. \* \* \* 'What,' asked the Southerners, 'could exceed the effrontery of men who reproach us with grave personal sin in owning property which they themselves have sold us and the price of which is at this moment in their pockets?'"

Slavery, however, as he sees clearly, was not the direct cause of the war, although this in England was generally accounted the case. In fact, the North received in England credit for crusading motives which it did not deserve. This section had at the time the vast advantage of possessing a group of popular writers known not only in this country, but abroad as well. These took, and have in some cases held to the present day, the position of instructors of youth and guides of ethical thought. Longfellow, whose sympathies were with the oppressed and runaway slave, is still probably the most familiar poet in schools throughout the country. Miss Alcott is far and away the most read of authors who have written stories for girls, and she was in the group whom the crusading spirit most nearly touched. In many of her books, such as "Work" and "Hospital Sketches," this feeling comes out. Emerson (who, as Chesterton says, wrote some widely quoted nonsense about John Brown, whereas Lincoln's very sensible remarks on the subject are never quoted at all) and Whittier naturally saw the possible ideal in the political situation and, after the way of poets, exploited it. That is what poets are for.

To continue: "The Northern States waged no war to extinguish slavery; and had they done so, it would not have been a just but a flagrantly unjust war. No one could deny for a moment that under the terms of Union the Southern States had a right to keep their slaves." The following is his reading of the true cause: "The South felt itself threatened with a certain peril. \* \* \* The peril was to be found in the increasing numerical superiority of the North, which must, it was feared, reduce the South to a position of impotence in the Union. \* \* \* If it was to remain in the Union at all, it must be on sufferance. \* \* \* It would be enslaved. \* \* \* It must be admitted that the policy adopted by the dominant North after the Civil War might as well appear to afford a measure of posthumous justification for these fears."

Had the South won the struggle, Chesterton believes that slavery would not have persisted much longer. But, as Lincoln knew, that was by no means a solution of the negro problem. Six years before his election he had said that he had no idea what course, even with unlimited power, he would take with regard to the matter. As to giving the franchise to the negro, he would have confined that to "the very intelligent and those who had fought for us during the war." He could hardly have got out of that concession.

On Charles Sumner Chesterton lays the odium of the unlimited negro franchise, "about as silly as ever a thesis could be." Of Sumner he says: "It is a kind that I detest—absolutely leprous scoundrels excepted—more than I can bring



MRS. ANNE R. FINCH FRAYSER, SPONSOR FOR VIRGINIA TO ATLANTA REUNION, 1919.

Mrs. Frayser is a daughter of the late James M. Finch, of Bellenemus, a beautiful old colonial home in Powhatan County, Va., and the wife of Dr. B. H. Frayser, in government service. She is a prominent member of the D. A. R. and U. D. C. of Richmond and has been an active representative at several U. C. V. reunions, serving as sponsor for the Army of Northern Virginia Department, S. C. V., at Tulsa in 1918 and as chaperon for the Southwest S. C. V. at Washington in 1917.

myself to detest any other of God's creatures." So much for him.

The account of the Reconstruction period should be read in its entirety. It is not long, but there is a great deal in it. It closes: "Negro rule was at an end. But the negro remained, and the problem which his existence presented was and is to-day farther from solution."

The last chapter, "The New Problems," is necessarily cursory, merely glancing at the questions of party politics, of Oriental immigration, and of labor unrest. It contains a tribute to Mr. Wilson particularly gratifying in these days when one of the threats of the future seems to be possible misunderstanding between the two great English-speaking nations. As one chronicler to another, he calls him the author of "the best history of his country at present obtainable." He compares his instinct for the trend of the national will to that of Jackson, for whom Chesterton has a high admiration, and his patience under misrepresentation to that of Lincoln. In regard to our delay in plunging into the war, a hesitation which caused heartburnings in England, he says, the President conformed to the will of the people, "at the same time guiding and enlightening them"; and when he finally declared war, he "felt the full tide of the general will below him," and instead of risking a divided nation he knew that he had America at his back.

Concerning our future career, Chesterton makes no prophecies. He seems to feel, however, that, being founded on a creed of human equality, we are certain to present an instinctive resistance to injustice and wrong, just as we resisted what he calls "the great atheist State of Prussianized Mitteleuropa." In defense of justice and right Cecil Chesterton fell, but his works live after him. By every American, and more especially every Southerner, should his appreciation, clear-sighted and sympathetic, of our country be honored and his memory kept green.

#### HOW CHRISTIANITY REACHED THE SLAVES.

MRS. FANNIE E. SELPH, IN NASHVILLE AMERICAN.

How Christianity was carried to the slaves might well be paraphrased, "How the Slaves Were Brought to Christianity."

It was a paradox that a race in which had been forged for centuries the lowest type of heathenism should be brought into the homes of the highest type of Christian civilization as slaves and then become a part of its social order.

This direct personal contact with the Southern homes and their influences did much for the slaves. The manners, aspirations, and ideals of the master were soon reflected in the manner and life of the slave. The slave became susceptible to religious instruction, and this was the first agency toward his spiritual uplift. He also received industrial training. Measured by the methods of to-day, it may have been imperfect, but the habits of industry thus formed were not lost, and he was better prepared for the responsibilities incident to "the heritage of freedom" later.

There was a charm of romance about the feudal life of the Old South. Beautiful incidents grew out of the mutual sympathy and affection between the slaves and their owners, and they furnished themes for song and story.

"Black Mammy" is a historical character. She belongs to the grace of that day so dear to Southern traditions and Southern memories. She was firmly established in the hearts of the Southern homes, and her authority in directing its affairs was second only to that of "Ole Mistis."

It was nothing unusual to see the wife and daughter of a

large slaveholder with ten or a hundred negroes around her, teaching them the catechism and telling them the story of "Jesus and his love."

In many families where family altars existed the slaves were called in to take part in the family worship. They attended the same church with the white people. Many churches were provided with galleries for that purpose. They were recognized in the Church membership, and the sacrament was administered to them.

History furnishes an interesting example of how the slaves were managed on the Mississippi plantations Hurricane and Brierfield, the property of Jefferson Davis, the South's great chieftain, and his brother, Joseph E. Davis. Trial by a jury of their peers was instituted in the policy of government, and the slaves were taught its meaning. Corporal punishment was not permitted until after conviction by such a trial. Lessons in practical business were taught. Two of the slaves bought the plantations after the war, preference having been given them over a Northern man, well indorsed, who offered \$300,000 for the property. When one of the notes for \$25,000 fell due and the old slave couldn't meet it, Mr. Joseph Davis tore up the note and told them to pay the rest. One of the most devoted mourners at the funeral of Jefferson Davis was one of his old slaves, who traveled far to get there.

Much of the vaunted cruelty to slaves on the large plantations was done by overseers from New England.

The loyal protection given the women and children in the homes during the war was a beautiful expression of the mutual affection between the races. It was said that many slaves who were body servants to their masters during the war went through the smoke of carnage to rescue the bodies when they had fallen in battle.

The strongest test came, however, when the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution gave to the slaves their freedom. Many of them refused to leave the old homes. "Uncle Alfred," of the Hermitage, and "Uncle Bob," of Belle Meade, were of this type, who numbered legions.

This is a living monument to the relation of master and slave as it existed then. It was a tie that the enemies of the South were unable to understand and which they were unable to destroy. Affection lives only in an atmosphere of kindness and responsive affection.

The slaves on the crowded plantation, however, were not so easily reached. Rev. William Capers, D.D., of South Carolina, afterwards bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, founded the movement of missions to slaves on the plantations. The South Carolina Conference became the mother Conference of missions. The first mission was established south of the Ashley River and another on Santee and Pee Dee Rivers, in that State. Bishop McKendree appointed Rev. John Honour to the first mission and the Rev. John H. Massey to the second. Dr. William Capers was given the general supervision. The Hon. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, Col. Lewis Morris, and Charles Barring, prominent citizens and slaveholders of South Carolina, and Bishops McKendree and Andrew gave strong support to the work.

The reports to the Annual Conferences of the missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, by missionaries covering more than thirty-five years prior to the war were carefully recorded and preserved. They show that missions were extended to the slaves on the cotton and sugar plantations and rice fields of the South and that Methodist ministers of the highest type and trusted slaves of the higher order, released for that purpose, ministered to them. Chapels were erected for the plantations far removed from the churches of the white people, and the owners of the slaves



contributed to their support. When the war broke out there were over 200,000 slaves enrolled in the membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and over \$2,000,000 had been spent by this denomination for evangelization among the slaves.

The Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopal Churches followed in the movement, and the number of Protestant slaves was over 500,000, and over \$4,000,000 had been spent by Protestant denominations toward their evangelization.

A significant fact connected with the religious life of the Southern slaves was that it was never known that a slave ever made an effort to worship an idol either in the homes or on the plantations. They were superstitious, but their superstition was never confused with their religious worship.

Dr. J. W. Gilbert, Editor and Secretary of the C. M. E. Sunday School Board, who accompanied Bishop Lambuth on his last tour through Africa, stated in a talk made in McKendree Church before the Methodist Conference that, after traveling through Africa and seeing the deplorable condition of his race there, on his return to America he visited the grave of Bishop Capers and read on his monument, "The first missionary to the slave." While at the grave he realized what this mission meant and that he saw clearly the hand of Providence in the slaves being brought to America instead of being carried to Germany, France, Italy, or any other country, and, furthermore, that they were sent to the southern section of the United States. For it meant Christianity to them and also that Christianity would be sent to Africa.

Had the South been allowed to solve her problem with her former slaves, the unfortunate conditions existing to-day might never have been.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, realizing that the only solution to the race problem is the influence of Christianity through the great Centenary Movement, by which \$53,000,000 was raised, has provided generously in its plan to extend the work of uplift begun by the early Church.

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars will be given Paine College, Augusta, Ga., for endowment and equipment and \$148,000 to Paine Annex; \$30,000 will be given for endowment and equipment each to Lane College, Jackson, Tenn., Miles Memorial College, Birmingham, Ala., Texas College, Tyler, Tex., Mississippi Industrial College, Holly Springs, Miss., and Arkansas College, Pine Bluff, Ark.; \$68,000 will be given the Bethlehem House in Nashville and \$27,000 to the Bethlehem House in Augusta, Ga. Bethlehem Houses will be erected in other cities.

All of these are Methodist institutions for the uplift of the negro.

Very appropriate to add to the preceding article is the following contribution to the *Presbyterian of the South*, Baltimore, December 17, by John I. Stoddard, of Tacoma Park, D. C., under the title of "Justice to the Negro":

"In your issue of December 3 is an article with the heading 'Justice to the Negro,' in which it is stated that 'the vast majority of Northern men and women who write about the negro show almost entire ignorance of conditions and at the same time are ready to pronounce in no unmeasured terms their condemnation of what they deem the sins and shortcomings of the white people of the South.'

"To corroborate this statement allow me to cite an instance which, from the prominence of the lady, should be a whole-

some warning to others. After the Civil War Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe bought a place in Florida, where she spent her winters. On her way down one fall she met my sister-in-law on the steamer from New York to Savannah. During one of their conversations 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was brought in, when Mrs. Stowe made this remark: 'If I had known when I wrote that book what I do now, it never would have been written.'"

### BLED SOE'S SILVER GUN.

[From Mrs. Edward Teays, Montrose, Mo., comes a newspaper clipping giving the following:]

PARIS, Mo., March 11.

"I am glad," said an old artilleryman of the Confederate army in this city to-day, "that the Missouri artillery units in France gave a good account of themselves. They had traditions such as no other State units had behind them and lived up to them. That reminds me that the only battery in history to possess a silver gun was a Missouri battery in the Confederate army. It was commanded by Capt. Hi Bledsoe, of Pleasant Hill, and its members came from the Bourbon counties north of the Missouri River. Bledsoe was a born fighter, a Kentuckian, six feet and six inches tall, and was with Colonel Doniphan in Mexico.

"The silver gun in question was captured in Old Mexico in the battle of Sacramento and was dubbed 'Old Sacramento' by the boys of our battery. It had a peculiar and distinctive, almost musical, roar, or bark, being only a nineteen-pounder, and when it opened up the Federals always recognized it. 'Bledsoe is in action,' they said, and fear ensued, for Bledsoe's men were berserkers, even covering retreat in the battles from Missionary Ridge to the sea. On occasions prior to battle Captain Bledsoe could be seen sitting with elbows on his knees and his head between his hands, musing. Not a move was made until he gave the word, and when the time arrived he would leap to his feet and exclaim: 'Come, boys, let Sacramento sing!' He never shot high, and the Federals dreaded him for the accuracy of his aim. The boys looked on Old Sacramento as something almost human and were as attached to the silver gun as they were to their giant captain.

"The last I saw of Old Sacramento it was parked on the wharf at Mobile, Ala., and I went up and petted it. I have wondered often what became of it. Sometimes I have wished the boys in France might have had Missouri's silver gun, if only for the sake of keeping romance alive."



OSTRICH FARM, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

## THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER OF OUR GREAT LEADERS.

BY MRS. EUGENIA HILL ARNOLD, ELKINS, W. VA.

Carlyle has said that "Great men are the fire pillars in this dark pilgrimage of mankind; they stand an everlasting witness of what has been, prophetic tokens of what may still be, the revealed embodied possibilities of human nature." A noted evangelist said in a recent address: "War did not make Lee, Jackson, Pershing, and Sims. It simply unveiled them. They were made of stuff that did not turn to water when the machine gun fired."

I believe that God has put the divine spark in every one of us, for we are created in his image. Sin can shut it out, disuse and failure to heed it can eliminate it, but the truly great recognize and cultivate it. Cardinal Gibbons has told us so beautifully of the religious life of Marshal Foch—how he sought the prayers of his Church, and even the little girls of France he asked to pray for him. How interested we have been in the account of the young soldier from California who told of seeing the great General Foch on his knees for three-quarters of an hour in a church in France when the great battles were raging according to his plan and orders, while he himself was seeking the divine orders! When the news of the first battle of the Marne was brought to England, Lord Roberts was in the office of Lord Kitchener, and the former remarked: "Nothing but a miracle could have done this." Lord Kitchener replied: "Some one must have been doing a lot of praying." General Haig is also known to be a godly and God-fearing man. We all know that our most preëminent leader, President Wilson, is a man of prayer and a daily student of God's Word. He has given this testimony to its value: "A man has deprived himself of the best there is in the world who has deprived himself of an intimate knowledge of the Bible."

But when we look for great and holy leaders, even this wonderful World War has hardly produced as many in proportion as our Confederate struggle. The fact that it was not a victorious struggle shows that their greatness was even greater in the gloom of defeat, and it also shows that it must have been our people more than our leaders who needed God's chastening. So much has been written in both song and story of General Lee that my inadequate pen can add nothing to his glory; so I will attempt no eulogy, but will give a few quotations from his own expressions so that, "being dead, he yet speaketh." After the surrender, with his property confiscated and his occupation gone, he was the recipient of many business offers, some of them quite lucrative. A big insurance company offered him \$50,000 a year just for the use of his name; they would do the work. He replied that if his name was that valuable he must take good care of it and declined their offer. In accepting the presidency of Washington College he said: "I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them fall under my standard. I shall devote my life now to training young men to do their duty in life." ("Recollections of General Lee," by his son, R. E. Lee, Jr.)

I will quote the motive for this in an extract from Bishop Wilmer. "I was seated," says the Bishop, "at the close of the day in my Virginia home when I beheld through the thickening shades of evening a horseman entering the yard, whom I soon recognized as General Lee. The next morning he placed in my hands the correspondence with the authorities of Washington College, at Lexington. He had been invited to become president of that institution. I confess to a momentary feeling of chagrin at the proposed change (shall I say revul-

sion?) in his history. The institution was one of local interest and comparatively unknown to our people. I named others more conspicuous which would welcome him with ardor as their presiding head. I soon discovered that his mind towered above these earthly distinctions; that in his judgment the cause gave dignity to the institution and not the wealth of its endowment or the renown of its scholars; that this door and not another was opened to him by Providence, and he wished only to be assured of his competency to fulfill his trust and thus to make his few remaining years a comfort and blessing to his suffering country. I had spoken to his human feelings; he had now revealed himself to me as one whose life was linked with Christ in God. My speech was no longer restrained. I congratulated him that his heart was inclined to this great cause and that he was spared to give to the world this august testimony to the importance of Christian education. How he listened to my feeble words, how he beckoned me to his side as the fullness of heart found utterance, how his whole countenance glowed with animation as I spoke of the Holy Ghost as the Great Teacher whose presence was required to make education a blessing which otherwise might be the curse of mankind, how feelingly he responded, how *eloquently*—as I never heard him speak before—can never be effaced from memory, and there is nothing more sacred mingled with my reminiscences of the dead."

About this same depressing period one of his young couriers wondered: "What fate is in store for us poor Virginians?" The General replied with an earnest, softened look: "You can work for Virginia—to build her up again and make her great again; you can teach your children to love and cherish her." His definition of a true gentleman can hardly be excelled: "The forbearing use of power is the test of a true gentleman. The gentleman cannot only forgive; he can forget; he can strive for that nobleness of self and mildness of character which imparts sufficient strength to let the past be but the past. A true gentleman is such as feels humbled himself when he cannot help humbling others." His rule for public life if carried out would give us a much-improved political situation: "Private and public life are subject to the same rules, and truth and manliness are two qualities that will carry you through this world much better than policy or tact or expediency or any other word that was ever devised to conceal or mystify a deviation from a straight line."

Again I quote from "Recollections of General Lee," by his son, this letter of sympathy to Mrs. Lee on leaving her inherited home at Arlington: "I have been trying, dearest Mary, ever since the receipt of your letter by Custis to write to you. I sympathize deeply in your feelings at leaving your dear home. I have experienced them myself, and they are constantly revived. I fear that we have not been grateful enough for the happiness there within our reach, and our Heavenly Father has found it necessary to deprive us of what he has given us. I acknowledge my ingratitude, my transgressions, and my unworthiness, and submit with resignation to what he thinks proper to inflict upon me. We must trust all, then, to him, and I do not think it proper or prudent for you to return there while the United States troops occupy that country."

Stonewall Jackson's religion was such a part of himself that to know him was to know the sincere life that animated him. The early death of his youthful mother must have made a lasting impression upon one of his serious temperament. Sent for in his young childhood to see her die, when probably not more than eight or nine years of age, he was old enough to remember her exhortations and prayers. His fa-



mous motto, "You can be whatever you resolve to be," was enunciated in later life; but the resolution was probably formed at his mother's deathbed—to be what she wanted him to be, an earnest Christian man. When only twenty-six years of age he thus wrote to his sister: "Within the past few years I have endeavored to live more nearly like unto God. And now nothing earthly could induce me to return to the world again. My life is not one of privation, as you sometimes see among Christians, but I enjoy the pleasures of the world, but endeavor to restrict them within the limit which nature's God has assigned to them. \* \* \* Yes, my dear sister, rather than willfully violate the known will of God, I would forfeit my life. It may seem strange to you, yet, nevertheless, such a resolution I have taken, and by it I will abide." In writing to his aunt he says: "The subject of becoming a herald of the Cross has often seriously engaged my attention, and I regard it as the most noble of all professions. It was the profession of our Divine Redeemer, and I should not be surprised were I to die upon a foreign field clad in ministerial armor, fighting under the banner of Jesus. What could be more glorious?" Could we not make it more glorious by fulfilling the vision and ministering to those neglected fields? Mrs. Jackson in her book gives this incident of her husband: "On one occasion, when talking of self-abnegation and making rather light of it, a friend suggested that he had not been called upon to endure it and supposed a case: 'Imagine that the providence of God seemed to direct you to drop every scheme of life and personal advancement and go on a mission to the heart of Africa. Would you go?' His eyes flashed as he instantly replied: 'I would go without my hat.'"

In a scientific way the greatest American has been our own Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury. Up to the time of the great honors paid to our President last winter and spring in Europe no other American had ever been so much honored as Commodore Maury. He was the recipient of a greater number of medals and memorials than had ever been given by foreign countries, and yet this great scientific genius has not even his name inscribed in the mosaic of our National Library in Washington. Rev. Jacob A. Dill thus writes of him: "Never did scientist touch nature in more devout spirit. In all he saw and acknowledged the handiwork of the Great Creator. In the proportion and properties of land and sea and air, in their adaptation one to the other to make this earth a habitation for man, he saw the marvelous design of "Him who measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and comprehended the dust in a measure, and weighed the mountain in scales, and the hills in a balance." This great and good man had for his daily prayer the following humble little prayer with three petitions in it for pardon of his sins: "Lord Jesus, thou Son of God and Redeemer of the world, have mercy upon me. Pardon my offenses and teach me the error of my ways; give me a new heart and right mind. Teach me and all mine to do thy will and in all things to keep thy law. Teach me to ask those things necessary to eternal life. Lord, pardon me for all my sins, for thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory forever and ever. Amen."

From Mrs. Margaret J. Preston's beautiful poem on Commodore Maury's last request, "Through the Pass," the following lines are taken:

"Stars lit new pages for him. Seas  
Revealed the depths their waves were screening;  
The ebbs gave up their mysteries,  
The tidal flows confessed their meaning.

Of ocean paths the tangled clew  
He taught the nations to unravel  
And mapped the track where safely through  
The lightning-footed thought might travel."

Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, brave, dashing, and daring officer, in his early boyhood dedicated his life to the Master's cause. When he fell mortally wounded, seeing panic-stricken followers dashing past, he called out: "Go back, men! Go back and do your duty as I have done mine, and our country will be free!" A few hours later with dying lips he exclaimed: "If God and my countrymen think I have done my duty, I am ready to go."

Gen. A. P. Stewart is described by his biographer as "a man without guile in his heart and with the courage of a lion," as a "God-fearing man like unto Robert E. Lee; and though a great soldier, he often conducted religious services for his men."

Gen. D. H. Hill was an elder in the Presbyterian Church and always an active Christian worker. He was the author of two religious books. As an instance of beautiful resignation I quote from one of his speeches: "Holding an unwavering faith in the wisdom, justice, and mercy of God, I submit with adoring reverence to his decree which destroyed our hopes of Southern independence. I would not reverse his decree if I could do so. That would be wicked and presumptuous. All honorable Confederates render the truest allegiance to the obligations imposed upon them by the surrender. I believe that the most uncompromising Rebels—yea, the *bitterest Rebels*, if you choose to call them so—would be the very first to rally round the old flag in any just and honorable war." We all know how this prediction was verified in both wars we have had since.

In that charming book, "Four Years under Marse Robert," by Maj. Robert Stiles, he pays this beautiful tribute to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston: "I do here say of him in a single sentence that as a trained professional soldier I do not believe he ever had his equal on this continent, while as a man he was one of the purest and strongest I ever knew and perhaps the most affectionate." Major Stiles remarks: "It is certainly worthy of note that this fighting zeal is so often combined with a high degree of spiritual religion." He also tells of the great revival in Lee's army at Fredericksburg: "I have never seen such eagerness to hear the word of God, no greater simplicity, directness, and earnestness for religious services." Besides their regular chaplains, the Richmond pastors came to assist. Dr. Hoge says: "As I was to stay only one night, Dr. Burrows courteously insisted on my preaching; so we had a Presbyterian sermon, introduced by Baptist services, under the direction of a Methodist chaplain, in an Episcopal church. Was not that a beautiful solution of the vexed problem of Christian unity?"

Probably the two best-known clergymen who were in our war were Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk and Gen. W. N. Pendleton, chief of artillery in Lee's army. Both were West Pointers and laid aside the priestly robe to take up the sword in defense of their country.

I will now quote from a letter I received from Dr. J. H. McNeilly, of Nashville, Tenn. To those of you who read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN no introduction is needed to Dr. McNeilly, for he is one of its bright particular stars as a contributor; but to the others I will say that he is one of our most honored ministers and was a chaplain during the war, going with "his boys" into action and then assisting in carrying off the wounded and dying. He wrote:

"All of our higher officers gave every facility and encour-

agement for religious work among the soldiers, and in the army for nearly two years there was almost a continuous revival. It is, I think, a fair estimate that in all the armies of the Confederacy there were 100,000 conversions.

"Now as to our leaders, I think it was during the North Georgia campaign that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and Lieutenant General Hardee and possibly Lieutenant General Hood were confirmed in the Episcopal Church by Lieutenant General Polk, who was, as you know, Bishop of Louisiana. Lieutenant General Stewart was a devout elder in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. I think Wheeler was an Episcopalian. Lieutenant General Forrest, the wizard of the South, was not a Christian during the war and was often very profane, but after the war he became an earnest member of the Cumberland Church. General Bragg was an Episcopalian, and so was Gen. E. Kirby Smith, and after the war the latter was a professor in the Episcopal University of the South. Gen. John C. Breckinridge was intensely Presbyterian in his sympathies, but I do not think he was a communicant. Gen. John B. Gordon was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and after the war he frequently took part in revival services, exhorting his old comrades to become active Christians.

"But I thought you might be interested in some of my personal knowledge as to Jefferson Davis. I knew his brother, Mr. Joseph Davis, when we were in Tuscaloosa, Ala. Our rooms joined, and I read to him a great deal, and he allowed me to read the President's weekly letters, and I was impressed with the patriotic and deeply religious tone of those letters. While the President would willingly have died for the country, indeed hoped for the opportunity, yet there was a spirit of resignation, of submission to God's will and a trust in God's wisdom that showed the true Christian."

There were a number of brigadier generals whom I wish to mention in this connection. Thomas F. Drayton, of South Carolina, was a most courteous gentleman and true Christian, one who took pleasure in dividing his mite with those worse off than himself. Gen. Robert D. Johnson, of North Carolina, after the war was an elder and active worker in his Church at Birmingham. Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, and General Moxey, afterwards United States Senator from Texas, were Christians.

I do not claim this to be a complete list of the Christian characters among our leaders—far from it—for at this late day it is difficult to get the personal history of the long ago. But I am showing you enough to prove them great and holy leaders of our great and holy cause. It was a war not for hatred or aggression on our part, not for territory, not even for slavery, as our foes love to claim, but it was a war waged to defend our homes and firesides and to uphold the Constitution of the United States in that every State was a sovereign in itself and entitled to its own government. It seems a singular Nemesis that we went into the last World War on exactly the same principle. One of President Wilson's fourteen points was on the rights of small States to govern themselves. We all know how brave and plucky little Belgium excited the sympathy and admiration of the world for upholding this principle. I will make this prediction: That time, that great healer of both hate and prejudice, will so clarify the vision of the future historian that brave and plucky little South Carolina will be put on even a higher pinnacle than little Belgium, for she was fifty years ahead of her.

I show you the exalted characters of our heroes for two reasons: First, that we may emulate them and teach our children that no man is truly great unless God has a hand in molding his character and imparting to him the divine fire that

comes only to those who humbly seek him; secondly, that when we come to honor them we may do it according to their own high ideas and higher ideals. Build material monuments of stone and bronze for your material men—probably that is the only way they can be remembered by future generations. But when we think of our extraordinary, our lofty-minded Christian heroes, let us have a wider vision and think what would please them. With all their greatness, they were modest and unassuming, hating vain show and ostentation; hence they would dislike to have their faces and figures erected on high pedestals for all the world to gaze upon. But O what a joy to their hearts if in their names we erected living monuments! General Lee showed that his heart's desire was for the Christian education of the youth of our land. Let me tell you of a memorial to him that would gratify his great heart. At Blue Ridge, N. C., some twelve or fifteen miles from Asheville, is the property of the Y. M. C. A. of the South which is used for all interdenominational religious meetings. This conference ground, Dr. John R. Mott says, is the most beautiful in the world. Their main building is a memorial to General Lee and is called the Robert E. Lee Hall. And this is the spot where our Southern youth faces Christian service, where purposes are formed and desires Christianized into action. Often six to eight hundred young people attend these conferences. And there is still room and space to build memorials to your favorite heroes. Now, when schools and colleges are so abundant amongst us, let us imagine in the sin-darkened land of China or India a great university like that he built up in Lexington and inscribed upon it in letters of gold, "Sacred to the memory of Robert E. Lee." When the angels carried the news, there would be greater joy even in heaven.

Stonewall Jackson felt his personal responsibility for our negroes. His most conspicuous work in his Church was his negro Sunday school. He was even willing (if God so ordered) to go on a mission to Africa. Suppose we carried out his wishes and in his name had a great Hampton Institute in the wilds of Africa for the Christian and industrial education of our most neglected and backward race, still savages in this our twentieth century of civilization. Suppose we attended to our home duties as faithfully as he and had a Stonewall Jackson Sunday School, taught by whites, in every town and hamlet in our land. Our negro problem would be solved and our race riots at an end. And why necessary to imagine these great memorials when we can so easily accomplish them instead?

Our U. D. C. is a great organization. We wield a power throughout our great Southland second to none. By united and concerted effort we can do sublime things in the names of our heroes and show that we are not only true daughters of our illustrious sires, but that we will be partners with them in their honor and their glory. So let each one of our great army of Daughters say: "We can do it, and we will."

## "MAMMY—AND MEMORY!"

"Down the ages slowly passing  
Onward through the gate of Time,  
We can see dear mammy pausing  
Ere she takes her flight sublime.  
Little eyes she closed so softly  
Like bright stars peep through the sky;  
Little hands she gently folded  
Now are waving from on high."



SPOTSYLVANIA, VA., MAY 8 AND 9, 1864.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

[Continuation of articles on the operations of Gordon's Brigade.]

We left our works in the Wilderness about midnight and marched in the darkness through woods, fields, and across streams, by roads made by the feet of those who had gone ahead, and at daylight we found ourselves at a line of Confederate soldiers who were hastily constructing breastworks of poles, dirt, and everything they could lay hands on. We threw ourselves down behind these for a rest, but were soon called to order and marched to the right to assist in fortifying our position. As far to the right as could be heard there was the incessant noise of the pick, the shovel, and the ax. There were no idlers in Lee's army that day, for the desultory skirmish in front warned every man to do his best and to get ready for the bloody work which all knew to be impending.

Grant had determined, after his three days' experience in the Wilderness, not to fight it out there, but to bring up his fresh legions from the other side of the river as reinforcements for his badly decimated army and get between Lee and Richmond. But when he found that he had been outmaneuvered in this, he decided to carry his point by throwing his overwhelming numbers on our weak lines (now sadly depleted by constant fighting), scatter our forces, and go on to the Confederate capital and thereby end the war. When we consider the great disparity of numbers, this seems reasonable enough, but the few defenders were men who were true and tried veterans fighting for everything held dear in life and were ready to die, if need be, for their country, while a large part of their foes were foreigners—Germans, enlisted to get the big bounty offered by Lincoln, and many other foreigners who fought only under military discipline. The front attacks were extremely costly in human life, but then that was nothing, as multitudes were coming over from Europe continually to take the place in the ranks of those killed, and they knew they could afford to lose ten to our one and in time win the war. No attempt was made to attack our flanks, as that involved some risk. General Grant followed this policy until the end, but could have defeated Lee's army at any time if he had attacked both our right and left at the same time with a large force while we were occupied by superior numbers in front.

The day (May 8) wore on with skirmish-fighting and an occasional attack in force on some part of our line, as Grant had not as yet gotten all his army in position to make his grand assault; but nowhere did he break our thin line. Our brigade, having made a great reputation under Gordon, was relieved from building breastworks as soon as we had completed them and was shifted from point to point in reserve wherever there was danger of the enemy's breaking through, and for that reason it did very little fighting this day. I cannot say what losses the Confederates sustained, but, as they were protected by their works, I do not suppose they amounted to much.

The next day (May 9) was one of bitter fighting, a day of slaughter. Our enemy came up in heavy lines, supporting each other time and again, only to be mowed down and driven back without making any impression until about sunset, when they made a sudden attack at one point where our men, thinking that their foes had had enough for the day, were preparing to eat their evening meal. So unexpected and determined was this charge that they crossed our works the length

of a North Carolina brigade, killing some of them with the bayonet and driving the artillerymen away from their guns. This is the only place I saw during my entire experience as a Confederate soldier where any one was killed with the bayonet.

We had been held in the rear of this part of our line for some time that evening, but before this unfortunate event took place we were led off some distance to the left and were resting on an elevated place in an open field. General Gordon and Col. Clement A. Evans, next in command, had ridden away, I suppose, to see how the fighting was progressing in front of where we then were, there being no field officer present except Lieutenant Colonel Berry, of the 60th. Looking back in the direction from which we had just come, we saw a courier coming toward us as fast as his horse could run. When he arrived he asked hastily where General Gordon was. No one knew, and he rode off to find him. Glancing back in the same direction, we saw another courier coming at full speed, his hat off and his hair flying about his head. When he arrived he made the same inquiry and received the same reply. But now we saw an officer of General Lee's staff coming toward us riding at the same pace. When he reached us he made the same inquiry, and, receiving the same answer, he spoke to Colonel Berry and told him that General Lee's line was broken and ordered him to take command of the brigade and follow him. He turned his horse's head and trotted back in front of us, saying repeatedly: "Come on, boys; come on." Ahead of us on the left was a straggling piece of woodland through which our works extended and to the right a short line of works out in the field behind which were crouching our sharpshooters and others who had taken refuge there when the line was broken.

About one hundred and fifty yards in the rear of our line of works ran an old road parallel to them. We entered the woods by this road, trotting along in fours, following Colonel Berry, when suddenly just as I stepped over the body of a dead Confederate soldier he wheeled to the left and shouted: "Here they are, men!" In an instant we turned, and, to our surprise, there stood in the twilight not more than a hundred feet away a blue mass of Yankee soldiers apparently indifferent to our approach. We instantly brought our guns into position, and a line of fire flashed along the regiment as we closed in on the enemy. Stupid under the influence of liquor, they retired slowly and sullenly, while our men beat them with clubbed guns back to the breastworks, which they defended obstinately for a while. I ran up to a piece of artillery where the fighting was hand to hand and where it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe on account of the darkness except by the flash of a gun. In the midst of the confusion some one cried out: "Get away! Get away!"

Seeing that one place was as safe as another, I stood still, when the sudden flash and boom of a cannon and its recoil to my feet told me what it meant and that our artillerymen, who had come back with us, had turned the gun around while our men and the enemy were fighting for its possession. Our men beat them out of the works, and they retired to another line built by our men and afterwards abandoned when they first came to this place. Those intersected our line like the two sides of the letter V. Behind these they took refuge, and from the volley they maintained I suppose there were thousands of them. In all my experience in war I was never under a heavier fire. It seemed as if a hand or a head above the protection of the works for a moment would be pierced by a Minié ball.

Word was passed down the line for three regiments of our brigade to mount the works and charge the enemy out of their den. My! thought I, how is it possible for living men to face such a fire? Yet every man responded. Some fell back dead as they mounted the works, but the rest swept forward and in ten minutes had cleared the enemy from our immediate front, and the firing along the entire line suddenly ceased for the night. How glad I was that my regiment was not called on to make this desperate dash into the very jaws of death I cannot express in words. Many of those brave spirits who put duty to their country first sacrificed their lives on its altar that night.

Word now came for the other three regiments to assist in holding the position just won, and we were deployed along the works, which we found to be well constructed. As soon as we were settled in them the orderly sergeant ordered me and a comrade to mount the works and to take position in the open in front to guard against a sudden assault by the enemy. Standing there in silence, I listened to the beautiful music of the various bands along the enemy's line, while our men in the rear spent their time in jeering and bantering them to come out and try it again, saying: "You may play your bands over there, but we whipped you yesterday and again to-day and will do it again to-morrow."

It had indeed been a bloody day. The enemy had not spared human life in their endeavor to break through our lines. We were not on the front line, but were told by those who were that they charged sometimes in lines fourteen deep; but this must have been an exaggeration. The fighting lasted all day and accomplished nothing but the slaughter of thousands of our enemy, who threw themselves recklessly time and again against our defenses, only to be driven back in an engagement in which every well-directed Confederate bullet must have injured some one in so great a mass of men. The commander of the Federals, perceiving the bad effects of this dreadful affair on the minds of his men, ordered his army bands to the lines to dispense their sweetest music, to divert, if possible, their thoughts from the great disaster.

A man even so callous as General Grant saw that he must hold his hand and refrain from so great a sacrifice as a matter of policy, and the next two days (May 10 and 11) he spent in skirmishing and maneuvering for some advantage, to find some weak point in Lee's line where he could concentrate and make a bold rush through it with his overwhelming numbers while we were too weak to assume the offensive. During the night our brigade was withdrawn from the captured works. The full moon shone over the battle field as we returned and presented a sight never to be forgotten. Corpses lay everywhere and in every position. Few prisoners were taken on either side. Our loss in killed and wounded was negligible except at this particular place. The next morning I was struck by the appearance of the dead. The faces of the Confederates were pale, while the Federals were as black as negroes. I asked the reason and was told that it was because the Federals were drunk when killed. Those who were in the front line said they could smell the scent of liquor when the wind blew from the Federal lines. I cannot vouch for this, but I am sure, from the way they acted, that their men were drunk when we struck them that evening.

I have never seen an official statement of Grant's loss in this day's engagement, but I am sure it was as great as that he sustained in the three days' fighting in the Wilderness and consisted of killed and wounded. It must have been as great as that he sustained on the 12th of May or equal to that at

Cold Harbor, on the 3d of June, where Northern historians say he lost fifteen thousand.

In a future article I will tell what happened to us on the 12th of May and how the utter rout of Lee's army was averted and the day resulted in a drawn battle by the good management of some of our officers and the desperate valor of Confederate soldiers and how Grant's army was so badly used up that he withdrew to rest up.

## ODE TO THE DEAD CONFEDERACY.

BY CLARA DARGAN MACLEAN, TAMPA, FLA.

[This poem was written at the request of the Atlanta Chapter of the U. D. C. by Mrs. Clara Dargan Maclean, a member of that body, and read on the occasion when the veterans met during the Exposition at Piedmont Park, November 5, 1895. It was read with great eloquence by Lucian Knight, a well-known orator, and was received with much applause, following an address by Dr. Hopkins. Mrs. Maclean, the author, is well known throughout the South as a writer of stories, poems, and several novels.]

Mother of men! thou liest in solemn state  
Upon the bier of many faithful hearts,  
All mute and cold, pierced through with many darts,  
A queen discrowned by Fate.  
Bring here the frankincense of loyal vows,  
And myrrh, the meed of grief too deep for tears,  
The precious spice of love, t' embalm through years,  
And gold for royal brows.

We shall not wake thee from thy dreamless sleep,  
With murmuring moan disturb thy deep repose.  
No blatant tongue shall travesty thy woes,  
As silent here we weep.  
Yet we remember! Aye, nor can forget  
Those deeds of splendor, those heroic days,  
When thy leal sons rode forth through bloody ways,  
Where death and honor met.

O dream of glory past! O high resolve,  
To teach the world how brave it is to dare  
And, daring, do, though costing lives so rare,  
A nation to evolve!  
Roll, drums, and sound across the utmost sea!  
Blow, bugles, in one long, majestic strain!  
Though she is dead, she dieth not in vain,  
Whose death has made us free.

Free to live on and learn to suffer wrong,  
Nor vengeance seek, nor feel ignoble fear;  
Free to see truly and to grandly bear  
And grow through suffering strong.  
Mother of men! we gather round thy grave  
And pledge thy pure name ne'er shall be belied;  
A martyr thou hast lived, a martyr died,  
The South's best self to save.

Yes, we will bury thee with pomp and pride  
And leave thee sleeping in thy sacred shroud,  
For we behold thee far above the cloud  
Transfigured, glorified.  
Sound we a paean then and not a knell,  
Sing we a jubilate, not a dirge;  
For lo! the South holds victory's noblest verge,  
God's in heaven! All's well.



### GENERAL JOHNSTON'S CAMPAIGN FOR THE RELIEF OF VICKSBURG.

BY REV. J. H. M'NEILLY, D.D., CHAPLAIN OF QUARLES'S BRIGADE,  
C. S. A.

Among all my experiences of army life none impressed me more than the campaign under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston for the relief of Vicksburg in the spring and summer of 1863. As a result of that campaign I lay for weeks in a darkened room in a hospital, with eyes inflamed until they were balls of blood; and though my sight was restored, yet that experience left me a legacy of suffering from neuralgia of the eyes which continues with me to this day.

The campaign was a series of marches and countermarches of our small force, seeking some weak spot in the strongly fortified lines of General Grant's huge army where we might break through the cordon of besiegers and open a way for the escape of the beleaguered garrison.

Those marches were under blazing suns, along shadeless roads, over a country destitute of running streams, through blinding clouds of dust, sometimes in deep sand that made walking a labor, sometimes, when the rain fell in torrents, through mud heavy and clinging. Yet it was all in vain. It was impossible for 25,000 at most to contend against 80,000, which could have been speedily reinforced to 130,000.

I note frequently in Northern statistics of the battles of this war a tendency to exaggerate the Confederate forces and to diminish the Federal forces engaged, and in like manner to swell our losses while minimizing their own, all of it for the glory of the Federal troops and generals. Now, a Confederate soldier is the last man to discount the courage and efficiency of the soldiers on the other side. The men commanded by Generals Grant and Sherman were mostly from the West and were our equals in fighting qualities and possibly superior in drill and discipline, certainly far superior in numbers and equipment. Yet whenever we met them, as Bill Arp puts it, "we killed more of them than they did of us." We made them pay largely for their successes. In the preliminary battles to the investment of Vicksburg—at Port Gibson, Raymond, Baker's Creek, and Jackson—the Federal forces far outnumbered ours, yet their losses in killed and wounded were very heavy.

During the campaign it was frequently talked among the men that there was serious conflict of judgment between General Johnston and General Pemberton, who commanded at Vicksburg. Such a disagreement cannot be concealed from the men of the army, especially when, like ours, they are men of intelligence, accustomed to discuss the meaning of all that concerned our war. The newspapers indulged in frequent criticisms of General Johnston's movements as slow and uncertain. It was generally known that there was considerable friction between President Davis and General Johnston, and the apparently contradictory movements of our troops led to the belief that "some one had blundered." So I had opportunity to hear the expression of many opinions of both officers and privates. General Johnston had a remarkable power of winning the confidence of his troops, and as a general rule our men were his warm partisans. The substance of the defense of the General was that by General Pemberton's failure to keep General Johnston informed of actual conditions around Vicksburg and his disobedience of the orders of his superior officer he had made it impossible for a sufficient force to be concentrated to resist General Grant's advance.

At first, by orders of the government, General Johnston was kept with the Army of Tennessee hundreds of miles from

Vicksburg and had to depend on General Pemberton's dispatches to know conditions in Mississippi. It was the middle of May before he came to the Army of Mississippi, and when he did reach it he found that the Federal fleet, having passed our batteries at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and having possession of the Mississippi River, General Grant, with an overwhelming force, had crossed the river and had reached Jackson, the capital of the State, and was threatening General Pemberton's army.

General Johnston's plan was to abandon Vicksburg and Port Hudson as no longer valuable to the Confederacy and to concentrate all of our forces in seeking to defeat General Grant. If that could be done, we could destroy his army, cut off as it would be from its base, and then we could easily regain the abandoned posts. On the other hand, if our army were divided and a large part of it shut up in those posts, General Grant could easily defy the small force operating on the outside, and ultimate surrender of the garrisons was certain.

In a word, General Johnston's idea was to save the army if the post had to be given up. General Pemberton's idea was to save the post, even at the risk of losing an army. It was often remarked by the men that, even if we could defeat General Grant, Vicksburg would not be worth anything to us with a lot of gunboats and transports in possession of the river. And the stupidest soldier could see that General Johnston's army was utterly weak in comparison with Grant's army. All these surmises of the soldiers were confirmed by the narrative of General Johnston, published after the war. It was a matter of surprise to me during the whole war to notice the remarkable shrewdness of the common soldier in penetrating the purpose of the various movements. Over and again we received by the grapevine line marvelous stories of big victories we had gained or of some advantage in position which would give us a victory that would end the war. But our men, after thinking over them, always discounted these stories.

While on the subject of grapevine dispatches, let me tell how my reputation for veracity came near being ruined by them. While we were at Port Hudson the newspapers received by us were few, but I got the *Memphis Appeal*, which followed our armies from point to point, and I got some religious papers, which contained weekly summaries of the news. These papers published all the reports that were current. The men came to my tent every day to read the news, and when some big story was repeated and the question was asked, "Where did you get that whopper?" the answer would be, "I got it from the parson," of course meaning that he had read it at my tent. I soon found that I was getting the reputation of the "father of lies," so I announced that when a story was told as coming from me it might be set down as a lie for which I was not responsible.

The discomforts of the march on that campaign were aggravated by the dust and the heat and the lack of drinking water. Often the clouds of dust were so thick that one could not see twenty feet ahead. We were largely dependent for water to drink on ponds for the stock, and sometimes the green scum was so thick on the surface of the pond that our horses would not drink it. We would fill our canteens from these ponds and strain out the wiggletails and young tadpoles. The water remaining in the tin cup was comparatively clear, though quite warm. I found a new use for a mustache. As mine was long, I drew it over my lips and made a strainer of it as I drank out of my canteen. In a number of places where there were cisterns we found the handles of the pumps taken away or the rope and windlass removed. This was not from

any unkindness, but was a necessity, for several thousand men and horses would soon have exhausted the cisterns of a neighborhood. But one case of cruelty, of which I was the victim, was perpetrated, not by a citizen, but by a little quartermaster. It was at a large and handsome house which this officer had taken as his headquarters. It had a deep well in the yard. I saw as we were passing a great big bucket of sparkling water, just drawn, standing on the curb and a sentry standing by. I was very thirsty indeed. I was near to sunstroke, and one of the men was walking by me to steady my steps. I at once went to the well and was just about to dip my tin cup into the bucket when the sentry put his bayonet to my breast and forbade it. I told him my condition and said I only wanted a drink, not to fill my canteen. He said his orders were positive, and the major would not allow one of us to have even a drink. He said that the major was a quartermaster and very strict. So I had to go on, and it was an hour before I could quench my thirst. I found out afterwards that the officer was really some underling of General Johnston's staff, maybe a quartermaster, who was assuming all this authority; and, more than that, I found that the house was one in which my brother had boarded. He was in business at this place, Morton, and when he enlisted in a Mississippi cavalry regiment he left his clothes, a quantity of shirts, and underclothes in his bureau drawers. His room was occupied by this officer, who stole all of his clothes—to keep the Yankees from getting them.

Every day on the march, while General Johnston was maneuvering his army in the attempt to relieve the beleaguered garrison at Vicksburg, men, overcome by heat and dust and thirst, fell out of the line. Some of them died by the roadside, some were taken in the ambulances, and some, after a rest of a couple of hours, were able to go on and would rejoin us awhile after we went into camp. The orders against straggling were very strict, but in such cases they were not strictly enforced; and if a higher officer saw a man sitting by the road apparently tired out he generally understood the situation and rode on after an encouraging word to the weary soldier. But sometimes a military martinet insisted on carrying out orders to the letter. One such case was told to me a few minutes after it occurred. A young lieutenant of Evans's South Carolina Brigade was unable to go on with the brigade, so he sat down to rest, telling his comrades to go on and that he would soon be able to rejoin them. One of his men stayed by him. The general officers, from "Old Joe" down, were very considerate of the men, but there was one major general who was very unpopular because of his harshness and needless severity in enforcing discipline. This officer came by the young lieutenant just as he was about to start for his command. The general commanded a different division and was unknown by sight to the young man. He was unattended, and instead of the regulation coat, with the marks of his rank, he wore a long linen duster. He stopped and demanded in very brusque tones why this officer was straggling. The lieutenant began to explain, but was met with a torrent of abuse, garnished with oaths, and ordered to move on at once. The young South Carolinian answered that he would move when he got ready and that he allowed no man to curse him. The general asked him if he knew that he was speaking to General —, and continued his swearing. The lieutenant rose up and drew his pistol and said: "I don't know you, sir. You have no evidence that you are a general, and now I order you to move on; and if you don't do it at once, I'll shoot you. Shut up and leave."

I was told that the general saw he had mistaken his man,

and he put spurs to his horse and evacuated his dangerous position in front of a six-shooter.

With all our marching and countermarching we could find no point in the Federal lines of investment where we could make an attack with the least hope of success. On the 5th of July we began a rather rapid retreat toward Jackson. We soon learned that on the day before, on the 4th of July, General Pemberton had surrendered Vicksburg and his army of 30,000 men. Then General Grant, with probably 75,000 men, was free to follow our little army of, say, 25,000.

We learned that the Federals had lost very heavily in assaults on our works and that the garrison was literally starved into surrender; but the fact that the capitulation was on the Fourth of July aroused suspicion against General Pemberton, and the fact that he was a Northern man was quoted as confirmation of the suspicion. The only charges that really lie against him are incompetency and disobedience.

We reached Jackson in two or three days, and very soon the Federals came up and began to plant batteries and shell the town. One of the ludicrous incidents of those days was a sudden "advance to the rear" of our regiment. It was on picket duty. During the night all our supports were withdrawn, the order of withdrawal having failed to reach us. When morning dawned we were confronted by a corps of the enemy, and three batteries were placed to take our position front and on each side. The order was to get back inside the works the best way we could. Taking advantage of some ravines running from our lines, the men all got in safe. But one old fellow, who had a stiff leg, came stumping along, pursued by hissing bullets, and as he fell over the embankment, with that stiff leg pointing skyward, he prayed fervently: "O Lord, can't you make peace between these two nations?"

One of our boys who was very tall was writing home the next day to his mother, a very pious woman. He was describing our narrow escape, and he put in some pious reflections, albeit not very pious himself. He said that he was thankful that his life had been saved by the providence of God. He read the letter to his mess, when one of them blurted out: "Providence of God! The devil! Them long legs of yours was what saved you."

Undoubtedly good legs formed the instrument that Providence used.

One day during the siege of Jackson an assault was attempted on General Breckinridge's front, but it failed before the assaulting column got within musket range. Cobb's and Slocumb's Batteries were stationed on the flanks of Breckinridge's Division. The enemy were in a thick wood, with an open space of maybe fifteen hundred yards between them and our works. They came out of the wood in splendid array and started across the open field, when the two batteries opened on them. I was told that the gunners were running a race in rapid firing, and I never heard such continuous discharges. The men seemed so enthusiastic in their competition that they forgot the game of death in which they were engaged and that human life was the stake. Their shells were so accurately timed that they exploded in front and in the midst of the advancing column. Brave as those charging soldiers were, flesh and blood could not withstand that withering fire, and they soon broke and ran back to cover.

The city of Jackson being exposed to bombardment, all the women and children were removed across Pearl River, where we had our field infirmary. There we had evidence of the devotion of the women to the work of ministering to our wounded. The Roman Catholic convent was exposed to the fire of the guns, and the Sisters of Charity established their



quarters across the river. Some of the refugees had tents; others built little shanties of such material as they could get. All the ladies were busy day and night caring for the wounded, preparing delicacies for them to eat, and assisting the surgeons in various ways. The Sisters of Charity were very efficient, and their praises were sounded by the correspondents of the newspapers all over the Southern States.

But one thing I thought unfair. I never saw any mention in the papers of the services and sacrifices of the Protestant ladies. Yet, as I spent every night at the infirmaries, I saw these ladies and their daughters, after putting the smaller children to bed, go at once to the side of the suffering soldiers and spend the whole night in ministering to them. The Sisters were known, of course, by their dress, but these ladies had no distinctive dress. Yet they were entitled to as much commendation as others; and while I have nothing but praise and gratitude for the Sisters, I have just as much for those self-denying Protestant ladies. This incident impresses me that it would be well for all the Churches to have some distinctive mark by which their benevolent workers should be recognized.

I shall be pardoned for giving another illustration from my experience after the war. In the cholera epidemic in Nashville in 1873 there was great need for nurses. The Catholic priests and the Sisters of Charity were very faithful, going day and night. I was pastor of Woodland Street Presbyterian Church; and as the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church had cholera and the pastor of Tulip Street Methodist Church was very ill, I was looking after both those congregations besides my own. I also had ladies in these Churches whom I could call on for help in nursing, and I organized a company of young men to help me. I went with the doctors and became quite a good nurse. I hardly had a complete night's rest in five or six weeks. The city papers made frequent and just mention of the services of the priests and the Sisters, but if my name or the services of my helpers were ever mentioned I failed to see it; and it was the same way with other pastors who were as active as I was. Now, I mention this not to find fault with the priests and Sisters, but to show that the Church gains influence when its workers are recognized as servants of the Church.

Another lesson learned in these times of distress and suffering is that in ministering to these sufferers all can work together, whatever their creed. There on Pearl River Catholic and Protestant joined in caring for the wounded. In 1873 the Sisters of Charity were ready with service for Dr. Hoyt, the Presbyterian pastor.

Shakespeare tells us "there's such divinity doth hedge a king," but my experience is that it is nothing in comparison with the awful dignity assumed by some petty official "drest in a little brief authority." The greater the office, usually the easier the approach to the officer, for generally only great men attain to high office. Our dear "Old Joe" was more accessible than many a red-tape quartermaster. The only times I ever was snubbed was by a provost marshal's clerk and by a young assistant surgeon just promoted from hospital steward. The latter incident occurred just as we were leaving Jackson. The morning before we evacuated the place I was told by the division surgeon that we would retreat that night and that we would leave our most seriously wounded in care of three or four young doctors and several nurses. This surgeon was Dr. Patton, of Missouri, of Cockrill's Brigade, a very kind-hearted, old-fashioned gentleman. He told me to visit the wounded of our brigade and find out if I could do anything for them. In my rounds I found a captain of the 30th Louisiana neglected by the nurses and in a dangerous

condition from a very severe wound. The nurses, seeing that I had no mark of rank, paid no attention to my request for some wine for the captain. I then found a young lieutenant of Fenner's Battery whose arm had been broken by a fragment of a shell. It had swollen until the bandage had become so tight as to cause intense agony. All that was needed was to adjust the bandage. I went to get the doctor who had charge of that ward. It was only a few steps, and I found four young fellows in a big round tent. They were sitting around a table playing cards and had a bottle of whisky on the table. They paid no attention to me until I asked which one had charge of the ward. I was told, and he asked very impatiently what I wanted. When I told him and asked him to go with me and relieve my man, he said: "I have finished my rounds this morning, and I will see him at three o'clock."

I said: "Why, it is only eleven o'clock now, and he is suffering terribly, and you certainly will not leave him until this afternoon."

He said he had regular times for making his rounds, and he didn't want to be disturbed. When I said that it was inhuman to neglect a wounded soldier in that way, he replied that he knew his business and I had better attend to my business, or he would make me do it. By that time I was indignant, and I told him I was attending to my business, and he couldn't make me do anything. He then asked: "Who the devil are you?"

I said: "Well, my rank is over yours, and I will see to it that you shall not stay here to neglect my men."

I went immediately to Dr. Patton. He went in a hurry first to relieve the sufferers, and then he went for that young doctor and the nurses who neglected the patients. He said that he would send them to the front to take part in the fighting. Whether he did or not, I don't know. He was very kind-hearted, and they may have begged off by fair promises.

That night we quietly left Jackson, but not until "Old Joe" had removed all that was worth moving.

### THE EVACUATION OF NASHVILLE.

BY JOSEPH BOYCE, CAPTAIN COMPANY D, "ST. LOUIS GRAYS,"  
FIRST MISSOURI CONFEDERATE INFANTRY.

Before describing the events which took place just fifty-eight years ago this February I desire to say something about the above-named regiment and why it was known as the "Camp Jackson Regiment." It was composed in the main of the 1st and 2d Missouri Militia. Our officers, field and line, were mostly from West Point and the Virginia and Kentucky Military Institutes.

The following account was written only a short time ago by my old friend and comrade, Keith White; and as it describes events so clearly and truthfully, I add it to my article:

"The 10th of May has for a lifetime been the occasion of much loyal celebration in St. Louis as to Camp Jackson and its capture in 1861. It has become customary in our public press to make reference to this affair as a battle fought here. The facts of the matter have been lost in the errors of repetitions.

"Writing from a keen recollection of the time, which was at the greatly heated period when the War between the States began, we observed the marching of two city regiments of State militia on Monday, May 6. Their fine appearance, gay, various uniforms, and soldierly bearing attracted much attention.

"Much effort had been made by Missouri Southerners to

have the State secede, but a convention previously assembled had refused to do so. The United States arsenal at that time was in charge of Capt. Nathaniel Lyon, a bold and forceful character of great energy and patriotic endeavor. Great events were evident to his mind, and fame beckoned to the imagination of a very ambitious man. For a month or more previous to this time he worked so faithfully to impress the government that there were serious designs to seize the arsenal arms that he got permission to remove them to Springfield, Ill. In a short time he enlisted, armed, and equipped ten thousand volunteers. Quoting from one of them, Major Rombauer, in a work published after the war, eight thousand were Germans (or so descended), eight hundred of other foreign nationality, and twelve hundred natives. When the State militia went into camp on Monday the law allowed it only six days, and it would have dispersed to usual avocations on Saturday evening. Thus it became necessary for Captain Lyon's climb upon fame's ladder on Friday to acquire national note. General Frost, in command at Camp Jackson, learning that Lyon intended to raid it, wrote to the latter a letter disclaiming any and all hostile intentions toward the government and its property. The message was sent by Colonel Bowen, who met Captain Lyon on his march with five thousand troops the next morning. The Federal commander refused the communication, surrounded the encampment, and compelled a surrender in short order. Of the twelve hundred and fifty militia, only six hundred and fifty were taken, the remainder being absent on leave, being largely parade boys out for a good time. That there could have been no hostile movements expected from the militia is evidenced by a statement made to the writer to-day by Capt. Joe Boyce, then a sergeant in the St. Louis Grays, that the camp guards had but three rounds of cartridges, which they carried in their pockets.

"During a couple of hours' time consumed in arranging to march the prisoners, to the arsenal great crowds of curious sight-seers approached the camp and after awhile became riotous, throwing clods and stones at the German element so soon and strangely equipped here. The jeers made upon the soldiery of Lyon provoked a volley of musketry into the spectators. Some fifteen were killed, nearly as many more died of wounds, and in all about sixty persons fell. No resistance came from the prisoners, and the volunteers escaped loss except, according to Rombauer, one volunteer officer killed. This probably came through the confusion of his own troops' firing.

"So ended the celebrated 'battle' of Camp Jackson, and the daily press of that time will prove this detail.

"If the United States volunteers had seen service and had been used to arms, this unfortunate affair might have been controlled. They were nervous and excitable; also many of them must have not yet learned our language, as the writer observed some officers giving commands in German.

"After the firing Lyon gave the command to march, and the soldiers and their prisoners were hurried to the arsenal. There the prisoners were asked to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. Eight responded. The rest declared they had taken such an oath when they were mustered into the militia and to take another oath would indicate that they had been guilty of wrong. The eight were released, and the remainder were locked in the arsenal. Eventually all, with one exception, made some kind of a statement of loyalty and were released. Most of them joined the South. General Frost was among them. The Missouri flag which floated over Camp Jackson was carried South and was on many battle fields with the Camp Jackson boys.

"Captain Lyon soon was promoted for his action in capturing Camp Jackson. He was made a brigadier general and was sent to drive the Secessionists out of Missouri. At the head of his army of St. Louisans, he was fairly successful until he reached Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, Mo. There he was killed, and his army was defeated. That was only a few months after the capture of Camp Jackson.

"It has been said that Lyon's defeat at Wilson's Creek was due to the capture of Camp Jackson. Neutrals were incensed against the shooting of innocent bystanders; and whether Lyon justly could be blamed or not, the fact remains that he was blamed. The result produced intense indignation throughout the State and in St. Louis and caused large enlistments under the Southern flag. General Lyon found them at Wilson's Creek, where the farmers' shotguns and squirrel rifles defeated his forces three months later to the day, August 10, and he was killed in action. Probably if spared he might have become a great figure in the war, leading a victorious Federal force west of the Mississippi and possibly bringing the conclusion of the conflict much earlier.

"In an interview with Captain Boyce he says: 'The capture of Camp Jackson was a most disastrous blunder, arousing such indignation in the city and State that a rush of enlistment came a few weeks later by men originally for the Union and against secession who would never have entered the Confederate army to Gen. Sterling Price and Colonel Bowen. An estimate of the number is given at fifty thousand. Nearly all of those who were taken prisoners at Camp Jackson responded to the call of Col. John S. Bowen, joining him early in the following June at Memphis, Tenn., when he organized the 1st Missouri Confederate Infantry, numbering one thousand and known as the Camp Jackson Regiment. Their battle cry in every conflict was: "Remember Camp Jackson."'

"Hardly a doubt exists about its career as the best-drilled, best-disciplined, and most alert organization of the Confederacy in the West. Fighting through all the severest battles, its members slept on the red fields of carnage in campaigns east of the Mississippi, notably at Shiloh, Corinth, the Baton Rouge campaign under General Breckinridge, Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, siege of Vicksburg, with Gen. Joseph H. Johnston in the Georgia campaign, Jonesboro, with General Hood in Tennessee and in the awful battle of Franklin, and then the last one at Blakely, near Mobile, Ala.

"Captain Boyce, the only one of the original commissioned officers of this command now living, estimated the total enlistment as fourteen hundred. Fewer than one hundred surrendered at Jackson, Miss., May 10, 1865, and not more than one hundred and fifty survived. There were but few deaths from disease. Most all died from bullet wounds gallantly on the field of honor. The percentage of loss is seldom equaled.

"As far as can be recalled, the names of survivors now resident in this city are: Capt. Joseph Boyce, Joseph T. Donovan, James M. Johnston, Ferd B. Kennett, Ed Stiles, John W. Berryman, Keith White, and John J. Corkery."

On Christmas Eve, 1862, orders were received by General Bowen to move his brigade to Bowling Green, Ky., and report to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and early Christmas morning we were marched to State Line Station, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, where we took the cars for our destination.

General Bowen had preceded us several days to arrange for our camping ground, etc. One day, while at General Johnston's headquarters, General Bowen was bantered by General Breckinridge to drill the 1st Missouri against the 2d Ken-



tucky, Colonel Hanson commanding, the prize to be a stand of colors. At once General Bowen accepted the wager. General Johnston cautioned General Breckinridge at the time, for he had seen the 1st Missouri maneuver often while he was at Columbus, Ky.

Upon our arrival a few days later, January 1, 1862, the men were informed of the wager when formed into line at the railroad depot. The line of march was taken up for camp, about a mile north of town. The weather was fine, everybody was out to see the Missourians, and as our regiment (1,000 strong) wheeled into the main street, company front, and our band of twenty musicians struck up "Dixie" we were greeted with cheers and a regular old Kentucky welcome.

Just before we left Camp Beauregard, near Mayfield, Graves County, Ky., the command had received new muskets, overcoats, and caps, and presented a very soldierly appearance as it passed in review before Generals Johnston, Breckinridge, Hardee, Bowen, and their staffs, and General Breckinridge remarked good-naturedly and by way of the highest compliment he could pay General Bowen and his old regiment: "Do you expect me to back the 2d Kentucky against your old 'regulars,' who deserted from Jefferson Barracks and followed you here? No, no, Bowen, I shan't fall into any such trap." General Bowen replied: "There are no old regulars there, General. That regiment is composed entirely of volunteers, and it has the best blood of Missouri in it." So ended the challenge against the 1st Missouri.

The command was given charge of Bowling Green and furnished guards and patrols to keep the town cleared of stragglers and night prowlers. The daily guard mounting at General Johnston's headquarters was the great attraction of the place. This duty lasted until the 12th of February, 1862, when Bowling Green was abandoned. The rest of the army had been withdrawn some days before this, but the 1st Missouri had been left in charge to see that all the public property was safely placed in the cars and wagon trains and under way for Nashville.

The line of march was taken up for the last-named place, where we arrived after a week's travel. During the last day of our journey we heard of the battle of Fort Donelson. First the news was that the enemy had been badly defeated and that he was flying in hot haste for Paducah. The next morning the news was just the reverse of this, and our army was doing the flying. A few hours later we marched across the suspension bridge and entered the city.

The battle of Fort Donelson had been fought, most of our troops had been captured, and those who escaped (of whom there were several thousand) were for the most part a demoralized band of fugitives. The railroad depots were crowded with wounded. The citizens were panic-stricken; many were about the depots seeking opportunity for flight, and between panic-stricken people and ungoverned fugitive soldiers the wounded suffered greatly. The most demoralized of the soldiers were demanding food and liquor, taking possession of the railroad cars, and having things their own way generally. That was the condition of affairs when we arrived. General Johnston then ordered our regiment to restore order.

It required but the announcement that the 1st Missouri had been ordered to clear the city. A great many of those characters who bring disgrace on an army had felt the treatment this regiment knew so well how to administer, and, remembering how quiet and orderly Bowling Green was kept, left very suddenly, and the roads leading southward were soon black with the crowds of fugitives and stragglers seeking their

commands, which had left several days previous for Murfreesboro. In one day order was restored; and despite the fact that our troops were falling back before the enemy, the citizens felt that they had been delivered from an awful danger, as they feared the city would be fired and ransacked by the stragglers and fugitives.

The week the regiment remained was one of hard work and care, little or no rest of any kind, as boats and cars had to be loaded with supplies of all kinds and the wounded cared for and sent off in the direction of Murfreesboro. At last the task was over. In this we were ably assisted by Morgan's Cavalry and Capt. Basil Duke, of this command, formerly a resident of St. Louis and a captain in the 2d Missouri, captured at Camp Jackson.

The last order was issued, "Destroy the bridges!" and the writer was placed in charge of this detail. Axes were procured, and the wire cables of the suspension bridge were cut, and it fell into the Cumberland River with a roar and a crash that sounded to us like a hideous cry that we were leaving the city to the enemy. The railroad bridge was fired at the same time and destroyed, Lieut. David Walker, of Company A, in charge of the work. Almost immediately after this several boats and warehouses at the landing were set on fire, and this dreadful destruction was continued during the entire night. When daylight came the regiment was drawn up in the public square, and a few moments later we marched away, sad at heart on leaving the hospitable citizens of Nashville, to rejoin our brigade at Murfreesboro.

General Bowen and Colonel Rich were complimented by General Johnston, and the regiment was kindly remembered for its successful and difficult task.

During this service Generals Pillow and Floyd, who escaped from Fort Donelson, were frequently at our headquarters in the courthouse with our colonel. They commended his actions and often spoke in praise of the discipline and activity of his men in the arduous work they were doing, and especially praised the fearlessness of their vigorous manner of handling the stragglers, and this without killing or injuring any of them.

The railroad managers, who were helpless before our arrival, were well pleased with the regiment. Fortunately for them, quite a number of the regiment were railroad men, and with their help the trains were soon running on fairly good time, considering the deplorable condition of affairs.

Two years later we had a like experience when we were left to bring up the rear when Atlanta was left to General Sherman, but that's another story.

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MANUFACTURED ARMS FOR THE CONFEDERACY.—In response to an inquiry in the VETERAN some time ago for the names of some manufacturers of arms for the Confederate army, J. P. Smith wrote from Raphine, Va.: "An uncle of mine, Edward N. Spiller, ran a factory at Atlanta, Ga., and made revolvers for our army. The gun was very similar to the Colt navy revolver then in use, except that it was brass mounted. It was a splendid gun. E. N. Spiller was a Virginian, but was in Baltimore in business as a commission merchant when the war began, and, being a red-hot Southern man, he could not stay there. He came to my father's home, then went to Richmond, and soon after to Atlanta, Ga., and started the gun factory. I don't know how long he was there or whether he made any other gun except the revolver, but I think he continued the factory until old Sherman interfered. My uncle was over age for service in the army and a frail man."

## "THE CAPTIVES OF ABB'S VALLEY."

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

Some three hundred years ago a large portion of Ulster County, Ireland, became open to colonization by the simple expedient of convicting the landowners of high treason and bestowing their property upon new settlers who came from Scotland and England. Thus was formed the unique race of the Scotch-Irish, and thus were laid the foundations of Londonderry. But when William and Mary were securely seated upon the throne of England, the men of Ulster found themselves in little better plight than their Irish neighbors who had fought for James II. America was then becoming the land of hope to all who sought freedom to worship God according to their own conscience. Puritans, Quakers, Roman Catholics, and Episcopalians had settled the Atlantic seaboard, so the Scotch-Irish had to go inland and follow the mountains, for one peculiarity of the seekers after religious freedom was that they sought it only for their own creed. So the hardy Scotch-Irish went to Western Pennsylvania and thence drifted along the great Appalachian Highlands toward Virginia.

Now, the Old Dominion was the most loyal and High Church of all the colonies. Sir Walter Raleigh had named it for the Virgin Queen, and the map sounded like a family Bible of Stuart and Manover-Brunswick royalty. Only a member of the Church of England or of no Church whatever could hold office in the colony, and the political dead line halted the Scotch-Irish. But, fortunately, just then the Indians went on the war path, collecting scalps with their usual zeal and discouraging the sale of real estate west of James River. William Gooch was then royal Governor, and he had a happy thought: "Why not pit the Presbyterians against the savages?" Reflection convinced him that this was the solution of at least one problem. If the Dissenters won, his frontier was safe; if they lost, there would be fewer Nonconformists; and, remembering Londonderry, he thought it likely the population of Indian braves would be considerably reduced in the struggle. So the Scotch-Irish were given permission to settle in the Valley of Virginia with religious toleration, and in return they were to be a human barrier between the savage and the orthodox part of the Old Dominion. That they accepted these terms shows the metal of these men. They were, in truth, the hardest and most intrepid pioneers who ever conquered the wilderness, and their women matched them in courage and fortitude. But the price they paid was oftentimes with their hearts' blood, and the massacre in Abb's Valley was one of the tragedies of that era.

The Moore family sailed from Ireland in 1726 and settled in what was then Augusta County, Va., the Mississippi River being the western county line. James Moore, one of the ten children of the original emigrant, married Martha Poage and had nine children. Their home was near the Natural Bridge, now Rockbridge County. About that time the valleys beyond the Blue Ridge attracted the boldest of the Augusta pioneers. Many of them had taken possession of the splendid domain which Spotswood and the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe beheld afar off. It was a land of wonderful fertility, abounding in game of all kinds, and, best of all, it was well adapted to raising live stock, being abundantly watered and covered with blue grass wherever the forest was cleared. The location chosen by James Moore is in a beautiful and picturesque part of what is now Tazewell County, not many miles from the famous Pocahontas coal fields. After building a double log

cabin and clearing some land, he moved his family there in 1775. It is easy to imagine the journey, crossing New River by ferry, stopping each night at some house near the road, for hospitality was the unwritten law of the backwoods. The names of the settlers were like a roll call of the clans, with here and there a Huguenot Crocketaigne, shortened to Crockett. They dressed in homespun woven from the wool of their sheep; they were brave, industrious, self-reliant, and, like all mountaineers, lovers of liberty. The daylight-saving law was then unnecessary, for all rose at dawn, and the tallow dip was not conducive to late hours.

The Moores journeyed through the early autumn, when Southwest Virginia is a veritable fairyland of beauty. The valley to which they were bound derived its name from Absalom Looney, said to have been the first white man who explored the solitude of that region. The Indians soon discovered the Tazewell settlement and made hostile demonstrations, but James Moore was not terrified. The Revolution began not long after he was established, and he took part in the battle of Guilford Courthouse. Returning to his mountain home, he was prospering greatly, farming and grazing horses and cattle. In 1784 his son James disappeared. It was soon evident that he had been carried off by the Shawnees. In fact, he had been captured by Chief Black Wolf himself. Early in July, 1786, a war party, led by this same chief, crossed over the headwaters of Clinch River and murdered Mr. and Mrs. Davison. On the 14th of July they attacked the Moore home. It was harvest time, and two men were at work in the fields. They escaped and gave the alarm. James Moore was salting his horses. He too could have saved himself, but his first thought was for his dear ones. He was shot as he ran toward the house. Three children were shot dead near the spring. A man in the house was mortally wounded. The family was now reduced to Mrs. Moore; her daughter Jane, a girl of sixteen; John, who was feeble-bodied; Mary, nine years old; Baby Margaret; and Martha Ivans, who seems to have been a seamstress and general helper in the household.

Meanwhile two fierce dogs were defending the door. The Indians were cutting at it and threatening fire. Soon the dogs were shot. Martha was hiding, so was Mary with little Margaret, but the crying of the child made concealment impossible, so she joined her mother; and after kneeling in prayer with her children Mrs. Moore rose and unbarred the door. Satiated with blood, the Shawnees spared them. They plundered the place, taking what they wished and setting fire to the house. Among the horses was a splendid black horse, Yorick, that only James Moore could ride. One of the Shawnees tried to mount Yorick, who bit him and injured him severely; two other Indians were also hurt. Then a large Indian, supposed to be the redoubtable Black Wolf himself, attempted to mount Yorick. In a moment he was pawed to death, and then Yorick was killed by the Indians.

Many years after that fatal July day in a field near the barn a large skeleton was plowed up, supposed to be what was left of Black Wolf, who perished so miserably in the hour of his triumph.

Meanwhile Martha Ivans had been found and, with Mrs. Moore and the four children, was hurrying westward with the Indians. Sad must have been the thoughts of the captives. One son was in Rockbridge, James (if alive) was with the Indians somewhere, John was killed because he could not keep up with the march, and Baby Margaret was snatched from her mother's arms and dashed against a tree because she cried. Silently the broken-hearted mother saw the little



body tossed away in the forest. After twenty days they reached the Scioto, and there the Indians showed Mrs. Moore some hieroglyphics representing three Indians and a white boy, telling her that that was her son. Reaching the Indian villages in Ohio, Mrs. Moore and her two daughters were kindly treated and no doubt hoped to be ransomed and returned to their friends. But all this was changed by the arrival of a band of Cherokee warriors, who were returning from an unsuccessful foray into Pennsylvania. Finding Mrs. Moore and her daughter Jane at an Indian village, they condemned them to death at the stake by fire and torture. For three days mother and daughter bore their sufferings with fortitude, Mrs. Moore comforting Jane with verses from the Bible. Finally one old squaw, more merciful than the rest, ended Mrs. Moore's sufferings with a blow from a hatchet.

Mary Moore and Martha Ivans were now alone with the Shawnees. As she left home on the dreadful morning of July 14 Mary had snatched up two New Testaments. One of them the Indians took from her, the other she kept and often read aloud from it to a friendly old chief, who called it the book that could speak. Winter brought cold and hardship to the villages. Also the Indians would get drunk and threaten to kill Martha and Mary, but always they were warned and would hide in the woods until the trouble was over. The black-eyed, golden-haired Mary was a great favorite with them.

In 1788 an expedition was fitted out in Virginia to punish the Shawnees. The villages on the Scioto were destroyed; and coming back to them after the soldiers had left, the Indians found only smoking ruins. With no supplies for the winter, they decided to go to Detroit. The difficulties of the journey in the snow and cold were very great, and upon reaching Detroit Mary was sold for a half gallon of rum to a man named Stogwell, who took her to his home on Lake Erie and was neither so kind nor so humane as the savages. Dark indeed seemed her future, when suddenly the promise of a covenant-keeping God was fulfilled. James Moore, after many dangers in the perilous journey with Black Wolf, was finally sold to a French trader, Baptiste Ariome, who bought him because of a fancied resemblance to one of his own sons, and treated him with great kindness. In captivity James Moore had also found comfort in prayer and had learned to trust his Heavenly Father and to wait patiently upon him. On a trading expedition he heard of the fate that had overtaken his family and also heard that Mary had been sold to Stogwell. In the spring of 1787 he visited her, but was unable to get her released by Stogwell, who agreed, however, that if an opportunity occurred for her to go home he would give her up.

In the meantime Martha Ivans had found a place with kind people, and in the fall of 1789 her brother, Thomas Ivans, was sent out by the Moore family to locate the captives and bring them home. They started back joyfully to Virginia, and after many vicissitudes they arrived at Pittsburgh, where they were delayed for some weeks. Finally they reached Rockbridge and were welcomed by loving relatives, who did all in their power to comfort the young captives. In due time James returned to Tazewell, rebuilt the home, and was noted for his piety and integrity. Many generations of his descendants lived in Tazewell. Mary was twelve years old when she returned from Detroit. She grew up into beautiful young womanhood and married the Rev. Samuel Brown, pastor of New Providence Church, in Rockbridge. The sudden death of her husband left her with ten children, the youngest only an infant. She had only moderate means, but she educated them all, and five of her sons became ministers in the Presbyterian

Church. She died greatly beloved, leaving an influence for good which cannot be estimated.

Long before she went to her reward the Scotch-Irish had proved their worth as soldiers and patriots, and Patrick Henry had uttered the supreme cry of their race: "Give me liberty, or give me death." They turned the tide at King's Mountain in the darkest hour of the Revolution, and many years afterwards, when Mary Moore was only a memory, a younger generation marched through the valley she loved and fought under the greatest soldier of their blood, Stonewall Jackson.

#### INITIATING A CONSCRIPT.

BY DR. L. A. WAILES, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

On one of those rare occasions which, like a school holiday or a summer picnic of boyhood days, dwells in the memory of an old soldier of Company A, — Regiment of Cavalry, after one of those strenuous raids around the enemy's rear—every day a skirmish, every night a retreat, or, to put it in a milder form, a "get-away" to a more advantageous position for further action—found itself lounging care-free more to rest and recuperate our jaded and half-famished horses than for the men, but every one enjoying himself in the camp indulgences, which need not be named to any old soldier who has ever been there. But the camp was aroused from its lethargic *dolce far niente* state by the approach of a horseman closely scrutinizing each group in passing, inquiring: "Is this Company So and So? Where is mess So and So?" He was a man of good physique and apparent health and still young enough to have been of the first recruits, but just now making a virtue of necessity and volunteering. He was well mounted, his horse being conspicuously caparisoned with fresh and gaudy housing, even to the addition of a tinsel brow band on his bridle. His own equipment, dress—O my!

First attraction, hat and boots—a black slouch hat, selected doubtless for its extensive width of brim and looped up in three divisions, simulating the old Continental cocked hat, and decked with a most elaborate ostrich plume, doubtless contributed to his equipment by some lady friend; his boots made of home-tanned leather and reaching to the middle of his thighs; his coat and pants as near the Confederate gray as the remnants of the neighborhood country store could produce and trimmed with all the yellow flannel procurable, stitched on in straps, strips, and chevrons—on collar, sleeves, and legs, according as one would suppose the taste or ignorance of his lady friends and tailoresses, regardless of their significance or designation.

Having finally located Company A, he rode up. As soon as he was near enough to be recognized one of our kids—we had several in our company who had run away to join brother, cousin, or some boyhood comrade in our ranks—threw a backward somersault, kicked up his heels, and yelled out: "Boys, we are whipped! It's no use talking, we are whipped! Men are getting so scarce that they are digging up the old Continentals to fill the ranks."

By this time the new arrival was surrounded by the curious from every direction. Then the fun began. "Come out of them boots! We know you are in there." Another sang out: "O, where did you get that hat? What did you bring that dusting brush [plume] for? No use for it here, and they might need it at home." Another one said, "O, he's going to brush up the Yankees with that"; while another volunteered: "Well, I reckon it will do to brush up all he'll kill." One who had approached close to the recruit now called out: "Lor', boys, if he ain't got on a b'iled shirt!"

Thus was initiated our first conscript recruit.

## IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1863.

*Germans in United States Army.*—Gen. M. Corcoran, U. S. A., said of the skirmish at Sangster's Station, Va., in December: "The commander of the expedition reports that he could have captured a large number of the enemy, but the most efficient officer with the squadron could not make himself understood by the men from the fact that he did not speak German, and they could not understand commands given in English."

*Flying Light.*—Gen. J. E. B. Stuart reported on September 7: "I organized a party of twelve men to go within the enemy's camps at New Baltimore and endeavor to capture General Bartlett. They succeeded in getting possession of his headquarters at one o'clock at night, but the general had made a precipitate flight in his nether garments."

*Lee Sees the Finish.*—On June 10 General Lee wrote President Davis: "Conceding to our enemies the superiority claimed by them in numbers and resources, we have no right to look for these exemptions from the military consequences of a vigorous use of these advantages, excepting by such deliverance as the mercy of Heaven may accord to the courage of our soldiers, the justice of our cause, and the constancy and prayers of our people. We should not, therefore, conceal from ourselves that our resources in men are constantly diminishing, and the disproportion in this respect between us and our enemies, if they continue united in their efforts to subjugate us, is steadily augmenting." He saw the finish, but made a masterly effort to stave it off.

*Badly Treated.*—Col. B. J. Hill, 35th Tennessee (Confederate), in his Chickamauga report, said: "The general had not passed me more than two hundred yards to our right when the battery did open; but instead of reaching the enemy they threw their missiles into my command, which was very annoying. I immediately galloped back and soon had the firing stopped. A cavalry force here also fired upon us through mistake, but, fortunately, did us little damage. During the progress of the battle, my negro boy having failed to bring up my sword, I took a pole or club and with this drove up officers and men who were shielding themselves behind trees after their ammunition had given out." After the artillery and cavalry had both taken a shy at him, I am not surprised at his being exasperated enough to use anything on skulkers.

*Some More Self-Made Orders.*—Colonel Hill, 35th Tennessee, the man with the pole, said: "I sent an officer to the regiment on my left with instructions to move his command forward, which he did for a short distance and halted. I then went to him myself and told him to advance; that victory was in our grasp. He replied that he was awaiting orders from his brigade commander. I told him that he could retire without orders and he could advance without orders and that I would take the responsibility."

*Panic-Stricken Troops.*—Col. G. B. Hodge, C. S. A., reported that on October 4, near Shelbyville, Tenn., "when I reached the road I found Scott's Brigade drawn out in marching order. I was in the act of passing when I was informed that the enemy were advancing and was ordered to send a regiment to stop and drive them back. Within thirty minutes a courier reached me asking for reinforcements and was proceeding back with my command at a gallop when ahead of me I encountered the whole of Scott's Brigade

crowded in frightful and horrible confusion, wild and frantic with panic, choking the entire road and bearing down upon me at racing speed. It was too late to clear the road. They rode over my command like madmen, some of them stopping only, as I am informed, when they reached the Tennessee." Major Eastman, 2d Wisconsin Cavalry, said: "I had a lively chase on yesterday and a lively and lovely fight, ending by running the Rebels to Port Gibson. Returning over the six miles of road fought over at Tam O'Shanter speed, I found the track strewn with dead and wounded men and horses, cartridge boxes, arms, saddlebags, blankets, hats, coats, and, in fact, everything that could be lost off or cast off or kicked off." Both sides could run all right if necessary or when a panic struck them.

*Women in a Warm Corner.*—Col. Watt W. Floyd, 17th Tennessee (Confederate), in his Chickamauga report, says: "Permit me to digress a little from the main subject to relate one of the most touching incidents that I ever witnessed. At the Videto house four very nice-looking ladies were lying in a little hole under the kitchen floor, where they had been ever since the fight commenced on Saturday, and just as we passed the house they saw us and exclaimed: 'The Rebels have the field!' They then threw off the planks that covered them, rushed out of the house, and came bounding toward us and shouting as I have never seen women shout before. The tear of joyful sympathy started from many a soldier's eye, and you might have read in their countenances: 'We will save you or die.' Don't tell me anything more about the 'weaker' sex. Would a strong man have stayed there? No, sir; he would have 'gone yonder' at the first pop of a cap.

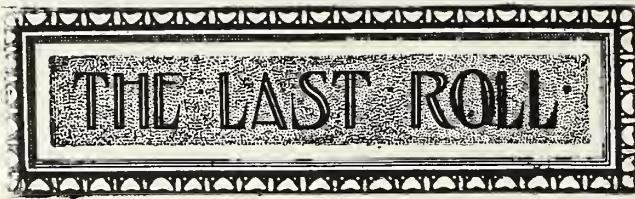
*Lee's Opinion on Being Sent to Tennessee.*—President Davis, after the battles around Chattanooga, realizing that another commander was needed in that department, took under consideration the matter of sending General Lee. He wrote General Lee on the subject, and this is the answer he got: "I have had the honor to receive your dispatch inquiring whether I could go to Dalton. I can if desired, but of the expediency of the measure you can judge better than I. I only seek to give you the opportunity to form your opinion after a full consideration of the subject. I have not the confidence either in my strength or ability as would lead me of my own opinion to undertake the command in question." He had shaped up the subordinates he would have in that 'Southern' army and knew where he would be of most service to the Confederacy.

*Headed Home.*—On December 2 Mr. Stanton wrote "Beast" Butler this significant message: "Meade is on the back track again without a fight." Certainly he was satisfied with his Gettysburg laurels.

*Stopping Desertions.*—A deserter from the 9th Mississippi told the Yankees: "There is great dissatisfaction among the Mississippi troops, and at any favorable moment they will leave the army. They are told that if they desert to the Federals they are put immediately in the front rank and made to fight, and this has prevented many desertions." I judge it would; for if there was anything one of these creatures didn't want to do, it was to fight.

*Deserters.*—General Negley, U. S. A., said: "A deserter, an intelligent and seemingly honest man, states that he deserted (this being the third time) from the 4th Georgia two days since, but he had no information of any importance." A deserter and an honest man! God save the mark! This reminds me of the man who, on seeing inscribed on a tombstone, "Here lies John Smith, a lawyer and an honest man," said: "Twins, but it is strange that they are both named John."





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"For sometimes, through the bars, my ravished eyes  
Have caught brief glimpses of a life divine  
And seen afar mysterious rapture rise  
Beyond the vale that guards the inmost shrine."

HON. THOMAS S. MARTIN.

Tribute to the late Senator Martin, of Virginia, in the following general order of A. P. Hill Camp, Confederate Veterans, of which Senator Martin was a member:

"HEADQUARTERS A. P. HILL CAMP, C. V.,  
PETERSBURG, November 13, 1919.

"GENERAL ORDER NO. 20.

"It is with profound sorrow that the Commander officially announces to this Camp that one of its members, Comrade Thomas Staples Martin, died in Charlottesville yesterday.

"As a mere boy of sixteen he served his State and the Confederacy on the firing line as a cadet of the Virginia Military Institute.

"In more mature years he served the same State and the whole country in the higher branch of the national legislative body with such eminent fitness that he easily became the recognized leader of the administration majority in the Senate chamber.

"His distinguished ability is to-day known to the whole world. No word of ours can enhance his high renown, nor can we add one feather to the knightly plume that marks his exalted rank among his peers. We simply ask to be allowed to lay this sincere tribute at the foot of the towering monument to his merit and to mingle our tears with those of his loved ones beside his new-made grave.

"We are the last of the rear guard of that army that risked all for the cause that was strong with the strength of truth and immortal with the immortality of right.

"He has left these meager platoons to join our full battalions on Fame's eternal camping ground and to take the conspicuous place reserved for him in the front rank of the line of the immortals. J. WALTER BURNET, *Commander.*"

A. I. PULLEY.

The loss of another member is reported by W. P. Brown, Adjutant of Marion Cogbill Camp, No. 1316, U. C. V., of Wynne, Ark., in the following:

"Death has again invaded our Camp and taken Comrade A. I. Pulley, one of our most devoted members. He enlisted in Company B, 5th Arkansas Regiment, under Gen. E. Kirby Smith, Trans-Mississippi Department, C. S. A.

"Comrade Pulley was born in 1843, and his parents removed to Arkansas when he was very young. He was a member of the Baptist Church and active in all of its work, which he loved. He had been twice married, but his wives and children had all passed on before him.

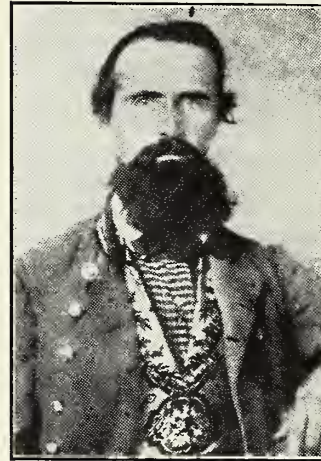
"In the death of this comrade the Camp has lost a faithful member, ever ready to respond to any call of the Camp or his comrades. He is now at rest with those who passed before him to the heavenly shore."

DR. HUGH WILLIAM CAFFEY.

Dr. H. W. Caffey died at his home, in Verbena, Chilton County, Ala., on October 15, 1919, aged eighty-six years.

He was the oldest child of Hugh Patrick and Jane Caroline (Dunklin) Caffey and was born near Lowndesboro, Lowndes County, Ala., on February 20, 1833. His father removed to Montgomery in 1836, and on his death, in 1847, the family went to Collirene, in Lowndes County, where Hugh Caffey

grew to manhood. At eighteen years of age he united with the Bethany Baptist Church, and during the years since he had held important connections with his Church, of which he was ordained deacon in 1859. He graduated in medicine at Charleston, S. C., in 1855, and in January, 1856, he was married to Miss Jerusha May Rives, daughter of Green Rives, of Collirene. His wife died in September, 1861, leaving a son and two daughters. On April 18, 1862, Dr. Caffey enlisted as a private in Company G, 44th



DR. H. W. CAFFEY.

Alabama Infantry, Capt. Thomas C. Daniel, with Col. James G. Kent in command of the regiment, which was sent immediately to Virginia. Dr. Caffey was then detailed to work in the hospital at Drewry's Bluff, and when his regiment went to Maryland he was sent with the sick to Richmond, where in the fall of 1862 he was promoted to assistant surgeon with the rank of captain. Failing to get approval of his request to be assigned to service with his regiment, he served until the end of the war in the surgeon-general's department and was paroled at Salisbury, N. C., after the surrender of Joseph E. Johnston's army.

Returning home, Dr. Caffey took up the practice of his profession and the management of his farm. His second wife, who survives him, was Miss Alabama Gordon, a daughter of Maj. Francis Gordon, of Gordonsville, Ala. They were married October 25, 1865, and to them were born three sons and one daughter, all living. He was county superintendent of education of Lowndes County from 1868 to 1871; Worshipful Master of Masonic Lodge, 1870; Chairman Lowndes County Democratic Executive Committee, 1872 to 1875; Judge of Probate and County Court Lowndes County, 1880 to 1886.

Removing to Verbena, Ala., in December, 1886, Dr. Caffey united with the Baptist Church there and was made deacon. In late years he had been a member of the Chilton County Board of Revenue, Chairman of the County Confederate Pension Board, and a member of the Board of Control of the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Mountain Creek, Ala., and he was also justice of the peace of Chilton County for ten years. There was no U. C. V. Camp convenient for him to join, but Dr. Caffey was always ready and willing to help his old com-

rades or their widows and orphans, and many of them owe their pensions to his work in getting up their records. Next to his Church, there was nothing he enjoyed more than being with the "boys of the sixties."

DR. M. D. STERRETT.

At the age of seventy-nine years Dr. Major Dowell Sterrett died at his home, at Grand Bluff, Tex., on October 24, 1919. He was born in Shelby County, Ala., the son of Judge A. A. Sterrett, and was educated at the University of Virginia, graduating in 1859. He later studied medicine and graduated from the Atlanta Medical College in 1866.

At the outbreak of the War between the States Dr. Sterrett enlisted as a private at Selma, Ala., and at Yorktown, Va., in 1862, he was elected first lieutenant; at Gaines's Mill he was promoted to captain. He was wounded in the battle of Antietam, by which he lost his right leg. On recovering he was transferred to the Fourth Congressional District of Alabama and made quartermaster, and as such he served to the close of the war. After the war he was commissioned by Governor Parsons, of Alabama, to reorganize the militia of North Alabama and given the title of colonel.

Dr. Sterrett went to Texas in 1866 and settled at Grand Bluff, in Panola County. He was married at Marshall in 1870 to Miss S. Julia Vawter, daughter of Col. A. L. Vawter, and to them were born six daughters and a son. Three daughters survive him, also an adopted son.

Dr. Sterrett was raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason in 1861, and ever lived the principles of the order, exemplifying them in his everyday life and dealings with his fellow man. He was also an Odd Fellow, faithful to its tenets. Early in life he became a Christian, uniting with the Baptist Church. As a man he was kind and gentle, giving a word of good cheer wherever he went; as a physician none was more successful than he; to his friends he was true, ever thoughtful and kind. He will be long remembered and his name revered.

JAMES T. HENDERSON.

James T. Henderson was born near Elkton, Tenn., on September 14, 1835, and died at Elkton Springs on July 30, 1919. He located in Jackson County, Ark., in 1860, but served with the troops of his native State for the Confederacy, being a member of Company G, 3d Tennessee Regiment.

After the war James Henderson returned to his home in Arkansas and became one of the big planters of Jackson County. For years he lived at Auvergne, in that county. He was married to Miss Amanda Laird in May, 1860, and she survives him, still making her home on the large farm near Newport.

Comrade Henderson was a great Churchman, faithful in attendance, and always in line with its advancement. He was an appreciated member of Camp Tom Hindman, U. C. V., of Newport, and his passing was a great loss to his comrades of the Camp and to the community, of which he was a progressive

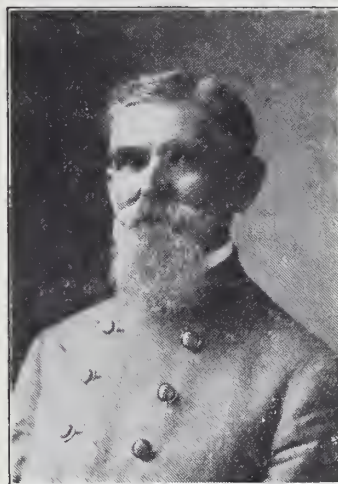
citizen. He had been an invalid for two years, and his faithful wife was his nurse and companion to the end.

COL. E. E. TANSIL.

Col. E. E. Tansil, prominent citizen of Dresden, Tenn., answered to the last roll call on June 9, 1919. Thus is recorded another invasion in the ranks of our noble Confederate veterans. "By reason of strength" he had passed the eightieth milestone, but had been a sufferer for months before the end. His immediate ancestors were pioneer settlers in Weakley County, West Tennessee, and among its distinguished citizens.

Colonel Tansil had just graduated from the law school at

Lebanon, Tenn., when the War between the States came on. He was among the first to enlist in Weakley County, and in the organization of the first company he was elected captain and went into the regiment commanded by Colonel Bradford. Upon the reorganization of the 31st Tennessee Regiment he was promoted to colonel. As gallant an officer as ever wore the gray, cool and courageous, ever in the forefront in light skirmish or fierce conflict, he proved his leadership and inspired his men to deeds of daring and heroism.



COL. E. E. TANSIL.

After the surrender Colonel Tansil returned home and intelligently set about helping to rebuild the devastated country and bringing order into the demoralized state of affairs. Of attractive personality and mental culture above the ordinary, his genial disposition and Christian bearing won and held a host of admiring friends, and he became a prominent factor in every movement for the uplift and betterment of social conditions. For some time he served efficiently as United States deputy marshal and later as county court clerk of Weakley County. He was a loyal and devout member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

In the meridian of life Colonel Tansil was married to Miss Jackie Bell, daughter of Dr. P. B. Bell, of Dresden, Tenn., and to them were born three sons and two daughters, who survive him. In the domestic circle his graces and virtues were rare and beautiful.

After the funeral services he was laid to rest in the Dresden Cemetery by his brother Masons, attended by a large number of sorrowing friends.

[D. C. Johnson.]

P. S. GOCHNANER.

At the age of seventy-eight years P. S. Gochnaner passed away at his home, at Upperville, Va., on October 16, 1919. He was a soldier of the 8th Virginia Regiment, Pickett's Brigade, and as orderly sergeant he participated in the first and second battles of Manassas and Frazier's Farm, where he was badly wounded, losing his right arm at the shoulder and having his left leg terribly mangled. It was only by the constant care of a devoted aunt that his life was saved. But he recovered and later on married Miss Kate Frazier, whom he had known from childhood. By strict attention to business he was successful in acquiring a competency.



JAMES T. HENDERSON.



Comrade Gochner was a consistent member of the Baptist Church, with which he had united when only seventeen years old. He passed away mourned by his family and regretted by his large circle of friends.

COL. B. L. FARINHOLT.

On the morning of December 24, 1919, Col. B. L. Farinholt died at his home, in West Point, Va., after a short illness.

Colonel Farinholt was born near Yorktown, Va., May 26, 1839, and at the age of twenty-one married Miss Lelia M. Farinholt, a cousin. In 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate army and served four years with Pickett's men in Armistead's Brigade, taking part in the battles of Seven Pines, Suffolk, Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, and Gettysburg. During this time he received several promotions, finally being made colonel of his regiment at Staunton River Bridge. On receiving his report of the engagement at this place General Lee wrote to him on July 16, 1864, thanking him for the skill and conduct with which he had executed the charge committed to him and saying: "Please express my thanks to the men and officers for the gallantry and determination with which they repelled every assault of the enemy."

Wounded in the battle of Gettysburg, Colonel Farinholt was sent as a prisoner to Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, from which place he escaped after nine months of hard life and rejoined his command in Virginia. He also had a taste of prison life at Forts McHenry and Delaware. He was a member of the Lawson-Ball Camp of Confederate Veterans, at West Point.

After the war he was actively engaged in mercantile business in Tidewater, Va. In 1884 he moved his family to Baltimore, where he lived for a number of years, though still conducting his business in Virginia. He finally moved back to Virginia and made his home in West Point. Having given up his business, he spent much time in reading and writing and was actively interested in all the affairs of his country, and especially of Virginia. He and his wife celebrated the fifty-ninth anniversary of their marriage on October 24, 1919.

Colonel Farinholt is survived by his wife, five daughters, and seven grandchildren.

He was laid to rest in the old family burying ground in New Kent County with the loved ones who had passed on before.

JOSEPH H. ROBB.

Joseph H. Robb crossed over the river of death to answer "Present" to the roll call of Confederate soldiers.

He was born March 27, 1842, in Washington County, Miss., and was educated at Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky. In October, 1862, he enlisted in Company D, 2d Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A., then commanded by Col. (afterwards Gen.) John H. Morgan. He was in the Indiana-Ohio raid, was captured with what remained of General Morgan's command, and was held as a prisoner at Camp Douglas for eighteen months. He was then exchanged and rejoined his old regiment. In May, 1865, he surrendered at Washington, Ga.

Returning to his old Mississippi home, he was a planter until 1887, when he moved to Greenville, where he died on October 24, 1919. He served his county as deputy sheriff, assessor, and notary public, and was postmaster at Greenville for one full term and was on his second at the time of his death. He was Adjutant of W. A. Percy Camp of Confederate Veterans from its organization and for many years kept up the dues of indigent members.

One more tribute to this brave, good man. From 1866 to 1875 the whole South was afflicted with the carpetbag govern-

ment. Comrade Robb bore his share in driving them out in 1875. He responded to every call made upon him by his country as a soldier and an officer of the county and of the Federal government. Peace to his ashes!

[W. A. Everman.]

COL. DAVID A. BROWN.

Who that ever knew Col. David A. Brown, the epitome of unselfishness, can ever forget him—his stalwart, soldierly frame, his hearty handshake, his kindly grasp, and his warm greeting? These memories are a legacy which those who knew him best and loved him most will ever delight to recall. Truly, as was said of another, "he loved his fellow man." Of this he gave ample proof and in many ways during the course of a long and useful life both as Quartermaster of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, C. V., of Richmond, Va., to which he was devotedly attached and which he served long and faithfully, and also as Quartermaster General of the Virginia Division of the United Confederate Veterans. To his warm heart and thoughtful care many of the old soldiers at the numerous reunions which he attended and at the Home here in Richmond owed many of the comforts they received without knowing whence they came.

The record of a faithful Confederate soldier is always interesting, especially to his old comrades. In the spring of 1862, like many other Confederate boys, fired with a patriotic desire to drive the ruthless invading hosts of a common enemy from our homes and firesides, David Andrew Brown, though under military age, joined Capt. W. W. Parker's Battery of Virginia Light Artillery, A. N. V., the "Boy Company," as it was called, of which his brother, Gen. J. Thompson Brown, was then a lieutenant and which he commanded



COL. DAVID A. BROWN.

at the close of the war. David Brown bore a creditable part in all the succeeding campaigns of those three eventful years down to Appomattox, a faithful recital of which is enough to make angels weep.

He was in seventeen battles and was twice wounded and twice captured, the last time only three days before and almost, as it were, in sight of the final surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was kept in prison for some months after the close of the war. On his return to his home in Richmond he did much to assist in restoring and rebuilding the fallen fortunes of our common country.

This is not the time nor place to speak more extendedly of the many activities of his busy and useful life. He will be sadly missed by his old comrades and friends at their annual Reunions and elsewhere. He has gone to the reward that awaits the faithful, the true, and the brave. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well "in the land where we were dreaming." Friend and comrade of many years, farewell. May the clouds of the valley rest lightly upon your grave, and may we meet again in "that goodly land that is beyond the Jordan" (of death)!

"As a shell that is torn from the sea  
Forever and ever sings on  
Of the waters, wherever they be,  
Though multiplied ages be gone,  
So deep in our spirits abide  
The sounds of each cherished refrain;  
The minstrel may pass from our side,  
Yet the song that he sang will remain."

[P. J. White.]

## JACOB V. WILMOTH.

Jacob V. Wilmoth died at the home of his son, near Belington, W. Va., on December 16, 1919. He was born March 31, 1845, the son of Samuel and Jemima Taylor Wilmoth. His uncle, the Hon. John Taylor, represented Randolph County in the Virginia General Assembly before the division of the State and in the seventies represented his county in the legislature.

Jacob Wilmoth spent his early days on the farm, caring for his mother and sister. In the second year of the war he cast his lot with the Southern Confederacy, joining the company under his cousin, Capt. Haymond Taylor, of the 18th Virginia Regiment, Imboden's command, with which he served to the end. Captain Taylor was killed at Winchester in September, 1864, and his brother, Elam Taylor, who was first lieutenant, commanded the company during the rest of the war.

After the war closed Comrade Wilmoth returned home and in 1870 was married to Miss Anne Eliza Johnson. To them were born a son and a daughter. By hard work and the inspiration of a helpful wife he had accumulated a good portion of worldly goods and made for his family a comfortable and happy home. More than forty years ago he became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and ever lived a faithful follower of his Master.

Some years ago Comrade Wilmoth had made for himself a handsome suit of Confederate gray, which he wore when attending Confederate Reunions, and he was laid to rest in his beloved gray. His wife died in 1906; his children survive him.

[W. S. Lang.]

## COMRADES AT HAMPTON, VA.

Joseph R. Haw, Adjutant of R. E. Lee Camp of Hampton, Va., reports the death of the following members:

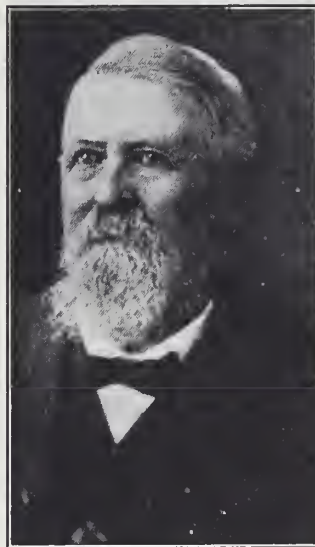
Lieut. M. F. Burke, of the 8th Louisiana Artillery, a courier for Gens. T. J. Jackson and Ewell, died November 16.

F. W. Ford, member of the Fayette Artillery of Richmond, A. N. V., died November 19.

Joseph Chenoweth, a member of Sterling Price Camp of Dallas, Tex., died at Hampton on the 20th of November.

## CAPT. JOSEPH B. VANMETRE.

After a few days' illness and severe suffering, Capt. Joseph B. VanMetre died on September 19, 1919, at his home, near Shepherdstown, W. Va. Another loyal and devoted Southern veteran has passed away. He was born February 8, 1840, near Martinsburg, W. Va. In 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate army and served in Company F, 1st Virginia Cavalry, under Capt. M. J. Billmyer, until the close of the war. He then returned to his home and for many years devoted himself entirely to his large land interests. Later he removed to Shepherdstown, in Jefferson County, and resided there until his death.



CAPT. J. B. VAN METRE.

Although retiring from the farm, he was active in other business enterprises. He was a charter member and director of the Citizens' National Bank of Martinsburg, also a charter member and President of the Shepherdstown Farmers' Bank, in which capacity he served to the end. His integrity, genial manner, and uprightness won the respect and confidence of all with whom he came in contact.

He was an exemplary and public-spirited man, ever ready with heart and hand to help his fellow men. All who knew him were his friends. No veteran ever enjoyed the Confederate Reunions more than he, attending regularly each year until he became too feeble. Captain VanMetre dearly loved the Confederate cause and all the traditions of the Old South. In 1909 he was appointed as Aid-de-Camp with the rank of captain on the staff of R. D. Funkhouser, who was then Commander of the Third Brigade of Virginia Confederate Veterans.

Captain VanMetre was married in March, 1869, to Miss Mary Ann Buckles, of Jefferson County, near Harper's Ferry. She survives him, with two children and several grandchildren.

## ROBERT GOURDIN GAILLIARD.

Robert Gourdin Gailliard, a member of the Confederate Veteran Association, Camp No. 756, U. C. V., Savannah, Ga., fell on sleep Sunday, December 21, 1919, at his home, in that city. He had long been connected with the naval stores business in a prominent way, but on account of failing health retired some three years ago. Comrade Gailliard entered the service of the Confederate States of America at Charleston, S. C., joining the Marion Artillery as a private in October, 1863. He then served faithfully to the end of the war, surrendering with the Army of Tennessee under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1865.

[D. B. Morgan, Secretary.]



TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN A. CATHEY AND JOHN R. LOFTIN,  
MEMBERS OF COMPANY G, FIRST ARKANSAS INFANTRY.

With the passing of 1919 there also passed away two old Confederates who had been landmarks in the history of Jackson County, Ark., two men who in the heyday of youth had gone out with willing step and hearts unafraid to defend the hearths and homes they loved. These men were John A. Cathey and John R. Loftin, members of the old "Jackson Guards," the first military company to leave Jackson County at the outbreak of the War between the States.

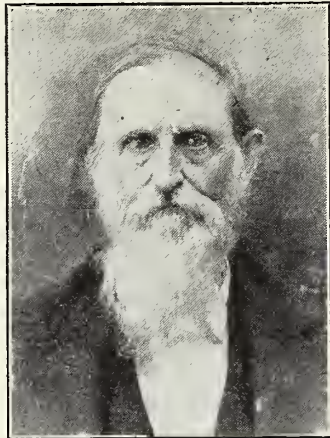
Neither of these men was a native-born Arkansan. John Cathey was born at Raleigh, Tenn., while John Loftin was born near Murfreesboro. Both came to Jacksonport, Jackson County, Ark., the former in 1859, the latter in 1849. At the close of the war both returned to Jackson County and did their best to hold together the remnants of a ruined land and remake it for the future.

John Cathey married and was for over forty years an active business man in the little town which bore his name, Cathey-town. John Loftin married twice. His first wife was Miss Bettie West, and to this union were born four children—John R. Loftin, Jr., Sam Loftin, Mrs. W. D. Williams, of Newport, and Mrs. Tom Shaver, of Little Rock. His second wife was Miss Mollie Leach, and the child of this union, Miss Bennie Loftin, also lives in Little Rock. Both John Cathey and John Loftin were well known throughout Jackson County, the latter having been sheriff for ten years. In social and political life they played their parts well; but to men who were with Johnston at Shiloh and with Hood at Atlanta the point of paramount interest is: What part did these men play in the military history of their country from 1861 to 1865?

An outline of the activities of the Jackson Guards, Company G, 1st Arkansas Infantry, will be the story of where they fought and what they endured for the sake of their beloved Southern cause.

The Jackson Guards was a company composed of the leading young men of Jackson County, Ark., organized in May, 1861, by A. C. Pickett, a prominent lawyer and a Mexican War veteran, who was elected captain. L. C. Gause was elected first lieutenant; L. L. Moore, second lieutenant; and George Paine, third lieutenant. These officers served until 1862, when Pickett became colonel of Steen's Regiment of Missouri Infantry, L. C. Gause colonel of the 32d Arkansas Infantry, and Paine and Moore resigned. Sam Shoup was then elected captain to succeed Pickett; Allie Walthall, first lieutenant; Clay Lowe, second lieutenant; and John R. Loftin, third lieutenant. These served throughout the war with courage and honor.

The company left Jacksonport on May 5, 1861, on the steamer Mary Patterson, commanded by Capt. Morgan Bate-man. We went first to Memphis, where we joined other companies under command of Col. James P. Fagan. From there we were ordered to Richmond, where we camped for two weeks and were often reviewed by President Davis. From

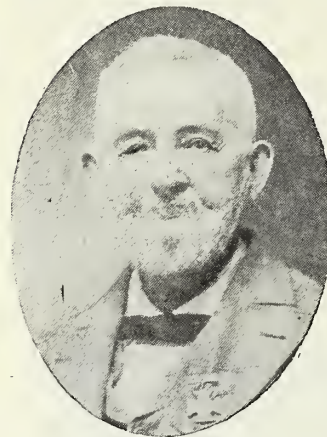


JOHN A. CATHEY.

Richmond we went to Brooks Station and from Brooks Station to Manassas, where we had our first taste of war. After a double-quick for over eight miles through the most intense heat, we were thrown into line of battle. We could see in front of us the enemy with glistening bayonets, forward-marching, line after line of them. When our batteries opened up, it looked like harvesters mowing wheat. The Federals couldn't stand the fire. They broke and ran. In the beginning we were shy of ammunition, but before the battle was over we had all the guns and ammunition we could handle. The Yankees did not want to be hampered with any heavy weights while the Black Horse Cavalry was in their rear.

After Manassas we were transferred to the Western Army and struck Shiloh. In this battle our army captured one whole division of Federals, but sustained fearful losses. In our regiment alone our colonel, Thompson, and two hundred and seventy men were killed, wounded, and captured. John Cathey and John Loftin were both wounded, not so badly but that the battle of Corinth found them at their posts again.

In the battle of Perryville our regiment was on the extreme left and was not called into action till late in the day. Men were dying for water, consequently the heaviest fighting was on the right, where a spring lay halfway between the lines. Both sides fought stubbornly, but finally we had to give up the struggle and evacuate the town.



JOHN R. LOFTIN.

Stones River was another hard-fought battle in which the boys of old Company G took part. It was bitter cold, sleeting and raining, and to watch the old year out and the new year

with no tents over your head and Rosecrans's army in front of you was not the most desirable thing in the world. The struggle was a bitter one, fought with grim determination on each side. Finally a fierce onslaught scattered our forces, and the day was lost. In twenty minutes two thousand of our men went down.

Our next hard fighting came at Chickamauga. Our corps was listed as a reserve, but the Yankees started in on the wrong end of the line for our division, and Cleburne ordered us forward at quick step. Soon thereafter we heard the roar of cannon, no unfamiliar sound to us by then. When we reached Chickamauga Creek, Cleburne was there urging us on: "Boys, go through the river. We can't wait." On we hurried and were soon in the midst of the fight. Night came, and we camped on the battle line, ready at daybreak to resume the conflict. For two days the fighting was intense, resulting in a hard-won victory for us; but O how many of our brave boys had bitten the dust!

In the hard fighting at Chattanooga our division was on the extreme right, with Cleburne in command. We held in spite of the most stubborn assaults, but the line at the foot of the mountain broke, and we too had to fall back. We made our next stand at Ringgold Gap, where we were assigned the hazardous task of checking the enemy while our army reached a temporary zone of safety.

Cleburne, with his Arkansas and Texas brigades, massed his men at the railroad gap and commanded them not to fire till the Yankees, marching seven columns deep, were almost

upon us. He talked to us and told us that we were there to save our army, five miles away; that our task was one of great danger, requiring nerve and skill, but he knew he could depend on us to a man. We thought he would never give the signal to fire; but when he did, so well did he know the art of war that for deadliness our work was not surpassed during the entire four years of conflict.

It is not inappropriate to mention here an incident of the fight at Ringgold Gap, for three members of Company G were the active participants therein.

In front of our troops, fighting at decided disadvantage, was the 76th Ohio. In the hottest of the fray they lost their flag. It was picked up by John Cathey, John Loftin, and Lon Stedman and carried by them to Cleburne's headquarters. About two years ago ten members of the old 1st Arkansas Regiment, among whom were John Cathey and Lon Stedman, returned this flag to the few survivors of the 76th Ohio. The presentation was made at Newark, Ohio, by our late Comrade Gibbons and was the occasion of great rejoicing and celebration by the populace of that city.

Company G was in all the battles of Joseph E. Johnston, from Dalton to Atlanta, seventy-four days of almost continuous fighting. At Peach Tree Creek on July 20 Clay Lowe and John Loftin were the only two commissioned officers the company had left. By the time we reached Macon only one, John Loftin, was left.

What is probably an unparalleled incident in the annals of war transpired in front of our division at Kenesaw Mountain. Dry leaves and undergrowth caught fire from gun wadding and shells. There were not less than a thousand dead and wounded Federals in front of our line. Lieutenant Colonel Martin, of the 1st Arkansas Regiment, climbed the breastworks and called to the Federals that as an act of humanity his men would suspend hostilities till they could come and carry off their dead and wounded.

In the battle of Atlanta Hood questioned the morale of his army. As for Company G, it went into action as loyally under Hood as it had ever done under Johnston. After that most disastrous defeat, we marched back into Tennessee and did our part in the awful battle of Franklin. Here Hood commanded his men to charge impregnable breastworks across an open field. All the generals protested. Forrest begged him to change his plans. To send soldiers against such a position was nothing short of suicide. Against every protest Hood ordered the advance. Cleburne's last words to his faithful soldiers were: "Boys, we are ordered to charge the works. I don't think we can take them, but we can try. Forward!" The men who had never failed to follow their great leader followed him now, but it was his last charge. Seven generals and ten thousand men went down! The bravest blood of the South was sacrificed. The Confederacy was lost.

Shortly after Franklin came the end. Of the hundred and twenty boys, members of the Jackson Guards, who left Jacksonport in May, 1861, one commissioned officer, Capt. Sam Shoup, Lieut. Clay Lowe, John R. Loftin, and twenty-six men, John Cathey among the number, came back. In the years which have passed since then these too, one at a time, with two single exceptions, have gone to join those comrades by whose sides they stood at Manassas, at Shiloh, at Atlanta, and at Franklin.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
While Glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead."

[W. E. Bevens, Newport, Ark.]

## SAMUEL YOUNG.

Grandfather Samuel Young was born December 13, 1844, in Tishomingo County, Miss., and spent most of his childhood days in that State, removing to Arkansas in his early youth. Early in 1861 he volunteered in the Confederate army, becoming a member of Company C, 3d Arkansas Cavalry. His service was in Northeastern Arkansas and Missouri until the spring of 1862, when he was transferred to the army east of the Mississippi. He was in the battle of Corinth and many others under Generals Van Dorn, Wheeler, and Forrest; was captured by the Federals in the winter of 1864-65, and was in prison at Fort Delaware when the war closed, being paroled at Little Rock, Ark., June 1, 1865.



SAMUEL YOUNG.

Returning to his home in Benton, Ark., he was married to Mrs. Louisa Julian Thompson in 1866, and in the following year they made their home at Detonti, Ark. To this union were born eleven children, of

whom eight survive him, also thirty-seven grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. Losing his devoted wife and companion in 1890, he contracted a second marriage with Mrs. Rachel Holiman, who was a faithful companion in his declining years.

Soon after his marriage grandfather became a Master Mason in the Benton Lodge, No. 34, F. and A. M., of which he was a consistent member. At the age of thirty-eight years he had joined the New Friendship Baptist Church and was an honored and beloved deacon at the time of his death, which occurred on the 5th of October, 1919. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at New Friendship, with funeral services by his Church and Masonic Lodge.

Grandfather was always true to his convictions. As a soldier he was full of courage, unmindful of danger, and always at his post of duty. During the late war in Europe his patriotism was no less fervent, and he gave seven of his grandsons to the cause of humanity. His greatest earthly desire was to live to see the close of the war and to have his grandsons return with the cause of right fully vindicated. As a companion and father he was kind and true, and his heart's desire was to rear his children in the fear and admonition of the Lord. As a Christian he was prayerful, administering to the poor and needy, visiting the sick and afflicted, giving words of counsel and comfort in distress. He spent a life of usefulness and service worthy of emulation.

[Mrs. Cecil Carson Threet, his granddaughter.]

## COMRADES OF THE CHICAGO CAMP, U. C. V.

Past Commander G. W. Smith, Camp 8, U. C. V., of Chicago, Ill., reports that the following members have recently passed over the river:

James D. Wallace, 9th Kentucky Regiment, Morgan's command, died December 9.

Ramsey H. Stewart, 12th Mississippi Regiment, died December 19.

Captain Smith adds: "Comrade Wallace belonged to our old command, Morgan's Cavalry. I belonged to Company C, 8th Kentucky Cavalry."



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*  
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga. .... *First Vice President General*  
MRS. GEORGE CUNNINGHAM, Little Rock, Ark. .... *Second Vice President General*  
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. .... *Third Vice President General*  
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C. .... *Recording Secretary General*  
MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. .... *Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla. .... *Treasurer General*  
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va. .... *Historian General*  
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. .... *Registrar General*  
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. .... *Custodian of Crosses*  
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. .... *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Your President General was made very happy during the Christmas and New-Year season by the hundreds of greetings received from members, Chapters, and Divisions of the U. D. C. throughout the United States. My appreciation of this thoughtful consideration is very sincere, and I thank you each and every one for making this a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

This letter will reach you in February, and I wish to give you the happy privilege of joining the general officers on February 13 in extending birthday greetings, love, and the earnest wish for many happy returns of the day to our beloved Honorary President, Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone. Wherever the U. D. C. is known her name is linked with its good works. We love to honor her, and we recognize with appreciation the part she has taken in making this organization a nation-wide force.

The working plan of the new administration will soon be given out by the heads of the various departments. We now ask for coöperation and help from every member.

Miss Mary B. Poppenheim (Chairman), Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, and Mrs. J. A. Rountree, the committee in charge of the book, "Southern Women in War Times," will conduct the work through Division Directors, who will receive and distribute the books among the Chapters. This is *our book*, and we should begin now to perfect an arrangement whereby it may be placed in every public and school library in this country.

By action of the Tampa Convention the War Relief Committee becomes the World War Record Committee, with the following members: Mrs. J. A. Rountree, Chairman; Mrs. C. S. Coleman, of Georgia; Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Kentucky; Mrs. Jacksie Daniel Thrash, of North Carolina; Mrs. J. T. Bell, of Arkansas; Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Texas; Mrs. C. C. Clay, of California. The Division Directors will soon receive the committee's plan of work, and the all-important task of recording the names and service of Southern men in the World War will be a part of our labor of love this year. Let me urge upon you the importance of this being carefully and correctly done. Future generations will look to our records for this information, and we can furnish it if we will.

A resolution offered by Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Chairman of the Confederate Woman's Relief Committee, asking each Chapter to contribute fifty cents per year toward the fund for these women dependent upon the U. D. C. was carried by the Tampa Convention. It now becomes the duty of each Chapter to send this amount annually. The care of these aged ones is a sacred trust, and the funds should be provided early in the year.

The Stationery Committee (Mrs. W. S. Coleman, 436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. J. P. Higgins, of Missouri;

Mrs. M. Collan, of Oklahoma; Mrs. J. B. Doan, of Ohio; and Mrs. J. P. Cowan, of Pittsburgh, Pa.), having secured bids on the various styles of official stationery, will fill orders promptly.

The Tampa Convention revised the constitution and by-laws of the organization to bring the laws into conformity with the articles of incorporation. This makes a careful revision of all Division and Chapter constitutions necessary. The Committee on State and Chapter Constitutions and By-laws was made a standing committee, and all Division Presidents are expected to submit copies of both their Division and Chapter constitutions for the consideration of this committee, which is composed of the following: Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Chairman, 74 Weissinger-Gaulbert, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. B. D. Bell, Gallatin, Tenn.; Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, Galveston, Tex.; Mrs. J. C. Muse, Dallas, Tex.; and Mrs. L. R. Schuyler, New York, N. Y.

Two new committees were created by the Tampa Convention—the committee to assist Admiral Wright in correcting the "United States Naval Records" and the committee to record church bells presented to the Confederate government. Mrs. James B. Gantt, 1878 Ontario Place N. W., Washington, D. C., is chairman of the committee to assist Admiral Wright, and serving on the committee with Mrs. Gantt are: Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, Galveston, Tex.; Mrs. St. J. Lawton, Charleston, S. C.; Mrs. George E. Owens, New York, N. Y.; and Mrs. Wallace Streater, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Felix Harvey, Kinston, N. C., is chairman of the committee to record the church bells and has to assist her Mrs. Yates McAlpine Wilson, Portsmouth, Va., Mrs. Herbert T. Hartman, St. Davids, Pa., and Miss Rebecca Black DuPont, Savannah, Ga.

State Registrars are expected to file their records with Mrs. F. M. Williams, Registrar General, Newton, N. C. After the convention of 1920 representation in the General Convention will be dependent upon this registration, and it is necessary to begin now to "set our house in order."

Article VIII., Section 1, of the By-Laws, as revived at Tampa, is as follows: "Certificate of membership shall be issued by the organization as soon as membership is granted. Applicants shall fill out three application blanks, which shall be duly signed by Chapter officers, after which they shall be sent to the Division Registrar, accompanied by the fee of twenty-five cents for certificate of membership. Division Registrar shall sign and record applications, shall send to the Registrar General, who shall notify the Division Registrar of the applicant's enrollment; whereupon the Division Registrar shall return one paper to the Chapter President, which shall be final notice of the member's enrollment. The Registrar General shall from this record, when approved by her, fill out certificate of membership, which shall be signed by the President General and herself. The Division President

shall sign the certificate and forward to the Chapter President, and the Chapter President, after signing the certificate herself, shall secure the Chapter Registrar's signature to the certificate and deliver same to the member. After 1920 this registration is necessary to determine the voting strength of a Chapter in a General Convention."

With grateful appreciation of the loyalty you have pledged to me, and feeling sure that you will fulfill all these promises, let me close by asking you to bring in new members to strengthen the efforts of our organization and carry our work with firm purpose far into the future.

Cordially yours, MAY M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

#### U. D. C. NOTES.

*Education.*—The U. D. C. organization now has open to boys and girls of Confederate lineage a grand total of 799 scholarships, valued at \$72,486, classified as follows: General scholarships 64, value \$7,234; Division (State) scholarships 313, value \$34,807; District and Chapter scholarships 422, value \$30,445. Georgia is first in number and value of her scholarships, 350, valued at \$28,850; Alabama is second, with 72, valued at \$6,740; Tennessee third, with 57, valued at \$5,025. In addition to their scholarships, Alabama has an endowment fund of \$6,850, Tennessee has an endowment fund of \$2,800, and West Virginia of \$1,000, the only Divisions reporting endowment funds.

In 1912 the Illinois Division established a prize of \$100 for the best doctor's thesis written by a student taking his degree in the Department of Southern History in the University of Chicago. Thereupon the University officially declared that all students admitted to the graduate school of the University who would compete for this prize should have their entire tuition free for the full time required for the completion of their graduate work, a period of from three to four years. The money value of this offer is \$150 per year for every student competing. Note that not only the winner, but every competitor for this prize will be given a scholarship. Students who have bachelor degrees from colleges who wish to pursue their studies further may write for detailed information to Prof. W. E. Dodd, Ph.D., Department of Southern History, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

Three years ago the University of Virginia most generously granted the organization twenty-two annual tuition scholarships, one for each State Division, U. D. C., valued at \$95 each, totaling an annual valuation of \$2,090. Nine have been awarded for the present year, more than any previous year, as follows: One each to Alabama, District of Columbia, Georgia, Kentucky, North Carolina, Texas, and West Virginia, and to South Carolina two. Had all Divisions given publicity to these scholarships, it is believed that the entire twenty-two could have been placed. Failure to bring our scholarships to the attention of the public, who know nothing of these scholarships, means serious loss of opportunity for worthy Southern boys and girls who really need this aid. Hence all State Presidents and Chairmen of Education are urged to give general publicity to U. D. C. scholarships through their State press.

The Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, of New York, made a noteworthy foundation donation to the library of George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn. This collection, consisting of eight thousand items, books, and documents on Confederate history, paintings, etchings, autographs, etc., valued at \$3,200, was the gift of our Honorary President, Mrs. Algernon Sydney Sullivan, and her son.

The Philadelphia Chapter has done noteworthy work in maintaining this year eleven cash scholarships, in securing eight partial tuition scholarships as gifts, and obtaining a scholarship valued at \$300 at Springside School, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, to be open to students 1920-21.

*The Hero Fund.*—This fund, including interest, now amounts to \$20,637. It is earnestly desired that the needed sum of \$50,000 be completed at an early date, so the interest will be available in 1920 for gift scholarships to the boys of Confederate lineage who left school to serve in the World War. These scholarships will be good for four years. In contributions to the Hero Fund, Georgia leads, with \$2,695; South Carolina second, with \$2,429. The following contributions have been received for the Hero Fund during December: Southland Chapter, Alhambra, Cal., \$10; Mrs. E. G. Legare, Columbia, S. C., \$5.

All checks and bond contributions to this fund are to be sent hereafter to Mrs. J. T. Beal, 1701 Center Street, Little Rock, Ark., who has been appointed Vice Chairman of the Committee on Education and Treasurer of the Hero Fund.

#### DIVISION NOTES.

*District of Columbia.*—At the annual convention the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Lee Benoist; First Vice President, Miss Helen Griffith; Second Vice President, Mrs. Cuthbert Harrison; Recording Secretary, Mrs. John Bryan; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Paul Anderson; Treasurer, Miss Grace Morgan; Registrar, Mrs. Stephen Ford; Historian, Mrs. Maude H. Smith; Parliamentarian, Mrs. Wallace Streater; Chaplain, Mrs. Goodwin D. Ellsworth; Auditor, Miss Frances Weeks; Custodian, Mrs. Thompson; Custodian of Crosses, Mrs. Gustavus Werber.

*Kentucky.*—One of the most brilliant events of the social season was the elegant reception at the Woman's Club on December 2, given by the Paducah Chapter, U. D. C., in honor of the new President General, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney. Everything that loyalty to the cause so dear to all true Southern hearts could suggest was done to make the event one long to be remembered in Paducah society and to show the Chapter's appreciation of the honor conferred on one of their members—fine music, beautiful toilets, a long line of bright women receiving, an elegant collation beautifully served, witty repartee around the board, "truly a feast of reason and a flow of soul." In the midst of the gayety a rap from the First Vice President, Mrs. Leigh, called the gay crowd to order, when a bright poem from the gifted pen of Mrs. Marie Lanier Magruder was read congratulating Mrs. McKinney and Paducah upon this happy event.

*Missouri.*—The women of the Confederate Home at Higginsville, Mo., have had a beautiful Steinola, with a number of records, given them through the efforts of Mrs. Louis R. Malotte, President of the Kansas City Chapter, No. 149. At a recent meeting of the Board of Managers of the Home Dr. H. T. Barnes, of Nelson, Mo., was elected to succeed Colonel Gross as Superintendent. Colonel and Mrs. Gross have been in charge of the Home for the past five years.

The six Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Kansas City held a joint memorial service on Monday, December 29, for the late Mrs. Thomas Wood Parry.

A new Chapter has been organized at St. Louis with twenty-six members, which will be called the "Capt. Robert McCulloch." The Chapter is composed of young ladies who have been working in the St. Louis Chapter for years.

Mrs. J. P. Higgins, the newly elected President of the Mis-



souri Division, has announced an aggressive campaign against illiteracy in Missouri.

*South Carolina.*—The twenty-third annual convention was held in Columbia December 2 to 5. An inspiration was the presence of many of the "Girls of the Sixties" and the splendid report of their war work through their President, Mrs. Clark Waring. Several honored and prominent guests spoke before the convention. Among the ex-Presidents of the Division in attendance were Mrs. R. D. Wright, newly elected Recording Secretary General U. D. C., and Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, retiring President General U. D. C., whose address before the Division on "Our To-Morrow" told of the great undertakings before the U. D. C. and predicted the life of the organization as it proceeded into the ages. The music, under the direction of Mrs. W. T. C. Bates, was a delightful part of all sessions.

All business sessions were graciously presided over by Mrs. John Cart, whose administration as President of the Division came to a close with this convention. Her report showed eighty-nine active Chapters, with a membership of 4,250.

The History Committee, Mrs. John Alison Lawton, Chairman, had arranged and published a catechism on South Carolina in the Confederacy. On Historical Evening the speakers were Matthew Page Andrews, whose subject was "The Foundation of American Liberty at Jamestown," and Dr. George Armstrong Wauchope, of the University of South Carolina, who spoke on "Timrod, the Poet Laureate of the Confederacy."

The report of the Committee on Education showed a lively interest in education in the Division, a total expenditure for education for the year of \$2,658.19, a total contribution to the Hero Fund of \$20,437.35, and a \$500 loan fund almost completed. About \$900 was pledged from the floor for educational work.

Following the report on Children's Chapters, the C. of C. of Columbia presented a delightful entertainment.

Much interest was developed in getting up the records of soldiers and bestowing an insignia on these World War veterans. A resolution was passed that if the proposed medal was adopted South Carolina would take at least two thousand at one dollar each.

Memorial services for the departed included special resolutions to the memory of Mrs. Thomas Taylor, Past President and an Honorary President at the time of her death.

Greetings were sent President Wilson and best wishes for a speedy recovery of his health.

Voluntary contributions from the floor of the convention made possible a feast for the veterans in the State Home the following Sunday. Pledges of \$1 were taken from Chapters for needy Confederate women. All the volumes of "Southern Women in War Times" subscribed for by the Division were taken and several hundred more of the second edition through the courtesy of Mr. Andrews, who was present and permitted the subscription.

The social features of the convention were many and enjoyable, the committees of the local Chapters doing everything possible for the comfort of the delegates during their stay in the city.

The newly elected officers of the Division are: President, Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, James Island; First Vice President, Mrs. O. D. Black, Johnston; Second Vice President, Mrs. W. C. Hicklin, Rock Hill; Third Vice President, Mrs. J. W. Mixson, Union; Fourth Vice President, Miss Mattie Brunson, Florence; Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. R. Darlington, Jr., Allendale; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. G. Barr,

Georgetown; Treasurer, Mrs. D. M. McEachin, Florence; Historian, Mrs. J. H. West, Newberry; Registrar, Mrs. C. J. Milling, Darlington; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. A. J. Sproles, Greenwood; Auditor, Mrs. Sophia Swindell, Columbia.

### A TOAST.

[Given at the reception tendered Mrs. Roy McKinney in honor of her election as President General U. D. C.]

St. Peter, aweary, had handed his keys  
To a seneschal angel while he, Peter, took ease  
And practiced a tune on his harp. At the portals  
The angel stood guard. But even immortals  
Grow weary with nothing to do, and he slept.  
Meanwhile on earth a poor mortal had kept  
A last vigil with death. Now he stood at the gate  
With his whole life unrolled like a scroll traced by fate.  
The angel woke up. "Who is here?" his demand  
As he stood with the great golden keys in his hand.  
"From what bourne? And your record?" In accents of  
pride,  
"I come from Paducah," the wanderer replied.  
"What! the place that Irv Cobb first set down on the map?  
And stay! In the petticoat world, I am told,  
There's another has written the town's name in gold.  
Mrs. Roy McKinney is the lady of fame  
Who has lent a new luster to the old Indian name.  
No voucher you're needing, no records or lucre;  
Just pass right on in, since you hail from Paducah."

—*Mary Lanier Magruder, Liberty Road, Kevil, Ky.*

LEST WE FORGET!—While we are giving these beautiful tributes to the memory of our warrior dead, recounting with pride the glorious achievements of our intrepid army in gray and the heroism and endurance of Southern women "who anchored the South through the tempest of war," should we not be more solicitous for the comfort and happiness of these veterans with the snow of time sprinkling their hair and these mothers of the Confederacy whose eyes no longer sparkle with the old-time fire of youth, who are being so neglected and carelessly cared for and pitifully separated, husband from wife, in the evening tide of life? Is it not inexpressibly sad that in their helpless age these old couples have their "Homes" separated by so many weary miles? May our hearts be stirred to earnest effort to relieve and untangle these knotty problems which mean so much of weal or woe to the Southland's men and women of the sixties! Let us resolve to strew more flowers on the living and cheer their pathway down the sunset trail.—*Mrs. J. W. Wilkinson, in Texas Division Year-book, 1919.*

GAVE HUSBAND AND SIX BROTHERS TO SOUTHERN ARMY.—Mrs. Mary V. Anderson, who died at the home of her daughter, in Jackson, Miss., on December 15, 1919, at the age of seventy-nine years, was the widow of the late James Monroe Anderson, whom she married in 1860. She had the unusual distinction of having her husband and six brothers in the Confederate army. Three brothers, Richard, William, and Isaac Martin, served in Ratliff's Battery, James and John Martin were with the 18th Mississippi Regiment, and Wesley Martin was with Adams's Cavalry. Mrs. Anderson was a woman of rare grace and unusual intelligence, beloved by all. For many years she was a subscriber to the *VETERAN* and its constant reader.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

### PRIZES AND MEDALS OFFERED THROUGH HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT.

#### U. D. C. PRIZES AND MEDALS.

1. *The Raines Banner.* Awarded annually to Division, or Chapter where no Division exists, which accomplishes most in collecting and compiling historical records. Given in memory of Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Georgia. All reports must be typewritten and sent to the Historian General by October 1, 1920.

2. *The Mildred Rutherford Historical Medal.* Given by Miss Rutherford, former Historian General, for the best historical work done in small Divisions. This offer is open to all Divisions numbering less than ten Chapters and to Chapters where no Division exists, but not to be given unless some special effort is made along historical lines. Reports must be sent in typewriting to the Historian General by October 1, 1920.

3. *The Rose Loving Cup.* Offered by Clifton Rose, of Mississippi, in memory of his mother, Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, a former Historian General. This cup will be awarded for the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on the subject, "Stonewall Jackson."

4. *The Anna Robinson Andrews Medal.* Offered for the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on the subject, "The Battle of King's Mountain." Points to be considered are the events leading up the battle, its effect upon the Tories, its relation to the success of the mission of John Laurens to France in 1781, and its final result in the surrender of Cornwallis.

5. *The Hyde Medal.* Offered by Mrs. Anne Bachman Hyde, former Historian General, for the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on the subject, "Matthew Fontaine Maury."

6. *The Soldier's Prize.* An officer of the A. E. F. offers a prize of \$20 for the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on the subject, "The South in the World War." The second best essay in this contest will receive a prize of \$10, given by Mrs. C. M. Roberts, of Arkansas.

7. *The Youree Prize of Fifty Dollars.* Offered by Mrs. Peter Youree, of Louisiana. This prize will be divided into two prizes of \$25 each and will be awarded to the Division sending in the largest list of lineal descendants of Confederate veterans who were in the service of their country in the great World War from April, 1917, to November, 1918, and to the Division sending in the largest list in proportion to U. D. C. membership, any Division eligible to win both prizes. The award of this prize is placed with the War Relief Committee, U. D. C., of which Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Birmingham, Ala., is Chairman.

#### Rules Governing Contest for the Rose Loving Cup and All Other Essays.

1. Essays must not contain over two thousand words, and number of words must be stated in top left-hand corner of first page, and essay must be typewritten.

2. Essay must have fictitious signature attached and have

real name and address in a sealed envelope accompanying it, with fictitious signature on outside of envelope.

3. Essay will be judged according to historical data and fullness of treatment rather than rhetorical finish.

4. Essays in each State must be sent to State Historian, and she sends to Historian General.

5. Only two best essays from each Division or Chapter can be sent to Historian General to compete for the loving cup.

6. Essays must be sent to Historian General by September 1, 1920.

7. No winner of this prize may compete for it the second time.

#### CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY PRIZES AND MEDALS.

Mrs. R. P. Holt, of Rocky Mount, N. C., Third Vice President, will have charge of this department. Essays and data for all C. of C. prizes must be sent to her.

1. *The R. H. Ricks Banner.* Offered by the North Carolina Division to the Chapter of Children of the Confederacy doing the best work.

2. *The Florence Goalder Faris Medal.* Offered by Mrs. Roy W. McKinney to the member of Children of the Confederacy writing the best essay on the subject, "Jefferson Davis."

3. *The Tempie Battle Marriott Prize.* Given by Mrs. R. P. Holt in memory of her maternal grandmother to the C. of C. Chapter that registers with her the largest number of new members this year.

#### Rules for Essay.

1. Essay must not contain more than two thousand words, and number of words must be stated in top left-hand corner of first page, and essay must be typewritten.

2. It must have fictitious name attached and have real name in a sealed envelope accompanying essay, with fictitious name on outside of this envelope.

3. No winner of this prize may compete for the same a second time.

#### U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR MARCH, 1920.

##### FAMOUS HOMES OF THE SOUTH—MOUNT VERNON.

By whom named and how acquired by George Washington. Describe the lawn at Mount Vernon and mention some of the interesting things to be seen in the rooms. State how this unique shrine became the property of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association. Describe the tomb of Washington and name some of the distinguished men who have visited this hallowed spot.

Bibliography: "Life of George Washington," Woodrow Wilson; "The Home of Washington, or Mount Vernon and Its Associations," B. J. Lossing; "Pictorial Guide to Washington," Rand McNally & Co.

#### C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR MARCH, 1920.

##### FAMOUS FIGHTERS AND BEAR KILLERS, DAVY CROCKETT AND DANIEL BOONE.

Tell of Boone's many adventures and trace the road which he followed from North Carolina to Kentucky.

Give Davy Crockett's most famous maxim; tell of his varied experiences and his tragic death.

Bibliography: Any good encyclopedia; "History of Southwest Virginia," L. P. Summers; "The South in the Building of the Nation."



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*  
Seale, Ala.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*  
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.  
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



## VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson  
GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer  
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davls-Roy

## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

To the Memorial Associations of the C. S. M. A.: No more splendid opportunity for the service of the cause dear to our hearts has been presented for our support than the Endowment Fund of two hundred thousand dollars for the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va.

That the historic relics and wonderful collection gathered during the past twenty-five years may be properly safeguarded and cared for should be of paramount consideration. At our recent convention in Atlanta the matter was enthusiastically indorsed, and the Convention went on record as a unit in pledging support.

Let me earnestly urge that you take up this matter at once and that your subscriptions be sent to the Treasurer General, Mrs. John E. Maxwell, R. F. D. No. 1, Seal, Ala., marked "For the endowment of the Confederate Museum." That you will not fail in this most worthy cause is the earnest wish of your President General. MRS. A. McD. WILSON.

## ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY MISS LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

Nothing of more importance has come before the C. S. M. A. than the preservation of the wonderful Confederate collection of treasures, things that will be a pride and ornament to the South and the Southern people in the generations yet to come, and surely no true Daughter of the South will let the time slip by without doing her part, and as generously as possible, in preserving this collection of souvenirs at Richmond, Va.

In this collection are such valuable contributions as the great seal of the Confederate States; the Provisional Constitution, with all the original signatures; Stonewall Jackson's cap; the copy of Napoleon's maxims of war carried by Jackson in his knapsack (Jackson's sword is promised for the near future); the sword that Lee wore when he surrendered to Grant at Appomattox; the uniform and saddle of J. E. B. Stuart; the saddle of Joseph E. Johnston; "from the christening robe to the saddle" of John H. Morgan; the Ku-Klux banner of North Carolina; the gold sword of Sterling Price; the flag of the cruiser Shenandoah; the Jefferson Davis collection; the De Renne collection of manuscripts; the J. L. M. Curry collection, consisting of manuscripts; over twenty thousand valuable papers of all kinds, as yet not classified and indexed on account of lack of funds, among which are the diplomatic communiques of Great Britain concerning the Confederate States, a rare publication; practically a complete file of the *Index*, a weekly published in London by the Confederate commission, James M. Mason, editor, devoted to the mutual interests of Great Britain and the Confederate States.

The women in charge of this interesting collection are: Mrs. J. Fenton Taylor, Chairman; Mrs. John Mason, Miss Sallie Archer Anderson, Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Miss Lucy Munford, Edgar D. Taylor, Herbert W. Jackson, and Charles J. Anderson, who compose the Endowment Committee for the Confederate Memorial Literary Society in charge of the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va.

Should any of these articles be lost or destroyed, they could never be replaced, and it is therefore fitting that a proper housing should be given them. In voicing the appeal made by Mrs. Wilson, the President General, I am also voicing the appeal of the whole South that the Endowment Fund be raised and as speedily as possible.

\* \* \*

Another thing that is of equal importance to the C. S. M. A. is the organization of Junior Memorial Associations. Not a stone should be left unturned that will assist in making this branch of the C. S. M. A. a great and growing army of youth and activity.

Other patriotic organizations are engaging the interest of the younger generation, and the recent organization of the Colonial Daughters and the younger branches of the D. A. R. and the Children of the Confederacy shows what importance is attached to the coöperation of the young and old in a work that has grown and should grow to the end of time if the traditions and sentiments of the South are to be preserved.

Every branch of the C. S. M. A. should include a Junior Memorial Association in its plan, and every child or youth and maiden in the South should become a member of such an organization. The beautiful work of the Memorial women must be carried on.

\* \* \*

## CONFEDERATE MOTHERS.

The letter sent out to all the State Presidents in regard to Confederate mothers has brought the following applications for the bar of honor:

Mrs. Merced G. Brent, ninety-six years old, Pensacola, Fla.  
Mrs. Dicy Lewis Crosby, ninety-seven years, Westville, Fla.  
Mrs. Sarah Ann Hemphill, one hundred and two years, Athens, Ga.  
Mrs. Mary Stamps, ninety-six years, Cornersville, Tenn.  
Mrs. Oleava Sharp, Vicksburg, Miss.  
Mrs. George Mather, ninety-seven years, New Orleans, La.  
Mrs. Sarah Gordon, ninety-five years, Stratham, Ga.  
Mrs. Mary E. Barrow, New Orleans, La.  
Mrs. Brent died December 10, 1919. She was married at Fort Barancas, Fla., in July, 1841, to Thomas William Brent, who served as captain in the Confederate navy. She also had three sons in the Confederate army, Dan G., William Thomas, and Francis C. Brent.

## THE TRIBUTE OF A FRIEND.

In memory of his friend of many years, Joe H. Bowman, of Franklin, Tenn., writes this of Dr. Hugh William Caffey, whose death is recorded in the Last Roll this month:

"I first became acquainted with Dr. Caffey in the winter of 1864, when he came home on furlough. I was at that time an inmate of his home in Alabama, being one of a number of soldiers who were wounded on the 22d of June, 1864, near Marietta, Ga., and sent to Montgomery. Finding all hospitals in that city full, we were sent out to a field hospital on the banks of the Alabama River. The good people of Collirene, in Lowndes County, sent Mr. Robert Rives to get some of the wounded for them to take care of. The last night in June about twenty-five of us were put on a boat, and when we reached Benton the next morning we were met with carriages and other pleasure vehicles and taken ten miles through the country to one of the prettiest hamlets one would wish to see. A great round hill with a level top was where the Dunklins and Pierces lived, while Dr. Caffey's mother, two sisters, and his three children lived on the north side at the foot of the hill, and Mr. Robert Rives on the south side. Mrs. Lizzie Pierce gave the use of her handsome home as a hospital, each and all of the good citizens contributing toward keeping up the home, for such in truth it was. The elderly ladies took week about as matrons. Some of the wounded boys went out in the neighborhood, but most of us stayed at the home, so Dr. Clay Dunklin, who gave his services as surgeon, would not have to ride so much. It was an ideal home. Close by were the schoolhouse and the Baptist church, and such an elegant and cultured citizenship! Is it any wonder, then, that a man growing up with such surroundings should be a model Christian gentleman?

"Our friendship has lasted all these years. He and his good wife, his children and grandchildren have been guests at my home in the days since the war, and it has always been my pleasure, as it has been my privilege, to entertain them.

"A more elegant Christian gentleman one does not often meet. I last saw him this fall when he and his wife were on a visit to their daughter, Mrs. G. R. Buford, in Franklin. I shall never forget the last evening we spent together. He talked of dying just as if he were going on a journey to visit a friend.

"A few years ago Dr. Caffey made request of an old friend, Dr. W. B. Crumpton, of Montgomery, Ala., to conduct his funeral services, telling him that he was admonished by rapidly growing infirmities that he could not remain here much longer. He chose as his funeral text: 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' He selected the hymn, 'My faith looks up to thee, thou Lamb of Calvary,' to be used at his funeral, and his wishes were carried out to the letter. All business houses in the town were closed, as were the schools, and the entire citizenship attended the burial, every one realizing that a friend of humanity had passed.

"There were three of the Caffey boys. Thomas and Hooper belonged to the 3d Alabama Infantry. Thomas was wounded several times, but survived the war and died in 1904. [Readers of the VETERAN will remember the interesting letters written by him to his mother and sisters during the war which appeared in the VETERAN during 1918.] Hooper was wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, and died from his wounds September 13, 1863. So it is evident they were all good Confederates. And while this was so, during our recent World War Dr. Caffey did everything he possibly could to aid the government.

He had two grandsons in France, who gave good account of themselves, and his entire family did their part in aid of the cause.

"He has left an honorable record as citizen, soldier, and, best of all, as a sincere Christian. As one of his children said to me: 'My feeling is more of thankfulness that my father was spared so long than of sorrow that he has gone. In his long, useful, happy life he has left me the best heritage that was possible.'

"He leaves to mourn their loss his devoted wife, three children of the first marriage—Mrs. Carrie Dudley, of Pleasant Hill, Ala.; Mrs. May Catts, of Verbena, Ala.; Dr. Hugh T. Caffey, of Leeds, Ala.—and the children of the second marriage—Francis G. Caffey, United States District Attorney Southern District, New York; William T. Caffey, of Knoxville, Tenn., General Passenger Agent of the Southern Railway; Mrs. G. W. Buford, of Franklin, Tenn.; and Guy H. Caffey, of Verbena, Ala.—and a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

"May the sod of thy native State rest lightly above thy breast, my true friend!"

## SAD NEWS FOR A FATHER.

The following letter was sent to the VETERAN by Miss Julia W. Fletcher, former President of the Washington State Division, U. D. C., to whom it was sent by the daughter of Capt. Peter Critz, now Mrs. Charles Richardson, as a part of her U. D. C. credentials. Mrs. Richardson lost a son, Capt. Peter Richardson, while serving in France. This letter gives the record of a gallant soldier:

"TUPELO STATION, MISS., January 15, 1865.

"Mr. A. Critz—Sir: It is with much regret that I seat myself this afternoon to announce to you the death of your son, Peter L. Critz. He was killed at Franklin, Tenn., while charging the enemy's works. We had taken one line of works and were fighting with bayonets the second line, and Peter was on top of the works when he was shot. He had in his pocket a very fine pipe with his name engraved on it which he said he was saving for his father. He was shot through the pipe, through the heart, and through the neck, and never did a more gallant officer fall by the ruthless hand of the invader.

"Peter was in command of our company when killed. We lost all of our company there except myself and James Reynolds. Reynolds lost his right arm, and I was wounded in the left leg with two balls. I am now almost well. We all feel at a loss without Peter. We had elected him captain of our company. He has left a great many warm friends in the regiment to mourn their loss. None of his things were saved on account of none of his company being there to see to it. One of the infirmaries told me that he buried Peter and Mrs. Koemegay's son together and that they were buried decently. We lost a great many good men there. Our brigade now numbers only one hundred and fifteen men. We went into the fight with five hundred men.

"I would have written to you sooner, but this is the first opportunity I have had of getting a letter off. I will now close.

"Yours most respectfully,

R. G. PHILLIPS,

Co. B, 24th Mississippi Regt., Brantley's Brigade."

Dr. D. C. Rogers, of Roundhead, Ohio, son of a Confederate soldier, renews subscription to the VETERAN and writes: "I can't keep house without it. Long life to the VETERAN!"



*"EMERGENCY AMMUNITION."*

[Continued from page 46.]

arms captured from the Yankees in this battle, I judge that the 44th got their share, especially as they had more of a chance for plundering on account of being (from no fault of theirs) mixed in with a disorganized body. There is a noted instance of a charge of unarmed Confederates on record, but not this one.

## CHARGE OF UNARMED MEN.

Extract of report made by Col. Charles H. Tyler, commanding a cavalry brigade of Price's Missouri army, consisting of Perkins's, Coffee's, and Searcy's Regiments, in Price's expedition to reconquer Missouri in 1864:

"October 25, 1864.—Owing to its unarmed condition, the brigade was assigned to duty on the flanks of the wagon train, and, rightly conjecturing that our rear guard had been overpowered, I immediately concentrated my command and made as imposing a line of battle as possible. The general commanding directed me to support the retreating troops *morally* by ostentatious display. Accordingly, when our retreating guard appeared in sight, I told my unarmed recruits that our commander looked to them alone for the safety of the train and that they must charge and check the enemy. This they did, and very gallantly, considering that they had the example of so many armed fugitive veterans to demoralize them. My brigade behaved well, even if they had been armed veterans, and as unarmed recruits they immortalized themselves."

The records don't show whether they charged on foot or horseback, and I hope that some survivor who participated in this affair will write it up for the VETERAN.

## IN HONOR OF SERGEANTS JASPER AND NEWTON.

The town of Newton, Ia., is the county seat of Jasper County, and recently one of the citizens made inquiry through the local paper as to why they were thus named, to which the following response was made by Dr. M. R. Hammer, Sr., of Newton, who is also a good friend of the VETERAN, and he says it was his people who named the town and county:

"Jasper County was named for Sergt. William Jasper, who was a member of the 2d South Carolina Regiment, enlisted in 1775, who distinguished himself by leaping over the breastworks under heavy fire from the British guns at the siege of Fort Moultrie and recovering the flag which had been shot from its staff and had fallen on the outside of the works on June 28, 1776. At the siege of Savannah he led the charge and planted the flag on the enemy's works, where he was slain several yards in advance of his comrades, who were repulsed with great slaughter. This happened on the 9th of October, 1779.

"Newton, Ia., was named after Sergeant Newton, of South Carolina, another Revolutionary War hero. One of his daring acts thus occurred: While lying concealed by the roadside he saw a small body of British soldiers guarding some condemned American prisoners. They stopped to rest, and he noticed that there was a woman in the party who sat down, facing one of the prisoners, her husband. She also faced Sergeant Newton. He said he never saw such a look of agony on any human face, and he resolved to attempt to rescue the prisoners himself, although unarmed. So he followed along at a safe distance, keeping out of sight. He knew that some distance ahead there was a spring at which he hoped they would stop for their noonday meal. When they reached the spring the prisoners were seated in a group. Near by the soldiers stacked

their muskets and began preparations for dinner. Sergeant Newton stealthily approached through the thicket, caught up one of the guns, and ordered the guards to surrender. He then gave the prisoners their captors' guns. When the wife realized that her husband and friends were free and not to be shot, she threw her arms around the sergeant's neck.

"This incident is all that has been handed down to us regarding Sergeant Newton, yet it is enough to entitle his name to an honorable place in American history."

## AT MISSIONARY RIDGE.

BY C. W. TRICE, LEXINGTON, N. C.

I have just finished reading Gen. Basil W. Duke's "History of Morgan's Cavalry" and note one very grave error. On page 379 he says: "Next day came the grand Federal attack and the unaccountable stampede of the entire Confederate army from Missionary Ridge."

I was a member of Company A, 7th Texas Infantry, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, which division occupied the Ridge extending from where the old E. T. V. and G. Railroad runs under the Ridge to the extreme right of the Confederate line, Govan's Arkansas Brigade on the right and Granbury's next. Our brigade was on the highest point of that mountain.

About nine o'clock on November 25, 1863, the Federals attacked our position, and we drove them back down the mountain. They reënforced and attacked again and again and continued to attack us all day and until dark, and we repulsed them every time.

After dark we built camp fires, and withdrew down the mountain to the railroad and marched all night, reaching Ringgold, Ga., about daylight. About nine or ten that morning, the 26th, the Federals attacked us at Ringgold, and General Cleburne gave them another whipping. They retired to Chattanooga, and we went into winter quarters at Tunnel Hill, Ga.

PRESIDENT WILSON NOT THE ORIGINATOR OF SELF-DETERMINATION.—W. T. Hightower, of Sweetwater, Tex., renews subscription for two years in advance, "trusting that we may learn in the meantime why our honored President does not place 'self-determination' between quotation marks. Being a student of history, he should have at least discovered some of the main features of *our* contention; and such a gross misapprehension on the part of a well-informed American, who has spent years in the South, seems, I might say, at least surprising. Stand by the record; we are proud of it."

WAR TIME PICTURES.—The splendid picture of the Jackson monument, unveiled at Richmond, Va., in October, is the work of H. P. Cook, one of the leading photographers of that city. He has a large collection of war time photographs, perhaps the largest private collection of Confederate negatives, including most of the generals. Any one interested in these pictures would do well to write to Mr. Cook and get his prices.

In the letter from Mrs. A. E. Going, of Gordo, Ala., published on page 3 of the January VETERAN, an error was made in giving the name of her grandfather as Maj. Joseph Kiger, when it should have been Koger.



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### *PROMOTING PUBLIC HEALTH.*

Disaster, disease, and death are the armed foes in the field to-day which the Red Cross must continue to fight long after peace treaties are signed, when wars are no more and when the people slumber beneath a false sense of security.

No other organization is equipped for the varied service rendered by the Red Cross. The desolation which follows fire, flood, and pestilence is relieved by prompt and efficient Red Cross action; but apart from emergency occasions there are situations which are ever present, and these too demand Red Cross service.

The greatest problem facing the world to-day is the world's health. The solution of this problem means social and economic stability. As evidence of this is the daily record of disease which undermines the national health and must inevitably affect national progress. Eight hundred thousand American boys were declared unfit for military service, 200,000 Americans succumb each year to tuberculosis, and 300,000 children

under five years of age die annually from preventable disease, while one out of seven adults in this country stands in need of medical care of some kind.

The Red Cross is meeting this situation from several angles. One is the education of the public-health nurse, for which a sum of \$100,000 was provided to be used as scholarships for graduate nurses desiring to take this course. Already the full amount has been used, and among the nurses receiving Red Cross education in this way there are sixteen from the five States of the Southern Division.

Another plan to promote public health is the establishing of health centers in the city and country, and here too the Red Cross is active in advice, coöperation, and suggestion. Health in the rural districts, according to statistics, is not much more perfect than health in the cities, and the infant mortality is greater; hence the Red Cross is planning special health campaigns, both of education and practical service, for the country as well as for the city. The people who have indorsed the Red Cross in its recent membership campaign will all feel that they are giving personal help to these health plans of the Red Cross as well as to its continued work in caring for the 250,000 disabled heroes of the war who are still in hospitals in this country and in the help given to their families as well as to all needy families unreached by other social agencies.

The Red Cross is the voice of the people, and it is the people's part to see that it speaks in no uncertain tones.

### *RECEIVE THROUGH GIVING.*

James N. Rule, newly appointed director of the Junior Red Cross at National Headquarters, has well expressed the value of the Junior work of making furniture for the homes in Europe and the benefit derived to ourselves. He states: "As a schoolman myself, I welcome these problems into my school for their educational and vocational values, but above all else for their sentimental value in emphasizing unselfish service and high achievement."

### *BETTER THAN PLAY.*

In a little Oklahoma school the juniors have given up their play time during the noon recess and are devoting the hour to making toys and other salable articles for a bazaar, the proceeds of which will finance their Red Cross activities.

## **Deafness**

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### *THRIFTY FRANCE.*

France is the thriftiest nation in the world. There is scarcely a person—man, woman, or child—in France who is not the owner of something, and the aggregate of things owned makes the nation's wealth. It matters little what the thing is. It may be money deposited in the bank, a little piece of land, a small house, a railroad share, or a municipal bond. Every family in France is pretty sure to have in the house at least one government bond and maybe several. The women are the great savers in France. It is believed that this has been developed in them by centuries of impressive education as to self-protection. They must have something to live on in the event that their husbands are taken away from them. When a French girl marries she takes to her husband a "dot," which represents her own and the family savings and is the basis of her future protection. Of the depositors in the banks, fifty-seven per cent are women.—*National Tribune.*

## **Don't Wear a Truss**

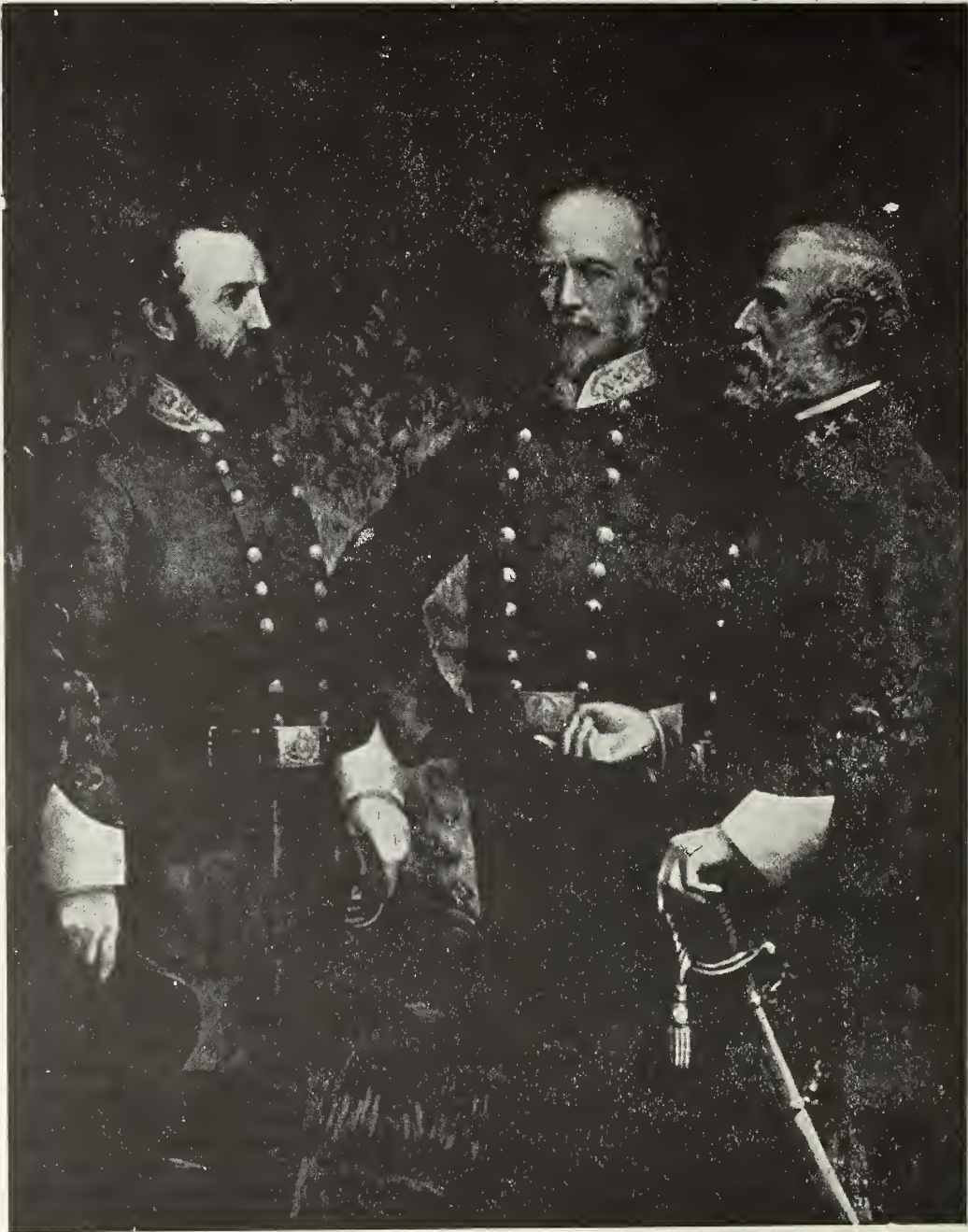


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**C. E. Brooks, 239C State St., Marshall, Mich.**



## THE THREE GENERALS



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# Confederate Veteran

VOL. XXVIII.

MARCH, 1920

NO. 3



GEN. WILLIAM E. MICKLE  
Late Adjutant General U. C. V.



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Information is wanted of the service of Richard Simms, colonel of the 12th Georgia Cavalry State Troops, C. S. A., and especially where he enlisted, when paroled, and where he was on the 11th of April, 1865. Surviving comrades are appealed to for what information they can give. Address Mrs. F. L. Ezell, Leesburg, Va.

The Salvation Army can do as effective work at home as it did overseas, and there is a great need for its home service activities. To meet the needs money is necessary. The organization will have a nation-wide drive for funds the first ten days in May. The American people will make sure that the drive is a big success.

H. P. Hobson, of Somerville, Tenn., in renewing his subscription, writes: "I appreciate the **VETERAN** more than any paper I take and think every true Southerner should subscribe to it. \* \* \* I was not old enough to enlist when the War between the States was on, but I am now, and always will be, loyal to the flag of the Confederacy."

### LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

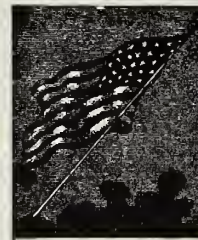
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Mrs. A. C. Reilley, of Pensacola, Fla., is anxious to obtain the war record of her grandfather, William Longmaire (pronounced Longmeer), who went from Kenton, Ky., and joined a cavalry regiment, C. S. A. It is hoped that some of his surviving comrades can give a record of his service for the Confederacy.

**Cash Money** for old Confederate and U. S. stamps issued from 1847-1871, and old foreign accumulations and collections stored in your attic years ago and forgotten. Circular free.

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WANTED—A copy of "The Littlest Rebel," by People, either old or new copy. Reply, stating price, to Mrs. J. M. Johnson, 431 Kensington Court, Louisville, Ky.

WANTED—A position as companion. A refined, educated elderly woman of Southern birth. The best of references given and required. Address Mrs. S. G. Tate, 1127 Chestnut Street, Evansville, Ind.

The Salvation Army will make its second appeal for funds for home service work from May 1 to May 10. The organization occupies a place close to the hearts of the people, and there is no question but that the drive will receive the hearty support of all.

The doctor was watching the cook smear a lot of frosting on the cake, too much, he thought. "Ellen," he said, "frosting covers up a good many mistakes in the baking, doesn't it?" "Yes, doctor," the cook replied, "and the spade covers up a good many mistakes you make, doesn't it?"

T. B. Childress, of San Antonio, Tex., would like to find some one who served in Company B, under Captain Serge, Grimes's Regiment (later Grimes's Brigade) of Missouri Cavalry. He served in that command during the last two years of the war and would like to hear from some of his old comrades.

A thought of the Salvation Army is invariably accompanied by a thought of a good deed. The Army and real service to the people are as close to each other as two things can be. From May 1 to May 10 the Army will have a campaign for funds with which to conduct its home service for another year. Past deeds assure the success of the campaign.

# Confederate Veteran.

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## OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

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VOL. XXVIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1920.

No. 3. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
FOUNDER.

## ADJT. GEN. WILLIAM E. MICKLE.

OFFICE OF COMMANDING GENERAL U. C. V.,  
FORT WORTH, TEX., Feb. 21, 1920.

### GENERAL ORDER NO. —.

With profound sorrow the General commanding announces the death of Gen. William E. Mickle, Adjutant General of the United Confederate Veteran Association.

General Mickle was born in Columbia, S. C., October 31, 1846. He enlisted in the Confederate service on August 20, 1864, as a private in the 3d Alabama Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia. He was wounded twice in the battle of Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864. He continued in the service, but was still on crutches at the close of the war. He was appointed Adjutant General U. C. V. following the death of the lamented Gen. George Moorman and discharged his duty faithfully and efficiently until his death. He was a faithful soldier and died at his post. Higher eulogy no man can have.

To his stricken family, on behalf of our organization, I extend sincere sympathy and condolence.

By order of K. M. VAN ZANDT, *General Commanding.*  
W. T. SHAW, *Assistant Adjutant General.*

The announcement of General Mickle's death, which occurred on the 18th of February at Mobile, has caused widespread sorrow in the ranks of the United Confederate Veterans, by whom he was known and appreciated for the efficiency of his work and devotion to duty. Since the organization of the Association he had been ardently devoted to its interests, serving for some years as Assistant to Adjutant General Moorman, whom he succeeded, and for seventeen years—his appointment dating from January 19, 1903—his undivided attention had been given to the office. His heart was in the work, and now that his task is finished truly is his due the "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

General Mickle was a native of South Carolina, his ancestors having settled in the Kershaw District before the Revolution, and many of the family are still in that section. But he went to Mississippi as a youth and was teaching in Noxubee County in 1864. Though teachers were exempt from military service, and he was then but seventeen years old, he gave up his position and volunteered for the front,

joining the famous Mobile Cadets, 3d Alabama Infantry, A. N. V. When he got to the firing line Harper's Ferry had just been evacuated. He tendered his services to the sharpshooters' corps and had to borrow a gun for his first night on picket.

The services of this boy soldier are given in the following, taken from the "Records": "William E. Mickle participated in all the hard marches and almost daily skirmishes up to the memorable battle of Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864. After sharing in all the triumphs of the army during the day, late in the afternoon he was wounded—it was at first thought mortally—by a fragment of shell. As he was being assisted from the field, weak from loss of blood, he was again wounded in the right ankle by a Minié ball. After spending a short time in the hospital at Staunton, Va., he was furloughed and remained at home for ninety days. Then, though still on crutches, he rejoined his command in winter quarters near Petersburg. However, he was summoned before the medical board of Rodes's Division and ordered to return home, and he was at home at the time of Lee's surrender."

In the fall of 1865 young Mickle resumed his work as a teacher, securing a position in the Barton Academy, Mobile, Ala., one of the most famous public schools in the land. A little later he was made principal of the Boys' Senior Grammar School, a department of Barton Academy, acquitting himself most satisfactorily in every way. Some years later he gave up teaching and entered the book trade, eventually establishing one of the most noted bookstores in the South, his dealings embracing all sections of America and Europe and winning prestige as the best authority on the bibliography of the South, and Alabama in particular. His collection on the War between the States was one of the largest and most varied ever gotten together, and among its treasures were autographic letters from leading writers on the subject (some of which were from President Davis, Generals Lee, Johnston, Beauregard, and others) bound in with the books.

From the inception of the idea of organizing our veterans into an association General Mickle was an ardent worker in that interest. He was among the first promoters of Raphael Semmes Camp, No. 11, U. C. V., of Mobile, and was chosen Adjutant, succeeding himself year after year, giving close



attention to the details of the office no less assiduously than he did to those of the higher officer in the General Association.

He was ever an active and public-spirited citizen. He was Secretary of the Agricultural, Mechanical, and Horticultural Association of Mobile from 1873 to 1886, also of the Mobile Fair Association from 1880 to 1884, and he was also assistant secretary and in charge of office in every leading fair in Alabama for about twenty-five years at Mobile, Montgomery, and Birmingham.

After funeral services at the Government Street Presbyterian Church, he was laid to rest in Magnolia Cemetery, attended by his comrades of Raphael Semmes Camp, members of the local G. A. R. Post, and many other friends and relatives. One of the honorary pallbearers was Gen. V. Y. Cook, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., who went from Arkansas to pay this last tribute to his comrade.

General Mickle is survived by his wife, three daughters, and a son.

#### ELIAS BEALL VAN ZANDT.

A great sorrow has come to the Commander in Chief of our Confederate Veterans in the death of a beloved son, his closest business associate. Elias Beall Van Zandt was the fourth son of General Van Zandt and Vice President of the Fort Worth National Bank, of which his father was President, and naturally his was the young strength on which the father leaned. He was both prominent and popular in banking circles and was widely known as "the smiling young banker." In the fullness of his manhood—for he was only forty years old—he has been called from the activities of life into the realms of immortality. The hearts of our comrades will go out in sympathy to the father and other loved ones of the family circle, to whom the greatest consolation now must be in the feeling that he was worthy of their love.

One could not wish a higher tribute than was paid him editorially in a home paper, a part of which is here given:

"Elias Van Zandt was a man without an enemy, if ever there was such a man. To say that 'none knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise' would be in his case but to say the obvious. He was a man in a thousand, and no one who ever met him intimately on a single occasion could forget him. Modest and of a mild temperament, there was that about him—a frank and simple sincerity, a sort of pleasant atmosphere, so to speak—which made him an altogether charming person. He was the very soul of honor, a man who spoke and lived the truth as a matter of course. There was no disparity between his precept and his practice. He was what he appeared to be—a simple, straightforward, God-fearing man in whom there was no guile.

"Of his career little need be said. He was born in this community, grew up here, went to the public schools, and as a youth entered the business world as a clerk in the auditor's office of the Fort Worth and Denver Railway. After serving that company eight years, at the age of twenty-five he went to the Fort Worth National Bank in a clerical capacity. He had been with the bank fifteen years when he died and was a vice president of that institution. Such is the simple outline of his career. It had really only begun, but already it was so fruitful in practical and efficient service of the community and so rich in promise that it is difficult to estimate the loss which his passing has occasioned."

#### THE HARVEST.

The sympathy of friends everywhere will be with Dr. Henry E. Shepherd, of Baltimore, whose beloved wife and only daughter succumbed to pneumonia in February. He writes that this dread disease has swept over Baltimore like a pestilence during at least a month, and many homes have been darkened by the shadow of death. And thus has his house been left unto him desolate.

#### MY FRIENDSHIP CHAIN.

BY VIRGINIA CONWAY LATHAM.

One by one the links are breaking,  
Shorter grows my friendship chain;  
But those links that are remaining  
True and firm hold just the same.

As I draw them close about me,  
Each one worn from holding fast,  
Lovingly I press them gently,  
Thinking o'er the vanished past.

Links there are so worn and bended,  
Like a wire of thin fine gold,  
Almost broken from long holding,  
Dearer still from being old.

All the links are precious metal,  
All been tried and proven true,  
Some've been worn since childhood's lisping,  
Some have a brilliance almost new.

My friendship chain is clasped about me,  
Long it's lain close to my breast;  
As the links fall softly from it,  
Closer still I draw the rest.

Thousands could not buy it from me,  
Made by joy and love and pain;  
And I count myself a Cræsus  
While I own my friendship chain.

#### ADJUTANT GENERAL U. C. V.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Feb. 25, 1920.

#### SPECIAL ORDERS No. 1.

1. Gen. Andrew B. Booth, comrade of Henry St. Paul Camp, No. 16, U. C. V., New Orleans, La., is appointed Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Confederation to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late lamented Gen. William E. Mickle and will be honored and respected accordingly.

2. He is hereby directed to take charge of all books, papers, records, etc., pertaining to the office and to assume full charge of its affairs and duties.

By command of

K. M. VAN ZANDT,  
General Commanding.

ANDREW B. BOOTH, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*

## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

### THE MYTHICAL LINCOLN.

A wave of Lincoln hysteria seems to have swept this country during the late war period about as thoroughly as the influenza, and it lingers even more persistently. Lincolnitis it might be called. The latest revival of it comes largely through the sentiment aroused by the English dramatic version of Lincoln's life, which people are accepting as though it were of divine inspiration. That such an idealized presentation of the life of a human being could only be full of errors is obvious, and that they are historical errors makes them all the more serious. But the public has been pleased—and when has the public ever clamored for the truth?

That this dramatist plans to build another historical drama around the character of General Lee should arouse general protest. It is a sacrilege to parade that noble figure before the footlights, however truly it might be depicted; and we could not expect this dramatist to present him as he was any more than he has truly presented Lincoln, for whom there was evidently sympathetic appreciation.

The following from the *News-Leader* of Richmond, Va., gives some interesting comment on the subject:

#### DRINKWATER AND LEE.

"Southern people who have been interested to learn that John Drinkwater planned to make General Lee the central figure of a new historical drama will read with surprise that Mr. Drinkwater has declined all proffers of accurate information concerning the great Confederate. The author of 'Abraham Lincoln' has been very polite, but very positive. He will not trouble himself with detail; he will take 'a few central ideas' and make a play to suit, not history, but himself.

"If Mr. Drinkwater were less powerful as a dramatist or less disdainful of fact, one might anticipate a Lee that would either pass unnoticed into the limbo of failure or else be inaccurate only in trivialities. But one almost trembles to think what might be done with the career of Lee by a brilliant man who did not hesitate in 'Abraham Lincoln' to 'invent' a new cabinet member and to have Lee at Appomattox offer Grant his sword. One can only console one's self with the knowledge that if Mr. Drinkwater trifles with the reputation of Lee or pictures the idol of the South in any other than the true colors he will never be permitted to put on his play in the South. A Northern city with a population half of whose ancestors were in Europe in 1860 may throng a theater to see a false picture of Lincoln; but an Anglo-Saxon South, the last generation of which had every man in the field behind Lee, will never countenance any injustice to the memory of that prince among men. The South will fight to-day for nothing more surely than for the good name of its greatest son. If that sounds provincial, let it be so.

"But of course there is little or no reason to apprehend that Mr. Drinkwater will travesty General Lee. The dramatist would not have selected Lee for a play if he had not respected him. For that matter, Mr. Drinkwater is not the man to hold

up greatness to scorn. He has about him nothing of the spirit of Lytton Strachey. Consequently Mr. Drinkwater's refusal to study Lee is chiefly of interest in that it shows once more the dangerous and growing tendency to make a plaything of historical fact. So long as that tendency was confined to literature no legitimate exception could be taken to it. The Jacobites did not criticize Thackeray for reflecting upon the character of the 'Old Pretender.' In the same way where drama was designed for the amusement of those who know, or are supposed to know, history slight inaccuracies were not to be taken too seriously. Shakespeare has probably taught more history than he has distorted. But nowadays as soon as a drama makes a successful appeal to a few thousand spectators in a New York theater—presto! it is seen on ten thousand screens by ten times ten thousand school children in a day. If the filmed drama give the lie to history, the very vividness of the portrayal on the screen will leave a false impression no amount of instruction in the schools can efface. Every one realizes this. Illustration always is more completely remembered than the printed word; animated illustration is a fixative to memory. If, then, Drinkwater were to put the wrong interpretation upon the career of Lee and permitted his play to be put into the movies, what could be done to correct the wrong impression? One hesitates to recommend the simple Romanoff expedient of suppression; that is silly, futile, and undemocratic. Yet history is history and where truly told is a sacred thing, to tamper with which is to approach sacrilege. Perhaps the only real hope lies in encouraging the writing of history with so much accuracy that none but a fool or a knave can misinterpret it. It's an odd and interesting problem."

#### THE PLACE OF LEE.

In the last paragraph of his book, "Robert E. Lee," William P. Trent speaks of the difficulty of summing up the character and achievements of such a man, yet he realizes the necessity for claiming for his hero a place among the finest and best of men.

"With the supreme man of action," he continues, "the small group of statesmen-conquerors, which includes Cæsar, Alexander, Charlemagne, Cromwell, Frederick, Napoleon, Washington, and perhaps one or two more, he cannot be ranked, because he never ruled a realm or a republic and actually shrank in 1862 from assuming the responsibilities of commander in chief. We know, indeed, from his own words that he would not have wished to resemble any of these men save Washington, and we know also that he could not have entered their class without losing the exquisite modesty and unselfishness that give him his unique charm. But do we, his lovers, wish to put Lee in any class, even the highest? Should we not prefer him to stand alone? If we do, we have our wish, for no one class contains him. There is seemingly no character in all history that combines power and virtue and charm as he does. He is with the great captains, the supreme leaders of all time. He is with the good, pure men and chivalrous gentlemen of all time, the knights *sans peur et sans reproche*. And he is not only in these two noble classes of chosen spirits, but he is in each case either a plain leader or else without any obvious superior. But where can another such man be found? Of whom besides Lee may it be justly said that he is with Belisarius and Turenne and Marlborough and Moltke on the one hand and on the other with Callicratidas and St. Louis, with the Chevalier Bayard and Sir Philip Sidney.—*Exchange*.



## THE GREAT OBELISK.

BY GRACE MURRAY MASTIN.

O noble shaft, lift high thy head  
 And pierce the vaulted blue!  
 Rock-hewn thy cradle in earth's deeps,  
 Thou callest in review  
 The gray-clad legions of the South  
 With war flags floating high—  
 The starry cross, unstained away—  
 While Southron's battle cry

Shrill echoes through the vanished years  
 And stirs the battle slain,  
 Who spilled their blood for righteousness  
 In valley, hill, and plain.  
 The blood of Cavalier, and brave,  
 A goodly heritage,  
 Inspiring son of gallant sire  
 A knightly war to wage  
 Against a foe whose swarming ranks  
 Attracted Hun for hire,  
 Whose standard, wrought by brave forbears,  
 Was trailed in crime and mire.

The Shenandoah Hun lay waste  
 Virginia's pleasant lands;  
 The Beast at Orleans—Sherman's hordes  
 With bloody, sacking hands  
 At women's throats—the firing squad;  
 While coward torch made red  
 The angry sky with blazing homes,  
 And children begged for bread.

Majestic shaft, art only stone?  
 Ah, no, a sentient thing  
 Is patriot's blood or woman's fears;  
 Thou standest for a king,  
 An uncrowned king, whose courage true  
 Not all the poisoned hate  
 Of cruel foe nor felon's chain  
 Could conquer or abate.

Where stands his peer? Jesu! let us,  
 His people, guard his fame  
 Till generations yet unborn  
 Shall reverently speak the name  
 Of Davis, only President,  
 The Southland's martyred one,  
 Rare statesman, warrior, Christian, man,  
 Kentucky's greatest son.

Star-crowned, O shaft, the requiem winds  
 Around thy summit sweep.  
 Thou standest mute in awful strength,  
 A pledge to those who sleep.  
 Might conquers for a day. God's plan  
 Unfolds through fifty years,  
 And cause that once seemed lost is won,  
 And Flanders laves in tears.

No lesser pile, great shaft, is meet  
 To mark the sacred place  
 Where he was born whom Fate did make  
 "Exemplar of the race."

. . . . .

The new dawn breaks. America  
 To all the earth hath said:  
 "This is my son. With laurel leaves  
 I crown my deathless dead."

## SERVICE WITH COL. GEORGE R. DIAMOND.

B. F. Day writes from Mount Sterling, Ky.:

"The notice in the January VETERAN of the death of Col. George R. Diamond recalls to my mind many vivid scenes of 1861-65 while serving with and under Colonel Diamond. He served one year in the 5th Kentucky Infantry, commanded by Gen. John S. Williams, and was discharged at Hazel Green, Wolfe County, Ky., in October, 1862. While serving with that regiment he participated in the battles of Middle Creek and Princeton, and his regiment formed part of Bragg's command in the invasion of Kentucky in 1862.

"After the men who had served one year were discharged at Hazel Green, Colonel Diamond, A. J. May, W. W. Cox, A. J. Harris, David Swango, Anderson Moore, and Edward Trimble raised, organized, and equipped the 10th Kentucky Cavalry, and upon organization the following officers were elected: A. J. May, colonel; Edward Trimble, lieutenant colonel; George R. Diamond and William R. Lee, majors. In May, 1863, when the regiment was fully organized at Camp Bowen, in Tazewell County, Va., there were eleven companies and about 1,130 men. Soon thereafter Colonel May resigned, as did Major Lee. The regiment was then commanded by Colonel Trimble until he was killed at Saltville, Va., in 1864, at which time Major Cox was seriously wounded, and the regiment was thereafter commanded by Colonel Diamond.

"The names of the 10th Kentucky Cavalry and the 10th Kentucky Partisan Rangers, commanded by Adam R. Johnson, so frequently got mixed that we called our squad 'Diamond's 10th Kentucky Cavalry.' In the main we made Tazewell and Scott Counties, Va., our headquarters, and it appeared our duty to find out the movements of the Federal forces in Kentucky, West Virginia, and East Tennessee, and for that purpose we kept always on duty a company of scouts or secret service men of about one hundred; these, of course, were first-class men. Their qualifications were that they had brains, could ride and shoot; they were mainly Kentuckians. Many daring stories could be told of their hazardous service.

"The 10th Kentucky Cavalry served through the East Tennessee campaign of 1863-64 and was engaged in almost every fight from Knoxville to Dublin Bridge. We came to Kentucky with Morgan in June, 1864, and were badly handled by Burbridge both at Mount Sterling and Cynthiana; we were at Greenville when Morgan was killed and stuck to the end, surrendering at Mount Sterling in May, 1865. We then numbered about two hundred men. Of the number was Col. George R. Diamond. At Saltville we fought a brigade of negroes under Burbridge with our revolvers at close quarters; the officers were all down save Colonel Diamond, but we did not let up while we could see a negro. At Mount Sterling in June, 1864, a part of our regiment was cut off and surrounded, but Colonel Diamond, in his night shirt, with a naked saber, led them out and saved all except those severely wounded.

Many thrilling but true stories could be written of the adventures of the members of this regiment, but it seems that our boys have had no time to write since their return home. We have been at work."

## COMMENT ON GORDON'S BIOGRAPHY OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

Thus far, I believe, the "Life of Jefferson Davis," by Armistead C. Gordon, of Staunton, Va., published in 1918, has not been the subject of comment or review in the columns of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The merit of the work, as well as the charm and fascination associated with its hero, should accord to the volume a treatment far more comprehensive, pervasive, and penetrating in character than is possible of accomplishment in the stereotyped formulas and severely condensed synopsis that herald the advent of some novel aspirant to fame and emolument, literary renown, and financial reward.

In the contemplation of the writer, few historic figures have appeared in the complex drama of our modern world richer in the finer and nobler elements of inspiration than Jefferson Davis. All the forces and phases that tend to stimulate both the art and the enthusiasm of the biographer were revealed in the checkered tragedy of his day on earth. His portrayal by the hand of a master like Clarendon or Macaulay would have assumed rank among the foremost achievements in this peculiar sphere of literary creation. It may be possible that this untimpered avowal of devotion to the memory of our only Confederate President traces its origin in a measure to the period of childhood, when his name was a household word, a wand to conjure with in my own home and by my own fireside in North Carolina. He was one of the earliest inscribed on my hero roll, and with the approach of ripening seasons the exuberant loyalty of the dawning days was not effaced, but merely guided or directed, I trust, by the discretion which springs from maturity of age and sobriety of judgment.

From the standpoint of mechanical execution, the work of Mr. Gordon leaves nothing to be desired, issued, as it is, under the admirable auspices of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. What is of more serious import even than typographical excellence may be recorded in its commendation without qualification or reserve. The style of the author is lucid, perspicuous, untouched by overwrought description or flamboyant episodes and digressions. An almost unvarying accuracy characterizes his statements, however comprehensive in range or elaborate in detail. The book deserves and, I am encouraged to believe, has attained an assured success. Would that it might be thoroughly perused and assimilated in every Southern home and by every Southern fireside! I am unable to conceive a rational type of patriotism which does not draw its inspiration and its vital power from a broad, critical, and discriminating knowledge of our own historic origin and development. My points of variance with Mr. Gordon's biography of President Davis are such as involve merely a diversity in the point of view, a difference of attitude with regard to certain actions, events, or estimates relating to the heroic figure which is the theme of his portrayal. They do not suggest or convey, even by remote implication, a censure or a criticism of his admirable delineation. There are but two features or phases of the narrative which are contemplated or included in my attitude of dissent, and they may be concisely embodied in a single sentence. Every question of secondary or minor issue I have ignored in simple justice to the author.

The first of these is that Mr. Gordon's presentation of the life and achievement of Mr. Davis does not reveal to the student of our "great Southern story" in adequate form and

with the power of resistless conviction the versatile genius, the marvelous affluence of acquirement in varied and unrelated spheres of human knowledge, perhaps more than all the gift of oratory, so richly bounteous as to accord to the Confederate President a foremost place in the files of modern eloquence. The second of my specific differences has reference to the infamous treatment to which he was subjected at Fortress Monroe by special instructions received from Washington on May 23, 1865. Each of these demands a word of comment in this connection. Among the strange ironies exhibited in the life of Mr. Davis stands the circumstance that in at least two notable instances his phenomenal gifts of intellect, his unique range of acquirement, literary, technical, scientific, as well as his masterful grace of eloquence, have elicited untempered tributes from the pens of his enemies, one of them the Federal surgeon to whose professional care he was committed at Fortress Monroe; the other his remorseless libeler and defamer, Edward A. Pollard. No such analysis of the oratorical brilliancy of Mr. Davis and no such subtle interpretation of the sources of his power has appeared in the field of modern dialectic art.

It recalls the disquisitions of Brougham, Macaulay, or Lecky as they strive to portray the masterful flights of those lords of a former age, Chatham, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and Grattan. Would that the encomium of Pollard, with its incisive reasoning worthy of the Attic era and the Platonic method, were reproduced at length in the columns of the VETERAN! The orations and addresses of Mr. Davis are in a large measure not accessible to the ordinary reader. His superb tribute to the memory of Lee, delivered in Richmond in November, 1870, survives only in fragmentary state. Yet the golden remnants that have held oblivion at bay have won for him a fame as assured and unchallengeable as that which encircles with its radiance the names of his countrymen, McDuffie, Hayne, Legare, and Preston. No statesman of our contemporary world more admirably illustrated the Baconian ideal. His varied acquirements in remote and unrelated fields suggest the wonderful range and richness of Burke, the aspiring omniscience of Brougham, and the rare discursiveness characteristic of Gladstone. He seemed literally "to have taken all human knowledge for his province"; yet no trace or taint of charlatan or sciolist ever marred his wealth of learning. Like Tennyson's catholic and perfect scholar, he wore it "lightly like a flower."

I may be pardoned for an expression of surprise that Mr. Gordon passes over in silence the notable vindication of our President by Dr. Albert Taylor Bledsoe, "Is Davis a Traitor?" which was published in 1866, while the subject of its inexorable reasoning was still immured in a Federal fortress. The remorseless logic characteristic of the work rendered effectual rejoinder a hopeless endeavor, and the treatment of the constitutional issues involved stands an abiding memorial of analytical genius applied to the demonstration of invincible truth. The comment of Mr. Gordon in regard to the cabinet of Mr. Pierce is just as well as discerning. The late Charles Francis Adams, in his eulogy upon William H. Seward in 1873, pronounced Pierce "the weakest man ever elected to the office of President." Yet since the age of Washington what cabinet has combined a richer range of administrative gifts, critical acquirement, statesmanlike precision, the power to "take occasion by the hand"? There stands the brilliant array, William L. Marcy, Jefferson Davis, Caleb Cushing, James C. Dobbin.

I pass to the consideration of the second and only remaining feature of the biography in reference to which I do not



find myself in harmony with the viewpoint of the author. The divergence is based solely upon a single incident in the life of Mr. Davis and the manner of its presentation on page 259 of Mr. Gordon's narrative. At the pole of contrast to his cursory description, as if an affair of secondary importance were alone involved, we turn to the elaborate and graphic recital of the shackling of our President on May 23, 1865. (See "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," by Dr. J. J. Craven, pages 34, 35, 36, 37, 38.) Among the crowning infamies associated with our national record three may be cited as unchallengeable, preëminent, and unique in their ghastly atrocity, the murder of Mrs. Surratt, the campaign of Sherman in the Carolinas, and the treatment inflicted upon President Davis by specific direction of the Federal government while a prostrate captive in his cell at Fortress Monroe. No portrayal or delineation wrought by the "shaping spirit" of Æschylus, Dante, or Shakespeare exceeds in grim and implacable horror the simple, unaffected narrative of the physician in attendance while the process of placing manacles upon a prisoner advanced in years, enfeebled in health, and beyond the possibility of escape was in perpetration. In the retrospect of this single transaction with ill grace does it become the American of our present day to blend his voice in the dissonant chorus which rends the heavens with its agony of lamentation inspired by the iniquities of the Hohenzollern empire. Upon Gen. N. A. Miles, commander at Fortress Monroe, nature had bestowed no consciousness of shame and no apprehension, however faint, of the elements and characteristics contemplated in "the grand old name of gentleman."

The petty indignities, the wanton persecutions inflicted, not upon Mr. Davis alone, but upon his wife, might have stirred the envy of Sheridan or Butler and aroused the spirit of emulation on the part of Milroy or Hunter. In 1896 General Miles received from Harvard the degree of LL.D., a mark of appreciation of his eminent services bestowed by the most ancient and famous of American universities upon the official jailer and torturer of our Confederate President. Yet to one who is not acquainted with the truth relating to this episode of savagery depicted by Dr. Craven a single conclusion alone is logically possible to the reader of Mr. Gordon's work—namely, that Mr. Davis was subjected to no form of restraint or severity, to no rigor or harshness, save such as was justified or rendered imperative by the nature of the circumstances and the conditions then existing. This is the specific feature of an admirable biography which I regard as most obnoxious. A Southern child reading Mr. Gordon's account of the imprisonment of Mr. Davis would receive an impression completely misleading and erroneous, for the language is capable of a single interpretation or construction only. The supreme agony of our vicarious sufferer is utterly veiled and obscured from the eyes and the intelligence of him who peruses the description of Mr. Gordon. (Page 259.)

Would that it were possible for the VETERAN to reproduce without modification or abatement the smooth, unvarnished story of Dr. Craven as related in his "Prison Life," pages 34-38! Compare with the attitude of the Federal government in regard to Mr. Davis that of England with reference to Napoleon the First in 1815 and the action of Prussia in respect to Napoleon the Third after Sedan in September, 1870. Yet not a suggestion or intimation of this relapse into barbarism reveals itself in the pages of Mr. Gordon. An unsuspecting reader, having no knowledge of the unique infamy perpetrated upon Mr. Davis on May 23, 1865, whether

friend or foe, might congratulate our President upon the magnanimity and generosity which characterized his treatment. Sincerely do we deplore this obscuration and even eclipse of a grim but inexorable historical truth. If tender consideration for Northern sensibilities is the inspiring cause or alleged justification, let me ask when or where our Northern contemporaries have exhibited even "a decent respect," in Jeffersonian phraseology, for the ideals, the sympathies, the convictions of their countrymen to whom the lines have fallen below the Potomac? If this comprehensive indictment or impeachment displays a touch of sectional bitterness, a trace of acrimony, does not the imputed "bitterness" spring from a consciousness of its *truth* and not from the mere form of language in which it is embodied? The prevailing tendency toward euphemistic description, tempering gruesome reality and minimizing the record as a gracious concession to the passions or the predilections of our enemies, is a form of false delicacy and delusive regard, involving one logical and foredoomed issue, the effacement of our own story, the marring of our own glory, until both are enshrouded in the gloom of an irreclaimable past.

### THE FIRST CONFEDERATE CAPITAL.

#### ITS PRESENT AND PAST.

BY J. A. OSGOOD, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Alabama's capital has a charming, healthful site and is itself substantially and handsomely built. Though it may hardly be said that there "every prospect pleases," there is certainly no lack of engaging vistas to fascinate the most fastidious at any season of the year or hour of the day.

As Athens gathered under its Acropolis, so does Montgomery center upon the Capitol, which looks serenely down from a commanding height upon the distant "skyscrapers," the lofty fortresses of modern commerce and finance looming large above the business center of the town below. Remote indeed is Capitol Hill from the chafing human tide which pours noisily beyond. A car line winds past along Bainbridge Street, and automobiles tear by in throbbing, strident flight, but all their discordant riot of sound cannot break the soothing quiet that pervades the precinct of this historic Southern State building, crown of the city and of the landscape.

The same may be said of the town at large. Montgomery is a restful, not a dull, city. In certain quarters there is a notable excess of noise and din, but these are hardly more than ruffling ripples on the surface of the general tranquillity. Why should not Alabama's capital truly illustrate the meaning of the State name, "Here we rest"?

There is good material reason for this. If Rome was not built in a day and was built on seven hills, Montgomery rises high and dry on seven hills—and then several—above its "yellow Tiber," the Alabama, which so lately raged more furiously than Rome's river when Horatius held the bridge; while to pedestrian wayfarers it occasionally seems that ascending these most decided, albeit gradual, elevations is an all-day job and that the number of them is seventy times seven. Thus has nature set an iron bit in the mouth of the vulgar, purposeless modern haste that would invade her peaceful domain and drives home the lesson of Wordsworth's verse:

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum  
Of things forever speaking,  
That nothing of itself will come,  
But we must still be seeking?"



Had the visionary hero of Longfellow's "Excelsior" toiled up these heights, he would doubtless have been more than content to rest and abide in one or other of the stately houses rising from lawn or terrace overhead as if to make plain to the dullest that a Montgomerian's house is his castle. And did his trudgeful fervor wane beneath the glowing Southern sun, we could well imagine it renewed by a memory of the text, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills," the turret- and colonnade-crowned hills, "from whence cometh my strength"; for in part and altogether, literally and metaphorically, historically and actually, Montgomery is a "city set on a hill" that cannot be hid—a city of ample limits, but short distances, where endless variety presents itself within easy compass; where old and new combine in strong contrast, but essential harmony; where past and present unite in one strong current of advance.

The well-kept thoroughfares bear the names of national and local celebrities, early and recent—Cleveland, Montgomery, Decatur, Clay, Jeff Davis, and many others. Every vehicle and conveyance known in a temperate climate may be seen about town, from the oxcart to the river steamboat, from the chugging motorcycle to the aeroplanes, whirring amid the clouds like giant dragon flies on their way to and from the aviation camp. And here be it noted that the first electric street car in North America made its first trips on South Court Street, Montgomery. Brick and slate, granite and marble stand in sharp relief against shingle rough-cast and unpainted wood. Asphalt roads cross roads of sand and clay, shaded alike by water oak, sycamore, elm,

beech, palm, and magnolia. Southern sugar cane and apples from Oregon mingle in the fruit stalls, some of these under quaint old-time two- and three-story porticoes on and about the city square.

Such are a few of the outstanding suggestive features of Montgomery present, an epitome of Alabama, whose pines and pomegranates, iron, coal and cotton, figs, oranges, and countless other products and resources declare the opulent diversity of a heritage bestowed on her by nature.

What of the Montgomery of other days?

Quite overshadowed by a palatial hotel across the way, there stands on Commerce Street a dingy old brick building with a tablet\* in the wall which reminds the forgetful passer-by that on the second floor above were the offices of the Confederate government founded in Alabama's capital sixty years ago.

Is Montgomery, which now faces the future with a smile and "greets the unseen with a cheer," beginning to grow fast forgetful of that deathless past?

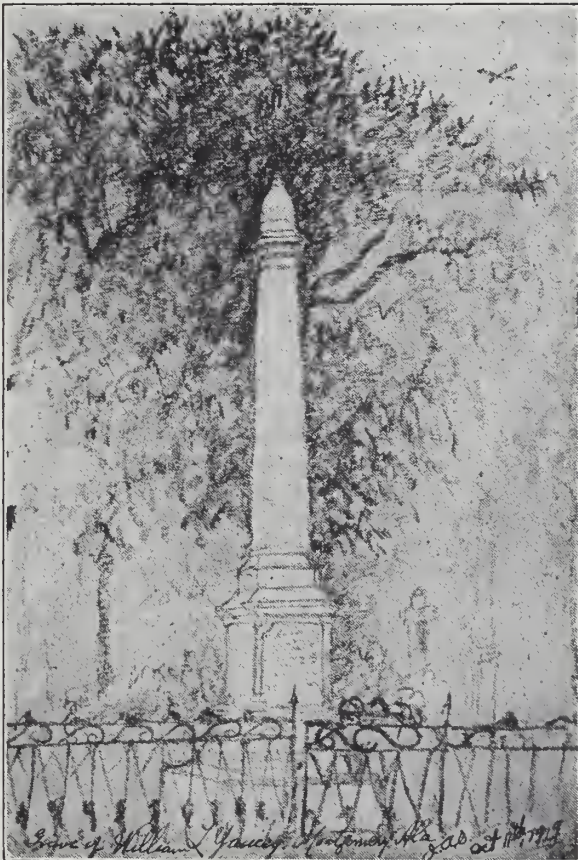
Does not the star marking the spot where Jefferson Davis stood in the porch of the Capitol at the hour of his inauguration recall Shakespeare's saying that careless contemporary opinion

"Gives to dust that is a little gilt  
More praise than gilt o'er-dusted"?

The first "White House of the Confederacy" has been all but thrust from its desecrated site by a newly-built garage that presses menacingly upon the older building.

On the north wall of the main room of the State Library hangs a noteworthy portrait of the great leader of secession, that most eloquent advocate of Southern rights, the patriotic, vigilant, far-sighted statesman whose policy failed only because others failed to carry it out, William L. Yancey, of Alabama. But mere fragmentary forgotten collections of his speeches survive. Records of the proceedings of the earlier and later Democratic conventions are preserved for the curious in such matters; but no record of the famous Charleston convention of 1860 is readily discovered anywhere in Montgomery. The landmarks of Yancey's great career seem to have vanished, leaving hardly a trace behind, as have his town and country residences in and near the city. A bronze tablet at the entrance of the Exchange Hotel commemorates Yancey's historic words, "The man and the hour have met," on the occasion of President Davis's inauguration. His only monument is the shaft above his grave in Oakwood Cemetery, where also rest hundreds of Southern soldiers who gave their lives for the Southern cause. Near the monument rises a young magnolia, whose luxuriant foliage and broad truncated top seem to symbolize the life of this foremost champion of the South—a life tragically cut short, but full-rounded and nobly complete within the course it ran. The inscriptions on the monument are rapidly becoming illegible.

It is often supreme wisdom to anticipate a treacherous enemy by striking first. Such, as occasion offered, has been the course of great patriots in all ages. Such was the policy championed by Yancey in 1850 and 1861. Readers of Southern history can never forget his ringing challenge to wavering friends and doubtful allies in the Charleston Convention of 1860: "Go to the wall on this issue if events demand it. Accept defeat upon it. Let the threatened thunders roll and the lightnings flash through the sky, and let the dark cloud be



MONUMENT AT GRAVE OF YANCEY IN OAKWOOD CEMETERY.

(Sketch by the author.)

\*Placed by a local Chapter, U. D. C.



pointed out by you now resting upon the Southern horizon. Let the world know that our people are in earnest. In accepting defeat upon that issue, my countrymen, we are bound to rise if there is virtue in the Constitution." (From report of Yancey's speech in the *Montgomery Weekly Advertiser* of May, 1860.)

Hardly four years ago, when the World War was at its height, General Smuts, a leader of another "lost cause," speaking at Stepney, England, on "Empire Day," said: "I am a barbarian from the veldt, a Boer who fought for three years against you when you very wrong indeed. \* \* \* I am fighting with you now, and not I alone, but thousands of my old companions of the Boer War. What has brought these men into the struggle? I don't think it is love of the British Empire. It is that they feel what you feel—that the greatest and most precious and most spiritual forces of the human race are at stake."

Not to perpetuate bondage, but to maintain the integrity of the highest type that the English-speaking race produced, was the Southern Confederacy established. May the memory of its founders and leaders ever be green in the Confederacy's first capital!

#### NOTES ON THE WAR DEPARTMENT, C. S. A.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

##### ARMIES OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The first army of the Confederacy was at Charleston, S. C., where G. T. Beauregard signs himself as "Commanding the Provisional Army of the Confederate States of America," although the only troops engaged on our side, I believe, were South Carolinians. We had the following:

Army of the Potomac: First commander, Joseph E. Johnston.

Army of the Shenandoah: First commander, Joseph E. Johnston.

Army of Yorktown: First commander, J. Bankhead Magruder.

Army of the Peninsula: First commander, J. Bankhead Magruder.

Army of the Kanawha: First commander, J. B. Floyd.

Army of the Northwest: First commander, R. E. Lee.

Army of the Valley: First commander, T. J. Jackson.

Northwestern Army: First commander, R. S. Garnett.

Army of Northern Virginia: First commander, Joseph E. Johnston.

Army of Arkansas: First commander, Ben McCullough.

Army of Liberation: First commander, Gid J. Pillow.

Army of New Mexico: First commander, H. H. Sibley.

Army of Tennessee: First commander, A. S. Johnston.

Army of West Tennessee: First commander, Earl Van Dorn.

Army of the District of Mississippi: First commander, Mansfield Lovell.

Army of Central Kentucky: First commander, A. S. Johnston.

Army of the Mississippi Valley: First commander, G. T. Beauregard.

Army of Mississippi: First commander, L. Polk.

Army of Texas: First commander, H. P. Bee.

Western Army: First commander, Ben McCullough.

Army of the West: First commander, Sterling Price.

Army of Eastern Kentucky: First commander, Humphrey Marshall.

Army of Missouri: First commander, Sterling Price.

Army of Mobile: First commander, Thomas M. Jones.

Army of Pensacola: First commander, B. Bragg.

Southwestern Army: First commander, E. Kirby Smith.

The only armies, however, that went all through were those of Northern Virginia, Tennessee, Mississippi, and possibly Kirby Smith's Southwestern; but the others were extremely short-lived and might be said to have almost died "a-bornin'."

#### THE COST OF WAR.

The quartermaster-general of the Confederate States army made the following estimate of the cost of maintaining the troops from January 1 to June 30, 1864: Quartermaster's department, including pay of army, \$320,028,745; subsistence, \$57,988,000; ordnance, \$23,000,000; medical department, \$15,420,000; engineering department, \$10,000,000; niter and mining bureau, \$9,000,000—making a total for six months of \$435,936,745, or a grand total for the year of over \$871,000,000, which would be at the rate of about \$2,000,000 a day.

Now add about one-third more for the navy, secret service, etc., and we can well see that when Sherman "said it" he certainly knew his business thoroughly.

However, this is a mere bagatelle as compared to our late trouble, where, I believe, it cost as much per minute to push things along as it did the Confederacy in the time I have mentioned.

#### PAY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.

In 1861 Congress set the following monthly pay of the army as follows: Brigadier general, \$301; colonel, \$195; lieutenant colonel, \$170; major, \$150; captain, \$130; first lieutenant, \$90; second lieutenant, \$80; sergeant major, \$21; first sergeant, \$20; sergeant, \$17; corporal, \$13; musician, \$12; private, \$11. And at that General Joseph E. Johnston said with truth that the private's pay was more than the line officer's, as the former was fed and clothed (?), while the pay of the latter was insufficient to keep him in daily bread. The subsistence part, however, was taken care of later, as a law was passed allowing certain officers to draw rations free; but as this outfit cost in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars, which would take more than a second lieutenant's yearly pay, I am not not surprised that the Yankees called us "ragged Rebels."

#### THE REGULAR ARMY OF THE CONFEDERACY.

In March, 1861, the Confederate States Congress passed a bill authorizing the following troops for the protection of our nation: Four brigadier generals; an engineer corps, consisting of one colonel, four majors, five captains, and one company of sappers containing one hundred enlisted men; forty batteries of artillery, with one colonel, one lieutenant colonel, ten majors, forty captains, eighty first lieutenants, forty second lieutenants, and thirty-two hundred enlisted men; six regiments of infantry, with six colonels, six lieutenant colonels, six majors, sixty captains, sixty first lieutenants, one hundred and twenty second lieutenants, and six thousand enlisted men; one regiment of cavalry, with one colonel, one lieutenant colonel, one major, ten captains, twenty first lieutenants, ten second lieutenants, and seven hundred and twenty enlisted men—making a grand total of 4 general officers, 110 engineers, 3,371 artillery (including ordnance), 6,259 infantry, 762 cavalry—10,506 officers and enlisted men.

And that is as far as the regular army got, although Georgia, Louisiana, and South Carolina each had a regiment known as the 1st Regulars, and the records show that the officers of these organizations were appointed by the Presi-

dent (at least those from Georgia were), which was not done in the case of other State line officers. However, on January 31, 1862, an order from the War Department changed the 36th Georgia into the 1st Confederate, the 25th Mississippi into the 2d, and the 18th Arkansas to the 3d, and this possibly might have been the birth of our standing army; but there is nothing further on record to throw any light on the subject.

## CABINET OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

Since the official family of our present chief executive seems to be in a transient condition, it may be of interest to know that there were several changes in the Confederate States Cabinet before the President's term expired, or rather the government. The journal of the Confederate States Congress shows that the following served:

Secretary of State: Robert Toombs, R. M. T. Hunter, William M. Brown (*ad interim*), Judah P. Benjamin.

Attorney-General: Judah P. Benjamin, Thomas Bragg, Thomas H. Watts, Wade Keyes (*ad interim*), George Davis.

Secretary of the Treasury: C. C. Memminger, G. A. Trenholm.

Postmaster-General: H. T. Ellett (refused appointment), J. H. Reagan.

Secretary of Navy: S. R. Mallory.

Secretary of War: L. P. Walker, Judah P. Benjamin, G. W. Randolph, G. W. Smith (assigned temporarily), J. A. Seddon, J. C. Breckinridge.

So it can be seen that the only one that traveled the entire "rocky road" with the President was Mr. Mallory.

Bills were presented in Congress to abolish the offices of Secretary of War and of the Navy on the grounds that the ranking officer in each branch could "carry on" as well as the then incumbent and thereby save the government \$20,000 each year. However, these bills were either tabled or, at any rate, not passed. The President had a salary of \$25,000 and the Vice President and each Cabinet officer \$10,000 yearly, which in the early part of the war was a whale of a sum, even if in Confederate paper, although I presume they had no trouble in getting rid of it, as a bill was introduced to raise this stipend.

In case the President and Vice President were incapacitated in any way from presiding, they were to be succeeded *pro tempore* by the President of the Senate and then the Speaker of the House.

## SOME NOTED GUNS.

The February VETERAN has an article on Bledsoe's silver gun which I can confirm, as I find in the "War Records" that in March, 1862, General Rains, of the Missouri State Troops, reported the gun "Sacramento," under the skillful handling of Col. H. M. Bledsoe, as having accomplished wonders; but I certainly doubt that the "Old Girl" was made altogether of silver, as I am sure the Confederacy would never have allowed that much bullion to run around on wheels and risk being captured.

While on this subject it may be of interest to know that General Longstreet had in Fort Powhatan, Va., two guns, "Long Tom" and "Charlie," that he thought considerable of.

The "Jennie" was captured at Crampton's Gap, Md., from the Troup Artillery of Georgia.

"Whitling Dick" enfiladed the line of "Beast" Butler's famous canal at Vicksburg and temporarily put a stop to the proceedings.

"Lady Richardson" was captured at Corinth from Richard-

son's Missouri (Union) Battery by Rust's Confederate Brigade.

Ladies "Buckner" and "Breckinridge" were lost to the Yankees at Missionary Ridge.

But "Lady Davis," which burst at Island No. 10, and "Lady Polk," which burst at Columbus, had the strangest fates of any of the named guns, as they were gathered up by Commodore Davis, U. S. N., and sent to Sister Angela, of the Holy Cross Order (who nursed Union sick and wounded) to be cast into a statue of "Peace"; but as to whether this was ever done, there is nothing further to show.

It may be well also to mention that an order was issued in the Confederate States army to have the names of men who had been killed in an action in which they had distinguished themselves inscribed on guns that had been captured, and I find that on April 20, 1863, General Hardee proposed the following names for the battle of Murfreesboro: Lieut. Col. Don McGregor, 1st Arkansas; Maj. H. C. Ewin, 44th Tennessee; Maj. J. T. McReynolds, 37th Tennessee; Capt. J. T. Armstrong, 6th Arkansas; Capt. E. E. Wright, Wright's Tennessee Battery; Capt. Edwin Allen, 26th Tennessee; Lieut. H. C. Collier, 2d Arkansas; Lieutenant McCurdy, 8th Arkansas.

This is, I think, the only instance on record that gives names, but there is nothing further on record as to whether the inscribing was accomplished or not.

## LOUISIANA CONFEDERATE MILITARY RECORDS.

BY A. B. BOOTH, COMMISSIONER MILITARY RECORDS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

It is reasonably certain that there is not extant a complete and perfect record of the individual members of any Louisiana command in the Confederate army. The nearest approach to such is to be found in the records in the office of the Commissioner of Louisiana Military Records of such organizations as served in the Army of Northern Virginia, where the discipline was perchance best and where the muster rolls were more promptly and regularly made.

These records, however, furnish many thousands of proofs of individual soldiers, complete and perfect, in establishing devoted service to their country to the end of the strife—patriotic men who were either killed in battle, died in camp or in hospital, or languished in Northern prisons until after the fall of the Confederacy or were duly present and paroled at the final surrender of the Confederate States armies.

It is a lamentable fact, however, that a very large number, many of whom had served with honorable records to within a short time of the close of the war, were absent without leave at the final surrender of their respective commands and therefore were not included in the rolls of those actually surrendered and paroled, their orderly sergeants very properly not reporting them for paroles. They are themselves to blame, not the parole records, for not being in the parole lists with their former comrades in arms.

And the plight of such of these as were in the Trans-Mississippi Department is aggravated by the fact that at the surrender of Gen. E. Kirby Smith on May 26, 1865, it is said the Confederate records, including the muster rolls, were burned at Shreveport, La., so that there were no records left to even show their service up to near the time of final surrender.

Thus the whole burden of proof is thrown upon these absentees. This condition of absenteeism is fully established by many official records and papers not only for the Louisi-



ana soldiers in the West, but also for troops in other sections of the South.

Public papers and military orders by officers in command will show this deplorable state of affairs, a condition which gives additional luster to the devoted service of those noble men whose devotion to duty and to country nerved them to the final test of soldierly honor and who, while comrades were deserting from duty and from them, yet stood firm and did not lay down their arms until they could do so honorably and deserving the parole, which is their certificate of loyalty, faithfulness, devotion to country and to their enlistment oath.

The history of those days—in fact, all history of our republic—I regard as sacred, and the future historian must take into consideration this clouded side of a struggle most replete with noble devotion, heroic achievement, and self-denying sacrifice on the part of the loyal men who never faltered.

#### WITH THE ELEVENTH TEXAS CAVALRY.

Capt. George B. Dean, of Detroit, Tex., enlisted in the Confederate service at the age of nineteen with the first company from his native county. This was made Company E, of the 11th Texas Cavalry, which saw active service first through the Indian Territory and Kansas and then back into Arkansas near Fayetteville. Captain Dean says of his command:

"We were supposed to go into winter quarters; but as the enemy was pressing General Price out of Missouri, our regiment was ordered to join General McCulloch and served under him in continuous scout duty, engaging in the battle of Elk Horn, or Pea Ridge, where General McCulloch was killed.

"We were then ordered to Des Arc, Ark. There we were dismounted. Our horses were sent back to Texas, and we were put aboard a little boat and sent to Memphis, Tenn., from there to Corinth, Miss., but too late for the battle of Shiloh. After engaging with the enemy in a few rounds near Corinth and Farmington, we were sent to Mobile, Ala., and from there to Chattanooga, Tenn., where we rested, drilled, and prepared for more active duties.

"About the latter part of August or early in September, 1862, with five days' cooked rations, a musket, and forty rounds of ammunition, we flanked the Federal General Morgan, crossed the mountain, and occupied the gap on the Kentucky side, thus preventing his escape. Our wagon train, having to make a more circuitous route, was greatly delayed, and the boys drew heavily upon their haversacks and were soon out of provisions; but out of a near-by cornfield and apple orchard we did well until the wagons arrived.

"Then began the march under Gen. E. Kirby Smith through the blue-grass regions of Kentucky, with nothing to molest or make us afraid until we reached the town of Richmond, where the Federal Generals Davis and Nelson said we should go no farther; but before the setting of the sun that day we had their entire army, except the killed and wounded, rounded up and were giving them paroles. The part taken in this battle by our regiment is well described in the following song, which was composed by one of our boys while waiting for his wounds to heal in a hospital at Richmond:

"Early one morning in 1862

The gallant sons of Texas, with hearts brave and true,  
Marched forth to meet the Yankees just at the break of day  
On the green fields of Richmond in battle's dread array.

We marched along in silence until the sun arose;  
We heard the boom of cannon alike of friends and foes;  
We stopped awhile at Kingston, a village by the way,  
To wait for further orders and listen to McCray.

Then we were ordered forward to turn the Yankees' right;  
We marched through lane and cornfield until we came in sight;

We saw the broken columns—they had begun to flee  
Away from our Southerners, the sons of Tennessee.

Then we were ordered to charge them, and they began to get  
Away a little faster than we ever saw them yet.

They ran about two miles before they stopped to rest,  
Then took a strong position, resolved to do their best.

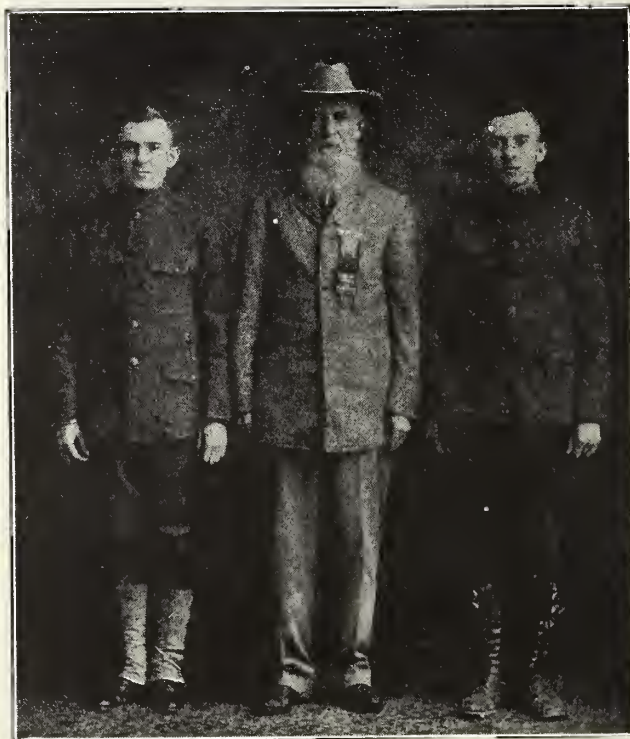
There was no one to oppose them but our small brigade,  
And yet we were undaunted, for no one was afraid.

There Minié balls and bombshells incessantly did roar,  
And many noble Texans there fell to rise no more.'

"General Smith marched his little army up and in sight of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Covington, Ky., then hastened to join General Bragg at Perryville, but too late. The battle had just ended when we arrived. Thence we went back through Cumberland Gap into Tennessee to await the oncoming of the battle of Murfreesboro.

"After engaging in this hard-fought battle, in which our lamented Col. John C. Burks was mortally wounded, his dying request that his 11th Texas Cavalry be remounted was granted by the War Department, and we were ordered to

(Concluded on page 118.)



Capt. George B. Dean and his twin grandsons, Paul and David Dean, of Tulsa, Okla., who were in training at Norman, Okla., for the World War when the armistice was signed. They were discharged on December 21, 1918. Two other grandsons were in the service—Robert Hugh Easley, in training at Fort Worth, and G. M. Dean, of New York City, an officer in the navy.

## JACKSON'S LAST BATTLE.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

The Jeff Davis Artillery, known also as Reese's Battery, was the first organization of field artillery organized in Alabama for the war of 1861-65. It was mustered into the service of the Confederate States "for the period of the war," from the beginning, the length of its service being contingent on the duration of the war. It had operated as part of the brigade commanded successively by Early, Garland, and Iversen during the years 1861 and 1862. In the winter of 1862-63 the artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia was organized into battalions, each commanded by one or more field officers with the rank of lieutenant colonel or major, and each battalion became subject to the orders of the chief of artillery of the corps or army.

The Jeff Davis Artillery, of which I was a member, was made part of Carter's Battalion, commanded by Lieut. Col. Thomas Hill Carter, attached to the Second Army Corps, under Lieut. Gen. Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, the command with which the battery had operated since June 27, 1862. On the 30th of April, 1863, after a night's march of eighteen or twenty miles, the battery found itself in line of battle near Hamilton's Crossing, in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, confronted by the pickets of its old antagonists, the Federal Army of the Potomac. Though there was an occasional slight rattle of musketry and booming of artillery to the left of the position occupied by the battery, it did not prevent the tired and sleepy men from seeking and enjoying the much-needed sleep and rest. Our old division, formerly commanded by brave Daniel H. Hill, but now under the command of Robert E. Rodes, was there to meet us.

Before day the next morning, May 1, three divisions of Jackson's Corps, with the corps artillery, were moving in the direction of Chancellorsville, perhaps fifteen miles west of Hamilton's Crossing and above Fredericksburg, near the Rappahannock River. The Federal commander had made a demonstration against the Fredericksburg Heights during the last days of April to cover the movement of three other corps by the way of Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock River, and Germana and Ely's Fords on the Rapidan. The three corps, after a forty-mile march, had, with but little opposition, made a lodgment at Chancellorsville and uncovered and taken possession of United States Mine Ford. During the night of the 30th of April two other corps and two divisions of a third corps had been withdrawn from the Confederate front, near Fredericksburg, and, crossing at United States Mine Ford, were added to the troops which had previously reached Chancellorsville. This brought Hooker's force to approximately 90,000 troops of all arms at Chancellorsville. Lee's whole available force to oppose Hooker numbered less than 60,000 troops of all arms. Longstreet was away with two divisions, leaving but two divisions of his corps present. Of the 60,000 Confederate troops, perhaps an aggregate of 42,000 effectives after Jackson reached the vicinity of Tabernacle Church on the 1st of May was opposing the Chancellorsville assemblage.

Rodes's Division, followed by Carter's Battalion of Artillery, led Jackson's column. Within three or four miles of Chancellorsville the head of the column came in contact with McLaws's and Anderson's Divisions, of Longstreet's Corps, when Rodes became involved in the contest going on between the Confederate and Federal forces. The latter had advanced that morning from Chancellorsville. The Confederate forces were intrenching when Jackson had it stopped and ordered

an advance of the entire line, he having command of the entire force present.

The forward Confederate movement immediately began along the plank road, turnpike, and river road in reverse, these being the same roads along which the Federals had advanced in the morning. But for this counter attack the Federal advance would have assaulted Lee's Fredericksburg stronghold in flank and rear. The advance developed considerable musketry and artillery fire, and a number of casualties resulted. In his order for the forward movement of his troops Hooker designated Tabernacle Church, on the plank road, as his headquarters, but he never reached there. Jackson's vigorous assault caused him to promptly recall every column sent out, and he ordered each to resume the fortified position left in the morning.

Up to the time he recalled his troops on the 1st of May Hooker's movements were characterized by energy and boldness, and his strategy was excellent. Did he expect Lee to retreat? He had maneuvered him out of his stronghold, and by all the rules of war he should retreat. Did Lee's boldness cause him to lose his nerve? When Hooker reached Chancellorsville on the evening of the 30th of April with so little opposition, he was elated. He sent a congratulatory dispatch saying: "The operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." Instead of flying, his antagonist boldly moved against his advanced line and threw down the gage of battle, but Hooker's courage seems to have deserted him at this point.

When the battle of the evening closed, Rodes's Division and Carter's Battalion moved along the plank road and bivouacked that night near Aldrich's Tavern, about one mile and a quarter from Chancellorsville. The other divisions bivouacked near by. Lee and Jackson bivouacked at the point where the Catherine Furnace road leaves the plank road. During the night the Confederate engineers were actively hunting a point in the enemy's lines that promised success to an assault by the Confederate forces next day. Lee and Jackson received reports from every part of the well-fortified line. The rattle of axes and falling trees within the Federal lines was heard by the engineers and outposts.

Lee and Jackson were seen sitting on cracker boxes between midnight and the early morning hours by one of Jackson's official family, engaged in earnest conversation, warming their hands over a flickering flame of twigs. The only hope offered for success, from the many reports that reached them, came from a report of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, in command of the cavalry, which was that Hooker's right flank "was in the air"—that is, without natural protection. To avail themselves of this forlorn hope required the march of a force across the entire front of Hooker's army. A movement of this kind would involve the army in great hazard. To attempt it and fail meant destruction of the army. Further division of the already divided army must be made and the larger part of it placed in a position that prevented retreat should it fail.

"Great things through greatest hazards are obtained,  
And then they shine."

Doubtless these great military leaders concluded that desperate conditions demanded desperate methods.

There is no official report of that midnight meeting left by either of the two great men. We can only infer its conclusions from the grand march and achievement of the following day. The nearest to an official report we have is contained



in Lee's report of the operations of the campaign. He said it was evident that "a direct attack upon the enemy would be attended with great difficulty and loss in view of the strength of his position and his superiority of numbers." It was, therefore, resolved to turn his right flank and gain his rear, having a force in his front to hold him in check and conceal the movement. The execution of the plan was intrusted to Lieutenant General Jackson, with his three divisions. The commands of McLaws and Anderson, with the exception of Wilcox's Brigade, which during the night had been ordered back to Banks's Ford, remained in front of the enemy. Barksdale's Brigade, of McLaws's Division, and Early's Division, of Jackson's Corps, with Pendleton's reserve artillery, had been left to protect the line at Fredericksburg.

Many of us have seen a beautiful picture entitled the "Last Meeting of Lee and Jackson," in which Lee is represented as sitting on his favorite horse, Traveler, with an easy, dignified martial bearing, and Jackson in front of him astride of Old Sorrel, with his military cap in his hand, indicating deference. The picture is a beautiful conception, and it is perhaps cruel to destroy it, but the writer feels safe in saying that it is a conception wholly of the artist's brain. A truer picture of that meeting would be to have the two distinguished men sitting on cracker boxes, warming their hands over the flickering flame of twigs, as Captain Smith saw them in the early morning of that noted Saturday, May 2, 1863. The writer saw Jackson soon after the column began to move, and his uniform was hidden by a gum coat, which he wore during the day. Nor was Lee as neatly dressed after that night's bivouac as the picture represents him. Presuming that every arrangement was made while they sat on the boxes, what was the use of such a meeting? The intensity of Jackson's nature no doubt caused him to be wholly absorbed in his hazardous task, and formalities did not enter into the parting.

Jackson's force consisted of the three divisions and the corps artillery, which he led from Hamilton's Crossing on the morning of the 1st of May, and, in addition, the artillery battalion of Col. E. P. Alexander, of the 1st Corps. The fractional divisions of McLaws and Anderson numbered approximately 18,000, while Jackson's detachment numbered approximately 30,000. Though the hour set for the movement to begin was 4 A.M., it was some time after that hour before Colquitt's Brigade, of Rodes's Division, moved up the plank road, leading one division, with Carter's Battalion of Artillery following. Colston and Hill, with accompanying artillery, followed in the order named, the reserve artillery and trains following.

The column was preceded by the cavalry of Fitzhugh Lee's brigade, which guarded its front and right flank. Jackson, moving with the column and passing along its line occasionally, injected his intense energy into it. Secrecy and celerity were the watchwords of the movement, both being necessary for its success; and when Jackson passed along the column a messenger preceded him to warn the men against cheering. The men, having just left winter quarters, had not yet become hardened to marching, and several of the weaker ones fell as they marched. To intensify the severity of the march, many of the men had had no food before starting and even for a part of the previous day. I was one of the latter and have an acute recollection of that fourteen-mile march when as "hungry as the grave."

The moving column was discovered from Hazel Grove, located about a mile and a quarter southwest of Chancellorsville, and was vigorously assailed by Sickles, whose corps

occupied that position. The column, however, kept its steady tramp and was intently urged forward by its energetic leader. The firing by the assaulting troops became less distinct, and finally the head of the marching column passed out of hearing of the din. Soon after the head of the column entered the thick woods it reached the Brock road, which led through a dense forest in a westerly and northwesterly direction.

About 4 P.M., after a hard march of fourteen miles, the head of the column crossed the plank road from which it had deflected that morning. When Rodes's Division had passed about half its length across the road, it stopped and stacked arms. Well do I remember seeing Jackson and Fitzhugh Lee ascend the long red slope to the east of the position then occupied by the troops, preceded by a small squad of cavalry. After reaching the summit and briefly scanning the enemy's position, Jackson quickly returned, and the column continued its march to the turnpike, a mile farther, when the division formed across and perpendicular to it. Carter's Battalion was placed in position in a small field on the right of the turnpike as a precautionary measure while the attacking column was being formed. The assaulting formation was made in the following order: Rodes's, Colston's, and A. P. Hill's divisions.

Owing to the density of the surrounding forest, the formation was not completed until about 5:30 P.M. The long lines of men quietly struggling through the apparently impenetrable thicket almost within hailing distance of the enemy's lines presented a weird spectacle. This jungle was rarely ever disturbed except by the occasional crack of the huntsman's gun when in pursuit of the game which had taken refuge in its protecting folds. It is not surprising that the long lines of men struggling through the scrubby growth and tangled vines should have startled wild turkeys, foxes, deer, and rabbits galore and caused them to rush through the Federal camps ahead of the advancing Confederate lines.

The formation having been completed, I distinctly remember the shrill bugle call that rang out, which was echoed from the right and left of the line of sharpshooters and sent them forward, the assaulting lines close at their heels. After the enemy was encountered, the sharpshooters were absorbed by the front line. Soon the dance of death began, indicated by the rattle of the rifles and the Rebel yell. The first troops encountered were von Gilsa's brigade, of Devin's Division, 11th Army Corps, commanded by Maj. Gen. Oliver O. Howard. The first information reaching them was the flash of the rifles of Rodes's Division and the grating whistle of the Minié balls into their flank and rear. This surprise was followed by a solid wall of gray, forcing its way through the tangled woods and rolling down upon them like an irresistible avalanche. Soon efforts were made to form, but the sense of helplessness was so great that the feeble resistance offered was speedily beaten down. Arms, knapsacks, clothing, equipage, everything was thrown down and left behind. The road and woods on both sides were filled with horses, cattle, and men in a mad flight. Von Gilsa's brigade was 1,400 strong, but they could not withstand five times their number of self-reliant and aggressive soldiers. It did not take long for the brigade to dissolve into a fleeing and confused mass.

The next brigade in line was McLean's, which faced south when the Confederate attack approached from the west. It was endeavoring to change front when the fleeing mass from von Gilsa's brigade rushed through it. The musketry fire of the exultant Confederate troops, with added charges from the artillery, which kept in touch, soon broke McLean's Bri-

gaded into an unorganized mass of fugitives. The heavy loss of the two brigades amply attests the efforts of the officers to hold their men to the fighting point.

Soon after the advance began I spied a well-filled haversack attached to the neck of a dead Federal soldier. Its contents were hard-tack, salt pork, and coffee. Not having tasted food for more than twenty-four hours, my appetite was whetted to a keen edge. Milton pictures an elysian scene in which

"Each tree  
Laden with forest fruit, that hung to the eye  
Tempting, stirred in me appetite  
To pluck and eat."

No such encouragement was needed in this case. The appetite had long since been stirred by an extended fast, and the well-filled haversack of this dead soldier furnished the much-desired opportunity "to pluck and eat." Proprieties were banished in favor of the great necessity of the living, and my pocketknife was whipped out, and the strap that held it to the dead owner's neck was cut that I might eat as I trotted along. No food ever tasted sweeter.

For a while the fight degenerated to nothing but a foot race. The Confederate line, urged forward to reap the fruits of the great surprise it had inflicted, moved at a double-quick and fired as it moved forward. It swept everything before it. The Rebel yell was heard from every part of the line, adding to the confusion and terror of the fugitives.

Schurz's Division, of the same corps, was in line along the pike, just east of Devins's. The officers of this division did not have time to give a command before the confused mass of guns, horses, and men broke lengthwise through the regiments. The whole line, deployed on the turnpike and facing toward the south, was rolled up and swept away in short order. The next resistance encountered was at Dowdall's Tavern, where the turnpike converged to a junction with the plank road. Here a line of rifle pits at right angles with the plank road was occupied by Buschbeck's Brigade, of Steinwehr's Division, 11th Corps. The regiments of this brigade showed more resolution than any former troops encountered. But soon the Confederate forces gained both wings of the brigade, killed and wounded nearly one-third of its entire strength, and forced it to retire. Weidrich's Battery of Artillery, in position here, was left in possession of the Confederates. The captain congratulated himself on saving two horses from the wreck.

The total losses of Howard's Corps to this point were 155 killed, 721 wounded, and 526 missing; total, 1,402. Only the troops of Howard's Corps had been encountered, and these had been crushed and dispersed.

The Confederate losses were consolidated for the whole campaign and cannot be computed to this point in the contest. They were greatly less than their antagonist's.

The peculiar acoustic condition of the atmosphere at the time this movement was made prevented the noise of battle from being heard readily. Hooker, with his official family, occupied the Chancellor house, which was in reality Chancellorsville. This house was located but little over a mile from Steinwehr's rifle pits, the point of last attack. Hooker and his staff were complacently sitting on the porch, entirely ignorant of the disaster to his right. Colonel Russell, of his staff, looking through a glass along the plank road, suddenly exclaimed, "My God! here they come," having seen the fleeing soldiers, horses, men, and other accumulations.

Sickles, chasing an imaginary retreating foe only about two and a half miles away, failed to hear the roar of the

artillery, the roll of musketry, and the vigorous, resounding Rebel yell of Rodes's line and refused to accept the first report of disaster reaching him. General Lee, who was about the same distance from Steinwehr's rifle pits as Sickles, did not hear the noise and hence did not press at that point, as he had agreed with Jackson to do.

Toward Chancellorsville from this point there is a gradual descent to a small stream, when the surface gradually ascends as it approaches the elevation at Fairview, the cemetery in front of the Chancellor house. Williams's Division, of Slocum's Corps, before moving to support Sickles, had constructed works of logs and earth across the road near the little stream. These works were, fortunately, unoccupied when the Confederates reached them.

Darkness had now settled over the scene, and Rodes realized the necessity of extricating his lines from their confused condition, his and Colston's Divisions having become mixed in the recent active forward movement of the troops. His right had become entangled in an abatis which caused the whole line to halt. Several pieces of Carter's Battalion of Artillery were put in position on both sides of the road in the intrenchments found here. These remained in this position but a short while, as they were withdrawn and closed up on the leading section. Rodes immediately sent a message to Jackson to urge the reserve forward. Upon the receipt of the message Jackson immediately ordered Hill's Division forward. In his eagerness to complete the great achievement begun Jackson failed to realize the great danger attending night fighting.

During the lull attendant upon the changing of the troops Rodes rode forward on a reconnaissance and soon returned and reported to Colonel Crutchfield, Jackson's chief of artillery, that there was no line of battle between the Confederate forces and Chancellorsville. Crutchfield immediately ran up two or three pieces of artillery and opened in that direction, this number being all that could be accommodated in the plank road. The Federal artillery responded with terrific fire from thirty-four guns, silencing the Confederate guns and raking the plank road and woods on each side of it.

Carter's Battalion of Artillery was standing in column along the plank road, and the roar and flashing of the guns and bursting shells caused the battery horses to become wild and unmanageable. Several of the tongues to the carriages were broken, and a number of the horses and men were wounded and killed. During one of a series of fierce shellings to which the battalion was subjected Patton McChondichie, of the Jeff Davis Artillery, was given a crushed leg from which he died soon after midnight. He was my army bedfellow, schoolmate, and boyhood friend. I heard the bone of his leg pop when struck, and his groan of pain carried me to his relief. His leg was corded above the break to stanch the blood, and everything possible was done to alleviate his suffering, but his gentle soul took its flight through the golden gate. Ah! where that bright soul is it cannot be night. During a lull in the firing an ambulance was brought up, and he was tenderly placed in it. He exhibited no disturbance from the prospect of immediate death, but repeatedly referred to the fact that he would be one-legged, and possibly the girl he left behind him would desert him because of his condition. He made a pathetic appeal that I should accompany him, but the exacting duties of a soldier prevented me from following my strong inclination; so I bade him farewell and urged him to be brave. Within a few hours he had "crossed over the river and was resting under the shade of the trees," and his grand leader joined him a few days later.



Jackson displayed considerable impatience that Hill's troops did not move forward as rapidly as he thought they should, and when Lane's Brigade had formed and before Hill's other troops had completed their formation he ordered Lane to press forward. Though Lane was ready to advance, Jackson rode forward to reconnoiter. In returning to the lines, followed by his staff and couriers, they were mistaken for advancing Federal cavalry, and friends fired a volley of musketry into the groups, killing and wounding several, and among them was Jackson.

The volley which wounded Jackson brought a renewal of the fierce shelling from an increased number of guns, forty-three this time. Hill, who was present when Jackson was wounded, immediately assumed command and rode out the plank rode to investigate. On his return to the Confederate line, like Jackson under similar conditions, he was wounded by his friends. During the fearful carnage that prevailed Colonel Crutchfield was given a crushed leg. The wounding of Hill ended any further effort to continue the advance that night. Hill immediately dispatched a messenger for Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, who was guarding Ely's Ford and watching a body of cavalry located on the north side of the Rapidan River.

Jackson's loss was irreparable. His successors fought with skill, courage, and energy, but their achievements did not compare with those of Jackson. As brilliant a soldier as Gen. John B. Gordon called him the "American phenomenon." He was hit with three balls at the same instant. His most serious wound was from a ball that shattered his left arm between the elbow and shoulder. While being borne from the field two of the litter bearers were shot at different times. When the second one was shot, no one being near to catch the litter, Jackson fell to the ground on his wounded side, and it caused him to groan with pain.

During the halt that followed his fall Brigadier General Pender, of Hill's Division, approached and tendered condolence and stated that his troops were so broken by the fierce fire to which they had been subjected that he would have to withdraw to re-form them. Though Jackson was suffering greatly, this remark stirred him to make reply in a firm voice: "*You must hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold your ground, sir.*" This was the last order given by him on the field.

He was carried back to the field hospital, and his left arm was amputated at the shoulder. On the following Monday, May 4, he was carried in an ambulance, via Spotsylvania Courthouse, to Candler's house, near Guinea Station, on the Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad. Here he appeared to improve, and strong hopes were entertained that he would recover; but pneumonia attacked him, and he died on Sunday, May 10. In the wanderings of his mind during his last moments he was again on the battle field endeavoring to complete his great undertaking, as shown by his saying: "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action. Pass the infantry to the front. Tell Major Hawkes"—Here there was a pause for several moments, when he calmly said: "No, no, let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." These were his last words.

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At the critical moment A. P. Hill was always strongest. No wonder that both Lee and Jackson, when in the delirium of their last moments on earth, stood again to battle and saw the fiery form of A. P. Hill leading his column.—*Henry Kyd Douglas.*

## END OF VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

BY REV. J. H. M'NEILLY, D.D., CHAPLAIN OF QUARLES'S  
BRIGADE, C. S. A.

### HOSPITAL LIFE.

One of the most amusing episodes of our retreat from Jackson, Miss., was a panic in camp one morning about daybreak. When we were no longer pursued by the enemy the men wanted to rest, and it was hard to get them up and ready for the march. The sounding of drum and bugle was unheeded. The officers would fume and scold through the rows of sleepy men, but it was late in the day before we got started. The last morning before we reached a somewhat permanent camp we were bivouacked in a pine wood, the men sleeping sweetly rolled in their blankets on the fragrant pine needles. Suddenly such an uproar broke loose as to bring every man to his feet at once. It was the shouting of the cattle drivers, who had charge of the bees driven along with us. All through the camp men were running, yelling: "Whoa! Whoa! Watch out! Get out of the way! You'll be run over!" Every one supposed that the cattle had stampeded, and, half awake, every man rushed for a tree. I remember when I came to myself I was standing outside of a ring of half a dozen, most of them clasping a pine tree and trying to climb it. I had just the tips of my fingers on the tree, but I felt perfectly safe, thinking that I was at least ten feet up that tree. It was told on one of our captains that he called out to his company: "Follow me, and you will be safe." And when one of his men cried to him, "Where are you?" the reply was: "Here I am forty feet up in a big tree. Come on." When they reached him he was sitting flat on the ground with his arms and legs clasped tightly around a pine sapling about three inches in diameter. He felt secure. It turned out that the whole thing was devised by an old cattleman who had seen stampedes of cattle, and he did this to get the men aroused for the march. It succeeded, although there wasn't an ox within a mile of the camp. But one can well imagine the danger of a herd of several hundred frightened cattle tramping wild through a regiment of sleeping men.

The heat and dust of these marches brought on severe inflammation of the eyes in many of the soldiers. Before we left Port Hudson, there was almost an epidemic of ophthalmia, and this campaign aggravated it very much, so that numbers of our men lost the sight of one or both eyes. At Morton I found that my eyes were becoming much inflamed, and the result was that I was sent to a hospital at Lauderdale Springs, Miss. There was a convalescent camp there of four thousand sick and wounded getting ready to return to their commands. The surgeon of the post was Dr. Robert Anderson, whom I had known before. He was the family physician of Mr. Joseph Davis, President Davis's brother, who occupied one of the cottages at the springs.

Dr. Anderson gave me a pleasant room and put me under the care of one of his assistants, an oculist of fine reputation. I was nearly blind and could scarcely recognize faces. The oculist made a thorough examination and announced the result to me in technical language. "Well, sir, you have a case of purulent conjunctivitis, with a strong tendency to granulations."

I shall never forget the words. I was frightened and felt that I must go to bed at once. I said, trembling: "O, doctor, do you think it will kill me?"

He came down from his high horse and reassured me by

saying: "No. It is only sore eyes. You will soon be all right."

The story of my hospital life would be monotonous, and I shall only mention some things that throw light on the conduct of the war. The surgeons and assistant surgeons of the Confederacy were as noble a body of men as I have ever known. They were also men of science and skill in their profession, but they labored under great disadvantages. The Federal government made medicines contraband of war, and so these men had to find remedies in the treasure house of nature, and often they had to depend on some good blacksmith to fashion the instruments they needed. Yet they did wonders.

The antiseptic appliances of the present day were entirely unknown then, and gangrene was one of the most common results of wounds. I suppose it was blood poison, and it was frequently transmitted by the ignorance or carelessness of nurses, who used the same sponge on different patients without thoroughly cleansing. It was hard to get the needed sponges so as to furnish each patient with his own; but I succeeded in getting a beautiful sponge, and I bought my own pan and towels, so that I had no trouble with gangrene, although the back of my neck was deeply blistered.

When my sight was restored I spent a good deal of time with Dr. Anderson's family and with Mr. Davis and his family. During the time I was there Mrs. Davis died. She was a devout member of the Episcopal Church, but no minister of that Church could be obtained for the funeral service. Mr. Davis asked me to conduct the service, which I did, and after that he showed me much kindness, and in the last months of the war I was again intimately associated with him. He was one of the most remarkable men I ever knew. President Davis wrote to him every week and had the greatest confidence in his judgment. His information on all subjects of general interest, but especially on the political history of the country, was extensive and accurate. He was then about eighty years old.

There was a regular chaplain at the hospital, and several ministers came and preached to the large number of soldiers in the convalescent camp, and in that camp I had the opportunity to notice the different spirits of two classes of convalescents. Some were there recovering from sickness, and others were recovering from wounds. The wounded men were full of energy and eager to get back to their regiments, but long spells of sickness seemed to have exhausted the vitality of the victims, and they would sit about and talk of their symptoms and whine over their condition. Of course when they got well they went back to service, and in the companionship of fighting men they soon forgot their petty aches and pains.

One of these whiners was sitting in front of his tent sunning himself one day as I passed. He didn't look like he had sufficient energy to make a remark. I struck my foot on a root or little stump left in the street, and as I came near falling he drawled out: "Now, mister, didn't you know you couldn't dig up that stump with your toe? You ought to have better sense. Git you a grubbin' hoe."

While I was in the hospital the great battle of Chickamauga was fought. We got dispatches of the progress of the battle, and I was impressed by a prophetic remark of Dr. Anderson, who knew General Bragg well. When it was pretty certain that he had won a big victory, Dr. Anderson said: "Bragg will let this slip through his fingers. He won't push on and make it complete. He will probably stop everything to feed his men."

Sure enough, it wasn't long until we heard that he had stopped pursuit of the enemy when they were almost in his grasp and while General Forrest was begging for permission to rush on into Chattanooga.

While I was in the hospital I noticed that the women from far and near were sending or bringing everything they could spare that would minister to the comfort of the sick and wounded. It seemed to me that every home must have been stripped of everything except the bare necessities of life, and the wonderful skill shown by the ladies in making things was equal to that of the men in their discoveries and inventions. The ladies of Dr. Anderson's family made beautiful hats from the palmetto growing so abundantly in the South. The loyalty and skill of Southern women has never been equaled.

But when the inflammation was gone from my eyes I was impatient to get to "the boys." The doctor said if I would wait a month I would be thoroughly cured; if not, I would suffer the rest of my life. I felt that I would rather fight every day than to endure the monotony of hospital life, and I left. The doctor was right.

#### AT MOBILE AFTER THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

Nearly three months of life in a hospital, much of the time in a darkened room, had made a white man of me. Exposure to the tropical suns of Mississippi during our Vicksburg campaign had given me a rich brown complexion, a kind of saddle color, which would have placed me in the rear of the present-day street car. But now the brown had worn off, and when I got back with "the boys" they wanted to know where I got my whitening and insisted on my washing the chalk off my face. The brigade had been ordered to Mobile, where we were to go into winter quarters. The department was under the command of Maj. Gen. Dabney H. Maury, a Virginian, and I think a near relative of Commander Matthew F. Maury, the celebrated scientist. The General was physically small, but every inch a soldier and a fine old Virginia gentleman. The city was under the command of General Quarles, who had been promoted to brigadier general, in command of our brigade.

Our stay in Mobile was delightful and will ever be a green spot in my memory. We had only guard duty most of the time, with the exception of two strenuous episodes, which I shall mention in their place. The people of the city were exceedingly kind to us, and we formed many delightful acquaintances. Indeed, some of our army officers, subjects of the tender passion, found there lovely girls to whom they plighted their troth and after the war went back and claimed them for life. And in one sad case my messmate, a captain, won the heart of one of the loveliest, most cultured women I ever knew, but in the campaign of the following summer he was killed in front of Atlanta. I got his sword and sash and sent them to her, along with the package of her letters to him which he carried next his heart. Alas! how many such tragedies marked the mighty struggle!

Our regiment was encamped part of the time some three miles out of the city at Spring Hill, the end of a street car line, and part of the time far out on Government Street, a magnificent boulevard, one of the finest streets in the South.

Besides the soldiers, the city had many naval officers and sailors, for Mobile Bay was the rendezvous of quite a fleet of gunboats, among them the famous ram Tennessee. Admiral Buchanan was in command, and I think if ever a man's appearance justified the name "grim old sea dog" his did. He looked the personification of bulldog tenacity and



courage. It was right amusing to hear some of the young naval officers talk in the parlors where I occasionally met them. They were splendidly dressed in regulation uniforms and made quite an impression on the ladies. They professed to be spoiling for a fight and were disgusted with the old Admiral's lack of enterprise. They could rush down the bay and repeat the exploit of the Virginia in Hampton Roads and break up the blockade if he would only let them. Some of the older officers, who knew the old man, assured them that when the time came he would give them all the fighting they would want, and he did. And it is to be said to their credit that they made good later their boasted willingness to fight, for they were really splendid young fellows.

While I am on the subject of Admiral Buchanan let me anticipate a little. After the campaign under Hood in Tennessee I was again nearly blind and was sent to Mobile Bay for treatment, and I was told this incident of the naval battle of Mobile Bay in August, 1864. Admiral Buchanan on the Tennessee was badly wounded after doing wonders with his vessel. When he was captured, Admiral Farragut, who had been a warm friend of his before the war, sent his own surgeon to care for his gallant foe and express his admiration for the grand fight he had made; but the old man refused with a strong expletive to let any Yankee do anything for him. I was told that when the crestfallen surgeon went back and reported Farragut just laughed and said: "The old man's mad now. He will get over it pretty soon. It won't do to let such a man die. You go back and pay no attention to his storming and do for him whatever he needs." The surgeon did go back and after awhile got him into a better humor. Farragut deserved the credit for his achievements, and he contributed as much as General Grant to the final overthrow of the Confederacy. But when one considers our poor resources, our extemporized navy, and what it did in actual fighting, our officers are entitled to great credit.

The title "dolce far niente" has a more distinguished look and sound than our plain English words, "sweet idleness." It describes our days in the lovely Southern city, where the air was balmy, the flowers were abundant, the great live oaks were green and shady, the sound of the sea was soothing, and the people were hospitable, and where fish and oysters relieved the monotony of hard-tack and bacon. Light duties soon done were succeeded by games on the parade ground, reading such literature as we could lay hands on, writing letters, going into the city on leave, or cooking. There was great opportunity for the manufacture of grapevine news, and it was amusing to hear the earnest discussions among the men of some reported event which would soon end the war. Imagination ran riot over the movements of General Lee in Virginia or General Bragg in Tennessee. Military critics abounded, and they would point out the purpose of such movements, only to find next day that it was a hoax.

One of my ministerial brethren in the city asked me how I spent my abundant leisure. He was a dignified brother, with an exaggerated idea of the sacredness of "the cloth"; but as I did not then wear "the cloth" and was possibly prompted by a wicked desire to shock his propriety (he was a young man), I said: "Well, I spend a good deal of time playing marbles." He was, of course, astonished, and I never knew whether my explanation satisfied him or not; but it was really one of the things that gave me influence with the men. I never hesitated to preach against one of the most common vices of the men, profanity, and they showed me the respect to refrain from swearing where I was, and they would not allow it when I was around. Marble-playing was

one of the most general amusements on the parade ground, the long wide street on which our tents fronted, and frequently in the excitement of the game men would swear. But I would go out among them, and as soon as I was recognized the swearing ceased. On one occasion when I was watching a game one of the boys had beaten every other player and was vamping about, challenging any one to play with him. I began to ridicule his antics, when he danced up to me with: "Parson, maybe you think you could beat me."

Now, in my boyhood days I was rated as the best marble player in the village, although I had not shot a marble in ten years. I told him I thought I could beat him, and he gave me a "taw" and the "go"; and, to my utter surprise, I knocked the middle man six times in succession and won every game. After that I was in demand as a partner, and by joining with them I almost broke up the habit of swearing among them. As a rule the chaplains of the Confederate army gained great influence with the men by mingling with them in their innocent sports, and many of them went with the men into battle.

It was impossible for me to get a clerical garb, for several reasons. I was entirely cut off from home; then I didn't have the money to buy it, and even if I had I preferred to dress like the men. So I wore just what I could get from the quartermaster—gray round-about and trousers, brogan shoes, and a checked shirt. Sometimes I was asked to preach in one of the city churches, and I then borrowed an outfit from a friend who was pastor of one of the Presbyterian Churches and who was of my size. But in camp I preached to the boys in my garb of a private soldier. On one occasion while we were encamped on Government Street I took a number of the boys with me to a Methodist church near by to the evening service. We found a very large congregation of the nicest people of the city. After waiting until past time for the service, the preacher sent word to his officers that he was too sick to come. The officers told the people that they would have preaching anyway. While I was expecting the substitute preacher one of the stewards came to me and asked me to preach. I very positively declined on the ground that it would outrage all of the proprieties for me to appear before that audience in my soldier toggery. But he insisted, and several other members came and urged it. As the congregation was all looking at us and wondering, the situation became embarrassing, and I consented. Several of them had attended our service in camp and knew me, but I never felt so out of place in my life. However, after getting started, I had what the preachers call "light and liberty" and forgot all about my appearance, and the congregation was kind and thanked me.

Another pulpit experience had a rather ludicrous feature. Dr. Burgett, pastor of the Government Street Presbyterian Church, was very kind to me and introduced me to many of his congregation, who also showed me much kindness. I was asked to preach in their church. The members were of the most elegant and refined and cultured families, and I appeared, of course, in my borrowed apparel. Everything went on smoothly until I got up to begin my sermon, when it flashed over me that I must look out for my hat, which I had deposited by my side. Now, the reason of this anxiety was that when it came to hats many Confederate soldiers didn't hesitate to appropriate a good one in place of their old battered ones, just as umbrellas are regarded as common property. So I acquired the habit of always holding on to my hat. On this occasion as I stepped forward to the desk I picked up my hat and dropped it between my feet, and

during my sermon I felt easy that it was secure. After the sermon Dr. Burgett kindly commended, but added: "But, Mac, why did you put your hat between your feet?" It dawned on me then how ridiculous my action was; but, like George Washington, I couldn't tell a lie, so I made a clean breast of it and told him all. He enjoyed the joke reflecting on the honesty of his people.

One of the annoyances to our men in going about the city was to be stopped at every corner by a guard and required to show a pass. Of course it was necessary to preserve order that the city should have a sufficient guard, and it was necessary to the discipline of the army that soldiers should not roam away from camp. Generally the men who left camp had permission, and when regular soldiers were on guard they soon recognized those who were thus provided and were going quietly on their way. But for a while a corps of boy cadets was utilized as guards, and they would challenge us at every corner and demand to see the pass. Their stations were in easy sight of each other, and a boy would see a soldier show his pass at the station just beyond him; but when the same soldier reached his station the pass was again required, until sometimes it was examined half a dozen times in the course of three or four hundred yards. This was done largely from boyish vanity to show the strictness of their discipline. And it caused some danger of a fuss between soldiers and cadets.

Of course discipline is necessary to efficiency, but a military martinet is generally a fool, and I believe the tendency of military schools is to make martinets. If there is really anything in a boy, experience in the army or in the world will cure him. Yet I saw some West Pointers whose buckram stiffness of uniform covered a stiffness of mind that could never adapt itself to conditions around it. Such men had great contempt for General Forrest and never forgave him for winning battles contrary to the tactics. Such men as Generals Lee, Johnston, and Stonewall Jackson knew the value of the military training, but they were not tied by it. General Maury was a warm admirer of General Forrest.

It was the last of November that news came of the disaster to our army at Missionary Ridge, by which the victory at Chickamauga was completely nullified, and we were ordered to Dalton to reinforce the almost demoralized remnant of that army. Before giving account of our story in North Georgia, I shall mention an incident illustrative of the petty tyranny of little officers. At West Point, Ga., on the line between Georgia and Alabama, it was necessary to change the cars to a different road gauge. I was asleep in one of the baggage cars with a lieutenant and a squad of twenty-five men, and in making the change they neglected to couple on our cars, so we would have to wait until the next evening before we could go on to Atlanta. The lieutenant and I wished to walk about the town, which was guarded at every corner by the militia. We had our papers duly signed by General Maury, the department commander, but to save annoyance we went to the provost marshal's office to have them countersigned. We found a young fellow busily teaching a wagoner a song. It was some time before we could get his attention. When I explained what we wished he very curtly ordered us to stay with our baggage. We told him we would go where we pleased, and he said we would do it at our peril. Lieutenant Jackson, whom we called "Stonewall" for his courage, replied that we had twenty-five men who could whip out his militia and that the militia would touch us at their peril. We went all over the place and were not molested. The fellow in authority was only the provost's clerk.

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SOLDIER LIFE.

BY JAMES A. STEVENS, BURNET, TEX.

Sometime in the late winter or early spring of 1863 General John C. Moore's brigade (or at least a part of it) was ordered to strike tents at Chickasaw Bayou, a few miles above Vicksburg, Miss., and move up to Point Le Flore, which is at the junction of the Yalobusha and Tallahatchie Rivers, the two forming the Yazoo, one object of which movement was to build a fort. Sherman's forces were then marching down to join Grant at the coming siege. We were embarked on the Yazoo River and crowded into the biggest steamboat I ever saw up to that time, the *Magnolia*. It was claimed that there were twenty-five hundred soldiers aboard, which, if true, embraced more men than General Moore's brigade alone. Anyhow, we were as thick as sardines in a box or "autumn leaves in Vallombrosa." Ordinarily the Confederate soldier was as happy as a big sunflower when he got to "march" on a train or water, but this was too much of a good thing. Soldiers swarmed on the hurricane deck, on the lower deck, in the engine room, dining room, pilot house, wheelhouses, or wherever they could hold on to something to keep from falling overboard or to be halfway comfortable.

The first day's steaming was all right. The vast primeval forests, the hanging long moss, the rich, black, alluvial soil, the wild ducks rising up from the water, the profound stillness that prevailed, all but the roar made by the wheels of the steamer and the occasional shriek of the whistle, impressed the men deeply, for most of us came from the piney woods, prairie, and sandy land interior, and these scenes and sounds were novel. Occasionally the boat passed a farmhouse close enough to the bank to enable us to admire and greet the pretty girls invariably gathered on the verandas at nearly every settlement, and then would follow the greeting of some Mark Lapley of a soldier: "Howdy, girls. We would like to be with you, but you see how it is." And then the girls would wave their handkerchiefs and cheer.

Anon our contentment would be changed into protest when the steamer drew up to land to take on wood and a detail of men was made to carry it aboard by the cord. It was a little like a cavalryman being forced to dismount and fight on foot or a bugler to go into the ranks and carry a musket.

After the first day the trip was not so enjoyable. The boat landed us far up the river (Fort Pemberton was built in rain and mud), then the command was marched back (this time as foot cavalry) to Vicksburg, and in a short time the investment of "the city of hills" for about thirty days followed. The rest is now history. I wonder if there are any left who were on that trip up the Yazoo. If so, I should like to hear from them.

When the seven Yankee gunboats passed, or attempted to pass, the batteries planted along the lofty banks for a mile at least and the big guns opened upon them, I do not believe there was ever a greater racket for the time being, greater even than was lately heard in France along "No Man's Land." The earth fairly shook and trembled with its detonations. My recollection is that but one gunboat got by fifty-seven years ago. How times flies!

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THE PEOPLE.—In all our associations, in all our agreements, let us never lose sight of this fundamental maxim, that all power was originally lodged in, and consequently derived from, the people. We should wear it as a breastplate and buckle it on as our armor.—*George Mason* (1775).



## THE SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

BY H. T. CHILDS, FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.

A few days after the battle of Cedar Run, Va., the Confederates again began the onward move, which I have always thought the grandest campaign of the war. It was Sunday morning when the Stonewall Jackson Corps began its flanking movement around Pope's army. Each man had in his haversack three days' rations, consisting of six biscuits and one pound of midling meat, scanty rations, but General Jackson said, though I did not hear him say it, that we should have plenty.

When we reached the high ground I looked back in the valley below, where General Lee's army was camped, and Jackson's Corps looked like a huge worm making its way out. We were moving in a northeast direction toward a mountain twenty miles away. All day long we were pulling for that mountain and struck its base about sundown. Right up the side of the mountain the march continued until about ten o'clock, when the order came, "Close up!" Then came the command, "By company file left!" This moved us out of the road into the bushes. "Halt! Front! Right dress! Stack arms! Lie down, boys, and go to sleep!"

Preparing for sleep was then in order. Gathering together little bunches of brush and leaves, a lighted match was applied. Holding our shirts over the smoke and blaze, the graybacks, falling, would go "pop, pop, pop." Then we were ready for sleep and repose and rest for our wearied and fatigued bodies and to slumber and dream the soldier's dream of home and sweetheart.

At three o'clock Monday morning the bugle sounded. Every officer came to his feet calling, "Fall in, boys, fall in!" There was a general hurry-scurry. As each boy got ready he stepped up to his gun. When all were at their places the order was given: "Take arms! Right face! Forward, march!" When in the middle of the road "Head of column to the right!" was ordered, and then the day's march had begun. It was said that we marched thirty-three miles on Monday with the same kind of sleeping and rest that night. The march on Tuesday was like that of Monday, and at night we were at Bristow Station, four miles west of Manassas Junction. During the night General Jackson took possession of Manassas Junction and telegraphed to Washington in General Pope's name to send on their rations. That night ten long trains loaded with provisions came rolling into the Junction. On Wednesday morning our troops were put in motion, with Colonel Turney's 1st Tennessee in the lead. When we arrived at the Junction, there stood the ten trains of provisions, and General Jackson had made good his promise. We now had plenty.

We were ordered to send a detail from each company to get rations. I was sent from my company, and on reaching the depot I stepped upon the scales to see how much I weighed. I had no gun nor cartridge box, and I was barefooted. I weighed one hundred and ten pounds. We filled our haversacks full—had coffee and everything. Just then, looking away to the east, we saw a brigade of Yankees in battle array coming down upon us. The Tennessee brigade was thrown forward to meet them. That line of blue was the prettiest line I ever saw. Before we got to pull down on them, they were in full retreat toward Washington. Then we were hurried forward in hot pursuit, and as we went we picked up prisoners. About the middle of the afternoon a courier dashed up to General Archer, and I happened to be near enough to hear him say: "Gen. A. P. Hill orders that

the pursuit shall cease." Then the command was given: "Halt! Cease the pursuit!"

Then for the first time we had a chance at our haversacks. Of course we had managed to take a bite occasionally, but this was the first chance for a square meal. Every boy had a Yankee quart cup of heavy tin, and in that he made a strong cup of coffee. Imagine the effect of a quart of strong coffee on a soldier boy who had lived three days on six biscuits and a pound of meat! Soon we were a very jolly set of boys. General Archer was astonished and began to look around to learn where we got our liquor. It did not take him long to solve the problem, and he exclaimed: "O, I see you are all drunk on coffee."

At sundown we began our march back to the Junction. The ten Yankee trains were all on fire, but Stonewall saved the provisions by pressing in all the wagons that could be found. While this fire was raging we were ordered to lie down and sleep as best we could till 3 A.M. Thursday morning. Then our line of march was along the road leading to Washington, which was only a distance of twenty-two miles. We believed we were going there, and many were the jocular remarks made as to how we would whoop up the Yankees and make "Old Abe" hustle around.

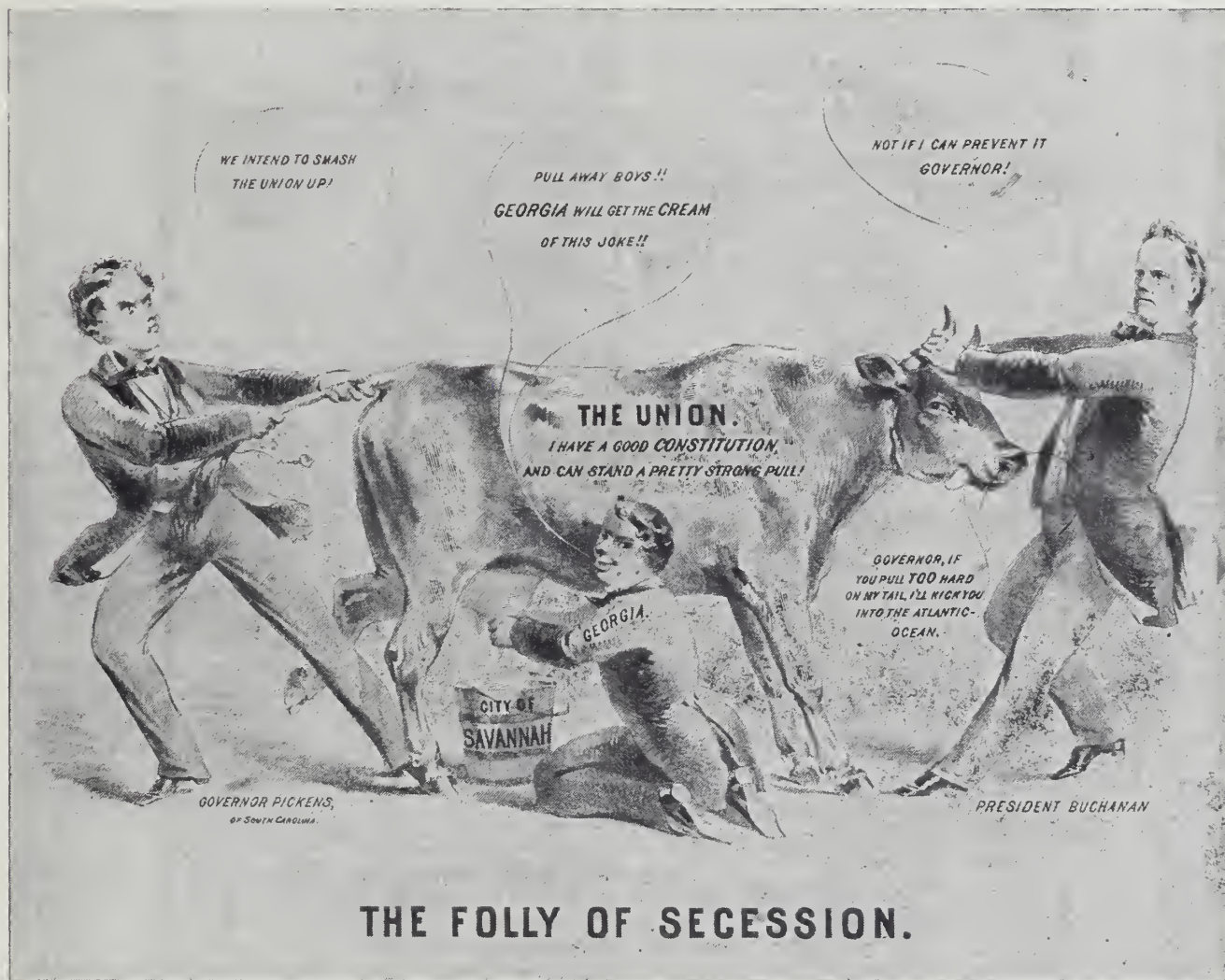
At daylight we had reached a little village, Centerville, and we could hear the firing on toward Washington, and here our line of march turned along the road westward to the Stone Bridge, where the First Battle of Manassas had begun. Crossing the bridge in battle array, we moved up the ridge to the support of our batteries, engaged in an artillery duel. During the evening we had several such duels. Darkness came, and all night long Jackson was maneuvering. We slept upon our arms, what little sleep we got.

Friday was the first day of the Second Battle of Manassas. Lee and Longstreet were pressing Pope back upon Jackson. Jackson hedged his forces behind some bluffs, leaving only a few places where he could be charged. During the day he must take care of himself. On that night (August 29, 1862) Lee and Longstreet would get to him. All through the day (Friday) the Tennessee brigade lay back upon the ridges, supporting our batteries of artillery. We could look down upon the valley below and watch the progress of the battle. The Stars and Stripes floating over the lines of blue would charge and drive our lines. Jackson, massing his forces, would hurl them back, his only object being to hold his line. Late in the afternoon the Tennessee brigade was ordered to relieve General Gregg's South Carolinians. Marching in over the ground where the battle had been raging all day, I was looking for a dead Yankee with a pair of shoes on his feet. There were plenty of dead Yankees, but no shoes. Some barefoot Johnny Rebs had been there before me.

When we were taking our position, which General Bragg had held all day, another column of Yankees was hurled upon us. Colonel Turney commanded: "First Tennessee, right wheel!" As we came upon the alignment my position was at a fence corner. I fired three times, taking deliberate aim, but do not know that I hurt anybody, for in the storm of battle everything is soon enveloped in smoke. I was loading for the fourth shot when I was wounded in the right ankle. Just then one of the litter bearers (John W. Farrar, one of the Boonshill boys, a noble young man) rushed up to me. I dropped my gun, threw my arms around his neck, and he carried me out of the battle on his back. In a ravine, where the bullets were not coming so thick, he stopped to rest, and just then Dr. McGuire came up with his nurses, Dr. Billy Miles, of Fayetteville, and J. A. Milliken, of Boons-

hill. To keep me from seeing the bullet cut out, Miles began to push me over on the ground. This made me mad and produced a small row, and McGuire said to Miles and Milliken: "Damn it, let the boy see." He handed me the bullet and turned to another fellow sufferer, while Milliken and Miles wrapped bandages around my ankle. Looking around, there were fifteen or twenty more wounded boys, but I can mention only one, C. M. M. Tuley, of the Boonshill

company, wounded in the head. Darkness came, and all the wounded were taken in ambulances back some two miles, where we were dumped out, and there we stayed for eighteen days. We were then sent to the hospital at Warrenton and thence to Lynchburg, Va. I was unable for service for some six months, and in that time I came home; was at home at the time of the Murfreesboro battle, returning to my command in February, 1863.



## AN ANTE-BELLUM CARTOON.

One of the original prints of this old cartoon was sent by Gen. Robert Hatton from Washington, D. C., about 1859 to his son in Tennessee; it had evidently been distributed widely for political effect. An explanation of the picture has been given by Capt. Charles Spalding Wyly, of Georgia, a Confederate veteran still hale and hearty at the age of eighty-three. He is an uncle of Col. John C. Stiles, an appreciated contributor to the *VETERAN*, and it was through the latter that this meaning of the cartoon was secured. Captain Wyly says: "For years, dating from 1854, the Southern cities had been striving for free and direct trade with Europe, and after various conventions had been held it was practically

settled that either Charleston or Savannah, as being more centrally located, was the logical port of embarkation. Therefore when Governor Pickens has taken, not the bull by the horns, but the cow by the tail, Buchanan lets him know that he would be kicked into the ocean, in which event Charleston would be out of the running, and Georgia would sit on the stool and get the cream for the city of Savannah."

Colonel Stiles adds to this: "From my experience I think the cartoon is badly put, for as long as you hold a cow's tail you are absolutely safe from her heels; the man in danger is the one on her port or starboard quarter. This cartoon was evidently gotten up by a Georgian, doubtless either Prioleau Hamilton, of the *Savannah Republican*, or Orme, of the *Milledgeville Recorder*."



SPOTSYLVANIA, MAY 12, 13, 1864.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

As I have already said, General Grant doubtless saw that his army had had enough of the great sacrifice of human life, and, fearing its effect on the population at the North as well as upon the army, he decided to try another method by which he hoped to be more successful. Accordingly on the 10th and 11th of May, 1864, there was only desultory skirmishing and a careful examination of our position as far as it was possible to make it. This disclosed to him that one part of our line curved like a horseshoe and was held by a mere skirmish line of defenders. These stood thirty or forty steps apart. The men holding this section of the line were General Johnson's division, all brave and true veteran soldiers, who had won many victories under their able general and his brigade commanders; but their ranks were too thin to hold so long a line of defenders against a determined attack. Behind this semicircle, at some distance to the rear, three regiments of our (Gordon's) brigade occupied a short line of works as a reserve. The 31st Georgia occupied the right of the line of reserves, and Company I, under Capt. G. W. Lewis, held the right of the regiment and consequently was the first of the reserve line to be attacked when the front line was overwhelmed and captured. The previous night was dark and rainy, making the leafy covering of the earth as soft and noiseless as a carpet to the feet of an advancing army. Under this favorable condition the enemy moved up their front line during the night as near General Johnson's position as possible without detection, with instructions to make a bold rush at four o'clock in the morning and capture the position.

Johnson's men, now worn out by fighting seven days and nights almost without intermission, although apprehensive of a surprise, were overcome by fatigue and at this hour were drowsy and half asleep. When the great rush came those who were awake seized their arms, only to find that the rain had wet the percussion caps on their loaded guns so that they refused to fire. The enemy was so near and the attack so well timed that it was almost a complete success. General Johnson himself and two of his brigade commanders, fighting in the darkness and confusion with guns in their hands as private soldiers, were compelled to surrender. A few escaped to the rear, but the bulk of the division fell into the hands of the enemy as prisoners of war. I was told that brave old General Johnson refused to surrender the gun in his hands until they took him and his generals in an army ambulance to General Grant's tent, where he surrendered it to him.

So far all things were well with the enemy and might have resulted in the complete rout and destruction of Lee's weak and sorely tried army. Johnson and his division were captured, and a wide breach in General Lee's line was open through which Grant could pour his thousands. These came up and rushed in to hold the captured position.

But at this critical moment a higher power intervened, and nature spread a mantle of fog over the forest so thick that it was impossible to see an object more than thirty feet away. The few fugitives who escaped capture fell back past the small reserve, and we then knew that our front line was broken. There was little or no shooting on the front line to indicate any fighting, and this alone informed us of the disaster.

I am not superstitious, but I must admit that there are some impressions made at times on the human mind which

I cannot understand. Lying in the ditch behind the breastworks at the right of the company and regiment, I awoke out of a troubled sleep with something of a dreadful sensation bearing heavily on my mind. So strong was this impression that I jumped up and began to fold up the blanket under which I had been sleeping, and while doing this I called to Lieut. D. J. McNair, who was still sleeping, to get up and call the men to attention, for I was sure some great trouble for us was impending. He got up immediately and ordered all the others to do so. At this moment some of the fugitives from the front line made their appearance to our right and rear in the dense fog. Lieutenant McNair ordered them to stop, but they were bent on making their escape and went on without giving heed to what was said to them. A moment later, looking in the same direction and only a few feet away, I saw the blue uniforms of the enemy and the distinguishing corps badges on their caps. I brought my gun into proper position and fired at them. They now knew that they were on the flank of our reserve line, and they opened on me and Lieutenant McNair, whom they could see standing up side by side. This volley hastened the movements of every man in the company and regiment. Two balls passed through the breast of McNair's coat, but did not injure him. Our men, seeing themselves outflanked, showed no sign of panic in this sudden attack on our flank and rear; but every man was game and ready to fight if only Captain Lewis, who was in command of the regiment, would get up and form them in line to face the enemy. This Lieutenant McNair urged him to do, but he only drew his blanket about his body more tightly and lay there in the ditch, while we fought over him and around him without any order or system. While we checked the advance of the enemy near us, those farther in our rear continued to advance, at the same time calling to us in language more expressive than chaste to throw down our arms and surrender. This I was determined never to do as long as there was one chance in a hundred to make my escape; and this, I must say, seemed to be the sentiment of all except our captain, who up to this time had shown himself a good and faithful soldier. Poor fellow! I suppose he had lost heart when he knew the situation and thought it useless to make an effort to extricate ourselves from this hopeless predicament. We stood our ground for some time, holding back the enemy; but seeing this to be useless while others were cutting us off from the means of escape, we fell back on Company E, color company of the regiment, where our gallant ensign, Jim Ivey, was waving our old tattered battle flag and calling on the men to form on him and fight. This we did for a time, but, no one being in command to direct our efforts, we were compelled to fall back on the next regiment, which was also fighting without any commander. We fought with these until we saw our last opportunity to escape going to Fort Delaware. When we knew this, we did not stand on the order of our going, but bolted toward the opening in the rear.

When I was a schoolboy I was notably swift on foot and was always chosen in all games that required good runners, but on this occasion I think I broke all previous records until I got out of the woods to where I saw General Lee coming with a little band of ragged soldiers. I was hatless, but in this respect was not alone. A few of our men still stood their ground and had to fight their way out through the enemy's line, while others pretended to be dead or wounded and finally escaped. It would make this article too long to mention their experience. The enemy did not hold this ground long until they were driven back by the small

force just mentioned. They were formed deliberately in a line which could not have been over a hundred yards long, and General Lee, riding his dappled iron-gray horse, intended to lead the charge; but a soldier stepped out from the ranks, took his horse by the bridle, and led him to the rear. The General's countenance showed that he had despaired and was ready to die rather than see the defeat of his army. Those brave fellows—I do not know who they were—moved forward in good style and struck the enemy in the woods, driving them back over some of the ground from which they had driven our three regiments a few minutes before, but were too few in number to accomplish much. In the meantime, while these events were taking place under my observation, more important movements were going on under the direction of General Gordon, with the other three regiments of our brigade and our sharpshooters. Why he left us there without any one in command, to be surrounded and beaten back, I could never understand. As it was, we accomplished nothing, while the other three regiments and some other troops struck the enemy at another point in their rear and saved our army from utter defeat. But we never succeeded in recovering all the line taken from General Johnson in the early morning. The enemy brought up heavy reinforcements and charged our men time and again, exhibiting the greatest bravery, only to be repulsed every time.

The fighting lasted from about day, when Gordon struck them, until 10 P.M. without a moment's intermission. Two days after, when General Grant had withdrawn, our men went over the ground in front of the works to see the result of the fighting and found the enemy's dead lying in heaps in front of the works. The timber in the woods was cut and marred by rifle balls. Grant had left without making any effort to have his dead buried, leaving them there just where they had fallen. Whether they were ever buried I cannot say. This battle, so favorably begun for the enemy, was a complete success for them at first and threatened the destruction of Lee's army. But it failed and resulted in a drawn battle, in which their dead and wounded far exceeded our loss, for three reasons: First, because of the dense fog mentioned above in which the enemy could not maneuver troops advantageously in the area covered by a thick forest just won from us; secondly, the lack of some bold leadership; thirdly, because of General Gordon's remarkable diligence and foresight in hastily assembling a small force and making an attack on the enemy's flank before they had time to reform and fully understand the situation. When the fog cleared away and they had brought up their reinforcements, Gordon had already retaken most of the line, and it afforded the Confederates opportunity to aim more accurately at their splendid lines as they advanced so gallantly to recover the advantage they had won earlier in the day.

If I should attempt to mention the many deeds of heroism exhibited by our men that day or the narrow escapes from death of my comrades and myself, it would make this article too long; but we came out of it all; and while some fell on the battle field afterwards, those who remain fought it out to the end.

The next day (the 13th) General Grant, ever resourceful and never despondent, opened along our whole line with a skirmish fire and an artillery engagement which indicated an intention on his part to assault our whole line. But this was only bluff. He was only doing this to keep our forces expectant while he removed his army away from the dreadful shambles to relieve their minds of his disastrous failure. In

this fighting we lost some of our best soldiers, killed or permanently disabled.

I must now refer to myself and tell why I took no part in the subsequent operations of the army for nearly a month. That morning I became violently sick with that malady which destroyed the lives of so many of our men, brought on by continued fighting day and night, poor food poorly prepared, and eating this at any hour whenever there was opportunity to do so. Standing in the breastworks with my comrades, I called the attention of the lieutenant commanding the company to my condition, but he had no authority to excuse me. Later on Col. J. H. Lowe came along the ditch, and I told him the same thing; but he brushed by me and told me the same thing and asked with some warmth where was the assistant surgeon. Of course I did not know, and I concluded I would have to die there in the ditch. But after a second thought he came back to me and said he had no authority to send any one away from the line, but if I was willing to undertake to go to the field hospital with his permit he would give me one. In my desperate condition I was willing to do anything, for remaining there was certain death. I put my gun down and started, but could go only a short distance, when I became so exhausted that I was compelled to lie down. Mustering all my strength, I again managed to get on foot and start again. I repeated this several times until I came to a disabled provost guard standing in the road. He demanded my papers, which I gave him while lying exhausted on the ground. He told me he was sorry for me, seeing how sick I was, but that he could not let me pass; that I would have to see the doctor in command of the line of guards and directed me to his tent, about a hundred yards away from the road. After resting awhile, I managed to get up again and start. When I got to the doctor's tent I fell down as he came up to me, abusing me for everything mean and cowardly. After doing this he went back to his tent and remained awhile. Lying there in my helpless condition, I cannot describe my feelings, especially since I knew I had always done my duty faithfully. After awhile he came to me and told me to show him my tongue. For a while I hesitated whether to do so or not; but as I had no choice, I finally did, and he bade me go. When I reached the hospital I found our regimental surgeon, Dr. Judson Butts, who gave me some brandy and laudanum, which relieved me very much. The next day he sent me and all the sick and wounded to Guinea Station, from which place we were sent to Richmond. When I regained consciousness I found myself in Camp Jackson Hospital. The army in the meantime was beating its way toward Richmond, and on the 2d and 3d of June, while lying on my bunk, I could hear the constant boom of cannon. I knew by this that our men were engaged, and I felt it my duty to return to the army as soon as possible. This I did before I was well and remained with it on the firing line until the last shot was fired at Appomattox.

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"Shut the Book! We must open another,  
 O Southron, if taught by the past;  
 Beware, when thou chooseth a brother,  
 With what ally thy fortunes are cast!  
 Beware of all foreign alliance,  
 Of their pleadings and pleasings beware;  
 Better meet the old snake with defiance  
 Than find in his charming a snare!"



## DAVID CROCKETT, THE "GO-AHEAD" MAN.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

Surely it is a far cry from Antoine de Saussure Perronet de Crocketaigne to plain Davy Crockett, backwoodsman and bear killer.

But persecution is a great leveler. Two years prior to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes thousands of Huguenots became alarmed at the infringement of their rights and, quietly selling their property, took refuge in Protestant countries. Half a million of them escaped over the border during the Dragonade, forty thousand of them went to England, and there was a smaller stream of men, women, and children smuggled out of French ports on English vessels and transported to America, a relief committee in London paying the expenses. At some time during the period from 1685 to 1700 the Crocketaignes escaped and found a refuge in Ulster, Ireland, whence the sons of the Sieur de Crocketaigne and Louise Desaix, his wife, sailed to the New World, taking with them two of their sisters. From them are descended men and women whose lives have been notable examples of the Huguenot virtues, enriched by the harder strain of the Scotch-Irish. John C. Calhoun, Col. Joseph Crockett, who served with George Rogers Clark in the conquest of the Northwest, and Davy Crockett are among the most celebrated of the family.

Joseph Louis Crockett, third son of Antoine, married Sarah Stewart and joined the Scotch-Irish emigration to Pennsylvania and Virginia. The name was curtailed by dropping the last syllable and omitting the "de," and under this abbreviated form it looked well on a number of patents and royal grants still on record.

One of the six sons of Joseph Louis was Jason Spotswood. He married Margaret Lacy, and they became the parents of John Crockett, father of Davy; his mother was Rebecca Hawkins. John was one of those improvident individuals who brighten the colonial annals by showing that even in those peerless days life had other levels below the James River aristocracy, perpetually feasting with royal governors and the pious pioneer who might be scalped, but invariably departed this life seized and possessed of excellent real estate.

About the beginning of the Revolution John Crockett moved to what is now Greene County, in East Tennessee, and there David was born on August 17, 1786. The delightful optimism of John is shown by his moving to Jefferson County and opening a tavern on the stage road with the expectation of making a living. David was then a boy seven years old, free, happy, and useful when the stage came in with its load of occasional travelers. At twelve years of age something happened. This is the part of his life always omitted when telling it to the young, or else it is used to point a moral, which is worse. Shades of the prison house closed around the growing boy; in other words, he was sent to school. After four days of travel on the road to learning Davy balked; also he had indulged the Crockett propensity to fight, which might have complicated his remaining in school. Due notice was given by his father that a whipping was in store for him, but Davy did not answer *Adsum* when the time of bestowal came. He was many miles away, and for three years he made his living helping teamsters and traders, going as far as Baltimore in his travels. At fifteen he wandered home, and the joy with which he was greeted touched him so deeply that he resolved to stay and pay his father out of debt. For a year he worked to pay a debt of

\$76, and then he worked to get himself some clothes. The ruddy, good-looking young fellow with his keen humor and ready wit was a general favorite. At eighteen he thought himself ready to marry, but the lady of his choice decided otherwise. Disappointment in love drives men all the way from drink to foreign missions. Its effect on David was to send him to school. He went for six months, working two days in each week to pay for board and tuition. At the end of that time he could write his name, read in the primer, and he knew something of arithmetic. This was his graduation from school. He stopped because he decided he could not live longer without a wife, and he proceeded to go in search of one. The account of his courtship in his autobiography is a human document of ingenuous charm and simplicity. At a reaping party he met a pretty girl of whom he had heard and was "plaguey well pleased with her" at first sight. They danced the reel together, and David diplomatically paid some attention to her mother, "salting the cow to catch the calf."

In due time they were married. David rented land and tried to farm, but he inherited all his father's financial inability and never understood making or saving money. He had one simple rule, and that was to move farther toward the frontier every time he failed. So he went to Middle Tennessee, and there he hunted, farmed, and became a scout for Gen. Andrew Jackson in the Creek War and the Florida campaign. What a pair he and "Old Hickory" must have been! His wife died in 1815, but David was not the man to mourn for woman and soon married again. Probably he needed a cook. Certainly his motherless children needed some one to look after them. He moved next to Giles County, and there began his political career. He was elected a magistrate, then appointed a justice of the peace. In order to keep court records and draw up documents, at thirty years of age he learned to write. Through his life runs the golden thread of honesty, independence, and a keen sense of justice. He lived his most famous maxim: "Be sure you are right and then go ahead."

He was elected to the Tennessee Legislature, and while in Nashville a mill which he had borrowed money to build was swept away by a freshet, and he lost everything he possessed. He promptly moved farther west and settled in what is now Crockett County. This was a wild country and the scene of many of his famous bear hunts.

He was elected to Congress in 1827 through the influence of Andrew Jackson. Naturally he was a unique figure in the capital.

In 1829 he could no longer approve of President Jackson's political measures and became his opponent. This meant defeat in Tennessee, but he was reelected in 1831 and became a strong supporter of Calhoun, who was his cousin several generations removed.

In 1834 a book was published anonymously purporting to be a life of David Crockett. It was to correct the errors in this book that Crockett, nearly fifty years of age, became an author. His autobiography is unique, and it was received enthusiastically. His comment on its popularity was: "The people of the United States ain't no slouches neither about books. They're as keen in a-findin' out merit as my pups are on a bear track." A year later he wrote "An Account of Colonel Crockett's Tour to the North and Down East." This was followed by his "Life of Martin Van Buren, Heir Apparent to the Government." The mere title was an insult to Jackson and determined the Jackson party to end Crockett's political career. So he was defeated in the election of

1835 and promptly arranged to move westward. This time his family remained behind, for the Colonel was now bent on a desperate venture, no less than fighting for the freedom of Texas. This was the final parting with wife and sons and daughter. That the old fighting blood was still strong was shown when a grandson of his became Col. John Crockett, of the 1st Arkansas Regiment, in the War between the States.

Shortly before leaving the Colonel published a volume called "Leisure Hour Musings in Rhyme." He thought it was poetry. A sample of it may be found in the following stanzas, and it is as different from Childe Harold's adieux as Byron and Crockett were different in their ideals of life, yet both died to set other men free:

"Farewell to my country! I fought for thee well  
When the savage rushed forth like the demons from hell.  
In peace or in war I have stood by thy side.  
My country, for thee I have lived, would have died!  
But I am cast off, my career now is run,  
And I wander abroad like the prodigal son  
Where the wild savage roves and the broad prairies spread;  
The fallen, despised, will again go ahead."

The thought of the prodigal son in connection with savages and prairies is at least original, but the astonishing thing is that Davy should attempt meter at all, and nothing could show more emphatically his intellectual progress from the Giles County days when he could only sign his name. His last book was called "Exploits in Texas," founded on his diary.

Going down the Mississippi, the Colonel gathered some companions and rode on horseback to the Ouachita River. Approaching this stream, the party were startled by hearing music. First the tune was "Hail, Columbia, Happy Land," then "Over the Water to Charlie." "Let us go ahead," said the Colonel, and there at the river crossing they saw a man in a sulky in the middle of the river and playing on a fiddle. Some men were rushing down from a clearing and shouting to the fiddler that he had missed the ford.

"I know I have," answered the fiddler. "If you go ten feet farther, you will be drowned." "I know it," answered the fiddler.

The upshot of it was that the men from the clearing took the horses of the Colonel's party and rescued the fiddler. He said that nothing in universal nature was so well calculated to draw people together as the sound of a fiddle, and that was why he was playing, for he might bawl for assistance until he was hoarse, and no one would stir a peg. The gentleman's sulky was fixed, and the crowd decided to have a dance. This was in 1836, and there had been no recent amendments to the Constitution; so each man drew out a flask, they took a drink all around, and danced for an hour. But they concluded that dancing "wasn't altogether the thing without a few petticoats to give it variety." The fiddler (who also is called the parson, denomination not given) and Davy traveled together again, and the old man spoke most eloquently of the goodness of God. David thus describes it: "We were alone in the wilderness, but all things told me that God was there. The thought renewed my strength and courage. \* \* \* I was now conscious that there was still one watchful Eye over me. \* \* \* My very soul leaped joyfully at the thought; I never felt so grateful in all my life; I never loved my God so sincerely in all my life. I felt that I still had a friend."

Reaching San Antonio, Crockett was one of the garrison of the Alamo. All but the last scene is described in his diary:

"*March 1.*—The enemy's forces have been increasing in numbers daily, notwithstanding they have already lost about three hundred men in the several assaults they have made upon us. \* \* \* Colonel Bowie's illness still continues, but he manages to crawl from his bed every day that his comrades may see him. His presence alone is a tower of strength. The enemy becomes more daring as his numbers increase.

"*March 3.*—We have given over all hopes of receiving assistance from Goliad or Refugio. Colonel Travis harangued the garrison and concluded by exhorting them, in case the enemy should carry the fort, to fight to the last gasp and render their victory even more serious to them than to us. This was followed by three cheers.

"*March 4.*—Shells have been falling into the fort like hail during the day, but without effect."

Next comes a spirited account of a sortie to rescue a man who was running toward the fort pursued by Mexican cavalry. The Colonel, of course, was in the fight and received a saber cut.

"*March 5.*—Pop, pop, pop! Bom, bom, bom! throughout the day. No time for memorandums now. Go ahead! Liberty and independence forever!"

This is the last entry and the last line the Colonel wrote: "The rest is silence."

On March 6, 1836, the Alamo was captured by Santa Anna after the garrison was reduced to a handful of men. The survivors were all killed by order of Santa Anna in violation of the terms of surrender.

Thus perished a band of men as gallant as ever died for home and country. A cenotaph at Austin bears this inscription: "Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had none." "Remember the Alamo!" was a battle cry of the Mexican War.

So passed the strong, brave soul of Colonel Crockett, carrying into eternity his simple faith in God, his love for humanity, and a splendid willingness to give his life for a cause which seemed to him just. These are the primitive virtues learned in the forest cathedrals of the frontier.

## CIVIL WAR.

BY FLORA ELLICE STEVENS.

On Shiloh's crimson-sheeted field  
There fell that selfsame hour  
Twin brothers of a single line,  
In youth's all-golden flower.

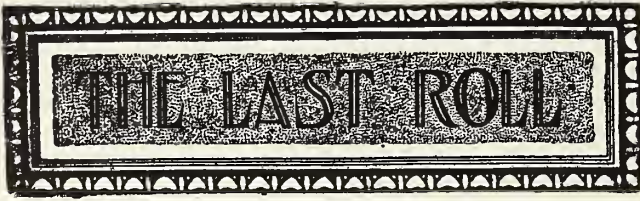
Yet battled these 'neath warring flags,  
Each heavy hung with stars;  
But one was crossed by scarlet stripes,  
And one by glowing bars.

Scarce half a rood apart they fell,  
Unwittingly they lay;  
Nor he who wore the blue e'er knew  
His brother donned the gray.

Unknown each to the other sank,  
Beheld the same worn face,  
And gasping "Mother!" either died,  
Full grandly as their race.

[These were brothers-in-law of Maj. Gen. Enoch H. Crowder.]





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"They are not dead, these friends, not dead,  
But in the paths we mortals tread  
Are now some trifling steps ahead  
And nearer to the end;  
So that we too, once past the bend,  
Shall meet them face to face again—  
These friends we fancy dead."

#### CAPT. LEWIS GUION.

With the passing of Capt. Lewis Guion, valiant Confederate veteran, prominent citizen of New Orleans, La., and brilliant lawyer, another vacancy has occurred in the fast-thinning ranks of the gray which can never be filled. Captain Guion was a well-known figure in the State of Louisiana, having held many important positions, and his loss will be keenly felt, particularly in Confederate circles. A gentleman of the old school, he bore the stamp of the Southland's true aristocracy, his genial disposition and courtly manners having won for him a legion of devoted friends.

After some days of suffering the summons came on January 12, 1920, and Captain Guion obeyed the silent command with the same fearless front with which he marched into battle away back in the sixties. It was characteristic of his nature that he should have jested with his family during a brief interval of consciousness just preceding the last sleep, for he was ever ready to point out the silver lining in the darkest cloud. Throughout a long and useful life he clung to the faith of his childhood and was buried with the rites of the Episcopal Church, the body having been conveyed to his old home in Thibodaux, La., after simple but beautiful ceremonies held at the family residence in Coliseum Street, Rev. Albert Berkley, of St. Paul's Church, officiating. All Confederate organizations were represented in the gathering about the bier of the beloved veteran, the casket being draped with the red and white colors of the Confederacy. Significant of the esteem in which Captain Guion was held, floral offerings in the rarest and most exquisite designs poured in from the numerous organizations with which he had affiliated, as well as from his host of friends.

Captain Guion came of distinguished ancestry and was born in Lafourche, La., in 1838. He was the son of Judge George S. Guion and Caroline Winder. He received his early education at the St. James Episcopal College, Maryland, after which he took the degree of A.B. at the University of Mississippi. He was also graduated from the Law Department of the University of Virginia and the Law Department of the University of Louisiana, afterwards Tulane University.

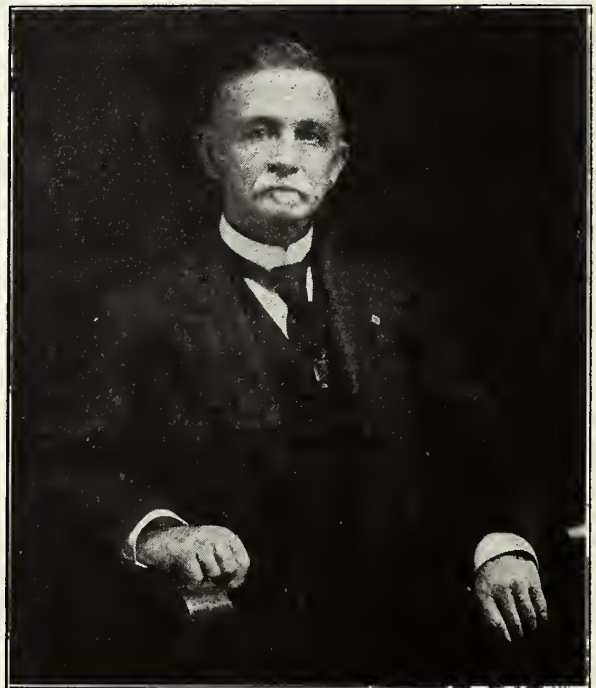
He entered the Confederate army in March, 1861, as second lieutenant of Company B, 1st Louisiana Infantry Regulars; was promoted to first lieutenant of Company A, Louisiana Infantry, C. S. A., in 1861, and was promoted to the rank of captain of Company D, 26th Louisiana Volunteers, 1863-65.

He also filled the important office of acting assistant inspector-general on the staffs of Gens. F. A. Shoup and Allen Thomas during the siege of Vicksburg.

At the close of the war Captain Guion resumed the practice of law. During the dark Reconstruction days he stood staunchly shoulder to shoulder with those fearless ones who helped to keep the honor of the Southland unblemished, for he loved the land of his birth with the passionate devotion of a true patriot. At various stages of his career Captain Guion was in turn a sugar planter, melter and refiner at the New Orleans Mint (once so famous throughout the United States), assistant attorney-general to his brother, Judge Walter Guion, President of the Association of the Army of Tennessee, a director of the Soldiers' Home of Louisiana, and at the time of his death was Confederate Commissioner of the Vicksburg National Military Park, having been appointed to that position following the death of Gen. Stephen D. Lee; was Vice President of the Jefferson Davis Parkway Commission, as well as a member of the Louisiana Historical Society and member of the Louisiana-Vicksburg Monument Commission. The money for this beautiful monument to Louisiana soldiers, soon to be erected, was secured through the efforts of Captain Guion and others.

Captain Guion was considered an authority on Southern history and was instrumental in correcting many of the historical errors found in books used in the public schools of the South.

Many years after the war Captain Guion married Mrs. Mary Harris Lanier, of Columbus, Miss., among the loveliest and most accomplished women of her day, and, besides his widow, is survived by two daughters (Mrs. M. O. Boatner, well known as a talented musician of New Orleans, and Miss Carrie Guion), a brother (Judge Walter Guion), and three sisters (Mrs. M. G. Ellis, Mrs. E. G. Pierson, and Mrs. Caroline G. Nicholls, widow of the late Governor Nicholls). Captain Guion is also survived by a young grandson, who gives promise of following in his distinguished grandsire's footsteps.



CAPT. LEWIS GUION.

Half wistfully reviewing other days,

Dim camp fire scenes, boy heroes grouped around  
The fitful flame, recounting with high praise  
Some favorite general's prowess and renown,

He oft recalled the past, the waving cane  
Yielding its sweets, the snowy cotton bolls,  
The happy darkies crooning the refrain  
Of Dixie till the lilting chorus rolls

Far upward from a score of dusky lips;  
The laughter and the partings and the tears,  
The South's rare beauty marred by war's eclipse,  
The gray-clad ranks still marching down the years.

And his fine face grew tender as a child's,  
Remembering how many a comrade then  
Left home and comfort and a mother's smiles—  
Boys with smooth cheeks and the high souls of men—

To guard the honor of our Southern land.  
Himself he saw, a stripling slim and bold,  
Thrilled by the tocsin, shrill and sad and grand,  
Earning his wage of hunger, want, and cold.

As one who lays a treasured volume by,  
Creasing the page for other eyes to scan,  
Smiling on those about him kind of eye,  
Musing on life and man's allotted span,

Then faring forth into green fields and lanes  
Sweet with the breath of blossom, lending ear  
To shy wood sounds and the ecstatic strains  
Of birds among the boughs, holding all dear,

And conning well the page unfolded there  
Of all earth's mysteries of sight and sound,  
Wishful to stay, yet fain to onward fare,  
Seeking new paths until the goal is found.

So with no backward glances of regret,  
Pensive with memories of the olden fray,  
Keeping youth's ideals fair, untarnished yet,  
He joined his waiting comrades of the gray.

[Lilita Lever Younge, poet laureate of Stonewall Jackson  
Chapter, No. 1135, U. D. C., New Orleans.]

## DEATHS AT HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

The following comrades have been lost from Egbert J. Jones Camp, No. 357, U. C. V., of Huntsville, Ala., as reported by R. M. De Young:

"W. L. Giles died at his home, in Gurley, Ala., December 4, 1919. He joined Company E, 35th Alabama Regiment, and was wounded in Georgia, from which wound he suffered during the remainder of his life. He was a noble, good man and a leader in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. In him was all that it takes to make a good and true Christian gentleman.

"R. J. Scrimsher died January 12, 1920, at his home, in Huntsville, in his seventy-eighth year. He was a member of Company F, 35th Alabama Regiment, and was severely wounded in Georgia, a hole made in his head by a ball. He was an active member of the Methodist Church and the U. C. V. Camp, his comrades attending his funeral in a body. We loved him living and mourn him dead."

## JAMES MADISON BERRY.

James M. Berry died at his home, in Springfield, Ark., December 13, 1919. He was born in Pontotoc County, Miss., February 21, 1847, and went to Arkansas with his parents in the early fifties, settling near the present village of DeVew, in Woodruff County. Here he enlisted about the time that the Confederate States most needed soldiers, having been too young to join when his three elder brothers, Burton, Thomas, and Lafayette, joined the Confederate forces in 1861. He saw service only west of the Mississippi and was captured while with Price on his famous Missouri raid and was held captive at Helena, Ark., until the surrender. He returned home, as did thousands of others, to find nothing. His father had died during this period, and the home had been broken up. He married Miss Lina Sellers on January 14, 1869. He had lived a devoted member of the Christian Church for forty-five years. He was a leading citizen of the community in which he lived, devoted to his country's needs and faithful always to the cause for which he had fought. For him the "last sad taps have sounded," and on Sunday afternoon, December 14, 1919, his frail remains were laid to rest in the village cemetery at Springfield, attended by hundreds of faithful friends and relatives. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. F. O. Stobaugh, of Center Ridge, an old ex-Federal soldier, whom this Confederate veteran had learned to love in their Christian fellowship.

He had fought a good fight, he had kept the faith as he understood its keeping, and for him no more life's call will sound nor war's bloody drama disturb. May the angel of peace guard well his resting place!

## R. HARPER HAGOOD.

Corporal R. Harper Hagood, veteran of the War between the States, was born at Augusta, Ga., June 14, 1846, and passed away on October 19, 1919, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. O. Patterson, Barnwell, S. C. The interment was made in the Barnwell Baptist Cemetery. A large concourse of sorrowing relatives and sympathetic friends gathered to pay the last tribute of respect to this good man. His wife preceded him to the grave by only a few months.

He enlisted in the Confederate army in November, 1863, under Captain Stewart, of the Beaufort Artillery, and served gallantly in every engagement of his company from that time, winning the highest respect of his officers as a fearless soldier. He was with General Johnston's army when it surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., April 27, 1865.

Like many other heroes of the Southern cause, he returned after the four years' bitter struggle to a devastated home. In 1876 he worked with his fellow comrades to build up a Democratic government under Gens. Wade Hampton, Johnson Hagood, and Calbraith Butler.

Corporal Hagood married Miss Estelle Ingram in 1874 and is survived by a son and a daughter. His brother, Capt. William Henry Hagood, of Greenwood, S. C., is the last member of his family.

Each year Father Time with relentless scythe enters the fast-fading ranks of gray, and the members of that band of heroes fall before him like ripened grain before the sickle.

## DEATHS AT LUMPKIN, GA.

During the past six months the toll of death in the membership of the C. A. Evans Camp, U. C. V., at Lumpkin, Ga., has been very heavy. Comrade E. P. Pearson reports that the following have died: W. D. Flinn, J. J. Dixon, I. W. Moore, A. T. Fort, S. S. Everett.



## CAMP LOMAX, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

The committee appointed by Camp Lomax to make suitable mention of the many comrades who have departed this life during the past year made the following report:

"Comrade P. A. Copley was born in Durham, N. C., August 19, 1843. He enlisted as a member of Company C, 6th North Carolina Infantry. He was a good soldier, always ready for duty. He was in several battles and was wounded. About the year 1870 he moved to Montgomery, Ala., and made a good and faithful citizen, beloved by all who knew him. He died February 20, 1919.

"Comrade C. E. Owen was born in Tuscaloosa, Ala., on the 17th of June, 1838. He went to war as a member of the Warrior Guards and did faithful service. He was a gallant soldier and a Christian gentleman. After the war he removed to Montgomery, Ala., where he became well known and made many friends. He died May 3, 1919.

"Comrade G. W. McCutchin was a member of the 31st Alabama Infantry, Company I. He was born at Pine Level, Ala., but in his early life the family moved to Montgomery. If he had lived until the 20th of February, he would have rounded out his seventy-eighth year. For many years he was connected with the L. & N. Railroad, and for his faithful service he was recently retired on a pension. A devoted wife and loving daughter and son survive him. He died December 13, 1919.

"Comrade Joseph W. Powell, a member of Company D, 38th Virginia Infantry, was born in Pittsylvania County, Va., on July 7, 1843. He enlisted in the army at the early age of seventeen and served gallantly through the war; was in several battles, and at Gettysburg he was severely wounded. After the war he moved to Montgomery, where he married. He leaves a devoted family and many friends to mourn their loss. He died July 29, 1919.

"Comrade Dozier Thornton was born at Salem, Ala., on the 4th of March, 1839. He enlisted as a private in Company D, 15th Alabama Infantry, and served through Stonewall Jackson's campaign. He was in the battles of Cold Harbor, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Wilderness, Fussell's Mills, and many minor engagements. He was badly wounded at Cold Harbor on June 27, 1862, and was invalided until the following September. In 1862 he was promoted to third lieutenant, and in 1863 he was advanced to second lieutenant and in 1864 was made first lieutenant. He was severely wounded on the Barbytown Road near Fussell's Mills on the 16th of August, 1864, from which wound he suffered all his life. He lived for many years in Eufaula, Ala., from which place he moved to Montgomery, where he died on May 7, 1919, leaving a devoted wife and children to mourn their loss.

"Comrade F. F. Davant was born at Gillisonville, S. C., on the 18th of February, 1846. When only sixteen years of age he joined Company B, 2d South Carolina Cavalry, and fought gallantly throughout the war. A few years after the surrender he moved to Montgomery, where he resided for about forty years. Later on he moved to Memphis, Tenn., and died there on May 26, 1919. A loving wife, three sons, and two daughters survive him.

"Comrade Hilary Abner Herbert was born in Lawrence District, S. C., on the 12th of March, 1834. He moved to Alabama in 1846, first making his home at Greenville, Butler County, and as he grew to manhood he entered into the practice of law. When the tocsin of war first sounded he espoused the cause of the Confederacy and organized the Greenville Light Guards, of which he was elected captain. For valiant services he was promoted until he became colonel of

the 8th Alabama Regiment. In the battle of the Wilderness he was severely wounded in the left arm. After the war he moved to Montgomery and resumed the practice of law, growing so in the affection of the people that they elected him to represent them in Congress from the Second District and continuously reelected him until he was appointed by President Cleveland as a member of his Cabinet. After leaving the Cabinet he again resumed the practice of law and was very successful. A few years before his death he retired to private life, spending a part of his latter days in traveling. He died at Tampa, Fla., on the 6th of March, 1919. He was a man among men, a friend to every one, and loved by all.

"Comrade A. J. Hawes was born in Lincoln County, Ga., on the 16th of August, 1835. When the War between the States broke out, he joined Company F, 59th Alabama Regiment, and fought with it until he was honorably discharged at Greenville, Ala. He was in many battles and was so severely wounded as to lose the use of one arm. He married a sister of the late Bishop Harris, who died several years ago, leaving a son, who has since died. Comrade Hawes resided in Montgomery for many years, but a few years ago he moved to Tampa, Fla., where he was taken with his last illness. He was sent to Montgomery, where he breathed his last, leaving a grandson to perpetuate the name. He died September 2, 1919."

[Committee: H. C. Davidson, Asa Stratton, J. A. Thompson.]

## CAPT. S. E. RICE.

After an illness of several months, Capt. Steven E. Rice died at his home, in Apalachicola, Fla., on the night of December 26, 1919, and was laid to rest in Magnolia Cemetery, the members of Camp Tom Moore, U. C. V., acting as the escort of honor.

Captain Rice was born at Huntsville, Ala., July 13, 1838. He moved to Texas when a boy, spending his early days in that State. In 1857 he entered Bethany College, in Virginia, graduating with honors in 1861. After his graduation he returned to Texas, and when the State seceded he raised a company of soldiers and enlisted in the cause of the Confederacy. The company was known as Company H, 6th Texas Regiment. He entered the army as a lieutenant and soon rose to the rank of captain, in which capacity he served throughout the war. He was wounded in the battle of Franklin while leading a charge on the enemy's trenches. He was made prisoner five times during the war and as often managed to escape and return to his command. The sixth time he was exchanged. He participated in the battles of Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, Franklin, Shiloh, Atlanta, and many smaller engagements.

At the conclusion of the war Captain Rice returned to Florence, Ala., and married Miss Emily S. Pickett, daughter of Col. R. O. Pickett, and she survives him, with two sons and a daughter.

Captain Rice moved to Florida in 1877 and had lived in Apalachicola since 1882. He served one term as a member of the Florida Legislature. He was a man of keen intellect, well balanced mentally and physically, and his opinions were largely sought, while his genial personality made him a great favorite with all who knew him.

In its memorial resolutions Camp Tom Moore "laments the passing of our dearly beloved comrade who during the War between the States represented the highest type of the citizen-soldier, and a man who in his daily conduct after the great struggle represented the very best type of American citizenship."

## J. S. LAWRENCE.

J. S. Lawrence, who died at Barlow, Ky., November 1, 1919, was born in Robertson County, Tenn., in 1844. In January, 1866, he was married to Miss Martha Elizabeth Adams, and to them were born seven children. In 1878 he removed to Ballard County, Ky., and settled on a farm, where he led an active life until compelled by ill health to retire. He had been a faithful member of the Baptist Church for fifty years and had also been a member of the Masonic fraternity for half a century, both of which were his ideals. In his death the community lost one of its most esteemed citizens. He is survived by his aged wife, two daughters, and a son.

Of his war service, the following has been contributed by J. E. Ruffin, lieutenant of Company E, 50th Tennessee Infantry:

"Comrade J. S. Lawrence enlisted in a company recruited in Robertson and Montgomery Counties, Tenn., in the summer of 1861. Organized in August, it was sent to Fort Donelson in

November and became a part of the 50th Tennessee Infantry as Company E. We were assigned a position in the rear of the batteries and got our first taste of shell fire from the gunboats there. In the surrender some of the company escaped up the river and got home safe, and among them, I think, was Lawrence, who rejoined the company, with others, soon after we were exchanged at Vicksburg.

"The history of the regiment is the record of Lawrence's service in the army, for he never missed a roll call, never shirked a duty, and was always at the right place at the right time.

"After the reorganization at Vicksburg, our first service was to oppose the enemy marching south from Corinth, Miss.; we then encamped at Canton in December and spent Christmas week at Vicksburg fighting Sherman's army in the river bottom above the town. At Port Hudson we had our second experience of shell fire from the Federal fleet attempting to pass up the river. About the 1st of May we were ordered to Jackson, went out to Raymond and fought Sherman's Corps all afternoon with one small brigade, fell back to Jackson, retreated north, and encamped at New Hope Church. When Vicksburg was surrendered we retreated to Jackson and defended that city for a week; left Jackson one night and camped near Enterprise until we were ordered to Chickamauga. On the way from Atlanta our train was run into and a third of the regiment killed or wounded. The rest of the regiment went through the battle of Chickamauga, in which our lieutenant colonel, major, and several men were killed. We camped near Lookout Mountain until November 24, when we took our place on the right of Bragg's line on Missionary Ridge; the next afternoon we held back Sherman's New Englanders till after dark. In this fighting we lost our colonel and several other officers and men. The little remnant of our regiment took part in the many battles from Dalton to and around Atlanta.



J. S. LAWRENCE.

"Comrade Lawrence was severely wounded at New Hope Church, but he later followed Hood into Tennessee and through the battles of Franklin and Nashville. He was captured on the retreat.

"When Company E, of the 50th Tennessee, stacked arms for the last time in North Carolina, there were just three guns in the stack. Of one hundred and ten men who left Clarksville for Fort Donelson in November, 1861, three were left to see the end, John L. W. Power, John Willoughby, and Billy Boisseau."

## JOHN J. TERRY.

Died at his home, in Hanover County, Va., on August 10, 1919, Comrade John J. Terry, aged seventy-four years. He was a brave Confederate soldier, a member of Company G, 4th Virginia Cavalry, Wickham's Brigade. He was wounded at Kelly's Ford on March 17, 1863, and after having recovered from his wound he returned to his company and fought bravely till the war closed.

Comrade Terry was a member of the Mount Olivet Baptist Church, in which he was a recognized leader. He had been twice married and is survived by his second wife, three daughters (Mrs. Eddie Taylor, of Beaver Dam, Va., and Mrs. Herndon Garthright and Miss Carrie Terry, of Ashland, Va.), and several grandchildren.

After funeral services from his late residence his body was laid to rest in the family burying ground.

[W. F. Blunt, Ashland, Va.]

## CAPT. T. J. ELMORE.

Capt. T. J. Elmore, of Mayfield, Ky., died on October 11, 1919. He raised Company G, 14th Mississippi Infantry, Baldwin's Brigade, Stewart's Corps. Three times he was made prisoner of war, but continued in the service until the surrender of General Lee. He served his district in both houses of the Kentucky Legislature.

Captain Elmore was an honorary member of the Mayfield Chapter, U. D. C., whose tribute in resolutions states:

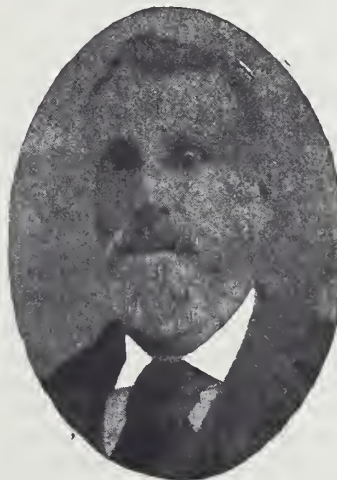
"In the death of Capt. T. J. Elmore we, as the U. D. C. of the Mayfield Chapter, have sustained a loss which words cannot measure nor express our appreciation of the valuable service rendered and advice given since our first organization; be it

"Resolved, That we mourn his death and cherish his memory in our

Chapter and hold up to our young men his life of vigor, power, and integrity, and the splendid gallantry of his early manhood when he charged in the ranks of our invincible Confederate army as worthy of consideration.

"That we send loving sympathy to the three daughters and one son.

"That this memorial be recorded in our minutes and published in our city papers and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."



CAPT. T. J. ELMORE.



## JAMES ALBERT COCKERILL.

James Albert Cockerill was born at North Fork, Loudoun County, Va., July 28, 1840, and died there on January 22, 1920. With the exception of service in the Confederate army, he lived all of his long and useful life near North Fork or in its vicinity. He was the son of John and Keziah Cockerill, and when about nineteen he became a member of the North Fork company of the 132d Virginia Militia. He was attached to the militia until the autumn of 1861, when he enlisted at Leesburg, Loudoun County, Va., as a courier in the Confederate army. He was attached to the command of Gen. D. H. Hill and served with it until 1863. While a courier he carried the dispatch which opened the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, Va. He saw much of the fighting against McClellan, Burnside, and Hooker.

In 1863, when Gen. D. H. Hill was ordered South, Comrade Cockerill was transferred to Rodes's Division, where he served as a courier and operator in the Signal Corps until the end of the war. He was nominally transferred to Company A, 35th Virginia Battalion of Cavalry. This company was a part of Lije White's command and was from Loudoun County, Va., and its commander was Capt. F. M. Myers, from Waterford, Loudoun County, Va. White's command was mostly from along the Potomac River in Northern Virginia and Maryland. While a member of Rodes's Division he was present at the battles of Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and in the Shenandoah Valley campaigns.

When the war was over Comrade Cockerill, like most of the other Confederates, went back home and to work. In 1870 he married Miss Adelia Simpson, of North Fork, Va. Her brother, Benjamin Simpson, was a member of Mosby's Rangers, C. S. A. He is survived by four children, Emily, Cecil, Samuel, and John. He was an ardent Southerner until the end and was fond of relating his experiences in the Confederate army. His body, draped with the Confederate flag, was interred at North Fork Cemetery on January 25, 1920. Services were held at the Baptist church, of which he had been a member for about fifty years.

## GEN. ROBERT DANIEL JOHNSTON.

The VETERAN regrets not to have had a prompt report of the death of Gen. Robert Daniel Johnston, one of the brigadiers of the Confederate army, which occurred at his home, in Winchester, Va., on February 1, 1919, at the age of eighty-two years.

For many years General Johnston was a resident of Birmingham, Ala., where he located in 1887 and became President of the Birmingham National Bank. He also engaged in the practice of law and promoted a number of investments and a large amount of mineral property. For a long while he was register in the United States Land Office in Birmingham.

General Johnston was born at Mount Welcome, in Lincoln County, N. C., on March 19, 1839, the son of Dr. William Johnston. He graduated from the University of North Carolina and finished in law at the University of Virginia. At the outbreak of the War between the States he entered the Confederate army as a private; but his promotion was rapid, and at the close he was a brigadier general. He was noted for his daring and gallantry and was wounded several times.

In 1871 General Johnston was married to Miss Lizzie Johnston Evans, of Greensboro, N. C., who survives him, with four sons and four daughters. Two of the sons are officers in the United States army.

## MADISON MONROE HASSEY.

Madison M. Hassey, known to his comrades and friends as "Mat" Hassey, was born August 28, 1842, and died at his residence, in Montgomery, Ala., December 23, 1919, aged seventy-seven years. When the war began in 1861 he was "in the very May morn of youth, ripe for exploits and dangerous enterprises"; and when Governor Moore, of Alabama, at the request of the Florida Governor, called for troops to aid in seizing the forts and navy yard at Pensacola, Fla., he was among the first to volunteer. After completing this enlistment and before he left Pensacola, he reenlisted in Felix Robertson's Alabama field battery, known also as Dent's Battery, as Capt. S. H. Dent succeeded to its command when Robertson was promoted. Comrade Hassey has to his credit participation in the campaigns and engagements at Shiloh, Tenn., April 7, 1862; Farmington, Miss., May 9, 1862; Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862; Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862, to January 3, 1863; Dalton to Atlanta, Ga., and attending battles; Hood's fearful Nashville campaign and attending battles and suffering, 1864, ending with the Mobile campaign in the spring of 1865. Through all the hard campaigns and bloody battles "Mat" Hassey was a faithful Confederate soldier. When the end came he returned to a desolated home country and devoted his loyal efforts to rebuilding its waste places and ridding it of the carpetbaggers who swooped down on it and exerted themselves to suck out the little vitality left. He was a forbearing husband and kind father, a zealous Church worker, and loyal to his Confederate comrades. May he rest in peace!

[John Purifoy.]

## JAMES A. STEVENSON.

James A. ("Man") Stevenson died at his home, near Jacksonville, Ala., on January 7, 1920, at the age of eighty-two. "Man" Stevenson moved to this place with his father's family in 1853. He was born in Union County, S. C. In 1861 he joined Capt. Peter Forney's company and went to Fort Morgan, Ala. After his term of service expired he returned home for a brief stay. Becoming impatient, he went to Rome, Ga., and joined the Rome Light Guards, 8th Georgia Infantry, Bartow's Brigade.

He was severely wounded in the battle of First Manassas, July 21, 1861, and was carried from the battle field to the home of Congressman Barbour at Gordonsville, Va. The good nursing and kind treatment received at the hands of this patriotic family doubtless saved his life. Lingered for months, he afterwards joined his command and was wounded again at Sharpsburg. His health failing, he was transferred to the quartermaster's department, in which he served until the end of the war.

While at home unfit for service Comrade Stevenson heard that Colonel Streight was marching up Coosa River to attack Rome, Ga., and to destroy the foundry and public works there. He immediately raised a company of boys and old men, equipped with old shotguns and squirrel rifles and mounted on mules and broken-down horses, to march to Rome to help defend that city; but in the meantime General Forrest had captured that Federal officer.

"Man" Stevenson was a brave and courageous soldier. After the war he settled on his farm and there remained until his death. He was considered a good and honest man, esteemed by his neighbors, and a member of the Presbyterian Church.

[H. L. Stevenson, a comrade.]

T. J. GOODWIN.

T. J. Goodwin, a member of Stonewall Camp, No. 1048, U. C. V., of Aspermont, Tex., died there on January 7. He was born in Coosa County, Ala., April 24, 1844. His father died about 1845, leaving his mother with two small children to provide for. They were on a farm until 1858, when the mother died, and the children were taken into the family of an uncle. In May, 1861, he volunteered for the Confederate service, and his command, Company B, 8th Alabama Regiment, Wilcox's Brigade, was sent directly to Richmond, Va., where they were mustered into the Confederate army for three years, or the duration of the war. Comrade Goodwin was just seventeen years old and small for his age, but he could shoot. His command helped to fortify Yorktown and guarded that part of our holdings in 1862. After that he took part in many battles, some of which were: Seven Pines, Chancellorsville, Gaines's Mill (where he was wounded and was out of the service until the winter of 1863), at the Wilderness and the hard-fought battle of Spotsylvania, and the siege of Petersburg, where his command was under fire for about twelve months. In February, 1865, he was captured and sent to Point Lookout, and he was in prison at the time of the surrender. He got back home with nothing but *will* to carry him through those years of reconstruction. No less faithful to the duties of citizenship than those of a soldier, he leaves to those who come after him an example worthy of emulation.

[G. H. Porter, Adjutant of Stonewall Camp.]

THADDEUS NORRIS FLETCHER.

Thaddeus Norris Fletcher, son of Alexander and Louise McAllister Fletcher, was born at Waverly, near Warrenton, Va., and "fell on sleep" at his home, in Warrenton, after a brief illness, January 16, 1920.

When the war clouds gathered in 1861, he gave himself to his State, joining an Orange company with the 13th Virginia Regiment and following the fortunes of the Confederacy throughout the four years of bloody struggle. He was in the carnage of First Manassas, and on other hard-fought fields he did a man's part. Once he was wounded.

Upon the close of the war he located at Warrenton and for some years was the efficient clerk of the county court, but he was best known as a member of the mercantile firm of Fletcher Bros.

In 1868 Mr. Fletcher united with the Baptist Church of Warrenton, and for thirty-eight years he was the painstaking and accurate clerk of his Church and also served for many years as a most faithful deacon.

On February 6, 1873, he was married to Miss Georgia Owen Latham, daughter of Rev. George Latham, a chaplain in the United States navy.

Mr. Fletcher was a strikingly handsome man, of distinguished appearance, and he had a genial, cheery smile that won for him the love and trust of his fellows. He was always a courtly gentleman, and his life overflowed in generous deeds and kindly thoughts.

As a Christian none surpassed him in his love and loyalty to his Church; as a business man he held high positions of success; but it was in his home that his fine qualities as man and Christian were seen at their best.

His wife died twenty-five years ago, leaving him with six young children. With a wisdom and firmness paternal and with a gentleness and tenderness maternal he instilled into them the highest ideals of honorable manhood and refined and cultured womanhood. Between him and his children

there was mutual confidence and dependence. Love ruled the home. He is survived by the two sons and four daughters.

[C. T. H.]

COMRADES AT SAVANNAH, GA.

Report comes from D. B. Morgan, Secretary of the Confederate Veterans' Association of Savannah, Ga., as follows:

"Again it becomes my duty to send you for record in the Last Roll the names of two comrades, members of my Camp, who passed over to the other side early Saturday morning, January 31, at about the same hour. At this rate all of us will soon join our comrades on the other side.

"Albert S. Bacon, a native of Liberty County, Ga., born in the village of Walthourville in 1844, came to this city at the age of twelve years and had resided here continuously until his death. He made a gallant soldier as a member of that historic company, the Oglethorpe Light Infantry, the company of which Gen. Francis S. Bartow was captain. Comrade Bacon was severely wounded in the face at Gettysburg and suffered from the effects of that wound as long as he lived. After the war he returned to this city, where he reared a large family, consisting of one daughter and seven sons, all of them honorable and useful citizens. They all survive him, as does his wife. Our comrade had been for a number of years one of our leading, successful business men, and at the time of his death, though seventy-six years, he was the active head of the firm of A. S. Bacon & Sons. When the Daughters of the Confederacy here, known at the time as the Memorial Association, erected the Confederate monument in this city, one of our philanthropic citizens, Wimberly Jones DeRenne, asked permission of the ladies to substitute for a marble figure they had on its top the bronze statue of a Confederate soldier, to which they agreed, and selected as a model our deceased comrade; and no better choice could have been made, for no more loyal Confederate lived and none who would have more willingly sacrificed his all for his country, and his commanding figure was a most suitable model.

"Thaddeus K. Oglesby was born May 23, 1848, in Missouri, but had lived in Georgia since boyhood. His youth was spent largely at Fort Gaines, where his father had charge of the public schools. He was a remarkable man, a thorough scholar and historian. So great a reader was he that he almost lived the life of a recluse with his books as companions; he did not seek society, but had a number of very close friends. He was a loyal defender of the Confederate cause and a strong champion of Jefferson Davis. It was a sacred task on his part to hunt out and correct false statements so lavishly bestowed upon the South by Northern writers. He was the author of a book, 'The Truths of History,' which had run through several editions, and he was on the point of completing a revised edition of this work when his last illness seized him.

"Comrade Oglesby enlisted in the Confederate army when quite a lad, joining Company A, Cobb's Guard, Georgia Infantry, August 9, 1864. He was very careful and methodical in his habits, which may have been acquired from the late Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederate States, whose secretary he was in Washington for many years. Judge Stephens, a nephew of Alexander Stephens, attended his funeral as an honorary pallbearer, coming from Atlanta to show his respect for his deceased friend. Comrade Oglesby never married. He is survived by two sisters, Mrs. J. B. Coyle, of Moultrie, Ga., who was with him at the time of his death, and Miss Julie Oglesby, of Columbia, S. C. A strong friend and defender of our beloved Southland has finished his work and passed over to join the hosts of Lee, Johnston, and others in the beautiful beyond."



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*  
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga.....*First Vice President General*  
MRS. GEORGE CUNNINGHAM, Little Rock, Ark.....*Second Vice President General*  
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C.....*Third Vice President General*  
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C.....*Recording Secretary General*  
MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va.....*Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla.....*Treasurer General*  
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va.....*Historian General*  
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C.....*Registrar General*  
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa.....*Custodian of Crosses*  
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala.....*Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* One of the very important tasks before our organization can be brought to a successful close before the summer comes if all Chapters will coöperate with the Registrar General in her effort to carry out the demands of the by-laws on registration. A letter from the Registrar General has recently been sent to all Division Registrars for distribution among the Chapters. So much depends upon immediate action on the part of our Chapter Registrars that I am reproducing the letter for the especial benefit of the ones who may have failed to receive the letter intended for them:

*"Dear Registrar:* The new registration laws of the U. D. C. should be of untold interest to each of us, from the Registrar of the smallest, newest Chapter to the Division Registrars and to your Registrar General. It is, therefore, the desire of your Registrar General to call your attention to the various objects we desire to cover and to ask that each and every one of us form a compact chain with not one weak link in order to work together and thus accomplish great ends.

*"Hereafter, dear Chapter Registrars, I would impress the sending of three application blanks perfectly filled out, with all the required signatures, to your Division Registrar. Re-read and see that each is correct; do not fail to send the twenty-five cents for each member's certificate with the blanks. You will note this increase in cost of certificates.*

*"Also I would say to Chapter Registrars that you, and not other officers of the Chapter, should order all certificates for old members, and the new laws now make it obligatory for all Chapters to pay for said certificates both old and new. In ordering these certificates for old members be sure to copy each one's record on a separate application blank and forward with order, for I must have same to fill out records on certificates, as no blank ones are allowed sent out. Never send stamps; I cannot take them. Use check or money order for the smallest amount.*

*"The organization is very anxious to obtain as nearly perfect a registration of its members as possible. We all realize that many dear women, dead and gone, were never registered. Now the question is, how to get at these and to record who are not registered. This will be our greatest trouble. To try to reach a solution I ask each Chapter Registrar to make a copy of every name ever enrolled in her Chapter and forward to your Division Registrar. I ask the Division Registrar to copy the roster of every dead or suspended Chapter and send all of these to me together. Then I will compare each roster with those registered by all the Registrar Generals and check off registered names, notifying you of those not registered and telling you what must be done. This will take work and time, and Divisions or Chapters not in Divisions will be checked in order received.*

*"Now, this is the only way we can secure a correct, full registration. Also at the convention of 1921 the vote of a Chapter will be large, based on registration as well as taxes paid. By October 8 each Chapter Registrar must forward to the Division Registrar the number, not names, of those received into the Chapter by demits, those demitted from the Chapter and lost by death, suspension, or resignation. The Division Registrars must send me this same report arranged alphabetically according to Chapters by October 15, so I may be able to arrange my report for the Credential Committee. I shall register every new member up to my departure for the convention and give due credit on my voting books. Hence Division Registrars may send in applications to the first week in November. As our work progresses I will keep in touch with Division Registrars, but this can be my only direct appeal to Chapters. Keep this letter, refer to it constantly, and pass it on to your successor in office. Above all, do your part in this noble work to save the records of our hero ancestors and the Daughters who represented them.*

*"With best wishes that our highest aims may be attained, sincerely,*

FANNIE RANSOM WILLIAMS,  
*Registrar General U. D. C."*

*"Above all, do your part in this noble work to save the records of our hero ancestors and the Daughters who represent them" is the keynote of this appeal. Without the hearty coöperation of all Chapters the stupendous undertaking will not, cannot be done, and when the convention of 1921 comes many Chapters will be barred because the by-law governing registration has not received the attention necessary to grant the Chapter representation. Let "one-hundred-per-cent registration" be your Chapter slogan during March and April, a slogan backed by the work that it takes to bring results.*

*Cordially,*

MAY M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

## A SONG OF THE FUTURE.

Sail fast, sail fast,

Ark of my hopes, ark of my dreams;

Sweep lordly o'er the drowned Past,

Fly glittering through the sun's strange beams!

Sail fast, sail fast.

Breaths of new buds from off some drying lea

With news about the future scent the sea.

My brain is beating like the heart of Haste,

I'll loose me a bird upon this present waste;

Go, trembling song,

And stay not long; O, stay not long;

Thou'rt only a gray and sober dove,

But thine eye is faith, and thy wing is love.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

BALTIMORE, 1878.

## CELEBRATION OF THE LEE ANNIVERSARY.

*Washington.*—No more artistic and patriotic tribute was ever paid to the great Southern general, Robert E. Lee, than by the gathering of over one hundred and twenty-five Southern men and women who assembled at the Washington Hotel in Seattle for dinner. The tables had covers placed for six guests each and were gay with the colors of the Confederacy. A male quartet opened the evening with Southern melodies. Mr. Joseph Greenwell, who was toastmaster, paid a glowing tribute to the great and fearless leader of the gray as well as to the men of the South who fought in this last World War side by side with their Northern brothers. In closing he made an appeal to the Southern colony in Seattle to organize more strongly, to have more frequent gatherings, urging that this celebration of the one hundred and twelfth anniversary of Robert E. Lee be made an annual affair.

Mrs. Fielding Aaston contributed two delightful violin numbers and was in the closing strains of the second when the approach of Gen. John J. Pershing was announced. It was the signal for every one to rise. The veterans who were present were arranged in front line facing the entrance, standing at attention, and as soon as the noted soldier realized the silent honor he returned the salute with deep reverence. In the brief time allotted him he happily acknowledged the implied compliment of the assemblage, ending by saying: "There are no greater patriots to-day than the men who wore the gray from 1861 to 1865 and their daughters." Voluntarily he started to pass from one guest to another to shake hands, witticisms and a flow of anecdotes his accompaniment as he made the rounds. With a profound farewell in the wave of his cap, he withdrew as the quartet sang "How Can I Bear to Leave Thee?"

Mrs. C. F. Barth, who had been appointed to confer upon two veterans the Southern cross of honor, made the presentation to Capt. W. G. McCroskey and Hamilton Dalton. In the absence of the latter Dr. W. R. Inge Dalton accepted for his brother.

Mme. Grace Tower sang three interesting songs of martial strain. The speaker of the evening was Lieut. Col. Walter B. Beals, who served overseas for fifteen months as judge advocate with the 81st Division, which, he explained, was eighty-five per cent Southern and showed a greater per cent among the officers of the division. In reviewing and analyzing the technicalities of fighting in this last war Colonel Beals found many opportunities to applaud the bravery of the boys of the South, saying that on the battle field, in the common cause, the blue and the gray blended into olive drab. He closed by urging every American to realize that to General Pershing, with whom he served overseas, every honor for winning the fight should go for his insistence that the Americans should fight as an army, which the great Robert E. Lee had proved during his brilliant leadership, when the methods of warfare were vastly different.

*Southern Carolina.*—A large audience, which included the various patriotic organizations of the city, shared the enjoyment of the exercises held annually by the Charleston Chapter, U. D. C., in celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of the South's beloved leader, Gen. Robert E. Lee. The Hibernian Hall had been artistically decorated, a large portrait of General Lee occupying a conspicuous place. Several general officers of the U. D. C. occupied seats on the platform with the officers of the local Chapter.

Members of the Charleston Chapter, the visiting officers, and the United Confederate Veterans formed in line in the

lower hall and, to music furnished by the Citadel band, marched upstairs to their places in the hall.

Among those on the rostrum were: Miss Martha B. Washington, Mrs. M. G. Eason, Mrs. J. P. Legare, and Mrs. J. S. Rhame, officers of the local Chapter; Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe and Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Charleston's two former Presidents General U. D. C.; Mrs. C. N. W. Merchant, of Chatham, Va., and Mrs. R. D. Wright, of Newberry, former and present Recording Secretaries General; Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, former Historian General; Mrs. James Conner, former President of the Charleston Chapter; Miss Mary Lightsey, of the Confederate College Chapter; Miss Sarah Smyth; the Rev. Oliver J. Hart, speaker of the evening; Rev. W. H. Harden; Gen. C. Irvine Walker, honorary head of the U. C. V., and other officers of that organization.

In his address Rev. Oliver J. Hart told of the work done by the United States army overseas. He addressed himself chiefly to the Confederate veterans seated in the front rows, telling of the difference in methods of fighting and of the long waiting by the men overseas before they were sufficiently trained to take part in the conflict. He told of the taking of Chantigny Hill, of the hard fighting there which won for the American army the confidence of the Allies and which shook the confidence of the Germans. He told of the work of the famous 1st Division, relating the circumstances that left Lieut. Col. Barnwell Rhett Legare, of Charleston, in command of the 26th Infantry at the turning point of the fight and of his brilliant record as an officer. The story was told modestly and impersonally, but graphically.

Miss Martha B. Washington, President of the local Chapter, introduced the visiting officers, whose brief addresses brought out many interesting facts in connection with the Charleston Chapter, which is No. 4 of all the Chapters of the general organization. Most notable of these is that the Chapter has supplied two Presidents General of the organization, and both have made remarkable records of service.

Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe organized the local Chapter and the State Division of the U. D. C., and to her the national organization also owes much for her work on the constitution. It was during her period in office that the organization was established upon a firm foundation. Mrs. Smythe told the veterans that whatever she had been able to accomplish during her term of office was because of the advice and assistance of her husband, a Confederate veteran.

That Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of Charleston, should also have held office during another trying period of the history of the organization was most fortunate, and high tribute was paid to her remarkably sound judgment which carried the society through the period of the war more firmly established than ever.

Mrs. R. D. Wright, the new Recording Secretary General, has a splendid record of work in the State Division, while Mrs. Hyde and Mrs. Merchant, who are retiring, leave a fine record of service in their offices.

Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, retiring President General U. D. C., had as her guests in January Mrs. W. N. C. Merchant, retiring Recording Secretary General, and Mrs. R. D. Wright, of Newberry, the new Recording Secretary General. Mrs. Merchant was at one time President of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., and Mrs. Wright was President of the South Carolina Division. On the afternoon of January 19 Miss Poppenheim gave a tea at her home for these guests, who charmed all who met them.

*Missouri.*—Two hundred members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy attended the breakfast in commemoration



ration of the birthdays of Gen. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson at the Hotel Muehlebach, Kansas City, Tuesday, January 20. Mrs. W. N. Collins was toastmistress. An address was made by Dr. Burris A. Jenkins, and toasts were responded to by the following: "The Men Who Wore the Gray," Mrs. Louis R. Malott; "Stonewall Jackson," Miss Lou Jackson McCormick; "Robert E. Lee," Mrs. May C. Robertson; "Dixie," Mrs. B. Leibstadter; "Gen. John J. Pershing," Mrs. W. L. Webb; "Beaux and Belles of the Sixties," Miss Virginia Wilkenson; "Jefferson Davis," Maj. Gen. W. C. Bronaugh; "Confederate Veterans," Mr. W. S. Harrelson. Miss Ethel Lee Buxton, a relative of General Lee, was the soloist.

Mrs. Julia Woodruff Kern, a member of the George Edward Pickett Chapter, U. D. C., Kansas City, died January 21. Mrs. Kern's father built the first home in Houston, Tex., and her sister was the wife of Ansen Jones, the last President of the Republic of Texas. Mrs. Kern is survived by four daughters: Mrs. W. D. Johnson, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. R. C. Tipe, Houston, Tex.; Mrs. Thomas Hoghland, Perryton, Tex.; and Mrs. J. A. Gillett, El Paso, Tex. Mrs. Kern was seventy-eight years old. Burial was at Houston.

*North Carolina.*—At a recent meeting of the Zebulon Baird Vance Chapter, of Lenoir, N. C., the birthdays of Gens. R. E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson were celebrated. Just twenty years ago this Chapter celebrated these anniversaries for the first time, and the minutes of the first observance were read at this meeting. An address was made by the beloved and honored Rev. E. N. Joyner, who closed with a poem dedicated to the Chapter. This poem is given on page 116 of this number.

*Georgia.*—One of the most important and foremost organizations of the day of noble, courageous women workers is the Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C. Mrs. Walter Scott Coleman is the efficient President of this Chapter and is considered one of the most capable women who have filled the position. A great number of important and notable things have been accomplished during her administration. For the first time the historic places of interest in and around Atlanta are being marked with suitable bronze tablets. Already two have been unveiled by the Daughters alone and one jointly with the "Old Guards of Atlanta." Arrangements are being perfected for the unveiling of two more in the very near future, one on the grounds of the State Capitol and another on a famous site in Marietta Street.

This work was discussed and hoped for, but nothing definite had ever been accomplished until Mrs. Coleman's election to office. In this connection Mrs. E. G. Warner proved to be a most valuable chairman.

The Daughters of the Confederacy stand for the interest of the living Confederate soldiers as well as those who made the supreme sacrifice. The effort in behalf of the Confederate veterans and the needy women of the Confederacy is one of the most beautiful of all modern undertakings. Mrs. Coleman has ever been an inspiration of love and duty to her members in this work. Her loyalty to the heroic past, her devotion to the living, and her steadfast determination to uphold the traditions and sentiment of the Old South have inspired all her workers with the undying, unconquered spirit of the sixties. Success has crowned every effort of this leader and her noble band of women, who have reached out a helping hand to almost every undertaking concerned with the welfare of the city at large, and the wonder of it all through every success is that it has remained distinctly Confederate. One is impressed with the Confederate spirit that permeates each gathering of this organization.

#### FOURSCORE.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy when Receiving Their Greetings on My Eightieth Birthday:*

Standing on the shores of Time  
In a bright and sunny clime,  
Pausing to count the years—fourscore—  
Within my heart a great store  
Of love for those who have crowned  
My days with loving thought and bound  
The ties of friendship day by day,  
To gladden me on my way.  
At this milestone my "Daughters" send  
Greetings, with kindred and friend,  
And show that all are on guard  
To make life's journey less hard,  
While loved ones gone before  
Are waiting on the other shore.  
My soul is touched with thankfulness  
For this blessed watchfulness.

CORNELIA BRANCH STONE.

### Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

*My Dear Daughters of the Confederacy:* Through the courtesy of the VETERAN I have been able to give the C. of C. articles on "The Captives of Abb's Valley" and "Davy Crockett." I have written for you a brief sketch of Monticello, because it might be difficult for some of you to get information on this subject. Do you realize what it means to our organization to have this opportunity to get our historical material in print? Do you know that there is no other publication through which your officers can communicate with you regularly? I trust that it will be your pleasure to show your appreciation of what the VETERAN is doing by giving it the loyal support which will enable it to continue its usefulness to Southern organizations.

Faithfully yours,

SUSIE S. CAMPBELL.

#### U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR APRIL, 1920.

##### FAMOUS HOMES OF THE SOUTH—MONTICELLO.

The home of Jefferson, the many-sided man of his era. Study his life, note the opposite theories of government of which Hamilton and Jefferson were the chief exponents, compare the size of the United States at the close of the Revolution with its enlargement by the Louisiana Purchase, and have an open discussion of the different benefits derived from this purchase. Read the epitaph which Jefferson prepared for his monument and tell of his closing years.

Bibliography: Randall's "Life of Jefferson"; "Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson," Sarah Randolph.

#### C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR APRIL, 1920.

##### BRAVE SAM DAVIS, OF TENNESSEE.

Read the poem "Sam Davis," by John Trotwood Moore.

Bibliography: "Boy Soldiers of the Confederacy," Neale. "Songs and Stories from Tennessee," John Trotwood Moore.

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*  
Seale, Ala.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*  
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.  
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



## VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson  
GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer  
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

## THE BOOK OF BIOGRAPHIES.

*To Memorial Women:* A great deal of interest centers around the forthcoming book, "Representative Women of the South," by Mrs. Bryan W. Collier, who was made Official Biographer of the C. S. M. A. at the Atlanta Convention. The list of more than one hundred women who have been asked to contribute biographies to this first volume of Mrs. Collier's makes a most interesting study and will bring to light much unwritten history which has up to the present time lain dormant, besides showing to the world just a small part of the wonderful work accomplished by the women of the South in the upbuilding and reconstruction that necessarily followed the War between the States. To those of you who have been a part in this history-making epoch and who have had a part in the making of this unwritten history the plea cannot be too strongly stressed that you fail not in giving to Mrs. Collier such data. The first volume, which is to be followed by a second one later, is nearing completion and is expected to be put into the hands of the printer March 1, so send at once the desired sketch and photograph to Mrs. Bryan Collier, College Park, Ark., and thus aid in giving to the young of the coming generations, to whom this first volume is to be dedicated, the truth and only the truth regarding the period of conflict in the South.

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General*.

## ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

The call for Confederate mothers has met with great success in the past month, since the State Presidents have been giving the matter their attention. Thirteen Confederate mothers have been located and their names sent to Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General of the C. S. M. A. In addition to those mentioned in the February notes, the following have been put on record: Mrs. Sarah Fowler, Dallas, Tex., ninety-six years of age; Mrs. Elizabeth Summers, Newnan, Ga., ninety-eight years old; Mrs. Mary E. Brown, New Orleans, La., ninety-seven years old; Mrs. Rebecca Howard, Lowndesboro, Ala., one hundred and one years old; Mrs. Ricketts, of Huntington, W. Va.; Mrs. Evelena Willis Dasher, of Sylvania, Ga.; and Mrs. Adeline Meacham, of Burlington, N. C., aged ninety-two years.

Two of the Confederate mothers have died since they were enrolled, but not before they were presented with the beautiful gold bar which Mrs. Wilson, the President General, has bestowed upon them as a personal gift. Those who have passed into the great beyond are Mrs. Sarah A. Hemphill, of Athens, Ga., who died shortly after having been presented with her pin, the presentation having been attended with a

beautiful program at Lucy Cobb Institute, and Mrs. Mercede G. Brent, of Pensacola, Fla., who received her recognition pin on the 7th of November.

Mrs. Frank D. Tracy, who is Chairman of the Confederate Mothers' Committee, has made a splendid showing in locating so many women whose Confederate veteran sons are still living, for it is only to the Confederate mothers who have living Confederate veteran sons that the pins are given.

In presenting the pin to Mrs. Sarah A. Hemphill, Miss Mildred Rutherford, the former Historian General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the President of the Laura Rutherford Chapter, U. D. C., and of the Memorial Association at Athens, has written the following interesting account of the presentation:

"I want to tell you what a beautiful afternoon we had Monday, January 12, when the gold bar, appropriately inscribed, was presented to Mrs. Sarah A. Hemphill, Confederate mother, one hundred and two years old.

"The Laura Rutherford Chapter was to have held its monthly meeting at four o'clock; but after receiving your letter requesting a public ceremony for the presentation of the pin to Mrs. Hemphill, I felt there was no more fitting opportunity that could be seized, for with us the Memorial Association, although never united, meets with the U. D. C.; so we dispensed with the business part of the U. D. C. meeting and let Mr. Robert A. Hemphill, the veteran son, and his mother be the feature of the occasion.

"The Lucy Cobb Glee Club sang several old Southern songs, such as 'Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny' and 'Dixie,' of course, then there was a chorus by Miss Howell's pupils—an old Southern song. I allowed the girls to shake hands with Mrs. Hemphill. She looked so well and seemed so bright and happy.

"Mr. Hemphill was introduced, and I was glad to have him stress what it meant to have a good mother and what it meant to him to hear her say that 'not a wrinkle on her face was caused by any act of his, for he had been a good and obedient son.'

"The pin was then presented. I spoke of the women of the Confederacy, how brave and true they had been, and that no honor shown the mothers of the 'heroes of the sixties' was too great. Refreshments were served, and a social hour was enjoyed. The Lucy Cobb girls will never forget the occasion, and I am glad that you gave them this opportunity.

"An incident of the occasion was the coming in of the photographer, who took pictures of Mrs. Hemphill and her son and daughter, sitting just under the portrait of Lucy Cobb, whom Mrs. Hemphill said she remembered seeing very often coming down the front walk of the Cobb home holding her father by the hand. The portrait showed the home and the long walk in the background. A second picture was taken



in the blue parlor under Elizabeth Gardner's picture, 'La Confidence.' She was a pupil of Bougereau, whom she afterwards married. I think she must have painted the face in the picture."

\* \* \*

Capt. and Mrs. James Dinkins, of New Orleans, have generously sent to Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General of the S. C. M. A., a check to cover half the cost of the beautiful gold bar pins to be presented to the Confederate mothers. Heretofore Mrs. Wilson has given the pins as a personal gift, but Captain and Mrs. Dinkins, with patriotic pride, wish to share in the honor.

\* \* \*

The book of biographical sketches of the "Representative Women of the South," being compiled and edited by Mrs. Bryan W. Collier, official biographer of the C. S. M. A., will be one of the handsomest volumes ever printed along similar lines and will contain one hundred beautiful portraits of women. The price is \$7.50, and it can be had only by subscription. Each subscription should be accompanied by a check for that amount mailed to Mrs. Bryan W. Collier, College Park, Atlanta, Ga.

#### AN INCIDENT OF FRANKLIN.

From Dr. James H. McNeilly: "A letter received from an old comrade, George R. Sutton, of Arcadia, La., relates an incident that I never heard of before in connection with the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864. Comrade Sutton belonged to Company B, 12th Louisiana Regiment, Loring's Division, Stewart's Corps. He was severely wounded on July 22, 1864, at Atlanta and got back to his regiment for the march into Tennessee under General Hood. He was assigned to the ordnance department. I give the incident in his own words: 'Our ordnance train came to a halt some half a mile in the rear of our troops. I saw a regiment form in battle line. As they formed I saw them all kneel down, and some one prayed. I could hear him, but could not understand what he said. I think they were at prayer when the order came to advance, for they arose hurriedly, passed over the hill, and in a few minutes I heard the Rebel yell, and the battle was on.' My old comrade thought maybe it was my regiment and that I was the one who prayed, but I never heard of the incident until now."

#### ALL THE FAMILY IN SERVICE.

John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., gives a family record that can hardly be surpassed. He writes:

"In the February VETERAN it is stated that Mrs. Mary Anderson, lately deceased, gave seven members of her family to the Confederacy, and I presume that is nearly the limit. However, my own mother gave her husband (R. M. Stiles, captain of engineers, C. S. A.), five brothers (J. H. Couper, lieutenant 8th Georgia; J. M. Couper, captain of engineers, C. S. A.; Alexander Couper, courier for General Evans; John Couper, orderly sergeant 60th Georgia; R. H. Couper, lieutenant Reads's Georgia Battery), her brother-in-law (W. H. Stiles, Jr., captain 60th Georgia), and her father-in-law (W. H. Stiles, Sr., colonel 60th Georgia).

"Now, if any son of a veteran can beat that, let's hear from him or her."

In renewing for two years, B. M. Robinson writes from Orlando, Fla.: "I will be a subscriber as long as I live. I enjoy the VETERAN, and I hope its list is being enlarged."

#### THE MOTHER.

INSCRIBED TO THE ZEB VANCE CHAPTER, U. D. C.,  
LENOIR, N. C.

BY EDMUND N. JOYNER, PRIVATE COMPANY D, 13TH BATTALION,  
NORTH CAROLINA LIGHT ARTILLERY.

When the red god Mars in wrath descends  
With sword and gun and torch,  
Then peace its fruitful function ends  
In war's insane debauch.

He never comes till men demand  
In honor's name or sin's;  
But once he lifts his savage hand  
The dance of death begins.

He falls upon that fortress, home,  
And blows his venom'd breath  
And stamps upon the bravest one  
His devilish twin name, death.

To some he brings a broken limb,  
To some a bruised heart;  
And yet no power can soften him  
From his satanic art.

He wrestleth not with strength alone,  
The sturdy, stalwart man,  
But gentler woman's heart must groan  
To wreak his fiendish plan.

Behold a widowed mother stand  
Beside her humble cot  
And tremulously point her hand  
To yonder cherished spot.

"O sir," with quivering lip she said  
To one who stood hard by  
And asked if hope in her was dead  
For fear the cause would die—

"O sir, whene'er the shades of night  
On that inclosure fall,  
They leave in tears of dew the dust  
Of my heart's precious all.

I bade them go, their mother's pride,  
At Carolina's call;  
There they are sleeping side by side,  
Four boys; I gave them all."

Heaven shrines thee, mother. Thy sweet name,  
Immortal as the soul,  
Lends luster to that oriflamme,  
Our Southland's martyr roll.

And on the spirit camping ground  
Their white tents shine, and then  
At trumpet of redemption day  
Thou'lt claim thy boys again.

From C. L. Prince, Baltimore, Md.: "I have been subscribing to the VETERAN, I think, about twenty-five years, and I find that the longer I take it the more attached to it I become, and I don't see how I could well do without it."

## SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1919-20.

Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest  
Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton  
Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.  
[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]

### SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The organization is to be congratulated upon the election of Nathan Bedford Forrest as Commander in Chief. No man in the organization has been more earnest, faithful, and efficient than Comrade Forrest.

Comrade Carl Hinton, Past Commander in Chief, has been appointed Adjutant in Chief of the organization for the current year. He generously volunteered to fill the position due to the difficulty in finding some other suitable person who would serve.

Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Historian in Chief, delivered his instructive and interesting stereopticon lecture, entitled "A Tour of the West from Canada to Old Mexico," Thursday evening, February 26, 1920, in Richmond, Va., in the interest of the Richmond Sons and for the purpose of arousing deeper interest in the reclamation of the swamp and cut-over lands of the South. He uses about a hundred beautifully colored slides. He will be glad to hear from other Camps interested in enlarging the membership and in Southern progress.

Rev. H. W. Battle, Chaplain in Chief, of Charlottesville, Va., has been invited to address the Washington Camp in the near future. Under the leadership of George T. Rawlins, Commandant, this is one of the most wide-awake Camps in the organization. Hon. William Tyler Page, author of the "American Creed," on February 10 delivered before the Camp a lecture explaining the origin and the meaning of that creed. This creed won the prize of \$1,000 offered by the city of Baltimore as the best summary of the political faith of America.

Comrade Ernest G. Baldwin, Past Commander in Chief, while serving as lieutenant with the American Expeditionary Force, organized a successful Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans in the trenches protecting historic Verdun, France.

W. E. Brockman, recently returned from France, is now in St. Paul, Minn., engaged in editing the *Warrior News*. He is now arranging to organize a Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans in that city. Let the good work go on. Who will follow his example? Tell us about it in this column.

Five thousand copies of the "Gray Book," a concise presentation of some of the fundamentals of history affecting the South, are coming from the press. We predict much success for this work by able writers. Write to N. B. Forrest, Commander in Chief, for details.

Associate Editor J. R. Price proposes to devote considerable time to extending the circulation of the *VETERAN* among the Sons. That our organization needs a medium such as this page will afford is recognized by all. Through it we propose to tell of the work of the various Camps and to give items of interest concerning officials and members of the organization. The *VETERAN* will furnish the space for this valuable and stimulating data; but to be fair the Sons must, both to obtain the benefit of this column and to do the *VETERAN* justice, very substantially increase the circulation. We respectfully request the Adjutant of each Camp to send us

a list of men who love the memory of their fathers well enough to invest one dollar a year in the *VETERAN*. It is always worth several times the price.

"A Pageant of American History" was put on by the Navy League at the New Willard ballroom, Washington, D. C., February 12, 1920. This was one of the most pleasant and instructive pieces of work of its kind that it has been our fortune to witness. Six hundred people participated in the several sections. Section No. 26 was a very realistic depiction of Lee in the garden at Arlington. From the time the first character appeared on the stage to the conclusion the scene was widely and enthusiastically applauded by the vast audience that packed every inch of the spacious ballroom. Mrs. Maud Howell Smith, as chairman, and Mrs. Robert E. Lee, as vice chairman, arranged the scene. The following was the personnel: Gen. Robert E. Lee, Rev. Randolph H. McKim; Gen. Stonewall Jackson, Col. Magnus Thompson; Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, Judge Charles B. Howry; Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, Mr. Lovick Pierce; Mrs. Robert E. Lee, Mrs. Rozier Delaney; Matron, Mrs. Samuel C. Smoot; Miss Mildred Lee, Miss Anne Lee; Miss Agnes Lee, Miss Elizabeth Beach; Miss Annie Lee, Miss Grace Beach; Friends and Neighbors, Miss Maude Morgan, Miss Virginia Byrd Hereford, Miss Marie McGuire, Miss Marie Louise Owens, Miss Etta Jackson Taggart, Miss Lindsay Lomax Wood; Old Negro Mammy, Mrs. Frank Odenheimer; Children, Mistress Harriet Lee Benoist and Master Nevitte Smoot; Virginia Statesmen and Soldiers (enacted by members of Washington Camp, No. 305, S. C. V.), Mr. George T. Rawlins, Mr. J. Roy Price, Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Mr. F. R. Fravel, Mr. William S. Stamper, Mr. Warner L. Wilkinson, Dr. Clarence J. Owens, Mr. McDonald Lee, and Col. W. W. Old. Moving pictures were taken of the various scenes showing American history from the time of the landing of the Pilgrims in 1650 to the close of the Civil War. These pictures will soon be released by the Navy League for the education of the school children throughout the United States.

CHURCH BELLS FOR CANNON.—At the late U. D. C. Convention in Tampa, Fla., a committee was appointed to secure data in regard to the church bells or chimes presented to the Confederate government for the manufacture of cannon balls or cannon. Of this committee Mrs. C. F. Harvey, of Kinston, N. C., is chairman, and she is exceedingly anxious to secure all possible data on the subject and asks that any one having information of such donations will kindly forward it to her.

CONFEDERATE ANCESTRY OF WORLD WAR SOLDIERS.—One of the important undertakings of the U. D. C. at present is to make record of the descendants of Confederate soldiers who were with the American forces in the late war in Europe. Miss Eliza Claybrooke is chairman of the work for Nashville Chapter, No. 1, U. D. C., and will send out blanks to any applicants in Davidson County. Address her at 2111 Highland Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTS TO HEAR FROM COMRADE.—Should an old Confederate originally from Mississippi and an infantryman, I think, shot so badly he had to go into the cavalry, and who surrendered the first day of May, 1865, in Petersburg with George Frinch, John Bullard, and A. F. Rose, see this notice, please drop a line to his old comrade, A. F. Rose, Adjutant Joe Kendall Camp, U. C. V., Warrenton, Va.



## WITH THE ELEVENTH TEXAS CAVALRY.

(Continued from page 92.)

report to Brig. Gen. John A. Wharton, commanding a brigade under General Wheeler. Our brigade consisted of the 8th and 11th Texas, 4th Tennessee, and the 3d Arkansas, commanded by Col. Tom Harrison, in which we served during the remainder of the war, engaging in all scouts and battles pertaining to the Army of Tennessee under Joseph E. Johnston. In opposing General Sherman through Georgia and the Carolinas I was waylaid and captured on March 3, 1865, while on duty as a messenger, and sent to Point Lookout, where I remained until the close."

## FAMILY REMINISCENCES.

BY W. S. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

Dr. McNeilly always writes well and interestingly, whatever his subject. His reminiscences in the January *VETERAN* have caused me to think and write of the long ago, and I hope I may be pardoned if I be somewhat personal.

My great-grandfather, James Doyle, came from Wexford, Ireland, in 1750, settled in Pennsylvania, and was instrumental in the settlement of Doylestown. Later he moved to Maryland, and my grandfather, William Doyle, was born in Hagerstown December 24, 1780. When a boy he moved with his parents to Pendleton District (now Anderson County), S. C. My maternal grandfather, James Dendy, died before I can remember. His father came from Scotland and settled in South Carolina. These families were all Presbyterians. That Church wielded a great influence in that State, and from childhood I heard much of Scotch-Irish descendants. My recollection of attending church was at the Presbyterian church at Pickens C. H., S. C., about 1850. The preacher's name was William McWhorter, and he was living and preaching in that country when I left there in 1867. When my grandfather was grown he went back to Virginia and married Elizabeth Cunningham at Appomattox C. H., and their bridal tour was a horseback ride to South Carolina. It may be somewhat coincidental that about two years before he died six of his grandsons surrendered with General Lee when the Stars and Bars was furled at the place of his bridal altar in April, 1865. One of these grandsons lacked sixteen days of being nineteen years old, though he was with the cavalry corps of that rather historic army during the very active campaigns of 1864-65.

Elizabeth Cunningham's father came from Ireland, settled in Virginia, and was a soldier under Washington. I have heard my Grandfather Doyle tell of many interesting incidents occurring during the early settlement of Upper South Carolina. He knew Colonel Cleveland, who commanded the Tennesseans in the battle of King's Mountain. After the war Colonel Cleveland settled on the Tugaloo River, in South Carolina, and acquired large possessions. The Tugaloo and Seneca form the Savannah, and above their confluence the Tugaloo divides South Carolina and Georgia. About thirty miles west and above the confluence is where Colonel Cleveland settled, there died at a ripe old age, and was buried on his own land. In my boyhood days I visited his grave many times, and then the little cemetery was overgrown with pines. The Doyle homestead, known as Fort Madison, is about one mile above the Cleveland place.

In 1873 the Atlanta and Richmond Air Line Railroad (now the Southern) was built across our homestead, and about our house a small town grew up called Madison. About sixteen years ago the descendants of Colonel Cleveland from other

States joined those in South Carolina and removed the remains of the old hero to Madison and erected over them a beautiful granite monument in a lovely red oak grove, about one hundred and fifty yards from the front of our house and just north of the railroad. On the south side of the monument is this inscription: "Erected by members of the Cleveland family in South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee in honor of Col. Benjamin Cleveland, a hero of the Revolution for American independence and one of the commanders in the battle of King's Mountain, N. C., 1738-1806."

When a boy I knew Thomas Harbin, a son-in-law of Colonel Cleveland, who lived on a part of the Cleveland possessions. He was a great reader, and I remember well that he did not use glasses, and this was surprising to me, as my father and grandfather could not read without them. Mr. Harbin died in 1859 at the age of ninety-three years. He was a soldier in the latter part of the Revolutionary War, and one of his grandsons was a lieutenant in the United States army during the Spanish-American skirmish.

## JOHN BROWN, THE INFAMOUS.

Of the 450-page book on John Brown, written by Hill Peebles Wilson, the *New York Sun* has this to say:

"Well, four hundred and fifty pages of records, damaging documents, and other damning evidence, all marshaled in convincing fashion, leave for admiration little of John Brown's character. Mr. Wilson is evidently in dead earnest, and I, for one, would not care to be running for office with Mr. Wilson as my opponent. I should be afraid of a man who had gone to the trouble of compiling four hundred and fifty pages of discreditable matter about any one, particularly about a man who had been dead for over half a century.

"On laying down the book I am ready to admit that Brown was a murderer, an embezzler, and perhaps an atheist (he behaved shockingly on the Sabbath day), and I begrudgingly thank the writer as I would thank any one for laying the truth before mankind."

A new edition of this book, the title of which is "John Brown, Soldier of Fortune: A Critique," has been gotten out, and it can now be procured at \$2.50, postpaid. The *VETERAN* will fill orders.


HOME FOR NAVAL VETERANS.—The Commander of the Veterans of the Confederate Navy, Admiral A. O. Wright, now of Jacksonville, Fla., is planning a campaign in the interest of building a home for the naval veterans and wants all comrades and friends who feel that this should be done to write to him at 28 East Bay Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

Prof. James M. Tate, of Pensacola, Fla., now in his eighty-second year, sends the *VETERAN* a letter, as clearly written as any young fellow could do, better than most, which he says was done without glasses. "During the War between the States," he says, "the Tate family was represented by my father and four sons. On April 5, 1919, my brother, Clarence W. Tate, of Whistler, Ala., was buried in the Gonzales Cemetery, leaving me the sole survivor. According to his wishes, he was buried in his Confederate uniform, under Confederate ceremonies, attended by all the active members of Camp Ward, No. 10, U. C. V., of Pensacola. I am afraid that my 'campaign' will soon be over, but as long as my sight remains I want to read the *VETERAN*, which has so valiantly defended the righteousness of the cause of the South."



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### "VITAL" STATISTICS.

When life is at stake you don't think about statistics. Yet thousands of lives could be saved each year if everybody thought about vital statistics and their relation to a course in first aid.

Accidents cost the United States one hundred thousand lives annually, and the numbered injured, including the permanently crippled, exceeds by some hundreds of thousands the number of dead.

Five hundred thousand are injured to such an extent that they can no longer earn their living without reeducation.

In this day of labor shortage this is a serious economic consideration. The figures which apply to accidents in the home are equally impressive.

One of the largest insurance companies in the country reports that in a recent year twenty-eight per cent of the accident claims paid were for injuries received in the home, the percentage being considerably larger than for any other class of accidents.

With these amazing figures in mind, it is easy to see how vital statistics point the way to a course in Red Cross first aid. It is equally necessary in the home, the factory, and the school. Textbooks of simple rules and lecture courses, including practical demonstrations in first aid, are easily accessible to the student and the housewife.

For the industrial worker the Red Cross has field representatives trained and experienced in first aid to the injured and accident prevention work who are loaned to railroads, telephone companies, manufactories, mines, lumber mills, quarries, and similar industries for the purpose of instructing employees in first aid to the injured and accident prevention.

The second nation-wide Salvation Army drive for funds begins on May 1 and will continue for ten days. It will be one of the post-war drives in which the people will take a real and genuine interest.

The Salvation Army is equipped to do a big home service work. All that is needed is money. The people of the United States will see to it that the money is forthcoming at the drive, which will be made from May 1 to May 10.

S. Bonham, 1111 West Houston Street, Sherman, Tex., wants a copy of the "Memoirs of Belle Boyd," the Confederate spy. The VETERAN would also like to locate a copy.

## Deafness

**From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved.**

Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

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Often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page Book on Deafness—giving you full particulars. **WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated** 573 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.



**WANTED**—The first two numbers of the VETERAN—January and February, 1893—or would take the whole volume for 1893. A liberal price will be given. Address Jesse LeMoss, Secretary of the Newberry Library, Chicago, Ill.

E. Berkley Bowie, 811 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md., wishes to hear from any one who has information, newspapers, or documents in regard to the manufacture of firearms in the Confederacy. Families of Confederate States ordnance officers are especially solicited.

D. M. Armstrong, Assistant Inspector General of the Sixth District of the Grand Camp of Virginia Confederate Veterans, wants to find some member of Company A, 4th North Carolina Cavalry, who can give information of Elisha Britt's war record. He is in need of a pension.

The widow of the late E. F. W. (Weed) Chelf wishes to get in communication with some of the war comrades of her husband, who was with Missouri troops under General Price, enlisting at Platte City and being mustered out at St. Louis. She is entitled to a pension if she can prove her claim. Address Mrs. Weed Chelf, Bowling Green, Ky.

## Don't Wear a Truss



**BROOKS' APPLIANCE**, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day.

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# *Stock Remnants*

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LACK OF STORAGE ROOM NECESSITATES CLOSING OUT THE VETERAN'S STOCK OF BOOKS AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE. ONLY REMNANTS OF STOCKS NOW LEFT. SEND YOUR ORDER FOR ONE OR ALL OF THE FOLLOWING:

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A collection of masterly addresses on the Southern Cause, a tribute to his comrades by one who soldiered under Lee. A copy should be in every household of this country. Postpaid, \$1.

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An explanation and vindication of the strategy of his campaigns. Offered in sheep, \$2.25; half morocco, \$2.75.

**Two Years on the Alabama.** By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair.

Story of the wonderful career of Admiral Semmes's unrivaled cruiser told by one of his officers. Postpaid, \$2.

**Two Wars: An Autobiography.** By Gen. S. G. French.

History of his services in the Mexican War and the War between the States. An interesting narrative. Postpaid, \$2.20.

**Confederate Military History**

One set. Half morocco. \$25.

---

THE VETERAN HAS ARRANGEMENTS WITH PUBLISHERS BY WHICH IT CAN FURNISH ANY BOOKS IN PRINT, AND SOLICITS ORDERS ESPECIALLY FOR WORKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY. Address

**THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN**

Nashville, Tennessee

## AN APRIL MORNING

A deeper azure where the clouds are flying  
Along the upper sky,  
A softer shadow where the leaves are lying  
Our forest pathway by,  
A sweeter murmur in the south wind's sighing  
Tell us the spring is nigh.

\* \* \*

A thousand forms, and not in nature only,  
The warm spring showers unfold,  
Another mission, pure and calm and holy,  
The voice of spring has told,  
Waking some joy in souls long sad and lonely,  
Some hope in hearts long cold.

\* \* \*

Some light from sunlight may our sadness borrow,  
Some strength from bright young wings,  
Some hope from brightening seasons, when each morrow  
A lovelier verdure brings,  
Some softened shadow of remembered sorrow  
From the calm depths of spring.

\* \* \*

Blend thy blest visions with the sleep that cumber  
The dull, cold earth so long;  
Bring bloom and fragrance to the flow'ret's slumbers  
And bid our hearts be strong;  
Breathe thine own music through our spirit's numbers,  
Season of light and song.

—F. O. Ticknor.



**DO YOU KNOW**

that besides making U. C. V. Uniforms PETTIBONE'S also makes an immense line of Regalia and Lodge Supplies for Masons, Odd Fellows, Pythians, Woodmen, etc.?

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Send for Price List New York City**

**THE SOUTHERNER**  
*A Magazine of the South*



The publication of this new Southern magazine was begun last December.

For half a century the South has had household publications, women's journals, farm weeklies, trade sheets, etc., but a literary magazine of high quality it has not had. Our ideal is to build up in the South a high-class literary and general magazine, distinctive of this section, which will compare favorably with the best periodicals in America. Are you willing to give our Southern writers an audience? They deserve it. The subscription price is one dollar and fifty cents a year.

**The Southerner, 632 St. Peter St., New Orleans, La.**

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G. N. Ratliff, of Moberly, Mo., has copies of the "Confederate Mail Carrier," by Bradley, and will furnish them, postpaid, at \$1.15. Only a limited supply on hand.

Phil A. Merritt, of Allensville, Ky., Route 2, has a great many volumes of the *VETERAN* which he would like to donate to some society or organization that would appreciate them.

Capt. F. G. Terry, of Cadiz, Ky., wishes to get the name and address of the widow of Capt. H. Upshaw McKinney, a quartermaster at one time of the 8th Kentucky Infantry. He wishes to help her in getting a pension.

Mrs. Janie Crisby, of Selma, Ark., makes inquiry for any survivors of the 7th Alabama Regiment, Forrest's command. She is trying to secure the record of her husband, Jesse Crisby, who was in that command, and will appreciate hearing from any of his comrades.

One of the strongest appeals that the Salvation Army makes to the people is its simplicity, its utter lack of red tape and formality. Its sincere and successful efforts to be of service to the people are so genuine that they create nothing but admiration. It is that admiration which is going to be of vast service to the organization when it has its nation-wide drive for funds the first ten days in May.

**HELP THE SALVATION ARMY**

Sell me your old Confederate, U. S., or foreign Stamps and turn the proceeds over to the Salvation Army. Look up my ad. in March number of the *VETERAN*.

**FRED ALTFELIX**

773 Ebner Street

Columbus, Ohio

# Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

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## OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXVIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1920.

No. 4. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
FOUNDER.

## THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA., March 24, 1920.

### GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

The following committee is hereby appointed and charged with the erection of a monument to commemorate the memory of our faithful comrade, Sumner A. Cunningham, founder and editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, at his grave in Shelbyville, Tenn., and will immediately proceed to the discharge of that duty:

V. Y. Cook, Chairman, Batesville, Ark.

J. P. Hickman, Vice Chairman, Nashville, Tenn.

M. B. Morton, Nashville, Tenn.

J. H. De Witt, Nashville, Tenn.

M. A. Spurr, Nashville, Tenn.

J. A. Wood, Shelbyville, Tenn.

Evander Shapard, Shelbyville, Tenn.

Mrs. C. R. Hyde, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Miss Edith Pope will continue as Secretary and Treasurer of the fund.

By command of

K. M. VAN ZANDT,  
General Commanding.

A. B. BOOTH, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*

This committee was appointed to have special charge of the work of placing as speedily as possible a monument at the grave of the late S. A. Cunningham, the movement for which was started immediately following his death by Gen. Bennett H. Young, then Commander in Chief U. C. V. In his official tribute issued from the headquarters of the United Confederate Veterans General Young said: "The grateful men and women of the South will erect to his memory a fitting memorial. It will come as an offering from the people. A few friends would gladly provide the means to mark his grave. He would prefer to have all his friends and admirers join in this mark of love. A plan has been inaugurated to ask for popular subscriptions in amounts from ten cents to five dollars to build a plain, simple monument to tell who and what he was. The gratitude and affection of the women and men of the South are memorial enough while the present generation survives; but it is just that, as he did so much for his

people and his comrades, there should be a memorial to let those who come after know of his work and its influence on Southern character and life."

The effort has resulted in a sum sufficient to erect the simple monument contemplated, and in accordance with this announcement and the wishes of the contributors the monument will be placed at the grave to stand as the tribute of his friends and patrons of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN who appreciate his labors in behalf of Confederate history.

Contributions not before recorded in the VETERAN are:

Mrs. H. C. Witherspoon, Crowell, Tex.....	\$ 2 50
J. Stoke Vinson, Hiram, Ark.....	25
J. W. Powell, Evergreen, Ala.....	1 00
Leonidas Polk Bivouac and William Henry Trousdale Camp, U. C. V., Columbia, Tenn.....	10 00
U. D. C. Chapter, Fairfax, S. C.....	4 00
O. A. Bullion Chapter, Hope Villa, La.....	1 00
A. S. Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., San Francisco.....	5 00
Mrs. M. M. Force, Selma, Ala. (additional).....	50
Mrs. W. L. Harrison, Tacoma, Wash.....	2 00
Mrs. G. W. Hyde, Lexington, Mo.....	5 00
J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, U. D. C., Wharton, Tex.....	1 00
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James R. Maxwell, Tuscaloosa, Ala.....	5 00
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Miss Mildred Rutherford, Athens, Ga.....	15 00
Miss M. H. Conkey, Clearwater, Fla.....	5 00
Mary Custis Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Clearwater, Fla....	5 00
Mrs. E. R. George, Lovettsville, Va.....	3 00
H. V. Redington, Sidney, Nebr.....	1 00
H. C. Wells, Savannah, Ga.....	1 00
W. H. Pierce, Sr., Petronia, Ala.....	50
Mrs. O. A. Kinsolving, Richmond, Va.....	2 00
Joe Kendall Camp, U. C. V., Paris, Tenn.....	10 00
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J. H. Wood, Eaton, Colo.....	2 00
Miss Fannie Morrison, Canon City, Colo.....	1 00
Gen. George Maney Auxiliary, U. D. C., by Mrs. W. B. Maney, Nashville, Tenn.....	25 00
Mary E. Snipes Chapter, U. D. C., Gunnison, Miss....	5 50
F. P. Harris, Bentonville, Ark.....	1 00



## WOMAN'S KEEPSAKE.

MEMORIAL DAY, APRIL 26.

BY MARY J. BLACKBURN, ATLANTA, GA.

Treasured deep in her woman's heart,  
Sacred, she guards this day apart;  
Precious to her, she holds it fast  
As a keepsake of the hallowed past.

From garden and hothouse, wildwood and field  
She gathereth blossoms, whose perfume doth yield  
Incense as pure from her soul to God  
As the rose petals she strews on the battle sod.

To-day is the voice that speaks for years  
Of love and sacrifice, smiles and tears.  
The wreath in her hand will not decay;  
It is her keepsake—Memorial Day.

## INSCRIPTIONS ON ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

BY MRS. CABELL SMITH, PRESIDENT VIRGINIA DIVISION,  
U. D. C.

So many inquiries have reached me concerning the inscriptions on the Confederate monument at Arlington that I am taking advantage of the columns of the *VETERAN* to answer them all.

The following inscription was written by Rev. Randolph H. McKim, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D. C.:

"Not for fame or for reward,  
Not for place or for rank,  
Not lured by ambition  
Or goaded by necessity,  
But in simple  
Obedience to duty  
As they understood it  
These men suffered all,  
Sacrificed all,  
Dared all—and died."

The Latin inscription, "Victrix causa deis placuit sed victa Catoni," is taken from one of the orations of Cato and means: "The victorious cause pleased the gods, but the conquered one Cato."

The third inscription is the familiar Biblical one: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks."

## THE FIGHT AT GREENLAND GAP, W. VA.

Col. L. T. Dickinson, of Chattanooga, Tenn., sends a clipping from the *Baltimore Sun* of April 25, 1913, which he says gives a good account of the fight at Greenland Gap and says: "I was in it from start to finish and can speak from experience."

The account is here given: "Marylanders covered themselves with glory in a hot fight at Greenland Gap, W. Va. General Jones on his West Virginia raid found that the force at Greenland Gap, consisting of parts of the 23d Illinois and 14th West Virginia Regiments, had occupied a log church commanding the river ford. They refused to surrender and poured a deadly fire upon the Confederates. The 7th Virginia Cavalry having charged and been repulsed, General Jones ordered Maj. Ridgely Brown, of the 1st Maryland Cavalry, to capture the stronghold. The charge was made on foot,

the Marylanders having to cross the stream under a heavy fire. The weather was bitter cold, and the men charged through water waist-high. Reaching the church, the doors were battered in and the building was set on fire before the Federals surrendered. Among the Marylanders wounded in the charge was Capt. George W. Booth. Of seven officers in the charge, five were wounded—Major Brown, Captain Booth, Capt. R. C. Smith, and Lieutenants Pue and Beatty. The Confederate loss was seven killed and twenty-two wounded. The Federals were mostly Irishmen and put up a desperate fight."

## A WOMAN OF DEEDS.

One of the most active members of the U. D. C. is Mrs. R. Philip Holt, of Rocky Mount, N. C., now Third Vice President General, and her work has been eminently successful; especially noted is her accomplishment with the Children of the Confederacy. Eight years ago she organized the Junior Bethel Heroes Chapter, C. of C., at Rocky Mount, and under her wise leadership this Chapter has taken highest honors, winning the State banner three times for its historical

work and the general banner twice. This last banner was given to the general organization by the little Chapter and bears the name of R. H. Ricks, known and loved for his interest in the Confederate history of his State. During the World War the Chapter endowed a bed in the American military hospital at Neuilly, France, in honor of the boys of Nash and Edgecombe Counties and is now supporting two French orphans. And in other ways it has accomplished a phenomenal work.



MRS. R. P. HOLT.

From childhood days Mrs. Holt has been

noted for her interest in everything pertaining to the Confederacy, a feeling largely fostered by association with grandparents who went through the trying days of war. Her paternal grandfather was Capt. A. J. M. Whitehead, who commanded Company I, 17th North Carolina Regiment, and there were also several great-uncles in the Confederate service. Her work in the State Division has been characterized by zeal and enthusiasm, and she has held many offices of prominence, also serving on important committees. In her home Chapter she has been Corresponding Secretary, Historian, Treasurer, President, and during her administration the handsome monument to the soldiers of Nash County was unveiled. In the State Division she has been Director of the Children of the Confederacy, Director of War Relief Work, and is now Director of War Records, also Women of the Sixties. Her election to the general office by the Tampa Convention in November, 1919, was a deserved honor worthily bestowed.

And she also has done a good work for the *VETERAN* and recently won the prize offered for new subscriptions.

## THAT APRIL DAY.

BY SOPHIA G. FOXWORTH.

'Twas on the field of Shiloh,  
Full many a year ago,  
Our fathers pressed the battle  
And fearless met the foe.  
All through that April day,  
While death walked to and fro,  
They fought in all their glory,  
Those dauntless men in gray.

Rallied round the Hornet's Nest,  
Their bayonets in rest,  
'Mid cannons' roar and rattle,  
They charged the deadly crest.  
And on that April day  
They took the Hornet's Nest  
And won their meed of glory,  
Those dauntless men in gray.

Fought till Bloody Pond ran o'er,  
A flood of human gore;  
Brave men who fought the battle  
The victory won and more  
Upon that April day,  
When all they drove before  
And held the field of glory,  
Those dauntless men in gray.

Then fell brave Sidney Johnston.  
Thus was their cause undone;  
It turned the tide of battle  
And lost what they had won,  
When on that April day  
He bravely led them on,  
While they held the field of glory,  
Those dauntless men in gray.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

It has been believed by practically all Northern, and also a great many Southern, people that President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation covered all the slaves in this country, when, in fact, it did not, and by consulting this famous (?) document any doubter will be quickly convinced. It reads that all slaves in any State or part of State which was then in rebellion against the United States should be thenceforward and forever afterwards free.

He gives the States covered by this manifesto as Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and parts of Louisiana and Virginia not occupied by Union forces, and further states that slaves in those excepted parts were left, so to speak, with their shackles on, or precisely as they were before the writing of this document.

"Mars Linkum" winds up this pastoral by saying that he sincerely believed it to be an act of justice and invoked the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God upon it.

Now, as there were undoubtedly slaves in Mr. Lincoln's own domain, as well as in those restricted parts of Louisiana and Virginia (who presumably were content with their state of life and therefore were not to take part in the general free

ride given their brethren owned by "Rebels"), it strikes me that, to say the least, "Father Abraham," by not taking all of his black children to his bosom, was touching quite strongly on the hypocritical when he invoked God's blessing upon his undertaking.

No, the "Rail-Splitter" was not a *great* emancipator, for he proved himself a small one by his reservations, and if he was a great redeptioner I have missed what he redeemed. But I do know one thing: he clearly saw "the nigger in the woodpile" and was easily the greatest politician that the world has had or will ever produce.

## RELIGION AND SLAVERY.

P. B. Nance writes from Alamo, Tenn.:

"I read with much interest an article in the *VETERAN* for February by Mrs. Fannie E. Selph, 'How Christianity Reached the Slaves,' which called to my mind an old Church record of the Baptist Church at Rock Spring, Rutherford County, Tenn., which I have in my possession. It contains records of every meeting from May 5, 1804, to June, 1836, which show that the slaves met and worshiped with the whites, sharing the privileges and benefits equally. It was a black mammy, Aunt Celia, who nursed and helped to raise me, and she lived on my father's farm for many years after the war, honored, aided, and loved during her life by all our family; and she ever proved true and faithful. She now rests in the cemetery for the negro family on the farm, three miles north of Alamo, Crockett County, Tenn., her memory cherished by all of us.

"I will give a few extracts from the Church records showing the admission of both white and black:

"November 21, 1812. Rock Spring Church met in Conference. Brother Scott resigned as clerk, and Brother David Gooch made clerk. Gooch's Will and Kimbro's Phillis received by experience and baptism."

"Rock Spring, August 22, 1812. The Church in Conference. Received by experience George Sandford, Toby Shackleford, and Bird Nance's Lena."

"In Conference at Brother Blackman's May 26, 1812. Received James Wright, Rebecca Seet, and William Seet's negro woman."

"Similar records are all through the book. So it will be seen that the negro received his Christian training with his masters more than a century ago."

## CAN WE CALL THIS WAR—1917?

BY FLORA ELLICE STEVENS.

Can we call this war who did by that name learn  
Of old heroic action, ancient fray,  
Where brave men met brave men in single strife,  
Clean steel on unstained armor rang; array  
Of hosts against seen hosts, whate'er the name  
Of weapons, battle-ax, bullet, bow;  
Marches and marshalings of troops—while each  
Did seek his foeman sole? It was not long ago.

But this—this pitiless science, deep-sea craft,  
These stifling gases, huge hov'ring vultures—ye!  
What deem Ruy Diaz, Navarre, these poisons,  
Quakes, demoniac forces 'gainst mere flesh may be?  
O chivalry, captains, Sidney, Bayard, Lee,  
If this be war, what call ye savagery?



## A TRIBUTE TO WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD.

The prevailing epidemic which for a series of years has desolated the land with periodic and almost unvarying precision recalls to the memory of the student of history those dark and mysterious visitations of pestilence and disease characteristic in some of their manifestations of ages by no means remote from our own. Such, for example, were the Black Death, 1349, and the Plague, which developed in London during the year 1665. All the energies and researches of science have been baffled and held at bay in the endeavor to efface or annihilate the mysterious vital or germinating forces in which their origin is implicit and concealed.

It is not, however, the subject as viewed from the attitude of pathology that I purpose to consider in this relation. The writer was one of those upon whom the stroke fell with untempered fierceness as the storm was sweeping toward its climax in Baltimore in February, 1920. In no sense am I conscious that in paying tribute to my loved ones I have overstepped the modesty of nature or encroached upon the most austere ideals of traditional Southern delicacy and purity of thought.

The two ladies whose memory is the inspiration of this brief and inadequate eulogy followed each other into the world of light at an interval scarcely exceeding a week, Mrs. Henry E. Shepherd entering into rest February 15, her only daughter, Lilian MacGregor Shepherd, rejoining her on February 23. In the creation and development of these finely wrought characters every auspicious influence, ancestral, intellectual, social, contributed as a quickening and ennobling element or agency. Elijah Putnam Goodridge, of Norfolk, Va., one of the foremost forces of the ancient South in the commercial sphere, was the father of Mrs. Shepherd; her mother was Lydia MacGregor, a representative of the Scottish clan which romance, poesy, and history have combined to idealize as well as portray. Of eleven children, she was the youngest. Every one of her six brothers save Willie, who died in childhood, entered the service of the Confederacy from the first, and a more heroic company never bore up the banner of the South that is dead. Norfolk fell into the hands of the enemy in May, 1862, and from that period until the coming of the end young Kate Goodridge and her two sisters were buffeted by the storm from point to point, enduring every form of privation and hardship rendered inevitable by the all-prevailing condition of grim-visaged, relentless war. At last Kate Goodridge, with her eldest sister, found a place of refuge, at least for a season, in the excellent and hospitable home of Mr. Duncan Murchison at Manchester, some twelve miles from Fayetteville, N. C., the residence of my own family. It was under the genial and kindly roof of Mr. Murchison that in April, 1865, a prisoner of war released on parole, I was brought into contact with the young lady to whom I was married in June, 1867, when she was nineteen years of age.

In March, 1865, during their sojourn at Manchester, Mrs. Shepherd and her sister encountered the ghastly drama of Sherman's campaign as his hireling hordes descended like an avenging cloud upon the region of which Fayetteville was the commercial and political center. The pillar of fire heralded their coming; havoc and chaos were their prelude and harbinger. In no tropical or poetic acceptance, but in truth and soberness, "their way was wet with woman's tears." The beautiful Murchison home was a scene of untempered riot and desolation. Even the sanctity of the death chamber formed no barrier against the assaults of Sherman's soldiery.

A young girl of twelve in the very twilight of eternal day, the victim of typhoid fever, was lifted from her death couch in order that the assailants of the dying child might be assured that nothing of value, jewelry, watches, etc., lay concealed beneath. I forbear to linger, at least in this connection, upon the harrowing memories of this single feature in a carnival of infamy and shame.

The married life of Mrs. Shepherd was passed almost entirely in Baltimore and in Charleston, S. C. Our only daughter, Lilian MacGregor Shepherd, spent her brief period in this transitory world between these two historic cities, one of which still cherishes the golden ideals, the tender grace of a day that is dead. Lilian Shepherd and her mother blended into an ethereal harmony such as rarely reveals its power in our empirical world, unity of sympathies, aspirations, sentiments. More than once strangers mistook them for elder and younger sisters. The mother was gifted with the finest artistic discernment, the daughter with the purest literary appreciation as well as comprehensive critical attainment. It was the ceaseless, persistent appeal of Lilian Shepherd to her father's friend, James Ryder Randall, which induced the poet to collect and arrange his works in a form adapted to the purpose of publication. Her labors in the accomplishment of this end were not only immense, but may be described with no flavor of exaggeration as absolutely heroic. Every social charm, every form of sweetness and light which graced our ancient day, tactfulness, gentleness, self-repression, such as marked the dream world wrought by the shaping spirit that fashioned a Percival or a Galahad, were revealed and illustrated in the lives and characters of these daughters of the South. The harmony and unity of their aims and ideals displayed a perfect correlation and coördination. The Shakespearean fantasy, "two lovely berries molded on one stem," suggests itself both as a vision and an allegory. As the grave shrouded first the mother, then the daughter from our view, there arose to memory in each instance the chastened ethereal utterance of our sovereign elegy:

"Death has made his darkness beautiful with thee."

## ASHES.

The Spring will come with its ebullient flood,  
With flush of roses and imperial eyes;  
A vein of strength will throb along the flood—  
Banners of beauty toss the pillared wood  
When birds of music anthem to the skies.

And man prowls forth to mar thy gentle ways  
With sword and shot and sacrilegious hand;  
Thy reign is fallen upon demon days;  
We peer at thee all through a gory haze,  
Weeping and praying for our stricken land.

O land! O land of the benignant South!  
The Great High Priest approaches to thy brow,  
A-mounting it with ashes; let thy mouth  
Rebel not, nor thy heart be filled with drouth—  
The hand will raise thee up that smites thee now!

—James Ryder Randall.

ASH WEDNESDAY, 1865.

## THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE IN THE WORLD WAR.

BY W. M. HUNLEY, LEXINGTON, VA.

"The past is but prelude." Shakespeare gives this doctrine as a maxim of optimism.

Three wars before the World War had our country waged since the birth of the V. M. I. In those wars—the Mexican, that between the States, and the Spanish-American—the Institute did what was expected of her and added fame to fame. Those wars now, however, appear like preliminary skirmishes when compared to the World War, and the Institute's prelude to the heroic part she gave herself to do with Western Europe for a stage.

"True to tradition"—that must be the final word. And there is none other that those who know her and love her can wish to have added.

In the fall of 1914, long before many people believed that this country would enter the conflict, sons of the V. M. I., restless under the injunction of neutrality and burning with zeal to help avenge a mighty wrong, sought service under foreign flags. They fought nobly and won renown. Some of them have since joined their own colors, a few remain in the service of Great Britain and France, and others sleep "in Flanders field."

As the clouds grew blacker and it was seen that we should begin to mobilize along every line, the Governor of Virginia, wishing to put the State in a condition of preparedness and to lay the foundation for whatever of effort might be required, organized a Council of Defense, with headquarters at Richmond. It was composed of fourteen of the State's leading citizens, men of finance, business, agriculture, and the professions. The Governor picked the superintendent of the Institute to be chairman of the Council and a member of our faculty as executive secretary. The work of this body has been highly commended as helping to make it possible for Virginia to play so effectively the part she did in the war.

The next step marking the V. M. I.'s war contributions consisted in an arrangement, made at the request of the authorities of Washington and Lee University, whereby forty members of the corps spent four afternoons a week during the spring of 1917 drilling the student body of the University.

In the same summer, and the summer of 1918 as well, a "rookie" training camp was conducted at the Institute, officered by members of our tactical staff. The attendance at these camps was large and representative. The records show that with hardly an exception graduates of the camps won commissions soon after entering the service.

Perhaps the most striking recognition of the V. M. I. from the War Department came in the fall of 1918 with the organization of units of the Student Army Training Corps. The Institute was the only college in the country, military or nonmilitary, which had a sufficient number of her officers commissioned in the regular army. They were assigned to duty at the Institute without interruption of their routine work. This unusual designation was amply justified by the admirable way in which the S. A. T. C. units here were conducted. Large groups of men were called away to officers' camps at frequent intervals, and demand for admission to take their places increased from week to week up to the time of demobilization of the units.

Very soon after this took place the War Department announced that cavalry, artillery, infantry, and engineering units of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps would be established at the V. M. I.

And now of the men who fought in France, of those who did their best to go, of those who worked with devotion in camps here and abroad, what shall we say of them? One is, in fact, embarrassed by wealth of material in attempting to write a short piece about the V. M. I. and the war.

Where to begin and what to say that needs be said! Our records are not complete, and as these lines were written (late in February, 1919) news came of heretofore unrecorded casualties and honors won by our men in France.

The historiographer of the Institute is making a complete record of the V. M. I. men in the war. The material he has already collected is an imposing tribute to the valor of the Institute men. Space does not permit, and this is not the place to attempt, a statement of the war roster as of this date; but we should like to quote a few sentences from a letter from the historiographer, Col. Joseph R. Anderson, class of 1870, as showing the sort of material he is collecting for the V. M. I. war history. Colonel Anderson wrote: "I feel sure that we have had more than two thousand alumni, graduates and nongraduates, in the service. A great many of our boys have been decorated by France, England, and our own country for dauntless courage and the most conspicuous gallantry. I could tell of the heroic conduct of Lieutenant Amory, of Delaware, 'the bravest and most beloved man in his battalion,' as his commanding officer wrote. While still incapacitated for active duty on account of previous wounds, and when he was believed to be in the hospital, Amory led his company far in advance of the battalion in the assault and capture of a stronghold. He died in the action. I could tell of Captain Glazebrook, who, when suffering from serious wounds, jumped out of the window of the hospital when the nurse was absent and joined in the battle then in progress, for which 'military crime' he was severely reprimanded and then promoted. I could tell of the hero, J. Favre Baldwin, of Texas, calmly writing his last letter to his 'saintly mother and reverend father' the night before he was killed in action, a letter which will stand as a classic, breathing as it does the most sublime courage, patriotism, filial affection, and religious faith."

Thus we could even now set forth a recital of death of our men that would make one of the brightest pages in the history of America's heroic part in the war. But, as has been said, this is not the place and this is not the time for that, especially in view of the fact that just now any recital of the sort would be quite incomplete. The real story will be eloquently told at the proper time and in a manner worthy of the theme. To indicate the nature of that story is our purpose here.

In closing this brief index as to the V. M. I.'s part in the war, we should like to quote from an address delivered before the corps by Maj. J. C. Hemphill, of South Carolina, one of the South's most distinguished journalists and publicists. Major Hemphill emphasized the duty of us who face the new world and the greater V. M. I. in the spirit of the poet, who said: "It's the torch the people follow, whoever the bearer be." In this connection he said:

"There was never a time in the history of the world when the opportunity of service was so great, when the call for educated, thoroughly trained men was so insistent and imperative—men of ideas, forward-looking men—for the world has to be built over, and you must be among the builders. Think of what your predecessors, who should be emulated by you in your day and generation, accomplished for their country in war and peace and under far less propitious circumstances than confront you. Their work should cheer you



on to high endeavor and noble achievement. Almost without exception these elder brothers of yours have proved themselves worthy of the best traditions of this school of the soldiers—soldiers holding themselves, according to the American ideal, always subject to the civil powers, but ready upon every patriotic call, with bodies and souls both responsive to the call of duty, to say to the State in the words of the ancient prophet as set down in his divine vision: 'Here am I; send me.'

"In every war in which this country has been engaged since the founding of this institution the men of the V. M. I. have added luster to American arms. Valiant in war, they have been effective in the pursuits of peace. The full story of your glory in war and peace has not been fully told and will not be until your accomplished historian, Joseph R. Anderson, has finished his monumental work; but, incomplete as it is, his would be a sorry soul indeed that did not thrill at the thought of the deathless deeds of those who were taught here that all that a man hath will he give for his country."

#### NAMES INSCRIBED ON CAPTURED ARTILLERY.

BY E. T. SYKES, ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL WALTHALL'S  
BRIGADE, C. S. A.

In a paragraph of the communication by John C. Stiles on "Notes of the War Department, C. S. A.," appearing on page 91 of the March VETERAN, reference is made to the order issued in the Confederate army to have names of men "killed in action in which they had distinguished themselves inscribed on artillery guns that had been captured." This was followed by reference to names of those proposed by General Hardee on April 20, 1863, who were killed in the battle of Murfreesboro to be thus honored, and to this statement is added: "This is, I think, the only instance on record that gives names, but there is nothing on record as to whether the inscribing was accomplished or not."

To correct this last statement I refer to the record made by me in my booklet, "History of Walthall's Brigade, C. S. A.," on referring to the gallantry of Captain May, of Brig. Gen. Patton Anderson's staff, in leading a regiment of Walthall's Brigade in the capture of two Federal batteries in the battle of Murfreesboro, four of which guns were later presented by General Bragg to the brigade in recognition of its splendid record in that battle, as shown by the following correspondence appearing in that history of Walthall's Brigade:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE,  
SHELBYVILLE, TENN., March 22, 1863.

"General: I am directed by the general commanding to say that Col. H. Oladowsky, his chief of ordnance, has received instructions to prepare a battery of four guns captured from the enemy at Murfreesboro to be presented to your brigade as a compliment to the Mississippians who fought so bravely upon that bloody field.

"You know how desperately and unwaveringly our troops fought on that occasion and how many valuable sacrifices the capture of the guns cost. They are presented to your brigade with the hope and belief that the brave Mississippians to whose care they are intrusted will nobly defend and protect them and never allow them to be recaptured if earnest fighting will prevent it.

"The General wishes you to suggest the names of four officers—Mississippians—who fell at Murfreesboro to be engraved upon the guns presented to the troops of your brigade.

"I am, General, with high respect, your obedient servant,  
KINLOCH FALCONER, *Assistant Adjutant General*.  
"Brigadier General Walthall, Commanding Brigade."

"HEADQUARTERS WALTHALL'S BRIGADE, WITHERS'S DIVISION.  
CAMP AUTRY, NEAR SHELBYVILLE, TENN.,  
March 24, 1863.

"Captain: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 22d inst. and submit the following as suitable names to be engraved upon the captured guns which the commanding general designs presenting to this brigade: Lieut. Col. James L. Autry, 27th Mississippi Regiment; Capt. Henry Harper, 29th Mississippi Regiment; Capt. Kershaw Williams, 29th Mississippi Regiment; Second Lieut. Thomas W. Boone, 30th Mississippi Regiment.

"I deem it not improper to say that the officers and men of this command feel deeply sensible of the indorsement of their conduct on the memorable battle field of Murfreesboro which the commanding general's action implies. Proud of approval from so high a source and grateful for the honor done the gallant dead of this command, they assure their commander that the guns which will bear the names of those whose memory they honor shall never be recaptured by our oppressors if earnest effort and the willing sacrifice of life will prevent it, and that in the next engagement they will contribute no less to the victory which they feel confident will follow than they did to that which crowned our army at Murfreesboro.

"I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
E. C. WALTHALL, *Brigadier General*.  
"Capt. Kinloch Falconer, Assistant Adjutant General."

The guns thus presented were a part of the two batteries captured by Walthall's Brigade just following an enfilade fire by them on the brigade as it swung across the Wilkerson Pike, killing sixty-two officers and men and wounding one hundred and thirty-nine of the 30th Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Lieut. Col. J. J. Scales. See respectively Brig. Gen. J. Patton Anderson's report in Serial No. 29, page 762, "Official Records"; also Major General Withers's report, pages 755, 756, and Lieutenant General Polk's report, pages 686-689.

I am quite sure that guns were likewise presented to Manigault's Brigade captured by it on Anderson's immediate left in the same movement for names of his gallant dead to be engraved thereon. And I assume that guns captured by other commands in that and other engagements were presented to the captors for a like purpose.

I will add that Brigadier General Walthall, having been attacked with pneumonia just prior to the Murfreesboro battle, was, on the advice of General Bragg, absent on sick leave at the time of and for weeks after that battle, and Brig. Gen. J. Patton Anderson had been temporarily assigned to command it.

George W. Howard writes from College Park, Ga.: "I was a member of the 19th South Carolina Volunteers, Manigault's Brigade, which captured a battery of rifled cannon at Murfreesboro. General Bragg had these cannon engraved with the names of the officers who were killed in this battle—namely, Col. A. J. Lythgoe and Captain Nettles. There were others whose names I have forgotten. These guns were sent under escort to South Carolina, where they were used in opposing Sherman during the remainder of the war."

## MONTICELLO.

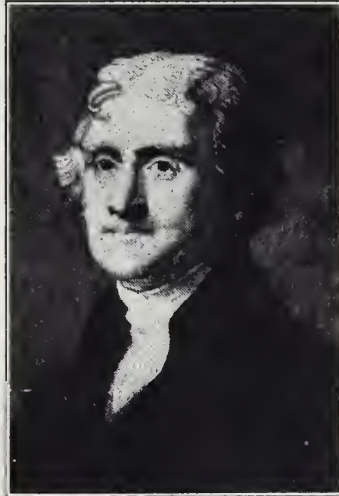
BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

Imagine a "little mountain," three miles from Charlottesville, in Albemarle County, Va., 580 feet high, sloping gently down to the Rivanna River, its summit graded to make a level lawn 600 feet by 200 feet in extent, from which rises a brick residence of Doric architecture with a rich cornice surmounted by a heavy balustrade, crowned by a central dome. A classic portico projects from the hall on the western front and from the drawing-room on the east, the tall columns giving an air of symmetry and elegance. Piazzas are at each end, leading to the terraces (one glass inclosed for a greenhouse), and under the terraces are covered ways ten feet wide dug in the earth, which once terminated in one-story pavilions, beneath which were offices, the hillside making this peculiar feature practicable.

The interior arrangement is unique and charming. Entering the recessed hall, which is the height of the house, at one end, opposite the front door, is the drawing-room, and on each side are doors leading into passages which traverse laterally the center of the house. On one side of the hall are Mr. Jefferson's bedroom, library, and sitting room; on the other the dining room, tea room, and two guest rooms.

This is the plan of the first floor. It will be noted that stairways are not mentioned. One has been tucked in, however, so that the upstairs rooms may be reached without resorting to a ladder. These rooms open into a gallery visible from the hall below. Jefferson has been accused of always forgetting a staircase, but the fact is he intended to have a billiard room over the parlor, with a staircase from the hall; but billiard rooms having been forbidden by the State law, the stairway was never built. (Lovers of personal liberty will please note that there were infringements of it in the halcyon days of the founders of the republic and that life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness did not include billiards.)

The parlor projects twenty feet beyond the body of the house. The floor was inlaid in squares of wild cherry, each bordered by four inches of beech. The contrast



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

between the deep red of one and light color of the other must have been most attractive. In Jefferson's day the rooms were handsomely furnished, and there were portraits and busts of distinguished men. The library was the most valuable in America. In order to relieve his financial difficulties, Jefferson sold it to Congress in 1814 for \$23,950, a sum which did not represent half its value nor the expert knowledge with which it had been accumulated.

Such, lightly sketched, was the interior of Jefferson's home. Financial disaster scattered its contents to the four winds after his death, leaving the bare walls in alien possession.

The first purchaser of Monticello bought it for the pitiful sum of \$7,000. A few years later, in 1834, he sold the house and 218 acres to Capt. Uriah Levy for only \$2,500. Captain Levy died in 1862, a childless old man, leaving, among other bequests, one which gave Monticello to the people of the United States. The heirs brought suit to set aside the will, and this bequest was set aside as indefinite.

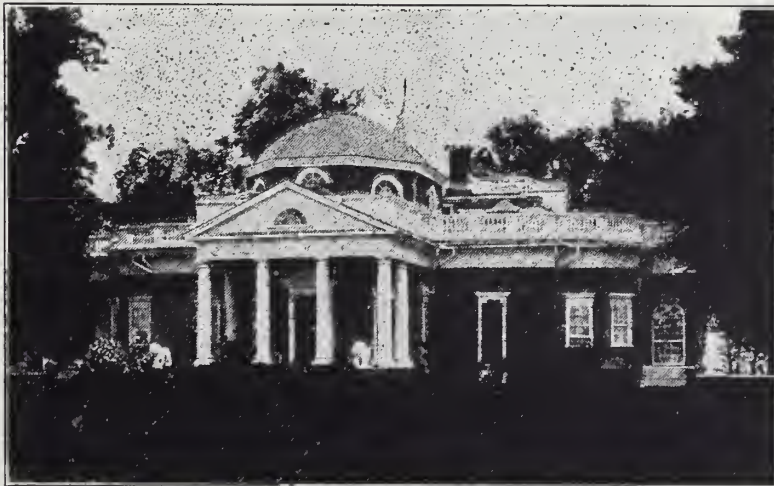
During the long years of litigation Monticello was completely neglected and looked inexpressibly desolate. Finally the case was decided. Mr. Jefferson Levy bought out the other interests and has restored Monticello to all its former beauty. Much of the furniture has been recovered, and the grounds are beautifully kept.

Such are the vicissitudes in the story of Monticello. That the old Captain's dream may yet be realized, and that it shall become the property of the American people is a hope which the future may fulfill. Meanwhile the decision of the court has conveyed to neither plaintiffs nor defendants that matchless panorama from the terrace. "From the southwest to the northeast is a horizon unbroken save by one solitary pyramid-shaped mountain, its peak under the true meridian and distant by air line forty-seven miles. \* \* \* You trace the Rivanna by its cultivated valley as it passes east, apparently through an unbroken forest; an inclined plain descends from your feet to the ocean, two hundred miles distant." On a clear day it is possible to see as far as Maryland and to trace one hundred miles of the mountain's ridges, a view unsurpassed in grandeur and beauty.

Monticello is the incarnation of all the romance and the tragedy of Jefferson's life. He was born a half mile distant, at Shadwell, in 1743; he was laid to rest in 1826 under the shadow of the oak tree which he and Dabney Carr chose when both were young, only six hundred feet away from Monticello. Between these two dates lie eighty-three years

of usefulness and achievement such as rarely falls to human lot.

Thomas Jefferson was the son of Peter Jefferson and his wife, Jane Randolph, daughter of the William Randolph who was the progenitor of more distinguished men than any other individual who landed in America. Peter Jefferson died in 1757, leaving two sons and six daughters. Following the good old English custom, the sons took



MONTICELLO, THE HOME OF JEFFERSON.



the land, Thomas getting the Albemarle estates. At seventeen years of age he went to William and Mary College, at the colonial capital, and at once became a favorite with Lord Fauquier, who was certainly a companion no mother would choose for her young son. This particularly royal governor, like a great many others, had excellent reasons for accepting an appointment across the water. He was a fascinating and gifted nobleman, addicted to horse-racing and gambling, and it is related that Lord Anson won his patrimony from him in a night of play, and this before poker was invented. In return Anson procured for him the place of Governor of the Old Dominion, where Fauquier immediately introduced to the James River aristocracy gambling and horse-racing. They followed his example with avidity and with most unfortunate results.

Such was the man who attracted young Jefferson by his charm and ability, but whose vices Jefferson carefully avoided. He never knew one card from another and never permitted them in his house. He had one simple rule for deciding whether a course was right or wrong: What would Dr. Small, Mr. Wyth, or Peyton Randolph do in this situation?

He was an indefatigable student, acquiring Greek, Latin, French, as well as law and a considerable knowledge of natural history, architecture, and science. He became an inventor, a writer, as well as a statesman, lawyer, and diplomat. In 1772 he married a beautiful young widow, Martha Skelton (*née* Wayles). The ten years of their married life were ideally happy except for the loss of four of their six children.

The building at Monticello had begun before Shadwell was burned in 1770 and was sufficiently complete to make a most delightful home, although it was not finished until about 1797. It was on a night in January through snow two feet deep that Jefferson came to Monticello with his bride. The servants were all asleep, the house dark and cold, no supper prepared; but soon fires were lighted, Jefferson discovered a bottle of wine behind some books (lawyers seem instinctively to use this camouflage, or had he learned it from Fauquier?), his violin was brought out, and soon the stately room echoed to his music and her song.

The scope of this article necessarily restricts its length, but the last great day in Jefferson's life may fittingly close the scene at Monticello. It is the year 1824. Far away lie the golden days of Jefferson's prime. He had been in Congress, Governor of Virginia, Secretary of State, Vice President, President, and envoy to the court of France. Fourscore years old, he is still able to ride on horseback each day to Charlottesville and see "the child of his old age," the University of Virginia, grow and develop. Grandchildren cluster about him, and one of them, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, is like his own son. His daughter, Martha Randolph—the noblest woman in Virginia she was called—presided over his home. Monticello was infested by visitors. They devoured his dwindling property, invaded his leisure, and taxed Mrs. Randolph's resources; but to-day some one is expected whom the entire country has honored. On the eastern side of the lawn a barouche stops, and a man bent with years, imprisonment, and the horrors of the Reign of Terror alights. At the same moment a tall, feeble, white-haired man descends the steps of the portico. "Ah, Jefferson!" "Ah, Lafayette!" they exclaim and, bursting into tears, fall into each other's arms. Four hundred men ranged upon the lawn in silence witnessed this meeting, and there was not one who did not shed tears at the touching sight.

A ray of final sunshine fell athwart the gathering shadows.

It became known that Jefferson was harassed by financial difficulties. Generous New York sent him a gift of \$8,500, Philadelphia sent \$5,000, and Baltimore \$3,000. Never was aid more gratefully appreciated. He died in happy ignorance of the fact that his beloved daughter would be left penniless. Learning of her need, the Legislature of South Carolina and the Legislature of Louisiana each sent to her ten thousand dollars. The man who by his sagacity had more than doubled the area of the United States by the Louisiana Purchase had nothing but his fame as a legacy for his family.

On July 4, 1826, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson passed into the great beyond. A few hours later another signer joined him, John Adams. Reunited in friendship after many years of estrangement, in death they were not divided.

In the little cemetery on the mountain, shadowed by the oak which had dropped the leaves of many autumns over the grave of Dabney Carr, Jefferson was laid to rest beside his idolized wife. The following epitaph was written by himself, with simply the date of his death added:

"Here was buried

Thomas Jefferson,

Author of the Declaration of American Independence,

Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom,

And father of the University of Virginia.

Born April 2, 1743, O. S.;

Died July 4, 1826."

Time's effacing finger, aided by the hands of vandals, reduced the granite obelisk to a misshapen column. By the efforts of Miss Sarah Randolph, one of the most gifted of his descendants, Jefferson's grave was marked by Congress with an obelisk bearing the original inscription and the cemetery inclosed by a high iron railing. This small and sacred spot is the one place of real estate remaining of Monticello which has not passed into alien hands.

#### IN WINTER QUARTERS AT DALTON, GA.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., CHAPLAIN OF QUARLES'S BRIGADE,  
C. S. A.

In the transfer of Quarles's Brigade from Mobile to Northern Georgia the change from the balmy breezes of the Gulf of Mexico to the sharp blasts of winter in the mountains was at first rather trying on us. But a soldier soon learns to utilize everything in reach to make for his comfort. And it was not long until our camp, about a mile north of Dalton, was quite homelike in many of its appointments, and it even presented some literary attractions; for as we passed through Montgomery, Ala., I bought about all the stock of readable books which a bookseller there possessed. It consisted of histories, biographies, novels, and bound magazines. The quartermaster allowed me transportation for my boxes of books, and they whiled away many an hour of the men in camp. When we went into active campaigning, they were stored, I think, in Mobile, and I never knew what became of them.

I believe I have stated somewhere in these rambling reminiscences that the "boys" raised a sum of money to buy a horse, saddle, and bridle for me, but I declined to accept for a rather selfish reason. I knew that some footsore soldier would be riding that horse most of the time, and I would have to feed, curry, and care for my steed. Well, that money paid for our little library.

We found everything at Dalton in confusion. Every one

had his story to tell of the disaster at Missionary Ridge, where all the fruits of the dearly-bought victory of Chickamauga were lost to us. Criticism of General Bragg was general and indicated a complete lack of confidence in his ability to command an army. Of course criticism is one of the privileges of the American soldier, and it is considerable compensation for his hardships that he can "cuss out" his commander. But the rout of our army at Missionary Ridge seemed to be one of those fatalities that so frequently befell it from failure to press on and complete a victory after it was won. On several occasions our commanders from First Manassas to Franklin, after they had gained a victory, stopped pursuit and gave the enemy time to fortify or to reinforce his defeated army and assume the aggressive. We all remember how at Shiloh our victorious forces were halted and withdrawn just as they were ready to make the final charge that would almost certainly have destroyed or captured General Grant's army, and the delay of one night enabled him to renew the battle with General Buell's fresh and numerous legions to aid him in driving our wearied army from the hard-won field.

After Franklin's bloody struggle General Schofield marched unpursued to Nashville, and in twenty-four hours General Hood followed and sat down in front of the city until the Federal army was reinforced to two or three times his own strength; then General Thomas came out and overwhelmed him. It is very generally believed that if the routed and panic-stricken Federals at First Manassas had been pursued, as Stonewall Jackson advised, our army could have gone right into Washington; and the testimony is that if General Bragg had followed the victory of Chickamauga with immediate and vigorous pursuit, as General Forrest urged him to do, he could have captured or scattered General Rosecrans's whole army. But he sat down on Missionary Ridge with about 35,000 men for weeks, until General Grant had massed 60,000 or 70,000 men and easily overwhelmed him. Jackson and Forrest were the most aggressive of our great leaders, and they gathered the largest results from their victories by never letting up on the enemy.

Northern writers magnify the prowess of their soldiers in this brief campaign of three days from November 23 to November 26, 1863, and they unquestionably deserve credit for the dash and courage of their charge; but there is silence as to the great disparity of numbers, and they especially glorify what they call the "Battle Above the Clouds," which was fought on Lookout Mountain by General Hooker's corps of 8,000 or 9,000 men against a small brigade which could not be reinforced and was expecting to be withdrawn. And they barely mention the bloody repulse of a large part of their army by General Cleburne's division at Ringgold. Nevertheless, our great victory at Chickamauga was futile.

Our camp was situated in the midst of a forest, at the foot of a high hill from which issued several springs. We set about making ourselves comfortable for the winter. There were a number of tents, but many of us built cabins of logs. These were six or eight feet high and some ten or twelve feet square, covered with clapboards, and some of us added chimneys of sticks plastered over with mud. But usually the fire was on the outside under a shed, where cooking was done. Within those who preferred sleeping above the dirt floor constructed on each side a scaffold made of forks and poles and covered it deeply with sedge grass. This was covered with a blanket, and the other blankets were used to cover the sleepers. These apartments were well ventilated, and those having chimneys could be kept very warm.

It may help to see soldier life as it was if I give an account of my sleeping arrangements. I "roomed" with the captain and lieutenants of my company, D. I slept with the captain on one side of the room, and the three lieutenants slept together on the other scaffold. Each of us had a blanket or a shawl, and when the weather became severe we found our covering rather scant, when I bethought me that I had read or heard that paper made a warm covering; so we got a number of newspapers, the *Chattanooga Rebel* and others, and sewed them onto our blankets. I had a very large shawl, which I opened out and sewed two layers of the papers onto it. The thing was a big success. It made the warmest covering I ever slept under. The chief objection was that when one moved the rattling of the papers would wake us up.

The captain and I had plenty of space in our bed, but the three lieutenants on the other side were so crowded that they had to sleep spoon fashion, and if one turned over suddenly the outside sleeper was apt to be pushed off. So they adopted a code of signals, a kind of spoon drill. When one wished to turn over, he would call out: "Attention! Prepare to turn—turn—spoon." It took only a moment, and when the last order was executed the trio would be sound asleep until another turnover was called. The Confederate soldier had an easy conscience, and he slept well. Eating and sleeping were our chief employments in winter quarters.

One day I was witness of an act of genuine kindness and politeness by Gen. John C. Breckinridge which increased my already great admiration for the man. As I have remarked, everything was in confusion, men going hither and thither seeking their regiments, wagons and teams going from one place to another, some loaded, some empty. Couriers were rushing about with orders to various officers. The center of activity was a very long building at the railroad depot. It was a freight house, and it was packed with supplies which the quartermasters and their assistants were sending out. The platform, at least a hundred yards long, was crowded with busy men. I saw a man, a private, and a rather dilapidated specimen at that, who was inquiring for General Bragg's headquarters, to which he had been ordered to report. All his inquiries seemed unavailing. He was either ignored or answered gruffly. He came to me and asked me to direct him, but I did not know. Just then an officer, splendidly mounted, rode up. He wore a heavy overcoat that concealed any mark of rank, but I recognized him as General Breckinridge. He dismounted, throwing his bridle to an orderly who attended him. The poor soldier, utterly discouraged, came up to him and timidly asked if he would direct him to General Bragg's quarters. The General replied at once that he could and would be glad to do it, and, taking the private by the arm, he walked with him clear to the end of that long platform through the seething mass of people until, at the far end, he could point out the exact location; and as the private thanked him and saluted, the salute was returned with as much grace and courtesy as if it had been to General Bragg himself.

For a week or two after we reached Dalton there was a terrible lack of rations, both as to quantity and quality. Especially the beef that was issued to us was poor and tough. I saw carloads of cattle brought up from Atlanta, about a hundred miles, and I was told that they had been on the road four or five days without food or water. General Bragg was relieved and General Hardee put in temporary command pretty soon after we got to Dalton, but Gen. Joe Johnston was expected every day to take permanent command.



One morning just after daylight I was returning from the hospital, where I had been looking after some of our sick, when I saw General Johnston and a single orderly riding in the direction from which I came. He met some details of men going out for the day's duty assigned to them. He stopped them and asked to look into their haversacks. When he had examined the contents he saluted and rode on. As he met other squads he made the same examination. It was not over a week until there was a very notable improvement in our rations. Especially did we have excellent beef issued to us. I heard this explanation, for which I, of course, cannot vouch. It was said that he wrote to the commissary at Atlanta complaining of the beef and of the way the cattle were kept so long on the road without food or water, and his complaint was answered with some asperity; that the commissary was doing the best he could and that he did not think the difficulty could be remedied. General Johnston's reply was that, as the commissary said he could not do any better, he was ordered to report to General Johnston at Dalton, who would assign him to duty in the field, and that the General would send a man who, he was sure, could remedy the situation. The commissary begged to be given another chance, and he would see what he could do. It was granted, with the result that we had no more to make complaint. One of the things that made the men love "Old Joe" was his thoughtful care of them.

#### RELIGION IN JOHNSTON'S ARMY.

For several weeks at Dalton, Ga., under General Johnston, our brigade did only camp duty, and there was abundant leisure, which I utilized in preaching very frequently to the soldiers. And here let me tell something of religion in the army.

A large proportion of our men were religious. Many of the officers were of devout piety and were officers in their Churches at home. The captain of my company was a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher. The colonels and lieutenant colonels—for we had several in the course of the war—were mostly prominent churchmen. Every Sunday I preached twice to the men, and during the week there were meetings for prayer, which were well attended. I spent a good deal of time in looking after the sick and in writing letters for the men. I managed to carry my Greek Testament and also a small Hebrew Bible and Lexicon, and I had considerable opportunity for study. The winter was characterized by a revival of religion which was carried on during the following months of the North Georgia campaign. The men in various brigades built large sheds or brush arbors and prepared seats of split logs, and night after night services were held, with crowds of soldiers attending. A great many professed conversion and became active Christians.

At one of these meetings there was deep interest, and after the sermon the preacher asked those who were interested and wished to become Christians to come forward and kneel at a bench in front of the stand. A number did so, and quite a large number of Christian soldiers knelt by them to instruct them. Meanwhile a large tree standing near had caught fire and had been slowly burning for a considerable time, until the fire had nearly burned through the body. While the singing was going on suddenly the tree fell with a great crash right across the men who were kneeling and crushed out their lives. I do not remember the exact number of those killed, but I think it was ten or twelve. The incident made a profound impression on the men as they realized that death is not confined to battle fields.

There were two classes of preachers in the army. There were the regularly commissioned chaplains appointed by the government and having, I think, the military rank of captain. Here let me say that about this time I received my commission, dating back to my detail more than a year before, but I never assumed the three bars on the collar that indicated the rank. The other class was of those appointed by the various Churches as missionaries to the army. They, of course, were not subject to discipline and had no mark, but many of them, to distinguish their calling, wore a cross of gold braid on the shoulder or on the collar of the coat. Some of these came for a few weeks or months; others remained permanently with us and were very helpful in the work of evangelization. They were welcomed by our superior officers and were assigned quarters and rations. Indeed, so deeply did the government value the religious influence of the ministry that each corps of our army had a corps chaplain, whose business it was to correspond with the Churches and visit their assemblies or conventions, to secure chaplains for the various regiments or brigades. I remember that Rev. J. H. Bryson was corps chaplain of Hardee's Corps, and Dr. (afterwards Bishop) C. L. Quintard was corps chaplain of Polk's (afterwards Stewart's) Corps, in which I served.

There was a meeting of the chaplains every Monday morning in the Presbyterian church at Dalton, and I want to say that I never met a nobler body of men. It was a delightful feast, intellectual and spiritual, to associate with them. They were from half a dozen different denominations and all with one heart and one mind seeking the one great end—to minister to the spiritual life of the soldiers. They were all true, brave, manly men. There wasn't a sissy among them. Indeed, the life we led toned up any man who stuck to it.

Old Dr. John B. McFerrin, of the Methodist Church, was the Nestor of our association. Were there ever more wit and wisdom, more genial humor and hard common sense mingled in one man? And his piety was sound and wholesome. Then there was Bennett, of the Baptist Church, young, fiery, zealous; DeWitt, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, ready, warm-hearted, eloquent; and William Flinn, of the Presbyterian Church, quiet, modest, learned, a highly cultured gentleman. I cannot mention them all, but I got much from every one of them. In the absence of books I was compelled to draw on my associates to replenish my slender stock of knowledge and of ideas, and I usually began pumping each of my brethren as soon as I got to know him. Some of them it did not take long to pump dry, but there were others whom I could never exhaust, however long I pumped. Their well was deep and always full.

One little breeze between two of the brethren refreshed us in the midst of our discussions. One morning in our discussions Dr. McFerrin made a remark which a young brother of a different denomination construed as an attack on the tenets of his Church. As soon as the old Doctor sat down the young brother sprang up and "went for him" hammer and tongs. The old man listened with surprise, and as soon as he could he disclaimed the interpretation of his remarks with the assurances that he would not think, much less express, an unkind thought about the sister Church. But the younger man was not satisfied, and he insisted that the Doctor had been "a mighty man of valor, a man of war" from his youth, and we expected an explosion. Instead with gentleness the reply came: "I did not mean any reflection on my brother's

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## GEN. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL GODWIN.

BY CLARENCE R. HATTON, ADJUTANT GENERAL GODWIN'S BRIGADE, RAMSEUR'S DIVISION, EARLY'S CORPS, C. S. A.;  
NOW ADJUTANT NEW YORK CAMP, C. V.

[In the galaxy of Confederate leaders many "good men and true" are little known for their achievements in the cause of the South. Their gallant deeds are a part of that history, but their names have not been blazoned on "Fame's bright sky." Of such was Gen. Archibald Campbell Godwin, whose career is the subject of this paper, who gave his all—his life—for the Confederacy, and this tribute is but a small part of what is due to his memory.]

Archibald Campbell Godwin was born in 1831 in the County of Nansemond, State of Virginia, and the family removed to Portsmouth, Va., in the same year. His parents were Lewis Godwin and Julia Campbell Godwin, the daughter of Gen. Archibald Campbell, U. S. A., who was in charge of United States public lands of Missouri and Northwest Territory in 1837. His grandfather was Talbot Godwin, and his grandmother was Julia Hatton Godwin, of Hatton's Point, on the western branch of the Elizabeth River. She lived on London Street, Portsmouth, where Archibald grew up under her training after his father's death. He became a splendid specimen of manhood, about six feet and six inches tall and well proportioned.

During the great gold fever in 1849 he went to California by the overland route, reaching the gold fields after many hardships and privations. There he engaged in successful mining for many years, branching out into ranching and the lumber and milling business. At one time he owned a large and valuable part of Vancouver Island, but at the time of the boundary trouble, when his property was thrown into the

British lines, he immediately sacrificed it and moved into the United States.

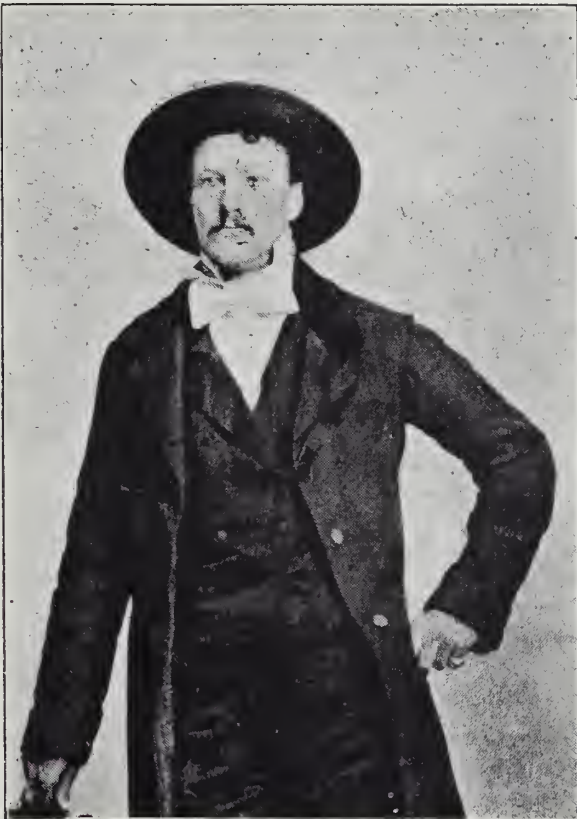
An incident of his life in the West was related to me by a person familiar with the facts, showing the metal of which the man was made. Godwin was in charge of a party engaged in suppressing an Indian uprising in Oregon, having fought them hard. Many of his men were killed, and finally he got separated from the remnant and was surrounded by one of the largest and most influential tribes. Backed by a steep mountain, he fought them single-handed until his ammunition was exhausted. Their shots and arrows seeming to have no effect upon him, the most prominent chief ordered them to cease firing and demanded his surrender; but he refused and, stepping forward, dared them to do their worst. The chief requested a parley to talk it over, which led to a cessation of the war and a treaty of peace. The Indians after this looked upon him as their best friend and called him their "godfather."

Another incident to illustrate the manner of man he was. He bought one of those old Spanish land grants of immense area and was engaged in ranching, stock-raising, saw- and grist-milling on it, and also worked a quicksilver mine on it. He sold off a portion of this claim to a lawyer named Baker, who was afterwards a Federal general during the Confederate war. This Baker set up a claim to the quicksilver mine which Godwin was developing into one of the most valuable mines in California. Baker claimed that the mine was within the lines of the portion of the grant he had purchased and brought suit for it. This suit was holding its slow course through the courts for several years at great expense for lawyers and fees, with no end in sight. Then Godwin determined to study law, get a license, and defend his own case. This he did and won his case.

When the Democratic nominating convention met in California in 1860, Godwin came within one vote of receiving the nomination for Governor, which was equivalent to an election there at that time. If he had been Governor, he might have carried California into the Confederacy. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston was his close friend and then in command of the Department of California. Think of the possibilities to us with those ports on the Pacific open!

When Virginia seceded Godwin immediately turned his property over to two other men and started home by way of New York. While in New York he stopped at the Astor House, and General Baker, with whom he had had the suit, knowing his strong Southern sympathies, tried to have him arrested. Fortunately, he discovered Baker and his squad entering the front door in time to escape by the side door, and then he finally made his way to Richmond, Va. There President Davis gave him a commission as major in the Confederate army and assigned him to special duty around Richmond, assistant provost marshal in charge of Libby Prison, etc.

He wished to join Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, who wanted him, but he was so efficient in his duties at Libby Prison that President Davis insisted that he should first organize and establish a prison at Salisbury, N. C., and it was while on this mission that he organized and was commissioned colonel of the 57th North Carolina Infantry. Its first big battle, after serving around Richmond awhile, was at Fredericksburg December 13, 1862. It was then attached to Law's Brigade, Hood's Division. Then it was baptized in blood and immortalized by a gallant charge, driving a Federal brigade from an advanced position in a railway cut near Hazel Run, which was threatening to cut the Confederate lines in



GEN. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL GODWIN.



the center. This cut was just deep enough to make excellent breastworks for infantry. A line of woods stretched along the edge of the Run's bottom, which was marshy, and in front of this location for six or eight hundred yards was low ground.

It was during the furious assaults on Marye's Hill, on our left, and attacks on A. P. Hill's line, on the right, that a New Jersey brigade effected a lodgment in this supposed impassable swamp and into this railway cut. Two unsuccessful attempts had been made by General Hood to dislodge them from this threatening position. About three o'clock in the afternoon Hood ordered General Law to make another effort to clear the railroad cut of the enemy, and Law ordered the 57th North Carolina Regiment (Godwin's Regiment) to make the charge. In order to get into line of battle it had to go over a corduroy road through this swamp with front of fours under heavy artillery fire as well as the sharp rifle fire of the enemy, but the regiment moved forward, company after company, and formed steadily in line front as accurately as if on parade; then at "quick step," "right shoulder shift" it advanced. Soon the rifle fire from the cut became terrific; then double-quick, and with the Rebel yell, a sudden rush, it was at the railway cut with loaded guns. The enemy was driven out, killed or captured, and over the cut it rushed, never faltering, although attacked on its flank, until General Law sent orders for it to retire to the railway cut, when it about-faced under a murderous fire and in true alignment marched back and took its position in the cut without any confusion, the left company by a half wheel protecting the regiment from an assault on its flank.

In this affair this splendid regiment lost two hundred and fifty out of eight hundred men and four captains and eight lieutenants, killed and wounded. This heroic charge was made in plain sight of our comrades on the hills, who encouraged them with mighty yells, and was also under the eyes of the beloved commander in chief, Gen. R. E. Lee, from Lee's Hill, who well repaid the noble regiment with a complimentary notice in general orders issued the next day, which was always afterwards held by it as a proud standard by which it should act, uphold, and support, and in which it never failed. The members of the 57th Regiment were mostly of Scotch-Irish descent.

At the reorganization of this regiment in April, 1863, it was assigned to Hoke's Brigade, Early's Division, Ewell's Corps.

On May 4, 1863, the 57th Regiment, with Hoke's Brigade, was ordered to dislodge General Gibbon, who was trying to get to Lee's rear at Chancellorsville, from a strong position on the turnpike out of Fredericksburg north of Marye's Heights, and here it again distinguished itself. With a rush over rough ground and under terrific fire of rifle and canister it drove the enemy back and captured the position. There Colonel Godwin was wounded, but held on in the battle. Many other officers and men were killed or wounded.

In the Gettysburg campaign Early's Division led the advance into the Valley of Virginia. Milroy was at Winchester, which he had fortified by an intrenched camp around it. He was completely surprised when Hoke's Brigade charged and captured it; and although manned by superior numbers, General Milroy almost alone escaped.

General Early, with Ewell's Corps, advanced down the Valley and on into Maryland, then into Pennsylvania, through Gettysburg to York, where, after waiting five or six days for orders, he started for Lee's rendezvous at Cashtown, fortunately by way of Gettysburg, moving leisurely until the

head of the column was within three or four miles of Gettysburg, when about midday two reports of field guns were heard in that direction; but they seemed far away and were supposed to be a cavalry fight some twenty miles distant. In a few minutes the firing became rapid and apparently with many guns. Then Maj. John W. Daniel, of Early's staff, approached at full speed with orders to hasten to the aid of Gen. A. P. Hill, who was hard pressed on Seminary Ridge, near Gettysburg. Then off went the blankets and all encumbrances for the wagon train to pick up and bring on as they came along and on with quick step, the last mile in the double-quick, for they could see the smoke and hear the noise of battle.

Reaching Oak Hill, near the north suburb of Gettysburg, Rodes's Division was rushed off to the right to A. P. Hill's assistance on Seminary Ridge, and Early's Division, formed with Hoke's Brigade, commanded by Col. Isaac E. Avery, formerly of the 6th North Carolina Regiment, on the extreme left, Hayes's Louisiana Brigade next, and Gen. John B. Gordon's Georgians on the right toward Rodes.

From this position (Oak Hill) away on the right could be seen both the Confederate and Federal lines in battle array in plain view for two miles, with no breastworks or fortifications. A brigade on our extreme right moving up, a jet of white smoke along the enemy's line, the roar of rifle and artillery, the expected yell, a rush and the enemy's line broken, a second brigade moving in echelon, the same yell, same rush, and same flight of the enemy. But Hill's left was hard pressed when Rodes came sweeping down from Oak Hill, where they had massed their heavy regiments of artillery, and broke their lines into full retreat. As the conflict moved the sound became more distinct, and the effect was marvelous. The men, wild with excitement, went in with the greatest enthusiasm to cut off the reinforcements hurrying to the Federals' assistance, for there was not an officer or man but believed the war would be closed upon that field that evening. And it might have been had General John B. Gordon had his way.

Colonel Godwin's 57th Regiment was on the extreme left, with Hayes next and then Gordon. They closed in with a rush and made a charge nothing could stand against. Their quick and bloody work drove the Federals back through the town, broken, utterly routed, and they were over halfway up Cemetery Hill, which the Federals were seeking as a refuge from the fury of the Confederate charge, when, although full two hours of daylight remained, for some reason which never has been satisfactorily explained, and now can never be, a halt was called (by Early, 'twas said), and even the urgent appeals of Gordon, Hayes, and Godwin to be allowed to take the hill were unheeded. There some one made a terrible blunder and without a doubt lost the battle of Gettysburg and most likely the Confederate cause.

General Lee was in the rear of Hill's Corps and was not found until near dark. He had not been advised earlier of the condition of affairs at this point, but as soon as he was he at once ordered an attempt to be made on the hill and "to drive those people away." Ewell pleaded darkness. O for a Stonewall then and there!

That night of July 1 the brigade lay in position at the foot of the hill between the town and cemetery. It passed quietly except for the noise of the pick and shovel used by the Federals in fortifying the hill, which had been so near in our hands, and the rumble of guns and the tramp of reinforcements coming up to the Federal assistance. By morning the enemy had worked wonders in fortifying his posi-

tion. Toward evening of the second day of July cannonading began, extending from the town to Round Top. Then Longstreet assailed the positions in his front at Peach Orchard and Round Top.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was low, General Hayes was ordered to attack the ridge with his Louisiana brigade and Godwin's North Carolina Brigade. (Colonel Avery having been killed in the beginning of the assault, Godwin succeeded to the command.) They advanced in fine order across the plateau at the foot of the hill, being shelled from Cemetery Hill in front and in flank from Culp's Hill. They drove the enemy from his intrenchments on the hillside up the hill and went with a rush over the crest. They had driven everything before them and dislodged every position of the enemy in their front on the summit of Cemetery Hill except a small redoubt occupied by a battery of artillery and a few infantry, when darkness came on and exhaustion and heavy loss caused them to wait for reinforcements to effect a permanent lodgment upon the crest of the ridge they had won—Cemetery Hill.

No reinforcements came, but instead an order to retire, which they did with great loss, for the Federals had by this time been reinforced in great numbers.

An incident in this charge and capture of the crest of Cemetery Hill may be in place here. Colonel Avery, commanding the brigade, was killed in the very beginning of the charge, when Colonel Godwin took command of the brigade as the senior colonel and led it in the capture of the breastworks, being the first man over them. Nearly all the Federals were shot or fleeing; he was met by an immense giant of a man, who rushed upon him with a clubbed rifle and attempted to brain him. General Godwin, throwing up his left arm, diverted the blow so it fell to the ground with such force that it broke the stock from the barrel, and before the man could recover Godwin came down with his sword, literally cutting his head in twain.

Here again the main pivot of the whole position had been taken, and the success of the battle was thrown away for lack of reinforcement of even a brigade and, as ever seemed to be our fate in this battle, a lack of proper coöperation and failure to obey Lee's orders promptly.

The next day, July 3, Godwin's Brigade was on the right flank as a support to the old Stonewall Division, under Gen. Edward Johnson, in Ewell's assault on Culp's Hill (the Federal extreme right flank partly doubled back) early that morning at the same time that Longstreet was ordered by General Lee to make a simultaneous, or supporting, attack on the Federal center main front, with A. P. Hill between them, and thus keep Meade too busy all along his line to allow him to throw an overpowering reinforcement at any one point, as, from the formation of his line, it being the inner and shorter line doubled back like a fishhook, he could easily and quickly do. But again Longstreet failed to be on time, although authentic history tells us that both Pickett and Pettigrew, with their support, were ready in line by 9 A.M., and thus by this delay allowed the Federals to concentrate an overwhelming force against Ewell's assault in the morning and repeat the same tactics against Pickett's assault in the late afternoon. So both were overpowered and repulsed in detail, another bad blunder and failure for the want of proper and ordered support and total lack of coöperation.

On the 4th they, with the rest of the army, remained all day in position on the field awaiting the expected attack, but none came.

After nightfall Lee started his trains of wounded and sup-

plies, as well as his army, by way of Fairfield, leaving Ewell's Corps till near noon of the 5th to bring up the rear, Godwin's Brigade being part of the rear guard on the way back to the Hagerstown position, which Lee took, to await the passing of the flood in the Potomac and in the hope that Meade would attack him in position, an attack that the men were eager for that they might have a chance to even up on that last day at Gettysburg, but which Meade most scrupulously avoided, keeping out of striking distance from the 11th to the 13th, when the flood passed and Lee crossed to Virginia, Godwin's Brigade again among the last, at noon of the 14th by the ford near Williamsport.

After the return to Virginia the brigade continued with Lee's army to the Rapidan River, to the Bristow Station action, over to near Manassas and then back behind the Rappahannock, to the plains of Brandy Station. While there many detachments were sent out to gather in the railroad iron which was much needed throughout the South. To facilitate this work a pontoon bridge was laid where the Orange and Alexandria Railroad bridge had crossed the Rappahannock River, and on the north side of the river a bridgehead of earthworks was thrown up to protect it. This was occupied by Hayes's Louisiana Brigade of Early's Division. On November 7 Godwin's Brigade, also of Early's Division, was ordered across this bridge to reinforce Hayes's Louisianians, being directed to move to the left and occupy some light works about one thousand or twelve hundred feet away.

Godwin's Brigade had scarcely reached the position assigned when in the midst of a heavy, sudden rainstorm late in the afternoon General Sedgwick's corps, in massed columns of three or four lines deep, made an unexpected and rapid rush directly upon Hayes's position at the bridgehead. They met with a hot reception, but, being protected from our artillery fire from across the river by the nature of the ground and the breastworks, they speedily overpowered the Louisianians, driving them from their position and capturing the works overlooking and commanding the bridge. By this movement Godwin and his men were entirely cut off from retreat or assistance, and the position occupied by them was attacked by a heavy force in their front; but the 6th and 7th North Carolina Regiments were formed outside the breastworks and made an attack against the enemy in the position captured at the bridgehead, while the 54th North Carolina Regiment held the line at bay in their front.

In the first charge the enemy was dislodged from a portion of the works that had been captured from Hayes, but succeeded in holding the works immediately commanding the bridge. The struggle lasted with varying fortune till nightfall, when the enemy sent forward an overwhelming force and completely surrounded the bridge, except on the sides where flowed the deep waters of the Rappahannock. A few managed to escape by swimming the river, but some were drowned, and about sixteen hundred of the two brigades were captured. It had been a bloody fight, and many lay dead or wounded on the ground.

The 21st North Carolina, which also belonged to the brigade, being in North Carolina on detached service, and many veterans and officers of these regiments who were in hospitals or on leave or special detailed service thus escaped capture formed the nucleus on which they were reinforced and again built up when sent down to North Carolina that winter for the purpose of participating in the Plymouth-New Bern campaign under the gallant Maj. Gen. R. F. Hoke, the brigade's former commander.

General Godwin, thus captured in this trap, was imprisoned



at Johnson's Island, but was exchanged in the spring of 1864 and returned to the command of the brigade. He was commissioned brigadier general August 5, 1864, and assigned to the command of his old brigade, which he was then commanding. It had participated in the winter campaign of Plymouth, N. C., in the meantime and returned just in time to assist in repulsing Butler's attack on Petersburg and Drewry's Bluff, joining Lee at South Anna, and participating in and capturing many prisoners at the Second Cold Harbor fight. It was then sent to Lynchburg in Early's Corps (the old Stonewall, or Jackson's 2d Corps) to meet Hunter's advance against Lynchburg and chased him to Liberty, where he was defeated and escaped into the mountains of West Virginia.

Early's forces then moved down the Valley to Harper's Ferry, which he surprised and captured on the Fourth of July, the Federals being in the midst of a grand celebration and feast. Appropriating the feast, which was most delightful to our soldiers, the next day Early followed them across the river into Maryland and moved on to Frederick City, where he had some severe fighting with Lew Wallace on the Monocacy, and then on to Washington, on the Georgetown Pike. After waiting a day in sight of the dome of the Capitol, we started back to the Potomac.

Godwin's Brigade, bringing up the rear to Winchester, participated in all the subsequent fighting up and down the Valley up to and including the battle of Winchester, on September 19, 1864, the battle of which Gen. J. G. Gordon speaks in his "Reminiscences" as about "the heaviest fighting against the greatest odds of any he had met during the war," and which was also in a manner of great importance, the situation being thus: General Rodes had captured Martinsburg, some fifteen miles north of Winchester, and a quantity of army supplies, of which we were in much need. Gen. J. B. Gordon's division was up on that road and to the east of it to protect and guard Rodes's line of retreat and right flank, while we, in Ramseur's Division, composed of Johnson's, Pegram's, and Gordon's Brigades, on the extreme right, were out across the Berryville and Harper's Ferry Pike, about three or four miles from Winchester, to protect Rodes's and Gordon's retreat through Winchester and on up the Valley. Sheridan's army was then over toward Harper's Ferry; and had he captured Winchester, they (Gordon and Rodes) would have been cut off and captured or forced over on the back road at the foothills of the Alleghenies, which road was almost impassable, for wagons and artillery especially, and this would have been next to destroying them. Sheridan at the earliest light threw a force of five to one against Ramseur's force across the pike in a desperate effort to capture Winchester. Pegram's Brigade, which was in the enemy's immediate front to the north of the pike, was overpowered and forced back. Godwin's Brigade was on Pegram's right, with its right resting on Opequon Creek, running from the Potomac down to east of and then south of and near Winchester. Godwin extended his line over to Pegram's support and managed to rally the men after falling back to a better position on his old regiment, the 57th North Carolina, whose steadiness saved the day, for then and there ensued most desperate and bloody fighting. Time and again the Federals assailed our lines and were repulsed with heavy loss, while their artillery seemed to be without limit, so constant and fierce was their fire. This continued until sundown, having lasted all day. After desperate fighting on their part of the line, which extended all around Winchester on the north and east from that creek on to and beyond the main pike, on which Rodes was bringing the supplies, Rodes's and Gordon's

Divisions fell back through Winchester. Ramseur's Division, with Godwin's Brigade bringing up the rear in good order, followed as the rear guard.

It was during one of the comparatively slight lulls shortly before sunset that General Godwin rode up his lines to the turnpike where Capt. John Beard, who had command of his old regiment (57th), was and said to him: "I am proud of the conduct of my old regiment to-day. It saved the day." Captain Beard warned him to get off the pike, as the Federal artillery had the exact range of it, when at that moment a shell exploded over them, and a fragment struck General Godwin on the head, and he fell forward from his horse into the arms of Captain Beard, dead. I was within a few feet and saw it all. I had his body taken into Winchester to the house of a friend, Mrs. Long, whom he had accompanied to church the night before. I engaged and paid an undertaker to bury him in the town cemetery, and there his remains rest, nicely marked.

His old comrades of the 57th, in writing their own history, say of him: "A gallant gentleman and brave soldier, universally beloved as a man and universally admired as a soldier by all his comrades throughout the entire service. A Virginian in command of a North Carolina regiment and a North Carolina brigade, he was as much loved and admired by those under him as if he had been a North Carolinian or they Virginians."

#### THE COURAGE OF A SOLDIER.

BY E. POLK JOHNSON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

We were talking about the war in Europe, and that led back to the War between the States, to give the contest of 1861-65 the official title agreed upon by the Senate of the United States, as Vice President Marshall sonorously describes the body over which he presides. There were two of us, one an interesting little Daughter of the Confederacy, the other a soldier in that army. There were many things about which she wished to know, and some of her inquiries were rather startling. One of them was: "Were you ever scared?" The reply was: "I have been in positions where I recognized the gravity of the situation."

"That is not what I asked. You are begging the question."

"Well, if you insist on a more definite answer, I am free to state that there were times during my military service when I was moved by an intense desire to be somewhere else, but I never went there."

It is with regret that the statement must be made that the Daughter of the Confederacy now became slightly slangy in her speech. "Come again," she said. "You haven't got anywhere yet."

"Well, I never ran away, if that is what you mean. Really there are so many different ways of being scared that your question may be answered in an equal number of ways. If you mean, Was I ever in a condition of mind that unfitted me for the duties of a soldier? my answer is, No. Yet there were times in my army career when I felt a deep sympathy with the soldier who wished he was a baby and a girl baby at that. A battle affects no two men alike. I have known men who seemed absolutely stolid in the presence of the most acute danger. These men had no imagination; they were pawns in the war game, waiting to be moved by a superior power, but never knowing and probably not caring why they were moved. There were men of superior mental characteristics to these who were also quiet under fire, recognizing both their duty and the danger of the moment, and

these men were good soldiers. Then there were the men who had imaginative power and the nervous energies that go along with imagination. While it is too much to say that they enjoyed a battle, it is true that a battle exhilarated them. Some of this class I have known who were thrown into a berserker rage by the noise and the tumult of battle. They thought little of themselves or of danger; they thought only of the enemy; they wanted to kill, kill, kill. To them the definition of the word 'battle' was 'killing,' and that was their reason for engaging in warfare. Yet when the battle had ended none were more tender and sympathetic toward the wounded enemy than they nor quicker to render them relief. I hesitate to differentiate between these men and their comrades of the quieter class as to which were the better soldiers. As a matter of fact, it is too personal a problem, for it must be admitted that I was in the berserker class myself. It is probable that the quiet men—I am writing of the men in the ranks—would have made the better officers, owing to their lack of imagination. Yet even here I am in doubt, for the memory comes to me of a major of cavalry to follow whom in the wild delirium of a cavalry charge was a liberal education in the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.'"

Evidently satisfied on the question of being scared, the Daughter abruptly said: "Tell me about a battle. What is it like?"

I had to tell her that I did not know, and she looked at me with her wondering and wonderful eyes as though speculating on whether I had ever really been a soldier or seen a battle. "No man ever sees a battle," I hastened to explain to her; "he sees only that small part of it which lies about him and in front of him. I never knew but one man who could describe in graphic terms the entire details of a battle, and he was never a participant in even a skirmish. He was the calmest, most deliberate coward in the army. When the first gun was fired he would quietly and unostentatiously drop out of the line and proceed to the rear. Had he not been the nephew of his uncle, who was the lieutenant colonel of the regiment, he would have been court-martialed and shot. When the battle had been fought he would appear in camp with a full circumstantial account of the various movements which had led to victory or defeat, as the case might be. How he knew these things none of us could divine, yet the information he gave was unusually correct. It is with regret that the statement is made that he was both a coward and a Kentuckian, a condition which I have never been able to understand."

"Speaking of cowards, do not brave men sometimes run away?" said the Daughter.

"Never," was the reply. "Brave men under certain circumstances sometimes enter upon retrograde movements, but these must not be confounded with running away. Retrogression at precisely the proper moment is a movement in military affairs which cannot be too highly commended, since it gives those indulging in it an opportunity to repair possible damages, grants rest to the weary, and in many ways is of vast advantage, especially when there is a wide disparity of numbers in favor of the enemy. All writers upon military affairs are agreed upon this point.

"A word of encouragement is valuable beyond estimate to many soldiers who, without being amenable to the actual charge of cowardice, lose self-control in the moment of great danger. An instance may prove the truth of this assertion. A regiment was under a heavy fire from a concealed enemy. A mounted soldier in line of battle lay prone upon the neck

of his horse in an almost hopeless effort to escape the storm of bullets. The enemy advanced from shelter and was met by a heavy fire from the regiment. Still the soldier convulsively embraced the neck of his horse, taking no part in the action. An officer at his side, placing his hand upon the young fellow's shoulder and calling him by name, said kindly but firmly: 'This will never do. Sit up and help us give them h—l.' The effect was instantaneous. The really brave soldier sat up with a determined glance and cheery answer: 'All right, sir; if you say so, I will do it.' And he did his full duty like the good soldier he was, even when the officer who had brought him to see his duty had fallen at his side. He served as a faithful soldier to the end of the war. A kind but forceful word spoken at the proper moment made him the true man that he was. I know this is true, for I am the man who brought him out of the dark valley of fear.

"Men in action are like men out of it, creatures of controlling passions. One is as calm as if on dress parade, while his equally brave but more nervous comrade will be restless under fire, anxious to have the issue determined by the cast of a die, a dash at the lines, a death at the head of the column if need be. The cool, calm man would hold a position to the coming of death; the nervous man would lead a forlorn hope to victory and, dying, would count it good fortune that the honor had come to him. I do not believe that the cool, calm soldier is any braver than his impetuous comrade. Each followed a course leading to the same end, though it ran less calmly in one channel than the other.

"I believe that each soldier if he tells the truth, as he will if he be a brave man, will admit that more than once when his courage almost failed him his pride sustained him and prevented his bringing reproach upon the uniform he wore and the flag under which he fought. This may be deemed a rash expression in a country where a gallant soldier is so highly honored as in this, but it seems to me the truth. There lives no veteran soldier who believes the man who says that in battle he never felt fear nor the dread of death. The fear was there, but it was hidden away in the soldier's sense of duty to his country and therefore but seldom became apparent to his comrades. The knowledge of experience separates that sort of dross from the pure gold of a real soldier's sentiments and knowledge. If courage fail, what, then, shall sustain the soldier in battle? Duty? Yes, to a very great extent. But courage wholly fled and the influence of personal pride absent, the sense of duty which holds the soldier to his death is very finely attuned."

Nearly thirty years ago I wrote the following estimate of the American soldier which may stand as my answer to all questions relating thereto: "Would I depreciate the character of the American soldier and his splendid record for courage? By no means. I deem him the finest soldier of the age, as he is certainly the most intelligent. He unites within himself all the essential qualities of a true soldier. His patriotism is undoubted, his endurance almost without limit, while his courage has stood the crucial test of a thousand battle fields, and his pride in his name and his honor is a part of the great history of his country. Genuine courage and true pride are in no nation more happily blended in combination than in the American soldier. Their splendid courage in the field is equaled only by the readiness with which they adapt themselves to the pursuits of peace when war's alarms are fled, becoming as excellent citizens as they have been admirable soldiers."

And those words are as true to-day as when they were first written.



*COLD HARBOR, LYNCHBURG, VALLEY CAMPAIGN, ETC., 1864.*

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

I had been confined to my bed at Camp Jackson nearly three weeks from the time I left my comrades at Spotsylvania, and the army had beaten its way toward Richmond. The thunder of the guns of Lee and Grant seemed to call me to the help of my friends, but I was too weak to respond. The nurse told me after I had gained some strength that I might walk about the aisles of the ward for exercise, and I took advantage of this to go to the spring near by. In going down the narrow path to it some one in the crowd slapped me on the shoulder and accosted me in a familiar tone. Looking around, to my surprise there stood one of my comrades who had been at Camp Jackson some time and had recovered sufficiently to return to the army. He expressed great surprise at seeing me and began to abuse the place and everybody connected with the management of it, saying no gentleman would remain there; that he intended to return to the army immediately and insisted that I must go too. This I could not do, but I promised to comply with his wishes as soon as I had gained strength enough. This did not satisfy him, and he demanded a date when I should leave with him. I told him I would do so the next Wednesday. When the day arrived I was still very feeble, but, remembering my promise, I went to the doctor and asked for a discharge from the hospital to return to my command. Standing up before him in his little office in the yard, with nothing on but the two garments given me by the nurse, I no doubt presented a very poor appearance for a soldier. He looked at me with surprise and said: "You are not well enough to go." I insisted, and he finally consented to let me go if I was willing to take the risk.

I soon joined my comrades and others, who agreed to help me along if I should break down. Although I had fever that night, the next day we reached our comrades, whom we found in the breastworks at Cold Harbor. I gradually grew stronger, and from that time I was on the firing line until the end without the loss of a day. Sitting behind the works, they related to me their experience after I had left them and told me what part they had taken in the great battle of Cold Harbor, fought a few days before my return. In front of our line some two or three hundred yards away could be seen across a level field several lines of works. No one could be seen in them, but no doubt they were occupied. These works were captured by our brigade in the battle, and in this way:

While the fight was in progress on the right of Lee's army, where the main attack was made, the Federal force holding these forks for some reason kept their heads down, and no sign of life could be seen in them. General Gordon, either through curiosity or to make a diversion to relieve the pressure on the right of the army, decided to move forward his command. Accordingly the brigade, which had during my absence been reinforced by the 12th Georgia Battalion, was formed for battle and moved forward across the open space until it came within thirty feet of the enemy's works. Suddenly a whole line of infantry arose and fired a volley. When their heads popped up our men fell flat on their faces immediately, and not a man was hurt. Our men with their loaded guns jumped up and were on top of their works in a moment before the enemy could reload, shooting and bayoneting them without mercy. This was too much for them, and they broke for their reserve line, followed closely by our men, who entered this new line with them.

Frightened by this demoralized mass of friends and their foes all mixed up, they made little or no resistance and fled to their third line. Thinking they had gone far enough, our men stopped their pursuit at this line with the loss of but one man of our (31st) regiment. But not so with the 12th Battalion. These soldiers, sent to us from Charleston, S. C., had a wonderfully exaggerated idea of the prowess of our brigade from what they had heard of our fighting. I don't know what the orders were, but these fellows, fighting on the right of the brigade, after they had driven the enemy out of two lines of their works, assaulted the third line. Taking these also, they continued to press on the fleeing enemy, and in their ardor of pursuit lost some men. Their commander, Lieutenant Colonel Capers, was badly wounded in the early part of the engagement and never again returned to his command. Some said our new soldiers never stopped in their charge until they went on to Washington. When these brave fellows came to our brigade from Charleston, where they had been holding the pile of bricks in Charleston Harbor which was Fort Sumter, each company contained from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and eighty-five men and was as large as one of our decimated regiments. They were the flower of the fighting population of Georgia and showed the same fighting qualities to the end. If any difference ever arose between any two of them, and this was often the case, their comrades would cry out: "Fight, fight!" At this all would run together and form a circle around the two and compel them to have it out with their naked fists. After this the incident was supposed to be forever closed. When they first arrived and began to detrain, our ragged veterans looked at these splendid fellows in their neat gray uniforms and decided they were "pets" and had very little confidence in their fighting quality; but after Cold Harbor they never entertained a doubt that they would stand the test. In every engagement in which our brigade took part they showed the same dash and courage as in this their first fight in Virginia.

But now a dark cloud was rising for Lee's army from the west which threatened to sweep down on Richmond, capture the city, and force the Confederate army to surrender. It was a desperate situation and lacked only bold leadership to succeed; but our old general was equal to the occasion. General Hunter, the Federal commander, was a very timid man and had an exaggerated idea of the numbers and resources of his enemy. No sooner had our two small divisions (Gordon's and Rodes's) faced him at Lynchburg than he beat a hasty retreat to the mountains of West Virginia without a fight, although he outnumbered us three to one. When Lee's army was grappling with Grant's there was only a small force in the Valley to protect it, and Hunter came out of the mountains of West Virginia and had his own way, destroying and burning that beautiful section of country. After doing this to his satisfaction he crossed the Blue Ridge unopposed and marched to Lynchburg, which place was undefended except by a few old men too weak in number and equipment to offer any resistance. Here he paused and began to fortify his position as if he were face to face with a formidable foe. Grant dispatched Sheridan with ten thousand well-equipped cavalry to ride around the left of Lee's army, tear up the railroad to Gordonsville, and proceed to Lynchburg, where he expected him to unite with Hunter. But all this resulted in an ignominious failure.

A week after the great battle of Cold Harbor we were lying peacefully behind the breastworks there with no idea that we were about to enter upon a great campaign in an

entirely different direction, which would eventually take us to the defenses at Washington and in sight of the Capitol.

We were withdrawn from the defenses and placed in camps in the rear of the army, where we were allowed to rest two days. We then set out on the march and soon reached the railroad, which we found to be completely destroyed by Sheridan's army. When we reached the vicinity of Trevilians Station dead horses were everywhere in evidence, and the whole country showed the effects of the battle that had been fought there a few days before between Gen. Wade Hampton and Sheridan. This, I suppose, was the greatest cavalry battle fought during the war and was a complete victory for the Confederates. When General Lee heard of Sheridan's movements, he sent General Hampton with his cavalry, perhaps not more than thirty-five hundred men in all, to intercept him while engaged in destroying the railroad. This he did at Trevilians, and a fight ensued which lasted all day and convinced Hampton that he was overmatched. He accordingly adopted the same stratagem which Lee and Jackson had employed at Chancellorsville and with equally as good success. He left a thin line in front of Sheridan, with orders in the morning, when the enemy advanced, to fight and fall back, allowing a piece of artillery occasionally to fall into the hands of the enemy. This was to continue until they should hear two cannon shots in quick succession in the enemy's rear, when they were to turn and fight. Hampton, with his main force, made a wide detour, riding all night, and in the morning he found himself in Sheridan's rear. As he expected, the Federal cavalry made their attack at daylight and were driving the Confederates in fine style, when suddenly the boom of cannon in their rear told them too plainly that their wagon trains, artillery, and all their army equipment had fallen into the hands of the Confederates. Finding themselves attacked in front and rear at the same time and all their baggage captured, every man broke to seek safety in flight. The Confederates followed them day and night until completely overcome with fatigue, capturing a great part of the force. The remnant made their escape to the rear of Grant's line.

We hastened on, following the line of the railroad until we came to some old ramshackle trains on a piece of patched-up track. These took us some distance to where we had to foot it again to Charlottesville, where we entrained again for Lynchburg, which we reached before sundown. We marched through the town and were greeted joyfully by the people as we passed through the place. Just beyond the suburbs we saw Hunter's long line of breastworks. It was now too late in the day to make the attack; and as Rodes had not as yet arrived with his division and the artillery, General Early decided to wait until the next day to begin active operations. During the night Rodes came up, and by morning we had a line of works in front of Hunter and some artillery mounted. That day was spent in skirmishing and some artillery firing along the whole line. Every preparation was made to assault the enemy's works at daylight the next morning, but lo! to our surprise, the enemy had fled during the night and had several hours' start of us in their flight for the mountains of West Virginia. A small force of cavalry was sent ahead to press their rear, while we hastened to follow them.

This was the beginning of some of our hardest marching during the war, the enemy making every effort to escape and General Early urging us to the utmost to overtake them. Small bodies of Federal prisoners were coming to the rear continually, and many abandoned army wagons and other impedimenta were passed on the road. The march was continued

until late at night every day, and the armies bivouacked in sight of each other's camp fires until Hunter finally escaped into the mountain passes of West Virginia. Late at night the helpless people of the Valley of Virginia. He now turned back. The tired army went into camp and rested. Old Jube regretted very much that Hunter had outrun him and made his escape. He wanted him for the atrocities committed on the helpless people of the Valley of Virginia. He now turned his face in another direction to make a demonstration against Washington, D. C., no doubt under orders from General Lee to relieve the pressure of Grant against Richmond and to give employment to a great part of the fighting force of the Lincoln government. How well this was done will be the subject of a future article.

## ONE OF MORGAN'S PILOTS THROUGH KENTUCKY.

[The following account of General Morgan's passage through Boone County, Ky., on his way south after escaping from prison at Columbus, Ohio, was written by W. P. Corbin, of Union, Ky., who piloted General Morgan and Captain Hines through the county. He is now eighty-nine years of age. The Corbins are a remarkable family as regards age, there being three sisters and two brothers still living whose average age is over eighty-six years.]

On the night of November 26, 1863, Gen. John H. Morgan and eight other Confederate soldiers confined as prisoners of war in the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, escaped by tunneling out. As soon as they were beyond the prison walls the party divided into twos, and General Morgan and Captain Hines were to be companions. Going to the depot, they bought tickets for Cincinnati, where they arrived before daylight. At the lower part of the city they pulled the bell rope, a signal for the train to stop. As the train slowed up Morgan and Hines jumped from the rear end of a coach just as the conductor appeared on the platform and asked, "What in h— did you want to get off here for?" to which they answered: "What do we want to go to town for when we live here?" They made their way down to a place opposite Ludlow, Ky., where they found a boy with a skiff, and to him they gave two dollars to set them across the river. As soon as they were on the Kentucky shore they started for the home of the widow Ludlow, near by, where they were well acquainted, and were given a refreshing breakfast. From there they were taken by a friend to John Dulaney's, in the neighborhood of Florence, and his son, Dr. J. J. Dulaney, piloted them to the home of Daniel Piatt, at Union, the place now owned and occupied by James A. Huey, and from this place they were brought by R. G. Adams to the home of my father, Henry Corbin, on the Burlington and Big Bone Road.

It was Saturday night when they got there, and they rested over Sunday, receiving visits from many friends in that vicinity, who had been notified of their presence as well as their destitute condition. It was at this point that they were supplied with money, horses, and firearms, and when they resumed their journey on Sunday night they were mounted on two as good horses as were in the county. Captain Hines's mount had been furnished by Charles B. Smith, of Big Bone, while General Morgan was on a handsome bay mare which I had but lately purchased at a fancy price from Jacob Piatt, of East Bend. General Morgan was wearing a suit of black cloth entirely too light for the weather that prevailed, and I pulled off and presented to him a pair of blue jeans which



I was wearing for the first time and which General Morgan pulled on over his own. I also gave him his saddle, bridle, and spur.

They left in my charge, and we traveled the road leading by Big Stone Church to Big Bone Springs, thence to B. B. Allpin's, on Mud Lick Creek, and over the hill to South Fork, where, on account of the entire party's being so very cold, there was a stop at old Mr. Richardson's about midnight. We were received very kindly, the old gentleman saying: "There is plenty of wood in the corner; build a good fire and get warm." This invitation was accepted and acted upon promptly. The old people were curious to know why we were traveling at that time of night, so General Morgan told them we had been to the city with hogs, and a sudden rise in the market was hurrying us back to Owen County, where we lived, to buy more hogs before the people down there got word of the rise.

After a stay of about thirty minutes we resumed our journey by way of Napoleon, in Gallatin County, to Clay Castleman's, where we arrived about four o'clock in the morning. He directed us to a man named Thomas, living below the Castleman ford on a branch of Big Eagle Creek. Leaving General Morgan and Captain Hines with Mr. Thomas, I returned to Castleman's for breakfast. On my way home that day I stopped at Colonel Landrum's, representing myself as a turkey buyer.

I have a lock of General Morgan's hair which was cut by my sister, Sallie Corbin, and Miss Mary Huey the night he stayed at my father's home. I also have a handkerchief that belonged to the General, which is now yellow with age.

James L. Huey told me that he met the General in camp at Wytheville, Va., after his escape from prison at Columbus, and his curiosity was aroused by the jeans pants, which General Morgan said were given him by W. P. Corbin as he and Captain Hines were making their way south after escaping from prison.

#### BLEDSON'S BATTERY.

BY W. A. EVERMAN, GREENVILLE, MISS.

I read with interest the article in the February VETERAN on "Bledsoe's Silver Gun" and want to say that I heard the voice of old "Sacramento" and saw her many times in 1861, 1862, and 1863, first at Lexington, Mo., where she was probably the first cannon on our side to speak, and I personally know that she was the last in the siege and surrender of Colonel Mulligan and his command. This leads me to a little story.

In 1866 I made the acquaintance of Mr. Wat Anderson, a lieutenant in Bledsoe's Battery, and I asked him one day why his battery did not cease firing as soon as the white flag went up along the breastworks at Lexington. He replied in substance as follows: "You probably saw that the big flag on the college building inside of the breastworks did not go down for some time after the white ones went up." "Yes," I said, "and the joy is still in my heart over the sight of it going through the air to the ground." Anderson then said: "Captain Bledsoe was wounded in the battle of Wilson's Creek, or Springfield, on August 10 and was still disabled when the siege of Lexington occurred. He commanded his battery from a rocking-chair throughout the siege. When the white flags ran up all firing ceased except from our battery. Soon a courier came to us from General Price saying: 'Captain Bledsoe, cease firing; the enemy has surrendered.' Captain Bledsoe said, 'Tell General Price that I will not

cease until that d— flag comes down,' and gave the command, 'Lead, fire!' He was promptly responded to. Just as soon as the messenger could reach General Price and then get to General Mulligan, the commander of the garrison, the flag went down, staff and all."

From Lexington Price's army moved south, making stops at the Sac River and other places, finally reaching Springfield, Mo., where the winter up to February, 1862, was spent. Then came the retreat to Boston Mountain, in Arkansas.

A little history of our movements may be of interest here. In 1863 two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry were organized at Springfield, and the members were sworn into the Confederacy for three years, or for the duration of the war. These were commanded by Colonels Burbridge, Rives, and Gates. Colonel Rives was killed at Elkhorn, and Colonel Gates lost an arm in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., on November 30, 1864. On account of wounds, Colonel Burbridge resigned at Corinth, Miss., and F. M. Cockrell was elected colonel. These regiments of about 2,500 men, rank and file, brought up the rear of General Price's army from Springfield to the northern boundary of Arkansas, where a junction was formed with General McCulloch.

Three days after retreating from Springfield we camped at Crane Creek. The boys said: "Here we fight." About dusk cannonading was heard in the rear, and very likely old "Sacramento" was one of the guns. The bugle sounded, and the order was given, "Fall in!" and we hiked to the rear to fight off the enemy. As he did not come, we took up our retreat just before daylight the next morning. From there until the time we met General McCulloch we marched and countermarched day after day and night after night. How many times and how many miles I do not know, but it gives me the "shivers" now to think of our suffering during that march from hunger, cold, rain, and snow. When orders came to halt, the boys threw themselves down on the cold ground and slept the sleep of those fighting for a righteous cause. Later, in the first part of March, we marched back and fought the battle of Pea Ridge, or Elkhorn Tavern. There we heard old "Sacramento" again.

A large portion of Price's army, including Bledsoe's Battery, was transferred from the west to the east side of the Mississippi River and made the first stop at Corinth, Miss. There reorganization of the Missourians was made into two brigades of infantry and artillery. The latter consisted of Dawson's, Guiber's, Landis's, Wade's, Low's, Clarke's, and Bledsoe's.

In September and October the battles of Iuka and Corinth were fought, in both of which old "Sacramento" barked again. Then we went to Grand Gulf. On April 30, 1863, Porter's and Farragut's fleets attacked us, but failed to silence our guns. Colonel Wade, who commanded all our artillery, was killed. General Grant, having failed to effect a landing at Grand Gulf, marched south to a point opposite Hard Times and crossed the river. The battle of Port Gibson was fought on the first day of May. From there we went to Baker's Creek, where a battle was fought, and then into Vicksburg. Bledsoe's Battery was in all of these engagements.

I cannot recall this battery after the siege, but have an impression that it was transferred to General Forrest's command and was possibly taken by him into the battle of Franklin. The writer of the article referred to states that the last time he saw old "Sacramento" it was parked at Mobile, Ala. I believe this battery was at Fort Blakely, but of this I am not sure.

## HISTORY IN BRIEF.

### WHAT BANKS AND PORTER WENT AFTER.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

During the conflict of the sixties a number of United States Congressmen were appointed to investigate the conduct of the war, and after every Union disaster this body got busy and picked up a "scapegoat" to fit the occasion; and I might add that up to and including the mine affair at Petersburg this aggregation could truthfully be called a "standing" committee.

Among these investigations, Banks's Red River expedition was gone into, and the investigators found that its only result, in addition to the disgraceful military disasters that attended it, was of a commercial and political character, and that the only order coming from Washington in relation to this affair was instructions from President Lincoln for officers of the army and navy to furnish such assistance as might be desirable to Messrs. Casey and Butler to go up the river to purchase cotton.

Practically every witness in the case was asked the question as to what were the objects of the expedition, and the following answers were recorded. Most of them started by saying, "You can search me," or words to that effect. However, General Franklin said: "I know nothing more than the impression that we were going to Texas." Colonel Drake testified: "I don't know, but think we were headed for Shreveport." Gen. A. L. Lee was recorded as saying: "I don't believe anybody had any very well-defined impression as to what we were after." General Brisbin told them: "I understood it to be the capture of Shreveport." General Halleck thought, or rather presumed, that a junction with General Steele was aimed at. Colonel Dwight frankly acknowledged that he never knew the object or what was expected to be accomplished. But as Acting Rear Admiral D. D. Porter, under oath, says that "Mr. Commissary" Banks had come up to his (Banks's) flagship, loaded with speculators, bagging, rope, champagne, and ice, and as those speculators had special permits (contrary to the law—given, however, by "Father Abraham," and of course some uncharitable persons will say that somebody got a "rake-off") to buy cotton, or take it, the whole affair was no more nor less than a cotton expedition.

Now let's see what Porter went after. Colonel Drake says that he saw a lot of cotton marked "U. S. N." and was told it was a prize of the navy. Captain Crosby testified that the Admiral and his staff were riding around on horses, a stud of which he kept on his flagship, seeing the cotton brought in and talking about the prize money they were to make. Col. J. S. Clark testified that Admiral Porter was seizing cotton and that his teams went into the country several miles after it. Gen. T. K. Smith knew that Porter had seized a vast amount of cotton; in fact, many thousand bales. Colonel Wilson was a star witness for the army side, for he said the naval operations were carried on by the Admiral himself; that they go into the country for about six miles, find a lot of cotton, and brand it "C. S. A." and underneath that "U. S. N."; and the Colonel further says that he told Porter it stood for "Cotton-Stealing Association of the United States Navy." Admiral Porter in his testimony states most distinctly that the navy took only cotton that was branded "C. S. A." and at that from the river banks only. And I judge he told the truth about the branded part, but he didn't say who had done the branding. General Banks says that Admiral Porter immediately upon his arrival at Alexandria began to capture cotton and with his sailors and wagon trains

for seven days before the army got up was hauling it in; that he had sent engineers out to repair gins and operate them; and also that his officers, by representing the amount of prize money they would get, excited a great deal of bad feeling in the army. In other words, they did as a great many others did both North and South—they fell down and worshipped "King Cotton."

### FOREIGN INTERVENTION.

The *ignis fatuus* of foreign recognition and intervention in our War between the States was more or less believed in and hoped for from the beginning to the end of the struggle and up to the disastrous ending of our first invasion of Maryland, which culminated in the battle of Sharpsburg, there was, in my humble opinion, a chance; for up to that time one of the great powers at least thought we might be successful, but after that gave us up as hopeless. I shall give some instances of this delusion and also an instance where one brave heart at least realized that we were going to have to go it alone.

In May, 1861, the Secretary of War was told that the British consul at Richmond had construed Lord John Russell's statement to mean an instruction to recognize the government of the Confederate States and had already opened negotiations with the Governors of Virginia and North Carolina. In October, 1861, Matthew F. Maury, the great hydrographer, said that it was of vital importance for the Confederacy to capture and hold Fortress Monroe, as the policy of the North bade fair to involve that section in a war with England; and if that power became a belligerent and found that fortress in the hands of Lincoln, it might wrest it from him, in which event "John Bull," who never let go a stronghold without a struggle, might cling to it with a tenacity that in the end would give us trouble when the war was over. (The commander saw only a menace to us in foreign intervention.)

On October 27, 1861, Mr. Benjamin wrote Gen. J. E. Johnston that late news from Europe assured the Confederate States of a very early recognition and breaking of the blockade.

Mr. R. M. Davis, of New Orleans, said in June, 1862, that, as the Yankees had backed down (over the Trent affair) and "will continue to give way to every demand of England, we must not expect any interference beyond recognition, perhaps," adding, "But that will not raise the blockade."

In November, 1862, General Hamilton, of the United States army, had news that both England and France had formally recognized the Confederacy.

In March, 1863, one man in the Confederate States army, Gen. J. A. Wharton, realized the situation and said that we would have to win our independence by our own valor and patient endurance without aid from any foreign power.

In August, 1863, General Beauregard took the "bull by the horns" and suggested forcing intervention by writing Mr. Slidell in France: "As it is evidently to the interest of England that we should eventually destroy each other and the policy of European powers that the Union should never be reconstructed, is it not then our true policy to take advantage of our late reverses (the two 'burgs') to speak out plainly and fearlessly to France, England, and Spain and to inform them that unless we are immediately recognized we shall take steps to put an end to this exhausting struggle and reassert at once the Monroe Doctrine and in the course of time proclaim the independence of the Canadas and of Cuba, all of which we shall be able to effect when united?"



In September, according to the papers, the people of Richmond were sanguine of French armed intervention.

In October a lady in Charleston, S. C., said that she had seen a telegram from the President to General Beauregard telling him to hold the forts at all hazard, as the Spanish fleet would soon be to his relief.

In September, 1864, Mr. Benjamin wrote the Secretary of War that proposals had been made to and accepted by the President for the emigration of large numbers of Poles and Scotchmen, who were disposed to take part in our struggle.

In January, 1865, some one wrote the President that he could do away with the doctrine of "a rich man's war and a poor man's fight" by taking the slaves away from big owners and giving one to every man who would go into the army, as he could get thousands of men from Ireland, Germany, Poland, Austria, England, and France by making this offer.

But it remains for Gen. Wade Hampton to show that this fallacy died hard by his writing the President on April 19 that if the armies disbanded *all hope of foreign intervention* would vanish; for unless a regular organization, no matter how small, was kept in the field, Europe would consider it not worth helping. He went further and told the President that when the South returned to the Union he looked for a war between the United States and England, and that the Southerners would be most rigorously conscripted and have to fight alongside their former slaves under Yankee officers; that he for one would seek some other country, as he would never take the oath of allegiance to the United States.

#### EXPECTED DURATION OF THE WAR.

On March 20, 1861, Gen. Samuel Cooper, C. S. A., wrote some one in Alabama that five hundred men would be received for a period of twelve months, or the war, unless sooner discharged. Which shows that Mr. Cooper looked for less than a year of fighting.

On March 26 the Confederate States Secretary of War notified some gentlemen in Memphis that their services could not be accepted, as no hostilities of any considerable duration were expected and that the Confederate States provisional army was ample to take care of the situation. So the Secretary hardly looked for any war at all.

On April 27 some person told the United States Secretary of War that hostilities could be brought to a close in ninety days if pushed with the vigor with which the people then seemed disposed to sustain it. But those sustainers evidently stopped pushing.

On August 31 the Governor of Texas said that the war would in all probability last for many months to come. In which he was a prophet who deserved honor even in his own country.

In December Mr. Benjamin told General Lee that he would not give a musket to a man who would not enlist for the war, and added, or three years. And the Secretary missed it only about a year.

In July, 1862, Mr. Andrew Hunter notified the Confederate States War Department that if the war was prolonged beyond the coming autumn the army would need new clothing. And they certainly did before they got it.

In September, 1862, General Ord, of the United States army, said that he thought the battle they were then engaged in (Corinth) would end the war. Which classed the General as a very fine thinker.

In March, 1863, a gentleman in Texas told Gen. J. Bank-

head Magruder that the symptoms were then promising for an early end to the war. And that Texan was the *vice versa* of his Governor.

In July, 1863, General Hurlbut, of the United States army, wrote President Lincoln that, in his opinion, the war as a war was about over. And if the "Official Records" are consulted, it was as far as he was concerned.

In March, 1864, General Lee's "old war horse," Longstreet, said that "if we delay and give the enemy his full time the war will in all probability last for another four years." In which he very much overestimated the resources of the South.

In April General Schofield wrote that if the War Department would let Grant have his way he would end the war in 1864. And they did, but he didn't.

But it remains for Col. T. T. Munford, of the Confederate States army, to have the record for an idea as to the end of the war, for he told his cavalry command on April 21, 1865: "You will never descend to such infamy as surrender. Let us teach our children eternal hostility to our foe; and though we may not, our children will win the glorious fight in the end."

Well, that was pretty strong talk, and I notice in another instance, where one of our generals was hot in the collar about surrendering, that both of them were cavalymen. (By the way, there was a common saying in the army about "dead men with spurs on.") I can't find where the infantry were so squeamish, as they had had what we "crackers" call a "bait" of fighting.

#### ROSECRANS THE STATISTICIAN.

After the battle of Murfreesboro General Rosecrans, after being raised from the depths of despair to the pinnacle of delight by Bragg's masterly (?) change of base, "lay dreaming in his tent," supposedly trying to figure out how he had won (and, by the way, as he starts his dispatch of the battle by saying, "God has crowned our arms with success," he at least recognized his own limitations), and, like the old saying that the "mountain labored and brought forth a mouse," this is what came of his dreams.

The Confederates had 62,490 men in the fight, because the Yankees had captured prisoners from 132 regiments of infantry of about 350 men each, 12 battalions of sharpshooters of 100 each, 23 batteries of artillery of 80, and 29 regiments of cavalry of 470, making the total as above stated. The Reel average loss was 2,080 to each division; therefore six divisions of infantry and one of cavalry panned out 14,560 casualties for Bragg. Of these 14,560, it took about 20,000 Yankee cannon balls to hit 728 men, and two million musket bullets to hit 13,32; thus 26 artillery projectiles were "wasted in the desert air" before one got meat, and 144 Miniés went into space before before a "Johnnie" stopped one.

It is useless to say, after such wonderful deductions, that "Old Rosy," or rather "Rosecrans the ever-victorious," as some of his admirers dubbed him until "More-grape Bragg" put him in the reverse gear at Chickamauga, graduated from West Point No. 5 and was consequently put into that most scientific branch of the service, the engineer corps.

I can further add to his laurels by saying he reported that in the battle mentioned he fought superior numbers on unknown ground, inflicted more injury than he received, was always superior on equal ground with equal numbers, and failed of a most crushing victory by the extension of his right wing; and I, for one, would like to know who it was that ordered that extensive movement.

## A WAR MYSTERY.

On December 27, 1861, Gen. Don Carlos Buell, U. S. A., issued the following General Order No. 23: "The general commanding takes pleasure in bringing to notice the gallant conduct of Colonel Willitch's regiment, the 32d Indiana (all German), at Woodsonville, Ky., on the 17th inst. They were attacked by a column of the enemy, consisting of cavalry, artillery, and two regiments of infantry, but they defended themselves with such effect that the enemy retreated precipitately. The general tenders his thanks to this regiment for their gallant conduct on this occasion."

However, General Hardee, of the Confederate army, beat him to it by promulgating his Special Order No. 46 on December 21, reading: "On the 17th inst. at Woodsonville our forces engaged and repulsed a superior force of the enemy. The conduct of our troops was marked by impetuous valor, and the general commanding returns thanks to these troops for their conduct, and he hails the brilliant courage shown in this affair as a bright augury of the coming campaign."

It will be noted that both claim the "enemy's force" as superior, and if we can believe Buell and Hardee it presented something undoubtedly new in the annals of warfare—a battle where both sides were defeated and victorious. In making their reports the Yankees claimed a loss of eleven killed, twenty-two wounded, and five missing, and that the Rebs had thirty-three killed and fifty wounded; but as the Confederates reported four killed and nine wounded of their men, and also that seventy-five dead "blue bellies" were left on the field and countless wounded dragged off, we are "up in the air" as to the correct findings in the case. Therefore I should personally be glad to know *who won*.

## THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

During the war battle reports sent off soon after the affair were so different from what history tells us, especially as to the enemy's force, that a few examples may be of interest. Take, for instance, the battle of Shiloh, where the reports were as follows:

Union authority: Union force, 54,000; killed and wounded, 5,000. Confederate force, \$100,000; killed and wounded, 11,000.

Confederate authority: Union force, 70,000; killed and wounded, 20,000. Confederate force, 40,000; killed and wounded, 8,740.

History: Union force, 58,000; killed and wounded, 12,000. Confederate force, 71,000; killed and wounded, 18,000.

## Murfreesboro.

Union authority: Union force, 42,000; killed and wounded, 8,778. Confederate force, 62,000; killed and wounded, 14,560.

Confederate authority: Union force, 70,000; killed and wounded, 19,000. Confederate force, 35,000; killed and wounded, 9,239.

History: Union force, 43,000; killed and wounded, 9,000. Confederate force, 38,000; killed and wounded, 9,500.

## Chickamauga.

Union authority: Union force, 57,000; killed and wounded, 10,900. Confederate force, 100,000; killed and wounded, 17,000.

Confederate authority: Union force, 70,000; killed and wounded, 16,550. Confederate force, 60,366; killed and wounded, 17,800.

History: Union force, 57,000; killed and wounded, 17,100. Confederate force, 71,000; killed and wounded, 18,000.

I take the Western battles as examples, for, with the exception of one Union general, known by his admirers as "Little Mac," the "Young Napoleon" who always greatly overestimated the Confederate numbers, the leaders in the East on both sides were well enough informed to have a pretty good working knowledge of the force of their opponents.

## AT MISSIONARY RIDGE.

In the February VETERAN C. W. Trice takes issue with General Duke in regard to the Confederate "debacle" at Missionary Ridge when the latter says that the entire Confederate army was stampeded. Mr. Trice, who was there, claims, and at that most justly, that neither he, his regiment, brigade, nor division was in any way, shape, or manner stampeded in the slightest degree, but, to the contrary, states also most justly that they repulsed the Yankees all day of the 25th, were the rear guard for the rest of our army (who, by the way, were most properly stampeded) that night, and whipped the enemy again on the 26th; and the "Records" certainly bear him out fully.

Now let's see what Steele, the historian, has to say about it: "Sherman moved directly against the hill occupied by Cleburne's Division and attacked it vigorously, but the assault was unable to dislodge the defenders. Howard's Corps went to Sherman's support, and the Confederate position was assaulted several times without success. The combat kept up until three o'clock. Sherman had six divisions against Cleburne's one, but could not carry the works. Thus Sherman's assault, the main attack, had failed."

And, as General Bragg said, "Cleburne's command defeated the enemy in every assault on the 25th, charged and routed him on that day, capturing colors and prisoners, brought up our rear guard with great success, and again charged and routed the enemy at Ringgold." That settles the matter.

## CHARGE OF UNARMED MEN.

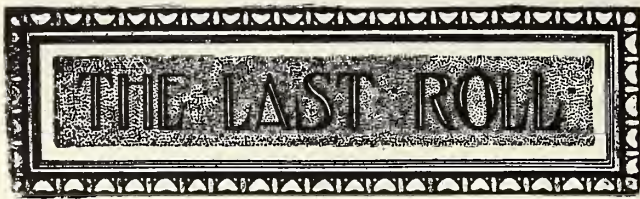
Extract of report made by Col. Charles H. Tyler, commanding cavalry brigade of Price's Missouri army, consisting of Perkin's, Coffee's, and Searcy's Regiments, in Price's expedition to reconquer Missouri in 1864:

"October 25, 1864.—Owing to its unarmed condition, the brigade was assigned to duty on the flanks of the wagon train, and, rightly conjecturing that our rear guard had been overpowered, I immediately concentrated my command and made as imposing a line of battle as possible. The general commanding directed me to support the retreating troops *morally* by ostentatious display. Accordingly, when our retreating guard appeared in sight, I told my unarmed recruits that our commander looked to them alone for the safety of the train and that they must charge and check the enemy. This they did and very gallantly, considering that they had the example of so many armed fugitive veterans to demoralize them. My brigade behaved well, even if they had been armed veterans, and as unarmed recruits they immortalized themselves."

The records don't show whether they charged on foot or horseback, and I hope that some survivor who participated in this affair will write it up for the VETERAN.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.—Washington stands alone and unapproachable, like a snow peak rising above its fellows into the clear air of morning, with a dignity, constancy, and purity which have made him the ideal type of civic virtue to succeeding generations.—*James Bryce*.





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"The spring will dress his narrow bed  
With all the wild flowers that he loved,  
And round his rest a fragrance shed  
Pure as that virtue he approved."

GEN. H. H. DUNCAN, U. C. V.

Maj. Gen. Henry H. Duncan, U. C. V., died suddenly at his home, in Tavares, Fla., January 16, 1920, in his seventy-fifth year.

Public-spirited and generous, blessed with a thorough education, possessing a discerning mind, and well informed, he was naturally called upon to take part in public affairs from Reconstruction days to the World War. For thirty-three years he was the genial, obliging clerk of the circuit court of his county, managing the exacting duties of his office during that long period faithfully and efficiently. No man in the State was held in higher esteem, and a large concourse of friends from many sections of the State attended his funeral, and during the extended services many affectionate tributes were paid him.

At the grave in Tavares Cemetery the Confederate burial service was read by Chaplain Thomas W. Spicer, and the address by Adjt. H. J. Peter contained the following tribute as to his military record and his interpretation of the Constitution for which he took arms to support:

"Comrades: Henry Duncan, true soldier and loyal son of the Southern Confederacy, is dead. We are bereft of his presence; his mortal remains we are about to consign to mother earth. His death is a serious loss to those of us who were in sympathy with his mission of keeping sacred the memories of the Confederacy and its unsullied leaders.

"It is perhaps too soon for us to fully realize the sadness of our loss and to what great extent he was brave, generous, and honorable, and how deep was his devotion to the never-to-be-forgotten cause. To him there was nothing holier, higher, or stronger on earth than his love for the patriotic principles we sought to establish in the fateful sixties of the last century under the Confederate flag. He never ceased to be an eminent Confederate, thereby ennobling and constantly endearing himself to his veteran comrades by cherishing, as he believed, the righteous cause, giving it a beautiful future, keeping it fresh in his heart and theirs, and conscientiously striving with his fine mental equipment, Christian character, and sincere convictions in aiding to establish an impartial history of the conflict and perpetuating the glorious traditions of the Old South."

General Duncan was retained as Commander of Camp No. 279 for more than twenty years. He also served one term as Commander of the Third Florida Brigade and for two terms was the Major General of the Florida Division, performing all these duties faithfully and meritoriously.

He distinguished himself in the Confederate army by enlisting in the infantry service in 1862 at the age of seventeen years and remaining until General Lee's surrender. He was a private in Company C, 45th Alabama Regiment, and served under Generals Johnston, Bragg, and Hood. He was severely wounded in the battle of Murfreesboro and was again wounded in the battles around Atlanta, Ga., and was taken prisoner in the battle of Franklin, where Cleburne's Division was so lamentably defeated.

General Duncan is survived by his wife, two daughters, and five sons.

JOHN SHARP CHOWNING.

John Sharp Chowning, one of the most beloved and widely known veterans of Lancaster County, Va., answered the "last roll call" on the morning of February 2, 1920.

Mr. Chowning was born November 7, 1843, the son of John Sharp and Mary Miller Kirk Mitchell Chowning, and had lived on his old ancestral estate on the Currotoman River all his life. In 1861, when the South called for her sons to drive the invader from her doors, he offered his services and was assigned to Capt. S. P. Gresham's company (Lacy Riflemen) of infantry, where he served until stricken with typhoid fever. When he returned to the army some weeks afterwards, he was sent to Company D, 9th Virginia Cavalry, as the infantry was too hard for his weakened condition. He participated in all the battles of the glorious old 9th and was with Lee when he surrendered at Appomattox.

After the war he represented Lancaster in the House of Delegates, and he also served the county in the office of sheriff.

Mr. Chowning belonged to one of the oldest and most influential families in the "Northern Neck." He was a great reader and took a keen interest in all public affairs. He was especially well versed in the history of Virginia.

In May, 1887, he married Miss Florence Gresham, who survives him with one daughter, Mrs. Paul C. Palmer.

The Sanson-Bell Camp, of which he was a faithful member, feels his death keenly, as well as a host of warm friends.

One by one Lancaster is losing her grand old men, and their places can never be filled.

[Mrs. L. G. Connelle, Historian of Lancaster County Chapter, U. D. C.]

DEATHS IN URQUHART-GILLETTE CAMP, U. C. V.

Simon T. Pope, a member of Urquhart-Gillette Camp, No. 11, U. C. V., and who fought with Company B, 9th Virginia Regiment, Armstead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, sends report of the death of two members of Urquhart-Gillette Camp, No. 11, U. C. V., Franklin, Southampton County, Va., as follows:

"Death has entered our Camp twice since December 1, 1919, and has taken two of our most devoted members.

"James L. Cogsdale was born in 1829 and died December 17, 1919, at the age of ninety. He served with Company D, 3d Virginia Regiment, Armstead's Brigade, Pickett's Division.

"Elijah G. Joyner was born May 4, 1846, and died January 9, 1920, at the age of seventy-four. Comrade Joyner also was with Company D, 3d Virginia Regiment, Armstead's Brigade, Pickett's Division. He took an active interest in his Camp and attended most all the reunions, county, State, and annual, when his condition would permit, and was a loyal member of Whitehead Methodist Episcopal Church.

"Out of a membership of nearly one hundred when our Camp was organized, only nine survive to hear the last roll call."

## DR. JAMES HENDERSON BRONAUGH.

Dr. James H. Bronaugh, one of the leading physicians of Southwest Missouri, was born near Buffalo, W. Va., October 6, 1839, and passed away January 14, 1920. When he was six years of age his parents, Thomas Jefferson and Nancy Henderson Bronaugh, moved to Missouri and settled on a farm near Calhoun. He was one of a family of seven children, two of whom, C. C. and D. H. Bronaugh, survive him. During his last illness he was attended by his devoted wife and children in the home he had hallowed by his faithful Christian life. In early life he accepted Christ as his Saviour and united with the Presbyterian Church of Calhoun, Mo. He was elected ruling elder in 1886, in which capacity he served faithfully until his death.

Dr. Bronaugh was married to Miss Leona Knox in 1868. To this union seven children were born, two dying in infancy. His wife died August 26, 1890, and on April 2, 1896, he was married to Mrs. M. V. Davis, who faithfully ministered to him in his many weeks of illness.

For many years he was a practicing physician, competent, conscientious, and faithful. He considered his calling a sacred trust from God, and he was often heard to speak of asking divine guidance as he went among his patients.

Dr. Bronaugh joined the Confederate army in the spring of 1861 and took part in most of the battles west of the Mississippi River. He served in Company C. Owen's Regiment, Gen. James S. Rains's division, State Troops, and was in the battles of Coal Camp, Carthage, and Wilson Creek, and also participated in the engagements at Dry Wood and Lexington. He was wounded at Wilson Creek. He possessed all the good qualities and virtues that distinguished the Confederate soldier. He was of splendid ancestry in both lines of descent. Capt. John Henderson, of Virginia, a brother-in-law of Gen. Andrew Lewis, of Point Pleasant fame, was his maternal ancestor.

After the Elkhorn battle his command was ordered east of the Mississippi River, soldiered around Corinth for a few months, and was then ordered west of the river. He was slightly wounded in the Lone Jack battle; was in the Prairie Grove battle on Sunday, December 7, 1862, and the battle of Helena, Ark., July 4, 1863, when he was badly wounded. His command was then ordered to meet General Banks on Red River, at Pleasant Hill, La., then to meet General Steel in the battle of Jenkins's Ferry, which was fought April 30, 1864. In August, 1862, Dr. Bronaugh was elected third lieutenant of Company K, 16th Missouri Infantry, Gen. Monroe M. Parson's brigade, General Price's division, C. S. A. He surrendered at Shreveport, La., in 1865.

Dr. Bronaugh was a true soldier in camp, on the march, and on the battle field. His two surviving brothers were



DR. J. H. BRONAUGH.

badly wounded at Helena, Ark., July 4, 1863. Both were captured and imprisoned for twenty-three months.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
While Glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead."

ROBERT G. LOBB.

On October 15, 1919, Robert Gerard Lobb, a gallant Confederate, died at his home, in Washington, Pa. He was born January 13, 1845, at Moorefield, the county seat of Hardy County, Va. (now W. Va.), where his father, Charles Lobb, served as clerk of courts for a period of more than forty years, before and after the War between the States. His mother was Miss Jean W. Dailey, of a prominent family long resident of that section of the State. His oldest brother, William, was killed, and another brother, James, was wounded in the first battle of Manassas, both members of the Hardy Grays, 33d Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade.

In the fall of 1861 Bob, as he was familiarly called, though a mere lad, was intrusted with important dispatches from General Jackson to Col. Angus W. McDonald, then in command of an outpost at Romney, and was one of the first to join the troop raised by Capt. John Hanson McNeill for border service in 1862, remaining with that noted command until the close of the war. Having an adventurous disposition, a cool nerve, and unquestioned courage, he became one of McNeill's best soldiers and most efficient scouts, participating in the many daring exploits of this command.

He was married to Mary Belle Chambers, of Moorefield, January 17, 1883, and nine children were the fruits of this happy union—four sons and five daughters—who survive him, with their mother.

When he moved to Pennsylvania about fifteen years ago, he was welcomed as a comrade by the Grand Army men at Washington and received from them that kind and courteous treatment accorded by honorable foemen. The funeral services at Washington were attended by many Grand Army and other friends, after which the body was taken to his old Virginia home at Moorefield and laid to rest on Cemetery Hill among the kindred and old associates who had preceded him to the spirit land.

[J. B. Fay, Dunn Loring, Va.]

LUTHER M. HENKEL.

At his home, in New Market, Va., Luther M. Henkel died on December 24, 1919, after some years of impaired health. He came of an unusually large family, thirteen children, six sons and seven daughters, of whom there is now only one surviving, Henry M. Henkel, of the same community. Luther Henkel was born at the old homestead at Plains Mill, Va., near New Market, on December 17, 1841. He took an active part in the strenuous days of the sixties and just preceding, his first service being with the 10th Legion of Artillery when sent to Charleston in 1859 under orders from Governor Wise to do guard duty in connection with the trial and execution of John Brown. When war came on in 1861 he joined Company H, 10th Virginia Cavalry, or what was known popularly as the "Valley Rangers," and he served faithfully throughout the four years of conflict.

Comrade Henkel was married in 1862 to Miss Catherine Kilmer, of Berkeley County, and of the family of four sons and two daughters only a son and a daughter survive him. He was engaged in the mercantile business in New Market for many years, being associated with his brother, Lewis P.



Henkel, in this and other enterprises in the community, where they were known as active and useful men of affairs. In early life he became a member of the Lutheran Church and continued to the end a faithful communicant of that Church. He was laid to rest attended by many friends and comrades of Neff-Rice Camp, U. C. V., of New Market. He was a man of genial and social nature, widely known and highly esteemed.

#### WILLIAM C. POWELL.

William Cuthbert Powell, who passed away March 31, 1919, at his home, in Dallas, Tex., was born in Middleburg, Va., the son of Dr. Francis Whiting and Harriet Harding Powell.

In the spring of 1861 he joined Capt. William Berkley's company of the 8th Virginia Regiment, Col. Eppa Hunton. As he was only fifteen years old, enlistment was refused on account of orders from General Beauregard. In August, 1863, he started to join the Fauquier Artillery, Capt. Robert Stribbling's battery, in which he had a brother, Frank W. Powell (killed at Plymouth, N. C., April 20, 1864). Before reaching the army William was captured on August 10, 1863, in Fauquier County, Va. He refused to take the oath of allegiance and was confined in the Old Capitol and the Carroll Prisons, Washington, until March 4, 1864, then sent to Point Lookout Prison, Maryland, from where he was paroled and sent to Richmond February 18, 1865. After being paroled young Powell joined Company I, 1st Regiment of Engineer Troops, serving as infantry in the trenches at Petersburg, and was with this company at the surrender at Appomattox. His colonel was T. M. R. Talcott, chief of engineers on Gen. Robert E. Lee's staff.

After the war he entered the Virginia Military Institute, graduating with distinction in three years with the degrees of Mining and Civil Engineer. While serving as instructor in mathematics after his graduation he heard the call of the West and went to Texas in 1872. There followed the romantic and adventurous years of carrying the Texas and Pacific Railway westward across the Virgin State with the perils of drought, desert, Indians, and wild, reckless men.

In 1880 he settled a pioneer in Callahan County, where he engaged in ranching and banking. In 1884 he was married to Miss Sarah Thomason Lane, also of Virginia, who survives him, together with the following children: William Cuthbert, of St. Louis; Francis Whiting, of Fort Worth; Louis Hamilton, of Chicago; John Burr, of Dallas; Mrs. W. J. Powell, Misses Daisy Leigh, Lily Brooks, and Cuthbert, all of Dallas.

In 1918 he went to Dallas to pass his declining years and, spared any long suffering, went away quietly the following year. He was laid to rest in Dallas with the benediction of the venerable Bishop A. C. Garrett, a close friend for forty years and who officiated at his marriage.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN was always close to his affections and was his companion to the end.

#### A. S. NASH.

The oldest and most esteemed citizen of Jonesboro, Ark., has been lost to that community in the death of the venerable A. S. Nash on March 1, 1920, at the age of ninety-two years. He is survived by his wife, ninety-one years of age. Their wedded life was seventy-four years, and they had lived in Jonesboro since 1868. Of the nine children born to them, there are four left, three sons and a daughter.

"Grandpa" Nash, as he was familiarly known, went from Tennessee to Arkansas with his family in 1858, the year of the greatest overflow in the history of Northeast Arkansas,

flood waters from the Mississippi covering all that section. After a year of hardships and suffering they moved back to Tennessee and were living in that State when the war came on. He promptly enlisted for his native South and had a part in some of the hardest-fought battles of the war, winning fame for bravery on several occasions. After the war he took his family to Alabama and a few months later to Arkansas again, settling eventually in Jonesboro. He was very proud of the present city, which he had seen grow from a little village in a wilderness to a thriving city with all modern public utilities. He had one of the first grocery stores there and built the house in which he died.

Comrade Nash was a man of affable disposition, which won him friends of all acquaintances. The closing years of his life made a beautiful picture of serenity in age.

#### JUDGE WILLIAM D. MCKEMY.

Judge William D. McKemy, former probate judge of Montgomery County, died at his home, in Dayton, Ohio, on February 12, after several months of failing health. He was born in Rockridge County, Va., February 14, 1843, and was reared on his father's farm. He joined the Confederate army and served from August 5, 1861, until June 30, 1865, as a member of Company H, 25th Regiment of Virginia Volunteer Infantry, which formed a part of Stonewall Jackson's brigade and division. He was present when General Jackson was killed.

In 1866 Judge McKemy removed from Virginia to Darke County, Ohio, and in the spring of 1868 located in Dayton. For three years he was deputy clerk of Darke County and later was deputy sheriff and bookkeeper for two years. Next he was a deputy in the County Treasurer's office for three years, and while in that office in 1877 he was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of Ohio and began practicing law. In 1881 he was elected probate judge, serving for three consecutive terms of three years each. At the expiration of his term in 1890 he refused renomination and returned to the practice of the law.

Judge McKemy was married in March, 1873, to Miss Rebecca Florence Haise, of Union City, Ind. Besides his wife, he is survived by two sons and a daughter.

#### JAMES D. WALLS.

J. D. Walls died at the home of his son, John Walls, at Holts Corner, Tenn., December 24, 1919, at the age of seventy-seven years. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. In 1866 he was married to Miss Mary Osteen, who survives him, with two sons, John and Redmond. He was a good soldier and was a member of Company F, 17th Tennessee Infantry. He went to camp May 15, 1861. He was twice captured, first on the 17th of June, 1864, near Petersburg, Va. After his exchange he returned to his company and was again captured on the 2d of April, 1865, at the fall of Richmond and Petersburg, Va.

He was sent to Point Lookout, Md., and there remained in prison until the 20th of June. He reached home on the 27th of June, 1865. He was a faithful member of the I. O. O. F. While we sadly mourn his death, we live in hope that when we come to respond to the last roll call we shall be able to say: "We too are ready to cross the mysterious river of death and rest in peace with those of our comrades who have passed on beyond."

[G. H. Turner.]

## DEATHS IN CAMP CABELL.

L. H. Stalcup, Adjutant of Camp Cabell, U. C. V., of Vernon, Tex., reports the following deaths in that membership: "On February 18, 1919, Comrade W. S. Ferrell passed into the great beyond after a lingering illness, which was made all the more distressing by the death of his wife during the time. The next comrade to follow him was B. H. Daughtry, who died on December 23, 1919. And on January 28, 1920, J. S. Rutledge, another beloved comrade, was called to his reward."

## PROF. D. L. THOMPSON.

"Brave in youth, sturdy in manhood, useful in life, hopeful in death," reads a tribute to Prof. D. L. Thompson, whose death occurred at Jonesboro, Ark., in the latter part of February. He was born near Meridian, Miss., June 5, 1845, one of a large family, all of whom had preceded him in death. At the age of sixteen years he volunteered in the Confederate army, joining the 11th Mississippi Regiment, later being transferred to the 39th Mississippi. He served to the end, taking part in battles and skirmishes, in all of which he proved his courage and bravery. Returning home to find property all gone and family scattered, as soon as possible he entered the University of Mississippi to finish his education, after which he began his life work as a teacher.

In 1874 he was married to Miss Laura Louise Jones, of Columbus, Miss., and removed to Arkansas, where he taught successfully in different places until he located permanently in Jonesboro about 1880. There he first taught in the old Jonesboro Academy; but realizing that a system of public or free schools was necessary, he was instrumental in the organization of the first public school system of the city and county and helped to make it one of the best in the State. He was principal of the school for many years, later county examiner, and in all his work exerted an influence for education that will live.

Retiring from school work, Professor Thompson engaged in the drug business successfully until his health failed. He had been justice of the peace for several years before his death. He was a member of the Methodist Church, active in its work and in the Sunday school. He was also Adjutant of Joe Johnston Camp, U. C. V., and attended the reunions as long as he was able. He is survived by three daughters and three sons.

## WILLIAM F. DEW.

William F. Dew, a gallant soldier of the Kentucky Orphan Brigade, C. S. A., died on March 4 at his home, in the Blue Spring section of Trigg County, Ky. He was seventy-seven years of age and is survived by his wife and two daughters.

As a lad of seventeen he was one of the many young men of Trigg County who enlisted early in the War between the States and served through four years of bitter struggle. In the early summer of 1861 he became a member of the 4th Kentucky Infantry and was with his regiment in the memorable battles of Shiloh, Stones River, Jackson, Miss., and Chickamauga, and followed Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in his campaign from Dalton to Atlanta. A month after Lee surrendered, in April, 1865, he was with his organization, which finally stacked arms in Washington, Ga.

The South had no better or braver soldier. He proved himself a real man in every sense of the word and never left his post of duty or shirked a responsibility during the four years he was in the army. He was held in the highest esteem by his comrades, never deserted a friend, and fought to the last for the cause that was so dear to his heart.

Returning home at the close of the war, he devoted the remainder of life to the duties of farming. He was a charter member of Lloyd Tilghman Camp, U. C. V., of Trigg County, and was ever one of its most faithful members. He loved to associate with his old comrades, who loved him, and the joy these meetings brought to him is untold.

He had long been a member of the Baptist Church, and as a citizen he was universally loved and respected and always held the utmost confidence of those who knew him. He was laid to rest in the Blue Spring burying ground among his friends and loved ones.

## EDGAR LAROCHE CLARKSON.

Edgar LaRoche Clarkson was born in Charleston, S. C., October 25, 1848, and died at the home of his son, Eugene Clarkson, at Griffin, Ga., on March 3, 1920. He was the youngest of eight brothers, all of whom served in the Confederate army. In 1864, at the age of sixteen, he enlisted in a company of South Carolina volunteers, serving with Company K of that command, and gave his whole time to the service of the Confederacy until paroled in 1865.

After the war he graduated from the University of South Carolina and went to Alabama about 1867, living for several years in Tuscaloosa, where he was connected with the business administration of the Alabama-Bryce Hospital. Later he removed to Mobile and studied law under Colonel Smith. After being licensed to practice he opened a law office in Birmingham in the early seventies and later on was associated as a partner with many of the leading lawyers of Alabama. He was prominent in the professional life of Birmingham for many years and was highly regarded as a lawyer and a man of intellectual attainments. His health failing, in the early nineties he retired from practice.

Comrade Clarkson was married to Miss Augusta Jolly, daughter of Col. Jack Jolly, of Greene County, who died in the early eighties. Four of their six children survive him: Eugene R. Clarkson, of Griffin, Ga.; Mrs. E. W. Faith and Mrs. Gaillard Hamilton, of Mobile; and Edgar L. Clarkson, of Tuscaloosa. He is also survived by his sister, Mrs. Ellen Peter-Bryce, of Tuscaloosa.

## RICHARD T. SECKELS.

Richard Twells Seckels died at Paris, Tex., at nearly ninety years of age. He was a man of true personality and had the art of making and retaining friends.

Major Seckels was born in Philadelphia, Pa. His early education was intrusted to private tutors. His adventurous spirit led him to make a trip around stormy Cape Horn, which was sufficient experience on the water. He next turned his steps to the golden West, where he was engaged in civil engineering with marked ability in the employ of the pioneer railroads in that section for a number of years. But a greater drama was being played in the South, and he cast his lot with the William Walker expedition in Nicaragua. With dauntless courage he faced the fatal drawing of beans and saw a comrade just at his side draw the fatal black bean.

Coming back to the States, he again went into the West and in 1860 married, at Bloomfield, Mo., Miss Katherine Ma-linda Owen, who proved a helpmeet indeed, and together they reared a splendid family.

As the clouds of war were gathering on the Southern horizon, he enlisted under the flag of the Confederacy. He became a colonel of engineers of the Missouri State Guards, under Gen. Jeff Thompson. Afterwards he was made provost marshal for the Southeastern Department of Missouri. He



was in active service at once and led the charge at Fredericktown and Big River Bridge. In March, 1863, he was taken prisoner and sent to St. Louis, where he remained until exchanged. He immediately returned to the field and bore an active part until the flag went down.

Among the things he treasured most were letters received from his superior officers commending him for gallant service.

After the war he came with his family to Texas and here lived the remainder of his life.

[Committee: P. M. Spears, J. M. Long, Sam A. Griffith.]

#### JOHN RICHARD BARBER.

John Richard Barber, a leading citizen of Washington County, died at his home, near Springfield, Ky., on February 14, after several months' illness. He was born June 5, 1841, a son of Philetus Swift and Cecilia Barber, pioneer citizens of the State. He spent his early youth in Jefferson and Nelson Counties, where his father was a large real estate owner.

At the outbreak of the War between the States young Barber enlisted in the Confederate army under the command of General Buford. He was later transferred to the command of Gen. John H. Morgan and served under him until the close of hostilities.

On February 4, 1867, he was united in marriage to Miss Piety Yancey, member of one of the most prominent families of Clarksville, Tenn. To this union four sons were born. Locating in Washington County soon after his marriage, Mr. Barber became one of the largest landowners in the county. His wife died in 1880, and some years later he was married to Miss Mary Florence Anderson, and to them were born three sons and two daughters.

Mr. Barber was a progressive citizen and did much to further the agricultural interests of the county. His farm of several hundred acres is considered one of the best in Washington County. He also owned considerable property in Jefferson and Nelson Counties and some handsome buildings in Springfield.

In his death the county loses a most valuable citizen, and the family is deprived of a faithful husband and father. He was a devout Catholic, a man of kindly disposition, considerate in his dealings with his fellow man. His wife and the nine children survive him.

#### DEATHS AT SHREVEPORT, LA.

The following members of Camp No. 3, U. C. V., of Shreveport, La., died during the past year, as reported by Adj. George L. Woodward: E. L. Vluver, 31st Louisiana Infantry; F. A. Leonard, Company B, 11th Battalion of Louisiana Infantry; A. Currie, Company A, 1st Louisiana Infantry; George W. Caruthers, Company G, 8th Georgia Infantry; Commander B. H. Bickham, lieutenant Company F, 17th Louisiana Infantry; F. R. Calloway, Cutt's Georgia Artillery; R. A. Gray, assistant surgeon Dreux's 1st Battalion of Louisiana Infantry; E. M. Laughlin, Texas Infantry Volunteers.

#### JOHN F. HOPKINS.

Report comes from J. P. Cagle, Adjutant of the John M. Brady Camp, No. 352, U. C. V., of Louisville, Miss., of the death of John F. Hopkins, a member of the Camp, on the 8th of February. He served with Company G, 35th Georgia Regiment.

#### A. S. UNDERWOOD.

The grim reaper has again invaded our ranks, and another gallant follower of the gray has "crossed over the river to rest in the shade."

Comrade A. S. Underwood as a member of the 22d Infantry Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers, after four long years of fighting, was paroled at Meridian, Miss., in May, 1865. He was an upright Christian gentleman and took a prominent part in the dark days of Reconstruction which followed the surrender and had since lived an honored, useful life, reaching the ripe age of eighty-three years. On Sunday evening, February 1, he was stricken by death while relating to his family some pleasing reminiscences.

Comrade Underwood is survived by his wife, two sons, seven grandchildren, and friends innumerable, who will mourn their loss. Like a sheaf of wheat fully ripened, he has been garnered into eternal life. Sweet be thy rest, my comrade!

[A. N. Neal.]

#### DEATHS AT TERRELL, TEX.

The following deaths occurred in the membership of Camp J. E. B. Stuart, No. 45, U. C. V., during the past twelve months, as reported by Vic Reinhardt, Adjutant. Only one death occurred in 1919, the last three coming in 1920:

Robert A. Long, private Company A, 34th Texas Cavalry Regiment.

T. D. Greathouse, private Company G, 34th Alabama Infantry, seventy-five years old.

L. H. Mason, Company F, 5th North Carolina Infantry, eighty years old.

L. J. Parkenson, Company A, 3d Kentucky Cavalry, eighty-eight years old.

#### DEATHS AT STAR CITY, ARK.

W. A. Shoup, Acting Adjutant of Camp Ben McCulloch, No. 542, U. C. V., of Star City, Ark., reports the following deaths in that membership:

J. M. Burns, Company H, 3d Arkansas Infantry; E. J. Hall, —; W. P. Hopkins, Company C, 26th Arkansas Infantry; J. C. Knox, Company I, 7th Arkansas Infantry; William McGraw, Company A, 21st Texas Cavalry; Sam Pounders, Company B, 19th Arkansas Infantry; H. M. Ratteree, Company A, 26th Arkansas Infantry; John W. Railey, Company B, 7th Mississippi Cavalry; Alfred A. Sanders, Company I, Wright's Cavalry; Larkin Owen, —.

#### Z. M. HERBERT.

Z. M. Herbert, a brave and heroic member of the famous Stonewall Legion, passed away at his home, in Williamsport, Md., October 1. He was born in Berkeley County, Va., in 1845, and, with his brothers, served with valor and distinction under our greatest military strategist of all ages, the immortal Stonewall Jackson.

"In his shroud, a coat of gray,  
Waiting with others the final day  
When again he will behold  
His Christian commander true and bold."

[B. F. Grosch, Buffalo, N. Y.]

## DR. JOHN GREER DEUPREE.

John Greer Deupree, a Confederate veteran, an educator of broad scholarship, and a Christian gentleman of simple faith, died in Jackson, Miss., November 28, 1919. He enlisted in Company G, 1st Mississippi Cavalry, at Macon, Miss., May 1, 1861. Six Deuprees were members of this company: Capt. T. J., J. E., J. L., J. W., W. E., and J. G. No group of soldiers displayed more heroic devotion to the cause of the Confederacy than these brothers and kinsmen.

The following from the pen of the distinguished churchman, John T. Christian, gives a clear insight into the life and character of this scholarly soldier: "It was my good pleasure to know Dr. John Greer Deupree for many years. I came to Mississippi in February, 1877, and preached twice a month at Tupelo and Verona. I was much in Verona at that time and often stopped at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Deupree. We read together for recreation Latin, Greek, and German. He was already one of the most accomplished scholars in this country. I learned then, as I afterwards knew, that he was encyclopedic in his information. He was as clear as crystal in his insight into subjects and had a grasp upon details that was truly wonderful. Simple in his taste and earnest in his pursuit of knowledge, he was a man of the highest culture. As a Christian he was simple and earnest, without ostentation."

Some general facts on the life of Dr. Deupree show that he was born in Macon, Noxubee County, Miss., April 25, 1843, the son of Daniel and Francina B. Cox Deupree. He graduated from Howard College, Alabama, in 1861, with the A.B. degree, and in 1867 he took the A.M. degree at the same college. In 1887 he was made an LL.D. by Union Univer-

sity, Tennessee. He began teaching at Memphis, Tenn., in 1867; was professor of Latin and Greek at Baylor University, Waco, Tex., 1877-78; professor of mathematics in Mississippi College, Clinton, 1882-83; Union University, Jackson, Tenn., 1883-84; Mississippi College, 1884-92, and was with the same college as professor of English and Greek, 1892-95; superintendent of schools at Meridian, Miss., 1895-96; professor of pedagogy, 1896-1905; professor of Greek, 1905-10, University of Mississippi. He retired under the Carnegie Foundation in 1910. With Prof. George W. Turner, he organized the first teachers' institute in Mississippi in 1874. He was a writer of ability and was the author of many articles and addresses. He was married to Miss Nellie Durham, of Newton, Ohio, November 1, 1865.

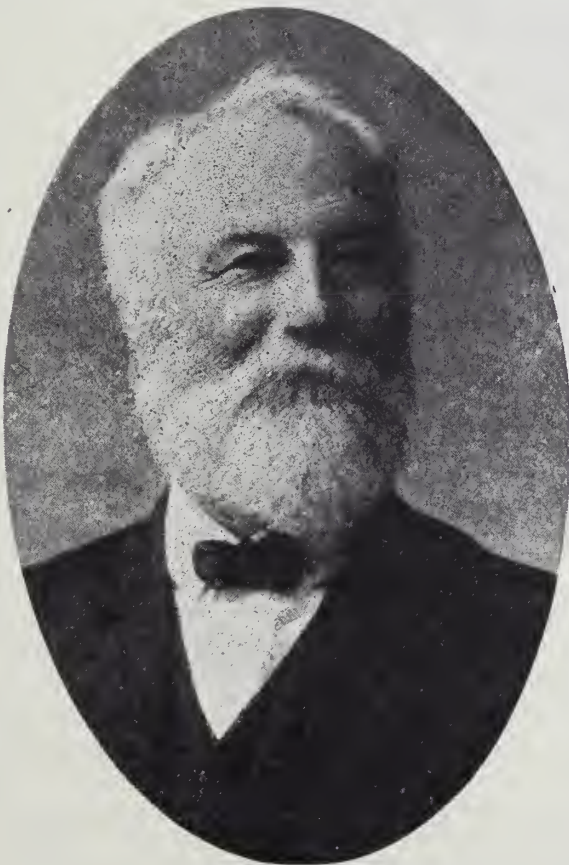
## COMRADES AT SAVANNAH, GA.

D. B. Morgan, Secretary of the Confederate Veterans' Association of Savannah, Ga., writes:

"Again it becomes my duty to furnish the Last Roll with the names of two of our comrades who have passed over. Truly the boys of '61-'65 are going over rapidly now to join the hosts on the other side.

"Malcolm Maclean departed this life February 23 in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He was born at Loch Maddy, Isle of Ulst, Scotland, in 1836, and came to this country at the age of eighteen, first settling at Newport, Fla.; but shortly afterwards he came to Savannah, entering business here and making this city his permanent home. Although a resident but a short time when the War between the States broke out, he immediately cast his lot with the South, entering the service in 1862 as a member of the Savannah Volunteer Guards, 8th Georgia Battalion, sergeant of Company C. He assisted in building Fort Boggs, near this city, and later he went with his command to Virginia. In the battle of Sailor's Creek a comrade and fellow Scotchman, Dr. McIntosh, was wounded, and young Maclean went back to the battle field to rescue him, when he himself was wounded in the leg by a sharpshooter, and both were taken prisoners. This was in April, 1865. They were confined two months at Fort McHenry, returning to Savannah June 10, 1865. He immediately entered the employ of the S. F. & W. Railroad Company, later entering the cotton factory business, retiring therefrom about fifteen years ago. But he continued active in banking circles until a few years ago. He married Miss Mary McIntosh Mills in November, 1875, and they reared a family of four sons and three daughters. She died about fifteen years ago. As a Confederate soldier Comrade Maclean had the proud experience of seeing all four of his sons enlist in the service of the United States during the late World War, another example of the inherited valor of Southern men. Three of his sons served with the A. E. F. in France; the other son was a major in the infantry branch of the service, serving his country on this side. Our comrade was active in Church work as well as in business, being a trustee of the Independent Presbyterian Church of this city for many years.

"Robert Henry Lewis died February 25 in Savannah, after a long illness, aged eighty-three years. He was a native of Savannah, and he entered the service of the Confederate States in 1861 as a private in the Republican Blues, 1st Georgia Regiment of Infantry, Col. C. H. Olmstead. He was captured at Fort Pulaski in 1862 and was a prisoner at Hilton Head, S. C., Fort Columbus (N. Y.) Harbor, and Fort Delaware; was exchanged in 1862 and became second lieutenant of Company A, City Light Guards, Capt. S. Yates Levy commanding, 1st Georgia Regiment, Mercer's Brigade,



DR. J. G. DEUPREE.



Walker's Division, Army of Tennessee, under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston; was wounded at Franklin, Tenn., in 1864, and was attacked with meningitis, surrendering at 3d Georgia Hospital, August, Ga. He suffered from the wound in his leg during the remainder of his life, finally incapacitating him to such an extent that he was forced to give up active business life several years ago and was confined to his home, yet he bore his sufferings bravely and cheerfully. He died a consistent member of the Independent Presbyterian Church of Savannah. Our comrade had a warm, genial nature, devoted to his relatives and a sincere friend. He never married and was the last of the Lewis family. He was a devoted Mason and was doubtless the oldest living member of Solomon's Lodge, No. 1, of Savannah, having taken the Master's degree in August, 1868. Some three years ago he selected his pallbearers, and, remarkable to say, every one selected was present, one of them being ninety-four years old, another eighty-two, and another seventy-four."

JOSEPH PEACOCK.

Joseph Peacock died at the home of his son, Jesse Peacock, near Stantonburg, N. C., on January 28, 1920, aged about ninety years.

At the beginning of the War between the States Joe Peacock joined the Goldsboro Rifles, 27th North Carolina Regiment, under Colonel Cook. He served with his regiment throughout all the battles and campaigns of the war and was in the battle of Appomattox, surrendering with General Lee's army April 9, 1865.

After being paroled he returned home, only to find his native county, Wayne, pillaged by Sherman's "Bummers." He was shot down, with his parole in his pocket, early one morning by a notorious Sherman "bummer," Andrew Wilson, receiving a wound which caused him to limp the rest of his life. A posse pursued and shot down the renegade in an encounter near the old Atlantic Depot. This noted event was published in all the North Carolina papers at that time.

Joseph Peacock was a notable example of the patriotism of the Confederate soldier. He was not a land- or slave-owner, but volunteered as a private in the Confederate army. He has often recounted to me how, while on picket duty near the enemy lines, a member of his own company attempted to persuade him to desert to the Yankees. Here again he exhibited his true patriotism and remained faithful in the performance of his duty. He received without a murmur the paltry pension awarded to the soldiers of the Confederacy by the State of North Carolina.

[W. B. Fort, C. S. N., Pikeville, N. C.]

JACKSON D. GITHENS.

Jackson D. Githens passed away on the 17th of February, 1920, at his home, near Maysville, Mo., leaving a wife and twelve children to mourn his death. Two sisters, Mrs. Julia Dever, of Marlow, Okla., and Mrs. Nannie Grayson, of California, also survive him.

Jackson Githens joined General Price at Springfield, Mo., when war was declared in 1861, and several of his brothers joined the Confederate army at the same time, all of whom passed away some years ago. He was taken prisoner and was held at Point Lookout Prison for a long period. He was one of those taking part in the drawing of black and white balls to see whether he would be shot or starve on. His health was so shattered by this imprisonment that he was never a strong man afterwards, his heart and lungs being affected by the exposure and neglect when he had measles.

DAVID Z. GRAY.

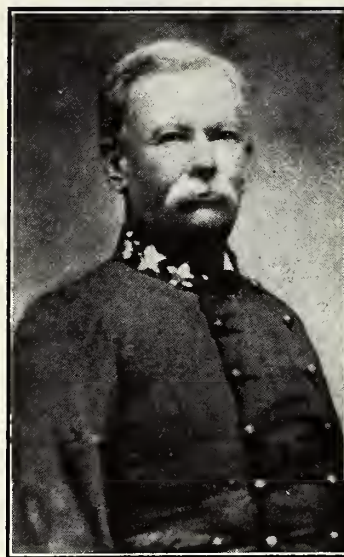
David Z. Gray was born in Rowan County, N. C., May 2, 1835. On July 4, 1862, he enlisted at Salisbury, N. C., and was placed in Company A, 57th North Carolina Regiment. The next year, on account of ill health, he was honorably discharged. Regaining his health, he entered the service again and was assigned to Company D, 34th North Carolina Regiment. This company was composed of men from Rowan County. He served during the remainder of the war and was at the surrender. He always enjoyed talking of his experiences, his memory being remarkably clear as to facts. He was an unassuming man and a good citizen.

During the war Mr. Gray was married to Miss Susan Hargrave, and after his return they moved to Mooresville, N. C., where he continued to live until a short while before his death. In December, 1919, he went to Mount Ulla, N. C., to make his home with his niece, his wife having died several years ago. "Uncle Davie," as he was familiarly known, passed away on February 13 and was buried at Prospect, where he had been a member since early manhood.

[B. B. McNeely.]

COL. PETER HAIRSTON.

Among the first to answer the call to arms in defense of his native State, Virginia, and the Southern Confederacy was Peter Hairston, of Henry County. Educated at the University of Virginia and West Point, he was eminently fitted for a position of responsibility. Governor Letcher commissioned him lieutenant colonel. He organized a company of



COL. PETER HAIRSTON.

sturdy mountaineers, which was attached to the 24th Virginia Regiment at Lynchburg, and proceeded immediately to Manassas. The 24th Virginia Regiment served with increasing distinction. In the van at Manassas, it was also at its post of duty and honor at Appomattox.

Colonel Hairston was in active service during the whole period of the war with the exception of four months. He was wounded at Manassas, in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, and also at Williamsburg. Colonel Maury, describing the battle of Williamsburg,

said that "Lieut. Col. Peter Hairston, of Henry County, a very Bayard in looks and bearing, was desperately wounded in the forefront of the charge." After the surrender he returned to give his attention to the affairs of his home and county. His unflinching courtesy and interest in the welfare of the old soldiers led them to link his name with that of his illustrious kinsman, J. E. B. Stuart, and call their Camp the Stuart-Hairston, thus paying him a tribute of love and respect in recognition of his gallant service. After a brief illness, on March 13, 1915, his brave spirit passed over the river to rest in the shade of the trees.

## CAPT. JOSEPH PHILIPS.

A brave spirit passed from earth when death closed the eyes of Capt. Joseph Philips on March 10, 1920. And in the sudden summons his going was as he would have wished—while his frame was vigorous and his heart still responsive to the joy of living. But to those who knew and loved him there is a void which naught can fill.

Captain Philips was born and lived all his life in the vicinity of Nashville, Tenn., his birthplace being the old family home near the city where the Philips family had settled in 1792. He was the oldest son of the late William Philips and was the last survivor of his family, a brother and two sisters having preceded him to the spirit land. He was a gallant soldier of the Confederacy, enlisting at the outbreak of the war and serving with distinction throughout the conflict. He was on the staff of Gen. Leonidas Polk and the last surviving member of that staff.

Soon after the war Captain Philips was married to Miss Annie Cozart, of a prominent Mississippi family; but within a few years the young wife died, and sorrow was again his portion in the death of his two sons in their young manhood. But he bravely bore his bereavements and gave his life to active work in the betterment of conditions both local and State. He was a progressive farmer, and in late years he gave much attention to fruit-growing, actively promoting this industry throughout the section. He was the first to start a campaign for better roads in the county, and in various civic and welfare movements he was actively interested to the time of his death. Truly it was said of him: "He belonged to that rare group of gentlemen who place the welfare of the commonwealth before their individual pleasures and who are never too busy to work for the betterment of the coming generations."

Captain Philips was educated at the old University of Nashville, and in later years he was a trustee of that institution, also a trustee of the Montgomery Bell Academy. He was a cultured, genial man, noted from his early years for that courtliness and integrity which were distinguishing traits of his character through life. So distinct a type was he of the gentleman of the Old South that a playwright recently sought his acquaintance that he might truly depict this splendid man in his dramatization of a true Southerner—a class which is fast becoming but a memory.

"E'en as he trod that day to God, so walked he from his birth,

In simpleness, and gentleness, and honor, and clean mirth."

Dr. James H. McNeilly pays this tribute to his friend and comrade:

"The death of Capt. Joseph Philips, gallant soldier, honorable citizen, and noble gentleman, brings to his comrades a sad sense of loss; and this world is the poorer because of his departure. His personality was so vivid, his physical manhood so commanding, his character so strong and pure, his manner so gracious that, though he was in his eighty-second year, he seemed in the very prime of life. And when he so suddenly passed into the unseen beyond it brought us a shock as when some forest giant is suddenly smitten down to earth.



CAPT. JOSEPH PHILIPS.

"He seemed to revel in the consciousness of bodily health. On his last birthday, November 11, 1919, I met him on the street, and, grasping my hand, he said with beaming countenance: 'Eighty-one years ago I arrived in America.' I replied: 'And I was here five months before you to rejoice that you arrived in safety.' His meetings with old comrades were veritable love feasts, enlivened by memories of the old days of camp and march and battle. He served on the staff of Lieutenant General Polk, and after that saintly soldier was killed he was on the staff of Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart. Faithful and brave whenever and wherever duty called, when the bloody conflict ended in defeat he sheathed his sword and with no useless repinings went to work to repair the desolations of war and set an example of splendid citizenship and glorious manhood."

The following editorial in the Nashville *Banner* well sums up

the character of the man we loved and admired: "Through a long life of eighty-two years Capt. Joseph Philips walked with the unswerving tread of a man of honor. For his gentleness, his integrity, his abounding sympathy, his generosity, his optimism, and his purity of life he was sufficiently rewarded in the respect that all men had for him. When a young man he entered the service of his State and fought throughout the four years of bloody war as became a true soldier. In the aftertime of his life he upheld all the traditions bequeathed to him by chivalrous forbears. Wherever found, in commercial or social life, in his occupation as a farmer, in the drawing-room, on the battle field, he was knightly and gentle, true to himself and false to none, approachable and an easy friend, positive in his convictions as he was courtly in their expression, a model gentleman. He was born in Davidson County and lived his life here. Here he knew many misfortunes, as he experienced much happiness. A requiem for his departure. His soul is at peace."



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*  
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga. .... *First Vice President General*  
MRS. GEORGE CUNNINGHAM, Little Rock, Ark. .... *Second Vice President General*  
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. .... *Third Vice President General*  
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C. .... *Recording Secretary General*  
MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. .... *Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla. .... *Treasurer General*  
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va. .... *Historian General*  
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. .... *Registrar General*  
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. .... *Custodian of Crosses*  
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. .... *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: The part taken by the Daughters in the celebration of the birthday of Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone prompts me to share with you the letter received from her a few days after the shower of good wishes:

"GALVESTON, TEX., February 16, 1920.

"My Dear President General of the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: If this response is a little tardy, it is because you have created a 'continuous performance' of the 'glad game,' and your Daughters were determined to show their loyalty to any and all of your suggestions; but I assure you that the result has been a real heart warmer to me, and I cannot express the happiness that came to me on Friday, February 13, with the great tide of telegrams, letters, and birthday cards that came pouring in and is still flowing, as in to-day's mail I had eight or ten letters and cards.

"It was very sweet of you to 'camouflage' me so beautifully that your Daughters, and mine, were so ready to respond; and whether deserved or not, they made me very happy and gave me a 'perfect day.' \* \* \* I thank you sincerely for the testimonial that I am still 'worth while.'

"With all loving thought and loyalty, believe me at your service at all times when I can assist.

"Your friend, CORNELIA BRANCH STONE."

This is an evidence of the splendid comradeship existing between the members of the U. D. C., one of the great privileges of the organization.

*The Uniform Membership Application Blank.*—A few words of explanation seem necessary in regard to the uniform application blank authorized by the Tampa Convention. Article III., Section 6, of the By-Laws, as revised at Tampa, reads: "Application blanks shall be obtained from the Registrar General at a minimum cost to the State Divisions, or the Divisions may print these blanks provided they are exact copies of those issued by the General Association. The mode of electing and admitting members may vary in each Division, provided that the qualifications of membership are strictly adhered to."

For the convenience of Divisions requiring one or both of these methods of admitting members the space for indorsement signatures and the notary witness were printed thereon, not with any idea of requiring any Division to change an established rule. The matter of importance is to record the company and regiment of the soldier from whom membership is traced and to give adequate record of his service in the space designated "Remarks." Much history of great value can be recorded on these applications and filed for the use of future historians if the applicants will furnish the data.

In the March VETERAN Mrs. C. F. Harvey, of Kinston, N. C., chairman of the committee to secure data in regard to chimes and church bells presented the Confederate govern-

ment for the manufacture of cannon or cannon balls, asks the readers of the VETERAN to furnish all possible information on the subject. Your President General urges every member of the U. D. C. to seek local history of such gifts and furnish Mrs. Harvey with the results of the research. The report of this committee will be of value and interest and should inspire a desire on the part of the women of the U. D. C. to assist in compiling a complete record.

*Lest We Forget.*—A decided step forward in the registration of membership is expected this month in preparation for the time when Chapter representation in the General Convention will depend as much on registration as on the *per capita* tax paid. One hundred per cent registration now will make the way easy in the future.

*The Monument to Jefferson Davis at His Birthplace in Kentucky.*—We can soon count this as a task well done if the members of the U. D. C. will avail themselves of the privilege of presenting to the fund the twenty-five cents *per capita* approved by the Tampa Convention. Many have taken advantage of this opportunity to have a part in this memorial, and their interest and ready response have made it possible for the Treasurer General to send to Maj. John H. Leathers checks amounting to \$1,959.08.

*World War Records.*—The record blanks will be furnished Chapters for recording the service of descendants of Confederate veterans in the World War. It is the duty of every Chapter to furnish the name and record of every one of these men. Will you not write your State Director at once and pledge yourself to service until the work is finished? Through these records will be obtained the information for the bestowal of the U. D. C. insignia for the heroes who gave their unselfish and heroic service to their country in 1917-18.

The President General acknowledges with appreciation the minutes of the following Division Conventions: Oklahoma, the eleventh annual convention, Ada, August 26-28, 1919; Ohio, the eighteenth annual convention, Columbus, October 8, 1919; Arkansas, the twenty-fourth annual convention, Clarks-ville, October 22-24, 1919.

The death of Mrs. Joseph B. Dibrell occurred in San Antonio, Tex., on February 11. The passing of Mrs. Dibrell removes from our ranks one of the most beloved women who have served the cause. She was buried at Seguin, Tex., on the 15th, honored and mourned by the people of the South she loved and served.

The death of Mrs. Helen Bashinsky Case, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Troy, Ala., has caused widespread sorrow.

When this letter reaches you, the President General will be in the East, where she will visit Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other U. D. C. Chapters. All mail will be forwarded promptly, and every effort will be made to avoid delays in the work.

Cordially,

MAY M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

## THE HERO FUND.

The following contributions were received during January and February:

Balance check from Miss Moses.....	\$294 00
One liberty bond.....	50 00
Miss Mary B. Poppenheim.....	185 72
Miss Armida Moses.....	4 31
New York Chapter.....	25 00
Tampa Chapter .....	10 00
Louisville Convention .....	18 50
Southern States Chapter, Columbus, Ohio.....	10 00
Oklahoma Division .....	7 00
Mrs. Peter Youree, Shreveport.....	50 00
Mrs. D. C. Powell for Louisiana Division.....	25 00
Old Dominion Chapter, Lynchburg, Va.....	12 00

Total .....\$691 53

May I urge every Division President and Director to do what she can to complete this fund this year, so the interest will be available to the boys of Confederate lineage who left school to serve in the World War?

Very sincerely, MRS. J. T. BEALL, *Treasurer.*

## IN MEMORIAM: MRS. J. B. DIBRELL.

BY DECCA LAMAR WEST.

The passing of Eleanor Dancy Dibrell leaves a vacant place in the United Daughters of the Confederacy that can never be filled. The niche was all her own, not only for her great work, which was done with an energy and thoroughness not often achieved, but her vivid, glowing personality attracted a love and admiration that falls to the lot of few. Like all strong characters that stand stanchly for a principle, she had her enemies, but they were few, while her friends were legion.

As President of the Texas Division, U. D. C., she had wonderful success. The matter of a magnificent memorial that had become involved in legal intricacies she untangled in a few months to the satisfaction of all parties. With indefatigable zeal in the two short years of her administration the Confederate Woman's Home, before an airy vision, became a substantial reality. She had lieutenants, it is true, but those near her in office and in spirit realized that to her driving force and remarkable influence was largely due the promptness of results.

As Texas Regent of the Confederate Museum in Richmond, through her membership in the Confederate Literary and Memorial Association, she made many trips to the Old Dominion, where her vivacity and charm made her much sought after in the cities of that State. Few Texas women have been as well known socially throughout the United States. She was a fêted and honored guest in the most exclusive circles of Washington, New York, New Orleans, and other cities.

So beloved was she in the General Association U. D. C. that she had been solicited by many leaders of other States to accept the nomination for President of that organization, the highest honor that can come to a woman of Southern birth, and it was the ardent hope of her Texas friends that she would occupy this position in a few years. As a Daughter of the Republic of Texas she was very active and in much work of a public nature by appointment on various commissions. On the day her death was announced the Texas flag floated at half-mast from the State Capitol, an honor never before accorded a woman.

Mrs. Dibrell had the unique distinction of being President of the two largest organizations of women in the State at the same time, her term as President of the U. D. C. expiring two weeks after her election as President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs (1907). Her activities in club life alone would fill a readable biography. Through her civic work she became a national figure during the administration of Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker (1904-05) as President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Her regular attendance for many years at Council and Biennials made her well known in the North and West, as her U. D. C. and D. A. R. work had in the South. A brilliant mind, enriched by the study of all that was best in literature, music, and art, coupled with a positively fiery patriotism, the heritage of pioneer ancestors, great beauty, and that intangible essence, fascination, mark her one of the conspicuous figures of her age.

And above and beyond, superseding every other trait, was the great mother heart of her, for her devotion as a mother was awe-inspiring in its intensity. Unto the daughters and the young son, who was her idol, in whom she centered her loftiest ambitions, a blow has fallen indeed, so staggering in its intensity that those who loved and knew her best find it hard to say, "Thy will be done," and can but pray that the sudden going of this strong soul may reawaken us to that sometimes forgotten warning, "In the midst of life we are in death," make us realize that service here, even when rudely interrupted, means the doorway to life eternal. She was so strong, so true, so vitally alive. She is living still; just gone away.

## DIVISION NOTES.

*Missouri.*—The Kate K. Salmon Chapter, of Clinton, observed the birthdays of Gens. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson in a most pleasant and fitting manner on January 20 at the home of relatives of General Jackson, the hostesses being Mrs. H. P. Faris and her daughter, Miss La Frances Lewis, assisted by the Chapter President, Mrs. W. E. Owen, Mrs. William Kitchen, Mrs. Charles Calvird, Miss Lorna Owen, and Miss Enid Calvird. Addresses by Mrs. Owen, Mrs. W. M. Godwin, Mrs. John Williams, interspersed with music furnished by Mrs. W. P. Stephens, Mrs. M. Evans, Mrs. Wayman Gracey, Mrs. Phelps, and the Misses Dorothy Chapman, Harriet Price, Dorothy Hart, and Edwina Lingle, made a delightful program.

*North Carolina.*—Rutherford presents the following record of a noble Confederate mother and has asked the Confederate Memorial Association to present a pin to her, for her record, one to be envied, will probably place her at the head of the list of mothers of Confederate soldiers now living: Mrs. Ruth Porter Watson probably has the distinction that no other woman has—*i. e.*, of having three living sons who are Confederate veterans. She will be one hundred and five years old on the 16th of October, 1920. Her sons are: James Winfield Watson, aged seventy-eight and six months, of Bostic, N. C.; Samuel Addison Watson, aged seventy-seven, of Dresden, Tenn. (these two served three years each in the War between the States as members of Company G, Captain Andrews, 50th North Carolina Regiment); Andrew Baxter Watson, aged seventy-five, of Bridgewater, N. C., served one year in the Junior Reserves, Capt. J. L. Eaves. Mrs. Watson is the mother of nine children, eight living.

*Ohio.*—The seventeenth annual convention of the Ohio Division was held in Columbus October 7-9, 1919, at the Hotel Seneca (Mrs. James Burton Doan presiding) as guests of



the Robert E. Lee Chapter, the oldest Chapter in the State. The convention was most gratifying in many ways, all Chapters in the State being represented by a full delegation and many visitors. The greatest matter of importance transacted was amending the State Convention preparatory to having it printed. All Chapters made most excellent reports along all lines of endeavor.

Among the many beautiful toasts given at the luncheon in honor of the delegates and out-of-town guests was one to "The Mothers" by Mrs. Willie Hubert Estabrook, of the Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter of Dayton, Ohio, whose three sons were in the service, which was as follows: "Once upon a time, a long time ago, a very long time ago, in a country a long way from here, lived a very wonderful woman—indeed, she has been called the greatest woman in Roman history. She was famed for her beauty, her lofty spirit, and wide attainments. She had rare collections of art, paintings, tapestries, sculpture, and precious jewels, diamonds, and pearls. Once when asked to show her jewels she came in bringing in her arms her two infant sons, saying: 'These are my jewels, my boys, my most precious treasures.' And I think that the mothers who gave their sons to serve in this last and most iniquitous war gave their jewels, their boys, their most precious treasures.

"Who kissed those boys when they went away  
With mighty effort to be gay  
And prayed for them both night and day?  
The mothers.

Who wept with agonizing grief—  
And weeks and months brought no relief,  
And censored letters seemed so brief?  
Those mothers.

Who followed them with anxious thought  
In Flanders' field and while they fought  
Wondering, 'Are they safe or by some bullet caught?'  
Those brave mothers.

And now this dreadful war is past  
And all our boys are home at last,  
Whose hearts are beating proud and fast?  
We mothers."

The election of officers for the ensuing year was as follows:  
President, Mrs. James Burton Doan (Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter), 3852 Dakota Avenue, Avondale, Cincinnati.

First Vice President, Mrs. J. C. Hosea (Stonewall Jackson Chapter), 3457 Oxford Terrace, Clifton, Cincinnati.

Second Vice President, Mrs. Marcus Wade Crocker (Dixie Chapter), 96 Lexington Avenue, Columbus.

Third Vice President, Mrs. W. Z. Davis (Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter), The Navarre, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter (Alexander H. Stephens Chapter), 1204 St. Charles Street, Cleveland.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Philip D. Williams (Stonewall Jackson Chapter), 31 Mount Pleasant Street, Fort Thomas, Ky.

Treasurer, Mrs. Leroy H. Rose (Robert E. Lee Chapter), 729 Oakwood Avenue, Columbus.

Custodian of Crosses, Mrs. Allen W. Freeman (Dixie Chapter), 991 Bryden Road, Columbus.

Historian, Mrs. Peter Dempsey (Southern States Chapter), 429 Stoddard Avenue, Columbus.

Registrar, Mrs. H. V. Dutrow (Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter), 222 Lexington Avenue, Dayton.

The convention accepted an invitation from the Cleveland Chapter to meet with them on the second Wednesday in October, 1920.

*Virginia.*—The following are the officers for the Virginia Division, U. D. C.:

President, Mrs. Cabell Smith, Martinsville.

First Vice President, Mrs. James Scott, Lynchburg.

Second Vice President, Mrs. Yates McAlpine Wilson, Portsmouth.

Third Vice President, Mrs. Edwin Goffegon, Cape Charles.

Fourth Vice President, Mrs. Lloyd T. Everett, Ballston.

Recording Secretary, Miss Annie Mann, Petersburg.

Treasurer, Mrs. C. B. Tate, Pulaski.

Registrar, Mrs. Charles Guthrie, Charlotte C. H.

Historian, Mrs. Charles Evans, Lynchburg.

Custodian, Mrs. George St. Clair, Tazewell.

Custodian of Badges, Mrs. E. Harrison Taylor, Lincoln Drive, Philadelphia, Pa.

Correspondent for VETERAN, Mrs. Charles W. Sumter, Christiansburg.

The William Watts Chapter, of Roanoke, one of the largest and most progressive Chapters in the Division, entertained the local Camp of Veterans on January 19.

*California.*—The State Convention of the California Division, U. D. C., will be held in Los Angeles on May 5, 1920. Headquarters at Hotel Alexandria.

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## Historical Department, U. D. C.

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Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

*My Dear Daughters of the Confederacy:* I hope you are all interested in the topics for each month and that every Division will compete for the prizes offered. Remember that a list of prizes, rules, and subjects for essays was given in the February VETERAN. The month of May will probably mark the high tide in historical work, as many Chapters disband for the summer, so I urge individual members to follow the program for the summer months as far as possible and report to their first fall Chapter meeting anything interesting which they have gleaned from their reading or study.

With best wishes,

SUSIE S. CAMPBELL.

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### U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR MAY, 1920.

#### FAMOUS HOMES OF THE SOUTH—HERMITAGE.

The home of Andrew Jackson. Modern history begins with his administration. The old leaders have all passed away. Study the rivalries of Clay, Calhoun, and Van Buren, the political effect of Peggy Eaton's indiscretions, the tariff legislation followed by nullification in South Carolina, and the beginning of the slave question in politics.

Open discussion of the character of Andrew Jackson.

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### C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR MAY, 1920.

#### THE GALLANT PELHAM.

Read the poem "John Pelham," by James R. Randall.

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*  
 436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
 MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
 Memphis, Tenn.  
 MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
 Fayetteville, Ark.  
 MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*  
 Seale, Ala.  
 MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
 7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
 MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*  
 1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.  
 MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
 113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.  
 MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Past Laureate General*  
 1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



## VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
 ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
 FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson  
 GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning  
 KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn  
 LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
 MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll  
 MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
 NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones  
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
 TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer  
 VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

## C. S. M. A. INTERESTS.

*Dear Coworkers:* It had been my hope with this issue to send you some word as to the time for our convention, but up to the present no definite plans have been made for the Reunion, and the impression prevailing is that the Reunion will not be held until the coming fall. This will give a little more time in which to work for bigger reports.

With the close of April will have passed into history the records of another Memorial Day, and that the sentiments and memories cherished will find expression in the most wonderful ceremonial yet attained is our most earnest desire.

Let us not forget that we are each making history which will be recorded in the lives of the young, and let the record be clean and ring true.

The movement to honor the Confederate mothers of living Confederate veterans' sons has created a widespread interest, and from many States have come requests for the little gold bar pin given to these dear mothers. Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Tennessee, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, North Carolina, and West Virginia have each been honored in honoring these splendid woman, who have all passed the ninetieth year, and some have gone beyond the century mark. One is one hundred and four years old. Truly this has been a blessed privilege, and the letters which have come in acknowledgment have brought happiness in that they have given pleasure to many shut-ins and many an aged sufferer.

Faithfully yours, MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,  
President General.

## ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

Again Memorial Day is at hand, the day most sacred to the women of the South. Memories of childhood recall the small wooden church building where the Memorial women gathered together to weave garlands and wreaths of cedar and ivy to carry out to a rough, newly plowed plot of ground where the dead we so proudly loved were sleeping. It was a far-away cemetery where the faithful women marched to decorate the graves, but in sun or rain they kept faith with the dead, strewing the clay mounds with wild flowers and early garden blooms and the ivy wreaths which stood for devotion.

During the years that have passed I have seen the women of the Memorial Association still observing Memorial Day, and so firmly rooted is the custom that a hundred years from now the generations will see a band of Southern women moving forth and back from their sacred burying grounds where their forbears are laid away in holy ground.

And it is meet that this should be so. It is right that the

custom should live, and through the junior organizations alone can this be done and will be done, for there are junior Associations springing up to take the place of the older organizations when they too shall have passed away.

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Miss Annie M. Lane, of Washington, Ga., a woman noted for her charm of thought and her mental attainments, who has served as President of the Memorial Association at Washington for many years, says she is desirous that the people of the South do not confuse the sacred Memorial Day with the Decoration Day of the North. Miss Lane believes it would be senseless to unite our Memorial Day, which comes on April 26, with Decoration Day, which is the day set by the North to decorate the graves of the Northern dead. Just as senseless as to merge the Fourth of July with the national holiday of France, which comes on the 14th of July. The North has set the 30th of May for its Decoration Day. Neither of these days is a holiday, but they are days sacred to the memory of the dead heroes of both sides.

Miss Lane has written a number of valuable historical articles on the subject which have found thousands of readers throughout the United States. In a series of articles written for the Southern daily papers she has given a correct history of the organization of both memorial days, which was compiled with care and accuracy.

\* \* \*

With every few days some Confederate mother is reported to the President General by one of her State Presidents. There are now nineteen on the roster, nearly every one having received her gold bar pin from Mrs. Wilson through the State President. Nine new names have been recorded since the last report. These are: Mrs. Adeline Meacham, aged ninety-two years, living at Burlington, N. C.; Mrs. Mina Stephens, of Ybor City, Fla., in her nineties; Mrs. Martha A. Zellers, aged ninety-nine, residing at Arlington, Tenn.; Mrs. Sarah Fowler, aged ninety-six, living at Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. Ruth Porter Watson, aged one hundred and three, of Rutherford, N. C.; Mrs. Almira Seawell, aged ninety-four, living at Norman, Okla.; and Mrs. Julia F. Rowland, aged ninety-five, of Benton, Ark.

In many instances the gold bar pins have been presented through local organizations, and where the recipient could not attend the ceremony the pin has been presented at the home of the Confederate mother.

\* \* \*

The President General announces with deep sorrow the death of Mrs. Susan O'Bryan Jones, State President C. S. M. A., for North Carolina, a daughter of Gen. L. O'B. Branch, of that State, who was killed at Sharpsburg.



# SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1919-20.

Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest  
Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton  
Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.  
[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]

The Commander in Chief has called a meeting of the Executive Council to be held at the Raleigh Hotel, Washington, D. C., April 10, 1920.

\* \* \*

The headquarters of the Commander in Chief, N. B. Forrest, will be at the Piedmont Hotel, Atlanta, Ga., until about June 1.

\* \* \*

The Sons of Confederate Veterans Committee to Disseminate the Truths of Confederate History are: Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, Chairman, Danville, Va.; Dr. John W. Hooper, Roanoke, Ala.; W. C. Chandler, Memphis, Tenn.; W. S. Lemley, Temple, Tex.; J. J. Slaughter, Muskogee, Okla.

\* \* \*

Among the most recent subscribers of members of Washington Camp, No. 305, to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN are: Comrades George T. Rawlins, Elgin H. Blalock, Stephen F. Tillman, A. P. Blalock, A. L. England, and Jesse Anthony.

\* \* \*

The Commander in Chief has issued the following General Order No. 2:

"At the Twenty-Fourth Annual Reunion of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, held at Atlanta, Ga., October 7-10, 1919, the following amendments to the Constitution were adopted:

"To amend Section 110, Article XVIII., so it shall read as follows: "A yearly *per capita* tax of \$1 shall be paid by each Camp for every active member in good standing in such Camp and not enumerated in any other Camp."

"To amend Section 110, Article XVIII., by adding the following: "All Camps now chartered and which may hereafter be organized and chartered shall charge an initiation fee of \$1 on all new members admitted to such Camp, said initiation fee to be remitted to General Headquarters when dues of said Camp are paid."

"All Camps will take due notice of the foregoing amendments, which are now a part of our Constitution and By-Laws. The amendments are now in force, and any initiation fees should be remitted to the Adjutant in Chief, 1726 Champa Street, Denver, Colo."

## SPECIAL OFFER.

A beautiful cloth-bound book of one hundred pages, "The Proceedings of the United Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans' Reunion held in Washington, D. C., June, 1917," will be mailed free of charge to any Son who will send one dollar for a year's subscription to the VETERAN through the editor in chief of the Sons' department. This book contains the origin of the Reunion held in Washington, Welcome of Veterans at the Arcade, Address of President Wilson, Response of Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, Presentation of Flag by Colonel Cowan, Tuesday Afternoon at the Willard Hotel, Reception at the Pension Office, Business Meetings, Memorial Exercises at His-

toric Arlington Cemetery, The Grand Parade, The Parade as Seen by a Northern Writer, Resolutions of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, Official Ladies, and Echoes of the Reunion. No Son of a Confederate Veteran's library is complete without this volume. There are only a limited number.

## FEDERAL VOCATIONAL EDUCATION.

Sons of the South who took part in the World War no doubt will be interested to know that any person is eligible for Federal vocational education, provided, first, that he served in the United States military or naval forces (including authorized training camps), whether enlisted, drafted, or appointed, who has left the service voluntarily and honorably—that is, through discharge, resignation, or furlough—who has incurred a disability due to such service or whose existing disability has been increased or aggravated; second, persons disabled under circumstances entitling them after discharge to compensation and who are not included in the first class. A person to secure Federal vocational education must first establish his eligibility. The pursuits in which training may be had are many—namely, agriculture, commerce, industry, transportation, manufacturing establishments, industrial shops, professions, and many others are open for trial.

Bulletins, monographs, and leaflets have been written on the reëducation of disabled soldiers, sailors, and marines, the plans of the board, information for the men themselves, and vocational opportunities which are compatible with handicaps which they may have received. These are free for distribution and may be had by application to the Federal Board for Vocational Education, Maltby Building, Washington, D. C.

## RESOLUTION ADOPTED BY WASHINGTON CAMP, No. 305.

Whereas the Sons of Confederate Veterans desire to advance the cause of education; and whereas there is no element which will enter into our future success more vitally, have greater influence and bearing on our national prosperity, or prove a more obvious safeguard against evils which may naturally arise from a continued flush of success; the more carefully the youth of the country, with whom in a great measure the future of the country rests, are prepared for the occupations they are to pursue, the greater becomes the responsibility to enlarge their views, moderate their desires, rectify their aims, and insure their success; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That Washington Camp, No. 305, heartily indorse the Smith-Towner bill which would add a Secretary of Education to the President's Cabinet and appropriate \$100,000,000 annually for schools.

## RECEPTION IN HONOR OF GENERAL PERSHING.

The Southern Society of Washington, D. C., of which Comrade Clarence J. Owens, Past Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, is President, gave a very brilliant reception and dance in honor of Gen. John J. Pershing at the New Willard Hotel March 12.

Comrade Owens headed the receiving line and made the presentations to General Pershing, Col. Robert E. Lee making the introductions. Miss Margaret Wilson stood beside the General. Others in the receiving line were: Mrs. Josephus Daniels, the Secretary of Commerce and Mrs. Alexander, Senator Duncan U. Fletcher, Miss Nannie Randolph Heth, Comrade Claude N. Bennett, Capt. C. C. Calhoun, Mrs. Maude Howell Smith (Past President of the District of Columbia Division, U. D. C.), Mrs. Robert E. Lee, Rev. James H. Rogers, Maj. E. W. R. Ewing (Historian in Chief S. C. V.). Comrade J. Roy Price (member of the Executive Council S. C. V.), and Cols. Fred Beall and Lovick Pierce (on the General's staff, United Confederate Veterans).

## IN WINTER QUARTERS AT DALTON, GA.

[Continued from page 132.]

Church, but if I have said anything of that kind I have withdrawn it and apologize for it."

We all felt that was enough, but the young man's fighting blood was up, and he came back to the charge, when the Doctor, with that peculiar twinkle of the eye and nasal tone, stopped him with this promise: "Young man, we have the biggest fight in the world on our hands now, and we can't afford to fight among ourselves; we are now busy with the 'Yankees and the devil.' When we get them whipped, if then you are just sp'ilin' for a fight, I'll accommodate you, and I'll take you across my knee and give you a spanking that you'll remember the longest day you live."

That ended it, and the young brother's wrath vanished in a laugh.

### "THE REAL LINCOLN" REVIEWED.

[This paper was written by Miss Sallie Bruce Dickinson, of Hampden Sidney College, Va., and won the sixty-dollar prize offered by the Virginia Division, U. D. C., for the best review of Dr. Minor's book.]

That this is a remarkable book can be seen at a glance. Professor Minor, its author, was indeed a brave man to make such startling revelations. In no uncertain manner he rends the veil and discloses "The Real Lincoln." The halo of glory which for more than fifty years has encircled the martyred President fades away.

In panoramic views we see the man once deified by loving worshippers now become a substance of clay. Lincoln the Christian compared to the Christ is shown as Lincoln the infidel, the scoffer; Lincoln the man of gentlemanly refinement is painted as Lincoln the author of coarse jokes and smutty stories; Lincoln the tender-hearted this panorama presents as cruel to his own beasts; Lincoln the sympathizer we see, when the miseries of the war were at their worst, indifferent to the sufferings of his own soldiers. At the darkest period of the war, when the roar of cannon was at its height, he said to General Schenk: "I enjoy my rations and sleep the sleep of the innocent." General Piatt says: "While members of the Cabinet, Seward, Chase, and Stanton, were weakened by anxiety, Lincoln ate and slept and jested. He faced the situation with a high courage that came of indifference."

Lincoln the courageous we see as Lincoln the coward a short time before his first inaugural skulking into Washington under cover of night, protected by an armed force, and passing through a board tunnel into the Capitol.

Instead of "Honest Abe," we view dishonest Lincoln managing to get himself elected for a second term by means of "bayonet votes" and "fictitious States." The old picture of the truthful Lincoln promising that slavery where it existed should not be interfered with vanishes from view, and in its stead flashes upon the canvas Lincoln the falsifier issuing his Emancipation Proclamation.

We have likewise the representation of this upright statesman declaring that "slaves were property and if freed should be paid for." (Bravo, Honest Abe, well said!) This representation, however, is blotted out, and we see neither money nor bonds in payment for liberated slaves.

The picture of Abraham Lincoln in Congress in 1848 saying, in behalf of Texas, that "every State has the right to rise up and shake off its existing government" is now entirely obliterated, and we see, on account of the exercise of the sovereign right of withdrawal from the Union, "the Southern

States whipped back into the Union" and seventy-five thousand troops being called out by the "artful" Lincoln.

"The Real Lincoln" as presented by Minor is not a theme written by the author nor a collection of opinions from Southern authors or enemies of Lincoln, but a summary of testimony from Lincoln's friends and admirers, his biographers, who, for truth's sake, must tell the bad as well as the good; testimony from men of his own party and trend of thought, as Herndon, his law partner; Lamon, his close friend and companion the night of his entry into Washington a short time before his first inaugural; testimony from his most loving worshippers, as Holland, editor of *Scribner's*; Morse, in his *American Statesmen Series*; Hapgood, who in his biography declares that Lincoln was "unequaled since Washington in service to the nation"; Piatt, who in his "Reminiscences of Lincoln" depicts him as "the greatest figure looming up in our history." Rhodes and others deem it a necessity and duty to make these revelations which shake Lincoln from his pedestal and render his name unfit to be coupled with our own Washington, as is so often the case. Rhodes, in his "History of the United States," records contempt for Lincoln expressed by his Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase, afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Rhodes also states in his history that "in many Senators and Representatives existed a distrust of his ability and force of character."

Secretaries Chase and Stanton through their long terms of office never ceased to express the contempt they felt for Lincoln. Stanton often spoke of Lincoln with a withering sneer. After Stanton's retirement from the Buchanan Cabinet, then becoming Lincoln's "Great Secretary of War," he wrote Buchanan many letters expressing his contempt for Lincoln. It is an open secret that Stanton advised the revolutionary overthrow of the Lincoln government in order that McClellan might be military dictator. Secretary Seward believed that Lincoln was unfit for the Presidency and so expressed himself. Certainly no others had so good an opportunity to estimate Lincoln's character as these three leaders in his Cabinet, Seward, Stanton, and Chase, whose opinions, favorable and unfavorable, were freely expressed. Seward said of Lincoln that "he had a cunning that was genius." Chase, even to complete strangers, was withering in his denunciation of him. Schouler, in his history of the United States, says of Stanton: "He denounced Lincoln in confidential speeches and letters as a coward and a fool."

Richard H. Dana, a distinguished law writer, in a letter written from Washington to Thornton Lothrop in February, 1863, says: "The lack of respect for the President in all parties is unconcealed."

In another letter, dated March, 1863, Dana thus writes to Francis Adams, Minister to England: "Lincoln has no admirers and does not act, talk, or feel like the ruler of a great empire in a great crisis." He furthermore says that "if a Republican convention were to be held to-morrow he would not get the vote of a single State. He is an unspeakable calamity to us where he is." These are the words of a man who proposed in Faneuil Hall to hold the Southern States in the grip of war for thirty years. A man with such views could not be accused of viewing Lincoln through Southern eyes.

Colonel Roosevelt, President at the time of the writing of "The Real Lincoln," in a speech at Grand Rapids, Mich., in September, 1900, said: "In 1864 on every hand Lincoln was denounced as a tyrant, a shedder of blood, a would-be dictator, a founder of an empire." One orator he quoted as



saying: "We also have our emperor who can tell stale jokes while the land is running red with the blood of brothers." A. K. McClure, author of "Lincoln and Men of the War Time" and "Our Presidents and How We Made Them," has many criticisms. In these books he eulogizes Lincoln, yet he makes this concession: "Outside of the Cabinet the leaders were equally discordant and quite as distrustful of the ability of Lincoln to fill his great office. Sumner, Trumbull, Chandler, Wade, Winter, Davis, and the men to whom the nation then turned as the great representative men of the new political power did not conceal their distrust of Lincoln, and he had little support from them at any time during his administration." McClure also says: "Greeley was a perpetual thorn in Lincoln's side and almost constantly criticized him boldly and often bitterly." This was Horace Greeley, editor of the *Tribune*, the most widely read Republican journal in the country. Greeley labored most faithfully to accomplish Lincoln's overthrow in his struggle for reelection in 1864. Fremont, Wendell Phillips, and Fred Douglas joined with Greeley in trying to defeat Lincoln for the Presidency in 1864. Fremont, a Republican leader, charges him with incapacity and selfishness, with disregard of personal rights, with feebleness and want of principle. He adds that "the ordinary rights under the Constitution and laws of the country were violated." Wendell Phillips, a strong abolitionist, said of the Southern States desiring a separate government that they had a right to decide that question for themselves without appeal, and adds: "Standing with the principles of '76 behind us, who can deny them that right?" Many other distinguished Northerners, as Henry Ward Beecher, Thaddeus Stevens, and his Vice President, Hamlin, bitterly censured him.

In *McClure's Magazine* of December, 1898, a letter of Lincoln's to Alexander Stephens is reproduced. In it, referring to fears entertained by the South that he might interfere, directly or indirectly, with their slaves, he assures Stephens that "there is no cause for such fears. The South would be in no more danger in this respect than in the days of Washington."

Morse copies from a speech made by Lincoln in Congress: "Any people anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better." This was in 1848. In 1861, when the Confederacy was formed, he declared the South in a state of rebellion, and Lincoln, the Rail-Splitter, hurled thunderbolts in the form of war.

The Lincoln who in 1861 was likened in ridicule to a gorilla, in 1865, after his assassination, was by many put upon the calendar of saints.

The story of Lincoln from the cabin to the White House is fraught with interest and reads like a romance. But there is justice in the rending of the veil, for the youth of our country should not be taught that the name of Lincoln is synonymous with goodness, nobility of character, justice, and truth when it falls far short of the mark. Men of true nobility of character should be held up to them, as Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Lee, and Jackson.

Lincoln's warmest admirers can but modify their opinion of him after reading Minor's compilation of testimony. Minor shows that men of the North and South were, with but few exceptions, of the same mind—that a State has at least a revolutionary right to withdraw from the Union and that the emancipation of the negroes was the act of a dictator

and not of an executive officer of a free people having the right to a voice in the government.

[A new edition of "The Real Lincoln" will be ready in May, and the price will be the same, \$1.25. Send orders to the Everett Waddey Company, Richmond, Va.]

---

#### COMMENT ON "JOHN BROWN."

The following from Matthew Page Andrews, the historian, is strong commendation of this book:

"In your March issue I notice an article on 'John Brown, the Infamous,' in which you refer particularly to the 'Biography of John Brown,' written by Hill Peebles Wilson. I have read this book with a great deal of interest, and you can serve no better purpose than recommending it to the public. It is a remarkable exposé of the criminal proceedings of John Brown by a man who set out to eulogize the subject of his sketch. It is an extremely valuable contribution to American history.

"Not only was John Brown more or less fanatical, criminally so, but he was, in addition, a forger, an embezzler, an assassin, and an incendiary of the worst type. Perhaps we could find his counterpart in the fierce political leaders of Bolshevik Russia of to-day.

"And yet in 'The Manliness of Christ,' a book written by the author of 'Tom Brown at Rugby,' the author states that the only character to whom Christ may be compared is a character in modern times, John Brown, of Pottawotomie. *In greater or less degree* this amazing ignorance of many of the characters in American history persists the world over to-day."

---

#### EMANCIPATION THAT DID NOT EMANCIPATE.

The following was sent by Mrs. Flora Ellice Stevens, of Kansas City, Mo.: "Slavery as (mis)represented was well illustrated in a number of the Kansas City (Mo.) *Star* during the late war in Europe. This paper published a drawing showing Lincoln handing a flag to General Pershing. Back of them were figures of Washington and Grant, while at the side a kneeling slave raised his hands from which the manacles and chains were broken. Not one of the group ever did anything toward freeing him. Pershing is a Missourian, his ancestors slaveholders; Washington was a slaveholder; Grant was a slaveholder during the entire war, owning five slaves which were with the Dents in St. Louis, which Grant did not free and which were not freed till made so by a special act of the Missouri Legislature, which did not go into effect till after the war. The Missouri negro was not freed by Lincoln, since his proclamation exempted from its benefits slaves in Missouri. But then it was so easy to free other people's slaves, anyway."

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#### SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederates Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds nor mortgages are issued by the company.



# NUXATED

"I believe my own great physical activity is due to my personal use of Nuxated Iron", says Former Health Commissioner Wm. R. Kerr, of the City of Chicago. "From my own experience with Nuxated Iron I feel it is such a valuable blood and body building preparation that it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in the country." Nuxated Iron helps to make healthier women and stronger, sturdier men. Used by more than 3,000,000 people annually in this country alone. Increases the strength and endurance of weak, run-down, nervous folks in two weeks' time, in many cases. Satisfaction guaranteed. At all good drug stores.

# IRON

An inquiry comes from W. G. Jackson, of Shawnee, Okla., for some history of Walker's Brigade of the Trans-Mississippi Department, C. S. A. Any one knowing of any article or book on the subject will confer a favor by writing to him.

## Don't Wear a Truss



**BROOKS' APPLIANCE**, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day.

**C. E. Brooks, 2390 State St., Marshall, Mich.**

Mrs. C. M. Ostrom, 2949 Steiner Avenue, San Francisco, Cal., wishes to secure the full records of T. B. McCarley, who enlisted in the winter of 1863-64 in D. C. Brown's company of Col. John A. Hill's Arkansas regiment, Cabell's Brigade, also did some fighting under Price and surrendered at Marshall, Tex., in April, 1865; and Jack McCarley, who enlisted in 1861, was captured at Second Manassas in 1862, paroled and sent home, was in some engagements around his home, and was killed by neighbors in October, 1863.

## TWO BOYS.

BY BERENICE HUNT, MEMPHIS, TENN.

The boy in khaki coming home  
From the battle field afar!  
The whole wide world respects our boy,  
How proud of him we are!  
He fought a valiant fight, and won,  
For principles of right,  
And now he's marching back again,  
So young and brave and bright.

All homage render unto him;  
We'll cheer and cheer and cheer;  
But 'midst the martial music strains  
Comes a recollection dear.  
Again I see a tattered boy  
Come marching down the street,  
A-weary, footsore, gaunt, and pale,  
Still proud e'en in defeat.

No martial music rang for him,  
No drum inspired his feet;  
But that return was just as dear,  
That welcome just as sweet.  
'Tis years and years and years ago  
Since these things chanced to be,  
And every year I've loved him more;  
He's still a "boy" to me.

No golden glints are in my hair,  
My violet eyes are dim;  
But his dear eyes can see no change,  
I'm "sweetheart" still to him.  
So while you greet your "khaki boy,"  
Returning blithe and gay,  
My heart goes back in memory fond  
To my "boy who wore the gray."

R. C. Ridley, of Council Hill, Okla., writes that the widow of his brother, James A. Ridley, of the 14th Mississippi Infantry, is trying to get a pension and wants to hear from any of his comrades who can testify to his service. He thinks the company was commanded by Captain Ware and that it went out from Noxubee County, Miss. Write him as above.

## Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



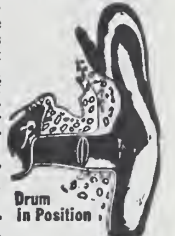
Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

### Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

Often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the cause or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page Book on Deafness—giving you full particulars.

**WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated**  
698 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.



One of the big aims of the annual drive of the Salvation Army is to raise money in other ways than by the tambourine and collection boxes. The organization has grown too big in every way to be compelled to beg incessantly for support. It is absolutely national in character and should be supported by national appeals.

A. C. Lassiter, of Eldorado, Ark., wants to know if there are any survivors of Company A, Davie's 36th Arkansas Infantry, Churchill's Division, which was disbanded at Marshall, Tex., in June, 1865, and if so he would like to hear from them, as he is trying to get a pension and needs a comrade's testimony to service.

## Cut Your Own Hair as You Comb It

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A collection of masterly addresses on the Southern Cause, a tribute to his comrades by one who soldiered under Lee. A copy should be in every household of this country. Postpaid, \$1.

**Johnston's Narrative.** By Gen. Jos. E. Johnston.

An explanation and vindication of the strategy of his campaigns. Offered in sheep, \$2.25; half morocco, \$2.75.

**Two Years on the Alabama.** By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair.

Story of the wonderful career of Admiral Semmes's unrivaled cruiser told by one of his officers. Postpaid, \$2.

**Two Wars: An Autobiography.** By Gen. S. G. French.

History of his services in the Mexican War and the War between the States. An interesting narrative. Postpaid, \$2.20.

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Nashville, Tennessee

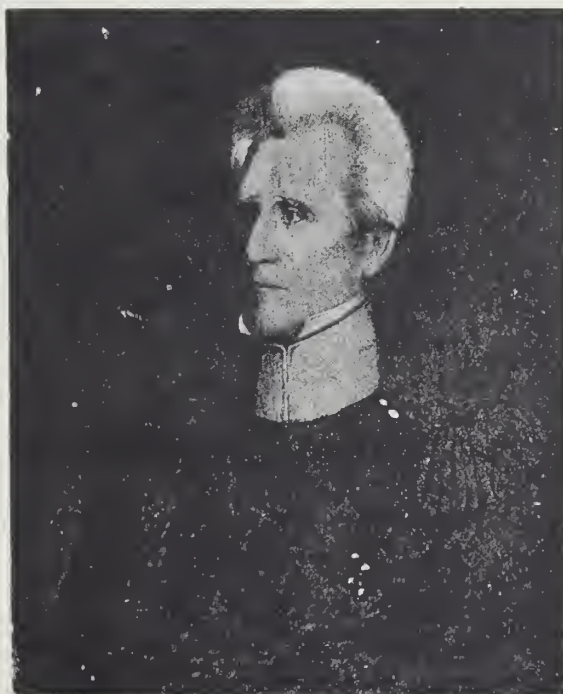


# Confederate Veteran

VOL. XXVIII.

MAY, 1920

NO. 5



ANDREW JACKSON  
Seventh President of the United States  
(See page 166)



## TO END ALL WAR.

"This is a war to end all war."

Men went into battle with that phrase on their lips. Men died with that comfort in their hearts.

That was prior to November 11, 1918.

To-day the United States is building the greatest navy in the world, maintaining an army greater than ever before, considering universal military service, accusing France of "militarism," rejecting a peace treaty involving what is left of the idealistic "fourteen points," and looking forward to intervention in Mexico or war with Japan.

To-day Britain is building a greater navy, adding to her colonial dominions, assembling an enormous air force preparing to subjugate Ireland by force, keeping Egypt subjugated by force, and downing the "self-determination of peoples" theory as fast as possible.

To-day France has a greater army than before 1914. To-day Poland, encouraged by the Allies, is making war on Russia. A goodly number of smaller wars are under way or waiting for warm weather to revive them.

And our sons and brothers died "to end all war." Is there nothing we can do to keep the faith in which they died? —*The Stars and Stripes, Washington, D. C.*

W. H. Cleere, Haleyville, Ala.: "Inclosed find check for renewal of my subscription to the VETERAN, which I hope to read as long as I live. I get the worth of a year's subscription from every copy and wish everybody knew its value as history."

## TWO BOYS.

BY BERENICE HUNT, MEMPHIS, TENN.

The boy in khaki coming home  
From the battle field afar!  
The whole wide world respects our boy.  
How proud of him we are!  
He fought a valiant fight, and won,  
For principles of right,  
And now he's marching back again,  
So young and brave and bright.

All homage render unto him;  
We'll cheer and cheer and cheer;  
But 'midst the martial music strains  
Comes a recollection dear.  
Again I see a tattered boy  
Come marching down the street,  
Awearry, footsore, gaunt, and pale,  
Still proud e'en in defeat.

No martial music rang for him,  
No drum inspired his feet;  
But that return was just as dear,  
That welcome just as sweet.  
'Tis years and years and years ago  
Since these things chanced to be,  
And every year I've loved him more;  
He's still a "boy" to me.

No golden glints are in my hair,  
My violet eyes are dim;  
But his dear eyes can see no change,  
I'm "sweetheart" still to him.  
So while you greet your "khaki boy,"  
Returning blithe and gay,  
My heart goes back in memory fond  
To my "boy who wore the gray."

J. W. Matthews, of Alvon, W. Va., says: "I use the Bible and the VETERAN for my Sunday reading. May God bless you and the VETERAN! is the wish of your old comrade and friend."

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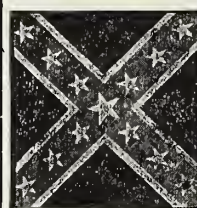
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# Confederate Veteran.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXVIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1920.

No. 5. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

## THE WOMAN OF THE SOUTH.

(Magni Dei Datum.)

SONNETS DEDICATED PATRIOTICALLY TO THE MOTHERS OF THE  
DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY A. W. LITTLEFIELD.

1861.

To arms! To arms! They come from mart and fen,  
From that far land enwrapt in ice and cold  
That chills the blood, but stirs the mind made bold  
For austere combat with the acrid pen.  
O sons, go forth to battle! As ye ken  
Our need, defend our homes and honor. Safe hold  
The lines that doth our woman lives enfold—  
Thy shields thy bier, if not victorious men!

The sword the pen replaces. Shot and shell  
Doth maim the forms that pillowed on the breast.  
O Northern mothers, had we loved and known  
Each other ere had burst this heartless hell!  
Thy sons and ours together shall find rest,  
And mother hearts thy kin with ours shall own.

1865.

So pure and true, so steadfast and so fair—  
Her lover's guide, a presence that did come  
To bless the heart, beneath the star-lit dome,  
With gentle nurture and maternal care—  
The Southland matron bade her loved ones share  
The sacred joys; no longer armed roam  
Afar from comforts and the peace of home;  
Return to her, fraternal strife forbear.

O'er glebe, through glade, the South winds softly stir;  
On yonder mound the myrtle doth o'erfold  
The soldier, martyred for the cause enshrined  
And loved by all who quaffed the bitter myrrh.  
The Federal symbol\* doth her mind uphold,  
The Southern Cross† her heart's affection bind.

\*Stars and Stripes.

†Stars and Bars.

## A REMARKABLE DINNER PARTY.

A very remarkable gathering of Confederate veterans has been reported by M. P. Moore, of Senatobia, Miss., the occasion being the joint birthday of D. L. Dean and Sam J. House, of that place, who celebrated the day by giving a dinner party to their Confederate comrades of the county. The following were present:

D. L. Dean, 42d Mississippi Infantry, A. N. V., age 89.

G. B. Puryear, Company I, 19th Mississippi Infantry, A. N. V., age 78.

Maj. C. P. Varner, South Carolina Regiment, A. N. V., age 78.

D. D. Salmon, Heavy Artillery, North Carolina Battalion, A. N. V., age 77.

W. R. Daugherty, Company A, 4th Kentucky Infantry, age 79.

A. G. Adkins, Company F, 22d Mississippi Infantry, age 76.

W. J. Avant, Company K, 15th Mississippi Infantry, age 77.

Sam J. House, Forrest's Cavalry, Armstrong's Escort, 9th Mississippi Infantry, and 2d Mississippi Cavalry, age 79.

Asa Cassel, Forrest's Cavalry, Armstrong's Escort, age 74.

B. C. Tucker, 18th Mississippi Cavalry, Company F, age 74.

J. H. Murphy, Company H, 5th Mississippi Cavalry, age 74.

S. A. (Dub) Miller, Company H, 18th Mississippi Cavalry, age 73.

J. B. Mitchel, Company H, 18th Mississippi Cavalry, age 73.

M. P. Moore, Company D, 18th Mississippi Cavalry, age 73.

U. Z. Haltom, Mississippi Cavalry, age 73.

W. C. Smith, Company B, Wirt Adams's Mississippi Cavalry, age 78.

J. R. Puryear, Company B, Wirt Adams's Mississippi Cavalry, age 84.

A. G. Mabrey, Company C, 5th Mississippi Cavalry, age 72.

D. B. Pack, Company I, 1st Mississippi Cavalry, age 74.

B. F. Pritchard, Company F, 22d Mississippi Infantry, age 82.

After the ceremonies were concluded, some subscriptions were taken for the VETERAN, as well as a splendid contribution with which to buy Testaments for the veterans at the Beauvoir Confederate Home. Some of those present had been subscribers to the VETERAN since the beginning.



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

## THE SOUTH'S MEMORIAL DAY.

BY HENRY F. SAXON, AUGUSTA, GA.

Tread softly, for on  
Hallowed ground you stand!  
They sleep, those men who  
Strived in the years ago,  
Row on row, and their spirits  
Look down on us now.  
And mayhap they think as we  
Tread the daily life  
What wonder we of  
The way they fought the strife  
At Gettysburg or Manassas  
Or Lookout or when the  
Flames of Atlanta roared  
And the bleeding South was  
Ravaged and torn—and wept!  
Do we of to-day honor  
The sacrifice they made?  
Yes. Though silent their  
Voices are  
And eyes are closed,  
Their spirits live  
And help to clothe  
The men and women  
Of to-day  
With immortality.

## THE COTTON TAX FUND.

Southern representatives in Congress who introduce bills for the return of the illegal tax collected on cotton during and just after the War between the States invariably attach conditions for its disposition, yet why there should be conditions attached to the refunding of an illegal tax is not explained. The tax should be refunded to the States from which it was collected and by them disposed of as they see fit.

The bill introduced by Representative Heflin, of Alabama, in January, 1920, "for the disposition of the proceeds of the illegal cotton taxes" collected under an act of Congress "in violation of the Constitution of the United States," provides for the return of \$68,072,388.99, with the following conditions: "That for twelve months next after the passage of this act any person, or the lawful heir of any person, who paid taxes on cotton under the act above referred to shall have the right to establish his or her claim to such amount as was paid in taxes on cotton, and proof of such claim shall be made in the State courts of the respective States that paid such taxes. \* \* \* That said cotton tax fund, after individual claims have been lawfully settled, shall be used in those States as a good roads fund to build up the public highways and as a fund for pensioning ex-Confederate soldiers and shall be divided and distributed for these two purposes as the State may determine."

All of which gives opportunity for much wrangling in each State as to how much should go to each fund, endless delay in its disposition, etc. If some one would get a bill through simply for the return of the illegal cotton tax to the States where it was collected, public sentiment in the South would see that it was used for the benefit of needy Confederate veterans whose labor largely raised the cotton on which the illegal tax was placed. As to how the States use the fund returned is no concern of Congress.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT BRISTOL,  
VA.-TENN.

BY MRS. H. F. LEWIS, BRISTOL.

Work on the foundation for the monument to be erected on the Virginia Courthouse Green at Bristol, Va.-Tenn., as a memorial to the Confederate soldiers has been begun. This monument is the gift of a Confederate veteran, Col. J. M. Barker, to the Daughters of the Confederacy as a memorial to his comrades of the gray. Colonel Barker entered the Confederate army when very young and served two and a half years before the end came. He is one of the most prominent and prosperous business men in Southwest Virginia or East Tennessee.

The monument is six feet square at the base and twenty-five feet high. The life-size figure which will surmount the monument is the only statue of a Confederate soldier ever carved in Italy by an Italian sculptor of Italian marble. The monument will be unveiled on June 3 by Miss Margaret Barker, the beautiful daughter of the donor. The address of the occasion will be delivered by Col. William A. Henderson, of Washington, D. C., who is an eighty-three-year-old Confederate veteran and an orator of note. This will be a gala time for Bristol, and we want all Confederates to rejoice with us and join in giving thanks to our generous Confederate veteran, Col. J. M. Barker.

## TO REST AT ARLINGTON.

Arrangements are being made to have the body of Sir Moses Ezekiel brought from Rome, Italy, where he died three years ago, and given final interment in the Arlington National Cemetery. It is fitting indeed that the body of this noted sculptor should rest in this hallowed place, for it is here that the chief work of his hands in America guards the graves of his Confederate comrades, among whom he will be laid to rest. It is planned to have the interment in June. Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy, members of the Arlington National Association, and cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, of which Sir Moses was a graduate, will be represented in the services.

## MEMORIAL DAY AT CAMP CHASE.

Memorial Day will be observed at Camp Chase Confederate Cemetery on Saturday, June 5, 1920, at 2 P.M. Contributions of flowers or money for flowers are solicited by the Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 519, U. D. C. Send money to Mrs. L. H. Rose, 729 Oakwood Avenue, and flowers to Mrs. D. B. Ulrey, 56 South Warren Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Approved by President General Mrs. Roy W. McKinney.

Mrs. W. B. McCLESKEY, President.

## THE UNCONQUERED BANNER.

[A tribute by Miss Mary Hester McCoy, of Los Angeles, Cal., read at a meeting of her Chapter, U. D. C., in that city.]

Fifty years ago a man who loved the South and whom the South dearly loved wrote a beautiful poem about the Confederate flag which he called "The Conquered Banner," in which he said:

"Furl that banner, for 'tis weary,  
Round its staff 'tis drooping, dreary;  
Furl it, fold it, let it rest!"

But fifty years have proved that Father Ryan was mistaken. Time, which alone can furnish us true estimates, has rendered its verdict that the Confederate flag was never a conquered banner; that it never stood for an ignoble cause; that it has never been trailed in the dust. Fifty years of history have immortalized the principles for which it stood and the heroes who fought for those principles—love of country, love of hearthstone, love to God, and faith in God.

Those of us who are old enough to remember know how the Southerner of the old school used to gather his family and

his servants about him at least once a day and invoke for them and for himself the blessing and guidance of the Most High. With the simple faith of children clustering about the knees of a dear father and looking up into his face, they asked with confidence for those things of which they stood in need.

In the same spirit of trust and confidence the leaders of the South carried this banner to victory or defeat. Love of country, love of hearthstone, love to God, and faith in God were the watchwords which this guidon bore for them.

A lovely woman who lived in Charlottesville, Va., during the war told me that when the end came her young brother was at home recuperating from wounds received in battle. He was restless, tingling for news, pacing to and fro in the garden, when into the town came a man on a hard-ridden horse. The lad's quick ear caught the sound of the hoof beats, and he ran into the road to stop the bearer of tidings. "What news?" he cried.

The man checked his horse at sight of the lad with the bandaged arm. "Lee has surrendered," he called.

The boy's pale face turned ashen, then flamed. "You lie!" he cried with bursting heart and choking voice. Then pleadingly: "For God's sake, tell me it's a lie."

The eyes of the man on the horse filled with tears. "Would to God it were a lie, boy!" he said, and went on his sad way, stopping to tell the gathered groups that the end had come.

Stricken, the people looked helplessly from one to another, seeking denial or comfort. Then some one ran to the university and rang the chapel bell. With one accord the people of the town answered the call and gathered in the chapel. A white-haired man whom they all knew and loved went into the pulpit, opened the Bible, and in a voice tremulous with emotion read the ninetyeth Psalm: "Lord, thou ~~hast~~ been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth or the world, even from generation to generation, thou art God." He read the Psalm through to the end, talked to them comfortingly, led them in prayer, and they went home calmed, comforted. They had reached up and taken firm hold of the hand of God.

When the great Lee bade his soldiers good-by after Appomattox he admonished them to go home and plant crops and to keep bitterness out of their hearts. Is there a more majestic figure in human history than our immortal Lee, who, having lost the cause that was dearer to him than life, was yet able to keep bitterness out of his heart? Ah! that is what this banner stands for—victory in defeat. And because it stands for that the South has risen from her ashes in god-like beauty.

So, daughters of the South, I beg of you to hold this banner close against your hearts, realizing that your loyalty to the Stars and Stripes will be multiplied a thousandfold by your devotion to the Southern Cross. For here we know the great heart of Jackson made a sacred spot; here Jeb Stuart and Hill and Johnston and Early spilled their brave blood; here fell the tears of mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives; here pressed a soldier's dying lips ere his brave spirit flashed to God; here in these folds was caught a lilt of laughter from the heart of a drummer boy just before the Minié ball took off his right arm; and here the great Lee knelt in prayer, the while he kissed the cross.

A conquered banner? Not while true patriotism burns within our breasts; not while we cherish as we should love of country, love of hearthstone, love to God, and faith in God.



MRS. ERNEST STEPHENS BELL, PRESIDENT ILLINOIS  
DIVISION, U. D. C.

Mrs. Ernest Stephens Bell, born in Columbus, Miss., and possessed of that winning personality typical of Southern womanhood, was elected State President of the Illinois Division, U. D. C., by unanimous vote. She became a member of Stonewall Chapter of Chicago in 1908 and has held some office in Chapter or Division nearly ever since. Her maternal grandfather, Col. Charles Baskerville, and an uncle, Dr. Charles Baskerville, served the Confederacy, the latter enlisting at the age of sixteen and serving through the four years. Mrs. Bell was active in all the late war work—Red Cross, Liberty Loan drives, and with the Navy League. She holds certificates of the American National Red Cross at Washington, bearing President Wilson's signature. As State Vice President she represented the Illinois Division, U. D. C., at the General Convention held in Louisville, Ky., in 1919. She is also President of the Southern Woman's Club of Chicago.



## ANDREW JACKSON.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States, was the first who rose from obscurity into this high position and, except Washington, the first military hero chosen by the people. He was also the first President typical of the hardy virtues of the backwoods and of that stalwart American spirit which the Scotch-Irish have developed to a remarkable degree, for Jackson was of that famous breed, sprung from the emigrants who conquered the Appalachian highlands. Born in the Waxhaw Settlement, on the border of the Carolinas, in 1767, he called himself a South Carolinian. North Carolina was the home of his young manhood and Tennessee the State of his adoption.

His father died before his birth, leaving his mother with a family of small children. His early life was full of hardship, with no opportunities to acquire an education; but he possessed an indomitable spirit, industry, ambition, and courage which has never been surpassed. When only fourteen years old, in 1781, he joined the army and took part in that campaign which Cornwallis waged so ruthlessly in the Carolinas. One brother, Hugh, was killed in that battle. Andrew and Robert were captured, put in a prison pen at Camden infested with smallpox, from which their mother obtained their release too late to save Robert, who died; and she herself contracted the disease and died a short time afterwards. Thus Andrew was left alone, and, in addition to his other meager assets, he acquired an undying hatred of the British, which he was able some years later to gratify on various occasions.

In 1787 Jackson was admitted to the bar at Salisbury and moved next year to Nashville, the place associated with his joys, his triumphs, and his one great sorrow. Nashville was then a typical frontier town and Tennessee a lawless, sparsely settled territory aspiring to Statehood. Jackson boarded with Mrs. Donelson. Her daughter, Mrs. Rachel Robards, lived with her and was beautiful, fascinating, and unhappy. Lewis Robards, her husband, seems to have been destitute of a single decent trait. He and his wife had parted, but had become reconciled and were both living with Mrs. Donelson. Into this milieu of domestic trouble came Jackson, young, adventurous, certainly romantic; and with Rachel the best horsewoman, the best dancer, and withal the wittiest companion in all Tennessee, it wasn't strange that he loved her. With unusual prudence he left the Donelson home. Was it to avoid temptation which he knew he could not resist? Soon afterwards the Robards again parted, and this time Robards accused Jackson of causing the trouble. Gradually the news filtered back from Virginia that the legislature had granted Robards a divorce. Believing that Rachel was free, Jackson married her. In due time it became known

that the Virginia act was not a divorce; it merely provided that the Supreme Court could grant Robards a divorce if the evidence justified it. It was, in fact, two years after the marriage that Robards secured the divorce. Jackson immediately had the ceremony again performed uniting Rachel and himself, but the irregularity of the proceedings gave rise to criticism which Jackson resented with all the intensity of his nature. It is upon the domestic life of Jackson that the biographer will ever linger with peculiar tenderness, for under the rough exterior of the frontiersman there dwelt a heart attuned to the knightliest ideals of chivalry. Rachel was his queen, and death did not dethrone her. Other Presidents have occupied the White House in various stages of bereavement or consolation; Jackson alone entered its portals when his grief was fresh and poignant and carried to the close of life the memory of his lost love.

Perverse, ignorant, quarrelsome, violent, indiscreet—these are among the adjectives culled in any biography of Jackson. But with all these handicaps, and poverty added, he was a brilliant soldier, a successful lawyer, Congressman, Senator (briefly holding these places because something else claimed him), Supreme Court judge, major general in the regular army, and the idol of his party in politics. During all his busy years he could find time for a duel—not of the hygienic French variety. Sometimes it was a deliberate demand on destiny for a decision, as in the case of the Dickinson duel. Charles Dickinson was a noted shot. He took great pleasure in showing his skill and sending messages to Jackson depicting the ease with which he severed a string with a bullet. He was determined to drive Jackson out of Tennessee, and the quickest way to do this, he thought, was to asperse the character of Mrs. Jackson and fight a duel with Jackson, which would inevitably follow. The duel was fought under the suspension of civilized rules. Each combatant stood facing the other, with the pistol held downward. At the word each man was to fire as soon as he should desire. Dickinson fired first. A puff of smoke showed that Jackson was wounded in the breast. "Great God! have I missed him?" cried Dickinson, and involuntarily he recoiled. "Back to the mark, sir!" ordered Jackson's second. Jackson took deliberate aim, and Dickinson fell mortally wounded. Dickinson's bullet had broken two of Jackson's ribs, and he was bleeding in-



THE HERMITAGE, HOME OF ANDREW JACKSON.

ternally. "I would have lived long enough to kill him if he had shot me through the heart," was Jackson's grim comment.

In 1813 there was an impromptu shooting match with Thomas Hart Benton and his brother Jesse, from which Jackson carried a bullet for life. Then Jackson was sent on the war path against the Creek Indians in a campaign which won for him the sobriquet of "Old Hickory." In the War of 1812, when military glory was scanty and laurels few, Jackson could point to the victory at New Orleans and incidentally the establishment of the annual Jackson Day dinner. The Treaty of Ghent had put an end to the war before the battle, but, unfortunately, it postponed the settlement of a question far more vital than a quarrel with England. The War of 1812 was always unpopular in New England, and several New England States refused their quota of troops. Representatives of five New England States met at Hartford to discuss withdrawal from the Union and a separate peace with Great Britain. The close of hostilities prevented further action, and the question of secession was not brought to an issue.

Meanwhile Jackson was the *enfant terrible* of the administration. "Shall I send him as Minister to Russia?" asked Monroe of Jefferson. Russia sounded remote and cool. "He'll breed you a quarrel there in a month," warned Jefferson.

So Jackson, now a major general, was detailed to fight the Seminoles, that seeming a reasonably safe assignment. But Jackson was thorough in all that he undertook. The Seminoles retreated to the neutral Spanish ground of Florida. Jackson was not the person to be baffled by an obstacle so trifling as international law. He promptly followed the Seminoles, captured Pensacola (which was an old habit of his), and executed two British subjects whom he suspected of inciting the Indians to warfare. As was natural, these proceedings led to much acrimonious comment in the cabinet, Calhoun, who was then Secretary of War, being among the ardent commentators. Fortunately, Florida was purchased from Spain about that time, and Jackson was made Governor. In the Presidential election of 1824 there were four candidates. Jackson received 99 votes, Adams 84, Crawford 41, and Clay 37. Clay's strength elected Adams, and the coincidence that Clay became Secretary of State led to the suspicion that it was a compromise. Calhoun was Vice President. Four years later Jackson was triumphantly elected, but before the inauguration Rachel died. Standing beside her body, he said: "In the presence of this dear saint I can and do forgive all my enemies. But those vile wretches who have slandered her must look to God for mercy." She was buried in the garden at the Hermitage, the home near Nashville, where she and Jackson had lived in rare felicity. He wrote for the granite slab over her grave the following inscription: "Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d of December, 1828. A being so gentle and yet so virtuous vile slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even Death when he tore her from the arms of her husband could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

On March 4, 1829, began the eight stormy years of his Presidency. The de-

fects of his qualities rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the influence of Martin Van Buren, his Secretary of State. Martin was called "The Little Magician" because of the skill with which he steered his course among the reefs of New York politics. Gen. John H. Eaton, of Kentucky, became Secretary of War. His first wife had been a niece of Mrs. Jackson. He was now considering as her successor a widow, Mrs. Timberlake, all too well known in Washington as Peggy O'Neill. He consulted Jackson, who asked if he loved her. General Eaton was quite sure he did, and so Jackson told him to marry her. But marrying Peggy and establishing her in Washington society were quite different propositions. There ensued a *bataille de dames* in which the honors went to the cabinet ladies, and the consequences were made extremely serious to their husbands. It probably cost Calhoun the Presidency, as the smooth Van Buren, being luckily a widower, had no scruples about calling on the charming but indiscreet Peggy.

Jackson enjoyed to an unusual degree the pleasant pose described in Biblical language as standing on the neck of his enemies. He defeated Clay for the Presidency in 1832, saw Biddle of the bank controversy financially ruined, chose Van Buren for his successor; and although Van Buren failed of reelection, the Democrats came back into power under Polk, in whose administration Jackson passed away. The close of his life was serene and was spent at the Hermitage. His adopted grandson, Col. Andrew Jackson, with his wife and mother, lived with Jackson, and each day he walked to the grave of Rachel. He made a profession of religion, joined the Church, and, surrounded by an atmosphere of affection and veneration, went peacefully to rest beside his beloved Rachel.

In Jackson's administration the doctrine "to the victors belong the spoils" was first put in practice. The United States Bank was not rechartered, causing great financial uneasiness, the nullification agitation was ended in a compromise, and there was a beginning of the antislavery movement in New England, represented in Congress by Ex-President Adams. Jackson loved the Union, and he believed in States' rights. The only shadow upon his declining years was the friction

[Continued on page 196.]



MAIN HALLWAY AT HERMITAGE.



## GLEANINGS FROM THE "RECORDS."

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

## TWO MODEST MEN.

The United States committee on the conduct of the war came to the conclusion that McClellan's army was more demoralized by the long siege of Yorktown than if he had made even an unsuccessful assault upon that place; that the battle of Williamsburg was fought while "Little Mac" was at Yorktown and did not reach the battle field until the conflict was nearly over; and that instead of fighting the peninsular campaign against superior numbers he had more men at all times than the Confederates, even after Lee was reinforced by Jackson. Now, this is what the "Young Napoleon" thought about it. In a letter to General Burnside he tells the latter: "I feel very proud of Yorktown. It will be my brightest chaplet in history, for I know that I accomplished everything by pure military skill. I am grateful to God that he allowed me to purchase such great success at so trifling a loss of life. \* \* \* When I arrived on the field of Williamsburg, you would have been glad to see how the men cheered and brightened up when they saw me. I changed a possible defeat into a splendid victory. \* \* \* I expect to fight a desperate battle in front of Richmond and against superior numbers. If I win, the greater the glory; if I lose, the government, which has deliberately placed me in this position, will be damned forever both by God and man. When I see the hand of God guarding one so weak as myself, I can almost think myself a *chosen instrument* to carry out his schemes. Would that a *better* man had been chosen!"

On April 30, 1863, Gen. Joseph Hooker said to his devoted army: "It is with heartfelt satisfaction the commanding general announces to the army that our enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." History tells us that his enemy certainly did come out and also that some fighting was done, and, in fact, the only reason they actually didn't take the air was from lack of feathers only; but it was not the "Gray" people who were flushed by any means. And yet as late as December, 1864, this same general hadn't lost much confidence in himself, as the following extracts from his letters will show: "It is a fact that you may not be aware of, that we have no army in the field that would not welcome my return to it with demonstrations bordering on enthusiasm. \* \* \* I am shelved for my juniors when I have encountered more fire and gained more success in the estimation of the soldiers than any ten of them. \* \* \* Sherman offered me a personal insult by promoting Howard over me, and the dissatisfaction of the troops continues to this day. \* \* \* The Secretary of War will assure you that I saved the Army of the Cumberland in the advance on Atlanta, and it is enough to say that I won the hearts of that army and the people of the West. \* \* \* There is no army that would not welcome my return with enthusiasm such as has not been seen or known in this war. \* \* \* I am willing for Sherman to be promoted over me if any one of the armies should deem his serv-

ices and qualifications equal to mine. \* \* \* On my coming East a new command was given Sheridan, as they thought it better to experiment with him than to give to one who had won and sustained the character of 'Fighting Joe' in all the armies."

"Modesty is a kind of shame or bashfulness proceeding from the sense a man has of his own defects."

## WEARERS OF THE GRAY.

Everybody knows that our people were great fighters, and nobody knew it better than their opponents; and while it is not at all necessary to try to add any laurels to their reputation, it might be of interest, if not to the Confederate veterans themselves, to their descendants, to hear what the "Blue" ones thought of their prowess. The following expressions were from Union commanders in different battles:

*Malvern Hill.*—"All along the line fire was opened upon him and maintained in a most vigorous manner. Nothing could have been done better; the effect upon his ranks was perceptible, yet he moved steadily along until up and onto us, when, unable to resist the mass hurled at them, my line broke and was borne back by sheer force of numbers."

*Second Manassas.*—"The Rebels with a murderous shout broke through the brigade in front, forcing them pell-mell back on our line and at the same time routing the brigade on our left. We held our ground until many of our mounted officers were dragged from their horses and our colors within the enemy's grasp."

*Murfreesboro.*—"The enemy made their appearance, advancing in solid column. On and on they came, nothing daunted by the heavy charges of canister and grape the battery on our left was pouring into their ranks. My regiment fired into them with deliberate aim; but not stopping their advance, I gave the orders to fall back."

*Corinth.*—"The enemy burst from the woods in magnificent style and moved swiftly across the open field until within point-blank range, when they deployed into line and opened a tremendous fire, moving steadily to the front all the time. It was a terribly beautiful sight to see them advance in spite of a perfect storm of grape and canister, shell and rifle ball. Still on they came, though their ranks were perceptibly thinned at every step."



JACKSON'S BEDROOM AT THE HERMITAGE.

*Chickamauga.*—"Another line of the enemy more formidable than the first appeared in the distance, moving upon our lines. The terrible splendor of this advance is beyond the reach of my pen. The whole line seemed perfect and as if moved by a single mind. \* \* \* Again the enemy came forward like an avalanche and swept my men back like 'chaff before the wind.'"

*Knoxville.*—"The first column of the Rebels was reënforced by a second, which pushed up as desperately as the first. \* \* \* They began to fall back, but another column coming up pushed more savagely than ever until three of their flags were planted on our parapet. The main body came on while our guns were pouring into them a destructive fire of grape and our infantry a deadly shower of musketry, but, forcing their way through the abatis, they rushed up to the fort and were only stopped by the depth of the ditch."

*Chancellorsville.*—"The Rebels came on rapidly, but in silence, with that skill and adroitness they often display to gain their object. I gave the command to fire, and the terrible discharge of twenty-two pieces staggered them; but, bringing up fresh forces, they strove to advance as fast as they were swept back."

*Atlanta.*—"The appearance of the enemy as they charged across the cleared field was magnificent. Rarely has such a sight been presented in battle. Pouring out from the woods, they advanced in immense brown and gray masses with flags and banners, many of them new and beautiful, while the generals and staff officers were in plain view, with drawn sabers flashing in the light, galloping here and there. My artillery poured shell and canister into them, and we could see great gaps as each shot tore through their ranks; but at one time they came within a few yards of our batteries."

*Franklin.*—"All things considered, the battle of Franklin was one of the most remarkable of the war for the bravery, energy, and persistence of the attacks by the Rebels, they continually bringing up fresh troops, apparently confident that each new effort would enable them to force our lines."

*Gettysburg.*—"Their lines were formed with a precision and steadiness that extorted the admiration of the witnesses of that memorable scene. \* \* \* The enemy continued to advance with a degree of ardor, coolness, and bravery worthy of a better cause. \* \* \* Their lines moved steadily to the front in a way to excite the admiration of every one. As their front line came up it was met by such a withering fire that it soon melted away; but still on they came from behind. \* \* \* Onward they came, and it would seem as if no power could hold them in check. Our troops met them bravely, but still they came up until they were right in on top of us. \* \* \* The perfect order and steady but rapid advance of the enemy called forth praise from our troops, but gave their line an appearance of being fearfully irresistible. \* \* \* Their march was as steady as if impelled by machinery, unbroken by our artillery, which played on them a storm of missiles. \* \* \* The Rebel line advanced slowly, but surely and steadily approached. All seemed lost as they rushed on exultingly. \* \* \* The gaps made by our batteries seemed to have no effect in checking his onward progress, and his line advanced steadily."

Now, every word of this is in the "Official Records," and it goes to prove that if the Northerners did not recognize us as a nation they plainly acknowledged the fact that we were, in their own language, "hefty" belligerents.

## "CAMOUFLAGE."

During the recent war the art of camouflage held a very conspicuous place in the public eye and was looked upon by many as something novel in warfare, when, in fact, the only new thing in connection with it is the name. It has been practiced more or less in every war that the world has ever known, and we have instances on record in the earliest histories in print. The Holy Bible tells us, in the eighth chapter of Joshua, that enough of it was used by the Israelites on one occasion to enable them with smaller forces to utterly annihilate their opponents. The wooden horse of Troy, Hannibal's oxen with torches on their horns, and the moving wood in Shakespeare's "Macbeth" are all striking examples of camouflage, and hundreds of other instances can be easily located.

Our own War between the States furnished many examples, such as Johnston's "Quaker" guns left at Centerville, which, with a small screen of cavalry, was camouflage enough to enable him to make a clean get-away from McClellan. At Corinth Beauregard so completely fooled the Yankees that Halleck, with a superior force, let him get away with the loss of hardly so much as a horseshoe by the following camouflage: First, a deserter (?) told the enemy that the Confederates were 100,000 strong and being reënforced daily; then their pickets heard trains arriving in Corinth during the night, and, as they were greeted with rousing cheers and music, of course they were bringing new troops. On the night of May 30 Gen. John Pope, of Second Manassas fame, reported that three heavy trains had arrived amidst more applause, and their contents had been sent up to the front, as marching music was heard headed his (Pope's) way, and he expected to be heavily attacked by daylight. But when he woke up in the morning the foxy B. had gone, and a Yankee reporter wrote his paper that they had been badly fooled, as the works at Corinth were far from being invulnerable, and the old joke of wooden guns and stuffed cannoneers had been played off on them. On September 15, 1863, General Lee camouflaged Longstreet's movement to help Bragg, as the Yankees reported hearing heavy cheering and music in the Confederate lines and were satisfied this excitement was undoubtedly caused by reënforcements. Deserters, civilians, and negroes told Rosecrans that Bragg would drop back to Rome before he would make a stand, and the Yankees were somewhat jarred when they realized it was camouflage.

Now, Johnston, Beauregard, Lee, and Bragg practiced the old art very successfully; but it remained for Longstreet and Gibson to give us a touch of the real modern thing, for the former had his guns at Petersburg screened with cedar bushes, and the latter at Mobile by a smoke screen of burning brush made a successful sortie into the Yankee lines and by so doing captured prisoners with very useful information.

There is an old saying that "there is nothing new under the sun," and the above certainly proves it in this case.

## PURITANICAL CANT.

I have unearthed two items which as samples of "codfish" hypocrisy cannot, in my opinion, be surpassed. The first originated with that old "outlaw," commonly known in the South as "Beast," or "Spoons," Butler, and the other with the only Gordon ever in the world, I believe, who was not as good an enemy as he was a friend. As Gen. Dick Taylor says in his "Destruction and Reconstruction," our blessed Saviour bade us forgive those who had injured us; but, knowing the frailty of human nature, he did not tell us to forgive



those we had injured, and therefore both of these Massachusettsers really could not see us in any other light than in that of erring and ungrateful Rebels.

The hero (?) of Fort Fisher wrote one of his unfortunate subordinates, Gen. J. J. Peck, as follows: "I have read your order in which you say, 'Many of the troops have been in the field since the outbreak of the revolution.' What revolution do you mean? The revolution against England? There has been no revolution in the United States since, but there has been a rebellion, and it is not seemly for an officer to style it a revolution."

Gen. G. H. Gordon issued on April 19, 1865, at Norfolk, Va., the following order: "To those *erring* and *misguided* persons who have been *allowed* to return to their homes this order is promulgated. Many of you have been madly attempting the destruction of our common country, but a *just* God has defeated your efforts. You have experienced the might of your government. You are now *permitted* to enjoy its clemency. You are again at home with the *loved* flag of the nation waving over you to defend, succor, and protect. You are received in this district in the belief that, truly *penitent* for the past, you will become good citizens in the future. Upon a proper manifestation of allegiance you shall seek your own living as you choose and be subject to no excessive restraint. You shall share equally all the privileges that can with *safety* be bestowed on any. Thus you will be trusted. With yourselves and families remains your future of happiness or misery. *As you give, so shall you receive.* With what measure you mete out your loyalty shall protection and pardon be meted out to you. A surly and dogged obedience, a traitorous life service, and a sneering worship in God's holy temple with treason in the heart will not assure such happiness to the male or female *subject* that joy will be born therefrom. Let there be thanks to God that the heart of the nation has been turned to *pardon* rather than to *punishment*, but take heed that offense comes not again."

And both of these from the State that refused to let her soldiers leave its borders in 1812 and the State whose vessels ran a packet line from Africa to the Southern States.

#### SURRENDER OF JOHNSTON'S ARMY.

BY M. M. BUFORD, NEWBERRY, S. C.

With the annual recurrence of the day marking the surrender of the most gallant army that ever battled for right and justice, the old Confederate soldier likes to recall his experiences in the great struggle; so I am moved to write of the surrender of the army under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, in the preliminaries of which I was an actor.

I was a member of the 5th South Carolina Cavalry. Our little battle was fought at Bentonville, N. C., where two of our company were killed—D. C. Eison, of Union County, and C. C. Casey, of Laurens County, S. C. On March 24, 1865, Gen. E. M. Law, now living in Florida, had been put in command of that portion of the cavalry including our regiment near Smithfield, N. C. There were Yankee marauders not far away. General Law sent a portion of our regiment, including my company, to stop their depredations. We found several hundred of them in a woody place, and there was a little skirmish, during which I noticed a Yankee jump from his horse and take deliberate aim at some one in my direction. I heard the bullet strike with a dull thud near me and turned to see that Lieut. Berry Richards, my nearest com-

rade, who was in command of the company, had been hit. He told me that he had been mortally wounded and asked me to take him to his brother, John C. Richards, and for his brother to carry his body back home for burial. I put my arm around him and held him on his horse, and we had gone but a short distance when we met his brother. The wounded man died three days later, on March 27, and his brother carried his body home, as requested.

After leaving Raleigh my command fell back toward Greensboro, tired and hungry and depending on their own exertions to get something to eat. As an illustration of the straits to which we were put for food, I will relate this little incident: While out foraging a great big husky fellow and I were chasing the same chicken, and we caught it at the same time. I weighed only about a hundred and twenty, but was holding on to the chicken with all my might, when he said, and he meant it too, "D—n you, if you don't let go, I'll kill you," and I let go and went hungry.

It was about the middle of April, 1865, that the correspondence began between Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and Gen. William T. Sherman in regard to an armistice, Johnston sending a communication to Sherman about that time. As Sherman's messengers—a lieutenant and some petty officers with a flag of truce—were on their way to Johnston's headquarters they came to the place where Joe Hargrove and I had been posted. One was to stay there, and the other was to conduct Sherman's messengers to Johnston's headquarters, somewhere between Durham and Hillsboro. Joe had slipped away on a foraging expedition, so I had to escort the messengers. I noticed that one of the Yanks was riding a very fine bay horse that he had captured from Charles Barnett, of our company, only a few days before. I wanted very much to take the horse from him, but of course I couldn't.

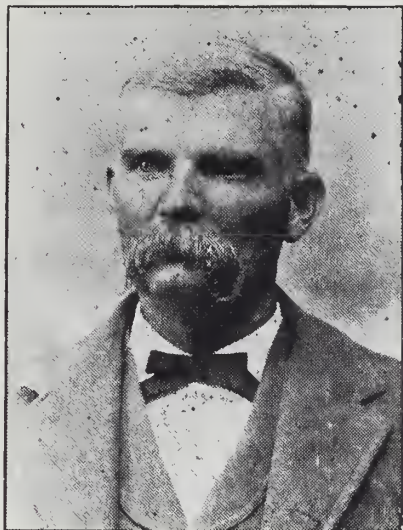
On the 17th of April Generals Johnston and Sherman, with their staffs, met in a plain little farmhouse known as the "Bennett House," having only two or three rooms, to discuss terms of the armistice. This was just four miles west of Durham. They did not complete the negotiations that day and met at the same place the next day, April 18. General Johnston's escort was the 5th South Carolina Cavalry, and with him were Gen. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, Gen. John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and Gen. J. H. Reagan, of Texas, as I remember. With General Sherman were General Kilpatrick, of the Yankee cavalry, and, I think, an escort of Minnesotans. While the conference was going on the respective escorts on the outside fraternized and cracked jokes. The Yanks were in splendid and handsome uniforms of blue, the "Johnny Rebs" in torn and sodden suits of gray.

The terms were agreed upon that day, but General Sherman had to submit them to the government at Washington. President Lincoln had been assassinated by John Wilkes Booth the night of the 14th of April, and Vice President Andrew Johnson had succeeded him. He refused to accept the terms and returned them to General Sherman.

On the morning of the 25th of April General Sherman notified General Johnston that the terms had been rejected and demanded a surrender. That night General Johnston sent a dispatch under flag of truce to General Sherman. This dispatch was intrusted to Col. Rawlins Lowndes, of General Hampton's staff. When asked if he wanted an escort of cavalry, Colonel Lowndes said: "No. One good man will do. I'll take Buford." On our way to Sherman's headquarters we came to the Yankee picket line at one o'clock at night. The vidette on the post could not speak English and seemed at a loss what to do. The vidette on the next post called

out to him: "D—n it, make them dismount." We dismounted and awaited the appearance of the officer who had been called to escort us, when we remounted and accompanied him to headquarters. (As indicating the discipline in the Federal army, I afterwards learned the vidette was arrested and punished for permitting us to get so close before he halted us.)

When we reached General Sherman's headquarters we were treated very nicely. Soldiers were sent out to hold our horses. Colonel Lowndes went in, but I stayed out and held my own horse. When Colonel Lowndes had delivered his message and we had started back to our headquarters, he said to me: "Buford, why didn't you let that soldier hold your horse?" My reply was: "I don't let no Yankee hold my horse."



M. M. BUFORD.

We had come now to the end of things. The war was over, and the Confederate soldiers, conquered by overwhelming numbers, turned their thoughts homeward, and many also turned their faces thither. On the 26th of April I left the almost deserted camp for home, riding my cavalry horse, which was a very good one. With me were Witherspoon, of Sumter, and Sanford Welborn, of Union; perhaps others whom I cannot now recall. As we rode out of Charlotte, N. C., we met Gen. Wade Hampton, who was going in the same direction, and we rode three or four miles together, when he turned off into another road, saying he was going to cross the Catawba River in a bateau, and his horse would swim across. We promised him we would meet him at Due West, S. C., five weeks from that day and go with him to join Gen. Kirby Smith's army beyond the Mississippi, the last remnant of the Confederate armies that had not surrendered. But before the time appointed rolled around everything had gone to pieces, Kirby Smith's army included, and of course we did not meet at Due West. General Hampton had not surrendered, and neither had I; but sometime in the summer of 1865 I went to Columbia and took the oath of allegiance. General Hampton also must have taken the oath at some time, or he could not have taken his seat in the United States Senate, to which he was elected by the South Carolina Legislature and which he held many years, nor the office of national railroad commissioner, to which he was later appointed by President Grover Cleveland.

When we reached the Catawba River the ferryman informed us that the charge for ferrying a man on horseback was \$25 or a plug of tobacco. I had a plug or so of tobacco, because I had drawn my share along with the others, though I did not chew; so I gave him a plug of tobacco, and my comrades, Witherspoon and Welborn, gave him \$25 apiece. My plug of tobacco was worth more than the fifty dollars in Confederate money.

I reached home on the 5th of May, 1865. Forty-five years after that I was going out of Raleigh, N. C., on the train, and as we approached Durham I asked, so all in the coach could hear, if there was any one on board who could point out the Bennett House. An old man stood up and replied that he could, and he pointed out the house to me as we were passing. It looked just about as it did forty-five years before, except that the well sweep in the front yard was gone.

In talking with Gen. Julian S. Carr, of Durham, N. C., at the Confederate Reunion in Tulsa, Okla., in 1918 he told me he owned land around the Bennett House and that I was the only person he had ever seen who was present at the meeting there between Generals Johnston and Sherman. He further said that it became necessary to cover the house completely with corrugated iron in order to keep it from being carried off piecemeal as souvenirs. General Carr urged me to write out my recollections of the Johnston surrender. I might add that General Carr appointed me on his staff as Assistant Quartermaster General, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, when he was first elected Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V., and his successor, General Brown, of Virginia, honored me with the same appointment, as did General Carr again when he defeated General Brown at the Washington Reunion in 1917. So I am entitled to be called "Colonel." The title of "Captain," with which my friends have honored me for several years, grew on me gradually. I was not "a captain in the army"; the highest position I ever reached there was "high private." I appreciate these honors, but I am proudest of having been selected by Col. Rawlins Lowndes as his courier and escort on his visit to the headquarters of Gen. William T. Sherman the night of the 25th of April, 1865, when I was hardly more than a lad.

After that historic ride together to Sherman's headquarters I never saw Colonel Lowndes again until we met in Columbia thirty-seven years later at General Hampton's funeral, the 13th of April, 1902. Colonel Lowndes died at his home, in Charleston, S. C., December 31, 1919, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

MEMORANDUM, OR BASIS OF AGREEMENT, MADE THIS 18TH DAY OF APRIL, A.D. 1865, NEAR DURHAM'S STATION, IN THE STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, BY AND BETWEEN GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, COMMANDING THE CONFEDERATE ARMY, AND MAJ. GEN. WILLIAM T. SHERMAN, COMMANDING THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES IN NORTH CAROLINA—BOTH PRESENT.

1. The contending armies now in the field to maintain the *status quo* until notice is given by the commanding general of any one to its opponent and reasonable time—say forty-eight (48) hours—allowed.

2. The Confederate armies now in existence to be disbanded and conducted to their several State capitals, there to deposit their arms and public property in the State arsenal, and each officer and man to execute and file an agreement to cease from acts of war and to abide the action of the State and Federal authority. The number of arms and munitions of war to be reported to the chief of ordnance at Washington City, subject to the future action of the Congress of the United States and in the meantime to be used solely to maintain peace and order within the borders of the States respectively.

3. The recognition by the executive of the United States of the several State governments on their officers and legislatures taking the oaths prescribed by the Constitution of the



United States, and where conflicting State governments have resulted from the war the legitimacy of all shall be submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States.

4. The reestablishment of all the Federal courts in the several States with powers as defined by the Constitution and laws of Congress.

5. The people and inhabitants of all the States to be guaranteed, so far as the executive can, their political rights and franchises, as well as their rights of person and property, as defined by the Constitution of the United States and of the States respectively.

6. The executive authority of the government of the United States not to disturb any of the people by reason of the late war so long as they live in peace and quiet, abstain from acts of armed hostility, and obey the laws in existence at the place of their residence.

7. In general terms, the war to cease, a general amnesty, so far as the executive of the United States can command, on condition of the disbandment of the Confederate armies, the distribution of the arms, and the resumption of peaceful pursuits by the officers and men hitherto composing said armies. Not being fully empowered by our respective principals to fulfill these terms, we individually and officially pledge ourselves to promptly obtain the necessary authority and to carry out the above program.

W. T. SHERMAN,

*Major General Commanding Army of United States in North Carolina.*

J. E. JOHNSTON,

*General Commanding Confederate States Army in North Carolina.*

#### THE SECOND AGREEMENT, MADE APRIL 23, 1865.

Terms of a military convention entered into this twenty-sixth (26th) day of April, 1865, at Bennett's House, near Durham's Station, N. C., between Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the Confederate army, and Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman, commanding the United States army in North Carolina:

1. All acts of war on the part of the troops under General Johnston's command to cease from this date.

2. All arms and public property to be deposited at Greensboro and delivered to an ordnance officer of the United States army.

3. Rolls of all officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be retained by the commander of the troops and the other to be given to an officer to be designated by General Sherman, each officer and man to give his individual obligation in writing not to take up arms against the government of the United States until properly released from this obligation.

4. The side arms of officers and their private horses and baggage to be retained by them.

5. This being done, all the officers and men will be permitted to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their obligation and the laws in force where they may reside.

W. T. SHERMAN,

*Major General Commanding United States Forces in North Carolina.*

J. E. JOHNSTON,

*General Commanding Confederate States Forces in North Carolina.*

#### SUPPLEMENTAL TERMS OF MILITARY CONVENTION OF APRIL 26, 1865.

1. The field transportation to be loaned to the troops for their march to their homes and for subsequent use in their industrial pursuits. Artillery horses may be used in field transportation, if necessary.

2. Each brigade or separate body to retain a number of arms equal to one-seventh of its effective strength, which when the troops reach the capitals of their States will be disposed of as the general commanding the department may direct.

3. Private horses and other private property of both officers and men to be retained by them.

4. The commanding general of the military division of West Mississippi, Major General Canby, will be requested to give transportation by water from Mobile or New Orleans to troops from Arkansas and Texas.

5. The obligations of officers and soldiers to be signed by their immediate commanders.

6. Naval forces within the limits of General Johnston's command to be included in the terms of this convention.

J. M. SCHOFIELD,

*Major General Commanding United States Forces in North Carolina.*

J. E. JOHNSTON,

*General Commanding Confederate States Forces in North Carolina.*

#### GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

##### GENERAL ORDERS No. 22.

*Comrades:* In terminating our official relations I earnestly exhort you to observe faithfully the terms of pacification agreed upon and to discharge the obligations of good and peaceful citizens as well as you have performed the duties of thorough soldiers in the field. By such a course you will best secure the comfort of your families and kindred and restore tranquillity to our country.

You will return to your homes with the admiration of our people, won by the courage and noble devotion you have displayed in this long war. I shall always remember with pride the loyal support and generous confidence you have given me.

I now part with you with deep regret and bid you farewell with feelings of cordial friendship and with earnest wishes that you may have hereafter all the prosperity and happiness to be found in the world.

J. E. JOHNSTON, *General.*

Official: KINLOCH FALCONER, A. A. G.

D. W. Gilmore writes from Clarinda, Ia. (322 West Washington Street), as follows: "While a Yankee prisoner of war on Belle Isle throughout the winter of 1863-64 I formed a pleasant acquaintance with a subordinate officer of Bossieux without knowing his name or rank. He was the executive officer about the camp, or prison, next under the command of Bossieux. I have something very interesting to him to relate if he is alive yet and can be found. \* \* \* I left Belle Isle about March, 1864, in exchange of prisoners and was sent with six hundred men to Annapolis, Md. It was in exchange of the 9th Maryland soldiers. I belonged to the 2d Wisconsin Cavalry and was paroled with others in Richmond before taking boat down the James. Any information as to this man's name or location would be highly appreciated."

## SCOUTING ON HUNTER'S RAID TO LYNCHBURG, VA.

BY JAMES Z. M'CHESNEY, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

On the 1st of May, 1864, when about to break camp at Monroe Draft, near Lewisburg, Va. (now W. Va.), where we had spent the winter, we were visited by Gen. John C. Breckinridge and Brig. Gen. Albert G. Jenkins, who had just recovered from a wound received at Gettysburg and assumed command. Our horses were wintered at home while we were in camp. General Jenkins reviewed our regiment, the 14th Virginia Cavalry, after which he furloughed us to go home after our horses, and he ordered me to report to him for staff duty on my return. It was the last time we ever met, as he was mortally wounded in the battle of Cloyd's Mountain, on the 9th of May, during our absence. He was a gallant and capable officer and very popular with his brigade. Gen. John McCausland, at that time colonel of the 36th Virginia Infantry, a distinguished graduate and former professor of the Virginia Military Institute, was appointed to succeed him. On the 30th of May he took command and held an inspection of the brigade.

On the last of May began the march of General Crooks from Meadow Bluff toward Staunton, Va., where he finally united with Gen. David Hunter in his advance on Lynchburg. The brigade left Union, Monroe County, on June 1 and encamped next morning at two o'clock three miles from Sweetsprings. On the same evening we had a skirmish with General Crooks's army at Covington, Va., and on the 4th another at Bratton's Farm. Falling back to Panther Gap, we took a strong position in the western entrance of the Gap behind natural stone breastworks, extending from the road through the pass to the top of the mountain, and awaited the onset of the enemy. General Crooks was too good a general to attack us in such a strong position; but when in sight, deflecting his line of march to the left along an old road which crossed over the mountain to the north of the pass, he began a flank movement which compelled us to retreat. We went by Goshen, toward Buffalo Gap, through which we passed on the 6th into the Valley of Virginia, and encamped on the Archibald Sproul farm, three miles south of Middlebrook on the Staunton and Lexington Pike.

On the 7th I went to General McCausland and asked permission to go to my home, ten miles away in Rockbridge County, to remove my stock to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. He refused my request, saying that he intended to fight them. On return to my quarters I was sent with three brave men—William I. Kunkle, J. R. McCutcheon, and George Fishburne, all members of Capt. William A. Lackey's company (C), 14th Virginia Cavalry, and residents of Augusta County, near where we were encamped—on a scout across North Mountain at Pond Gap to find out all we could as to the whereabouts of General Crooks's army, which was supposed to be near Craigsville, unless he had passed through Buffalo Gap to Staunton, which was his objective point. We had passed the crest of the mountain and were more than halfway down to the Virginia Central Railroad (now C. & O.) when McCutcheon and Fishburne dismounted to readjust their saddle blankets, while Kunkle and I, who had been riding together, remained on our horses waiting for them to remount.

While thus engaged McCutcheon called our attention to a body of mounted men coming toward us up the mountain. Drawing my pistol, Kunkle and I rode to meet them, and

when within fifty or seventy-five yards of each other both sides halted. Observing that they were dressed in gray, I too hastily concluded that they were Confederates, and, returning my pistol to the holster, I told Kunkle to come on; that they were our men and we would find out where the Yankees were, which we surely did. We rode up quite close and said: "Good morning, gentlemen." The captain replied: "Good morning." I asked if he had seen any Yankees this morning. He said "No." Observing for the first time that the whole party, some twenty in all, had their pistols in hand as if expecting an enemy from our direction, I said to the captain that they had evidently taken us for enemies, to which he agreed. At the same time the party, riding in fours, advanced until their horses nearly touched ours. And the captain, riding up by my side and one of them beside Kunkle, asked me in a very rude tone where we came from. Now, if he had struck me with his fist, which he was close enough to do, he would not have surprised or put me more on my guard. I replied: "From over the mountain." He repeated his question, and I gave him the same evasive manner. My eyes quickly took in the situation, and I observed that, while they wore gray coats or jackets and slouch hats like our men, they all wore blue pants, their horses were branded "U. S.," and their saddles, bridles, and all of their equipments were such as the Yankee cavalry used. I knew at once that I was in the midst of the Jessie Scouts, a body of men selected for courage and shrewdness, and felt that either Camp Chase or the grave had opened before me. My mind worked rapidly. I never by change of manner gave them the idea that I had pierced their disguise, but continued to act as if I thought they were what I had supposed them to be—Confederates. I knew the captain would quiz me as long as he thought he might obtain some valuable information, which he failed to do.

While I was being interrogated, Kunkle also was conversing with the man beside him. I was uneasy lest he should discover they were Yankees and sound the alarm before I had decided what to do. Finally having made up my mind that I would not surrender, but would take the chances to run out of the trap into which we had so unwittingly fallen and to let Kunkle know my intentions, I told the captain in a very loud tone that as he hadn't seen any Yankees it would be useless for us to go any farther and that we would return. At the same time I began backing my mare until I had gotten wheeling distance, when I slowly turned her around. Just as I had turned my back it suddenly dawned upon the captain that I was trying to escape. My face-to-face talk and manner had made him careless, as he was sure that he had me. In a sharp tone he cried, "Halt!" Giving my mare the spur and rein, I dashed away under a shower of bullets, not one of which touched either myself or horse. Kunkle attempted to follow, but was badly wounded and captured.

The scouts, seeing McCutcheon and Fishburne, evidently feared an ambush and did not pursue me very far. Sending Fishburne to General McCausland with a dispatch that he had met the enemy's scouts dressed in Confederate gray and that we would report later, McCutcheon and I returned to the top of the mountain and, hiding our horses in a thicket some distance away, took position where we had a plain view of the road and valley below and counted General Crooks's army, nearly six thousand in all, as it marched by, led by the scouts, whom we had taken for comrades a short time before.

We waited until the army had crossed over the mountain and encamped at Dunlap's, near Summerdean, when, taking



a bridle path down the mountain, we went to McCutcheon's home, near Shemariah church, about one mile from Dunlap's. His sisters brought a bountiful lunch for us and feed for our horses to the top of a near-by hill, from which we had a plain view of the Yankee camp. (Crooks's army united with Hunter's at Staunton the next day.) Leaving McCutcheon's, we started on our return to camp and found that the brigade had fallen back and was encamped on Adam McChesney's farm, near Brownsburg, thirteen miles north of Lexington. Our picket posted at Newport, six miles from the brigade toward Staunton, ordered us to dismount and advance one at a time. It being the first time I had heard of such orders in broad daylight (four o'clock in the afternoon), I remarked to McCutcheon that Fishburne had reported. After reporting to General McCausland, he ordered Maj. N. Fitzhugh, his adjutant general, to give me a pass to visit my home, three miles from Brownsburg.

My comrade, Kunkle, recovered and returned to his regiment in ninety days. We left Brownsburg on the 9th and marched toward Staunton, and I went on picket that night at Arbor Hill. On the next day Lieut. Sam Cochran, who was in command, gave me two men, Andrew Snider and James Long, with orders to scout in the direction of Staunton. When we had arrived about one mile from that place at the old tollgate, we encountered a heavy picket, which was dismounted at the time, and, from the number of horses in sight, I judged it to be at least a squadron. While we were observing them they began to deploy; and as there was nothing more that we could do, we slowly retired until out of sight, when we urged our horses to a lively trot for two miles until we arrived at Colonel Francisco's, where we stopped to get a lunch, eating on horseback. After going another mile, we saw a great cloud of dust along the route behind us, caused by the rapid advance of a large body of cavalry. Arriving at Palmer's store, called Arbor Hill, we found a strong barricade of fence rails across the road, which had been erected and vacated by our picket during our absence. Ordering Snider to dismount with me and giving our horses to James Long to take over the hill out of danger, I determined then and there to send my compliments to the enemy. We were armed with Enfield rifles having a range of eleven hundred yards.

Presently the enemy came in sight, marching in column, and we fired a trial shot which cut the dust about halfway. With the second shot we raised our sights to the limit, which caused them to retire out of sight, only to reappear in a few minutes, advancing with mounted men in the road and dismounted men deployed on each side in the fields. It was a grand sight, and we felt rather stuck-up that we two had caused such a display of force. But only for a short time did we maintain our position, as the rattle of bullets against our frail breastworks was terrific. After standing them off until they were about to charge, we hastily retired and had to run over half a mile before we overtook Long with our horses. General McCausland had placed his brigade in line of battle along a skirt of woods on the Beard farm, a short distance farther back, and had quite a spirited skirmish, losing several men, but inflicting greater loss upon the enemy. Slowly retreating until he reached the Hutchins farm, near Newport, the rear guard, composed of two companies of the 14th Regiment, commanded by Capt. E. E. Boulden and Joseph Wilson, had a fight with the Yankees and killed two. After passing through the village, N. B. Spraggins, of Company B, was wounded and left at Capt. Tom Smiley's,

near by. James R. Crews, of Company B, was wounded shortly after and was left at Capt. James Strain's house, near New Providence Church.

When we reached the church I took a short cut across the hills to my home to warn them of the approach of the Yankees, so they could save the horses and cattle. It was only two miles out of my way, and after procuring a fresh horse and something to eat I pushed on and met the command at the creek below Brownsburg, where I was given the command of a detail of men to act as rear guard and ordered to take a high position on the Zack Johnstone farm, one mile below, to skirmish with the enemy as he advanced and fall back slowly. I had a fine view from my post of the road in both directions, and while waiting for the enemy to appear a flanking party of a large body of cavalry came into Brownsburg from the direction of Walker's Creek and attacked the rear of the brigade, which was passing at the time, and by a close margin just missed intercepting its retreat. This placed me between two forces of the enemy and compelled me to strike across the country to Fairfield, where we arrived as one of our regiments was passing toward Lexington. I rejoined my regiment at the Cameron farm, where it was encamped two miles below town, that evening. The next morning we retreated to Lexington, having burned the bridge across North River, and encamped in town. The enemy arrived the same day on the opposite side of the river and shelled the Virginia Military Institute. While on vidette duty on the Reid farm, in the rear of Washington College, I discovered a large body of cavalry descending a distant hill in the direction of the Barrens, which had forded the North River at the Baths and was aiming to cut off our retreat. On reporting this to General McCausland, he evacuated the town and retired toward Buckhannon. How he conducted a masterly retreat, contesting every foot of the way with only 1,600 men, and retarded Major General Hunter's advance with an army of 25,000 men, thereby saving Lynchburg, the base of supplies for General Lee's army, is a matter of history. I was with General McCausland on the whole campaign from start to finish, but at no time did I have my nerves tested as when I interviewed the Jessie Scouts to find out where the Yankees were.

Two of my comrades who were with me when we met the Jessie Scouts fifty-six years ago have answered the last roll call. George Fishburne died at the Camp Lee Soldiers' Home at Richmond, Va., and J. R. McCutcheon at his home, near Fishersville, Va. William I. Kunkle lives at Lone Fountain, Va., and has the honor of having a son in the marines who was wounded at Belleau Woods, in France. I am district agent for the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Boston, Mass., and I am still "scouting" for prospects.

William I. Kunkle wrote me from West Augusta, Va., in 1906 his recollections of the incident connected with his capture, which is here given in his words:

"I am always pleased to hear from my old comrades who fought beneath the folds of the Bonnie Blue Flag. 'That flag no longer reflects the light of the morning sunbeam nor kisses with its silken folds the genial breeze of our Southern clime. The hands that waved it along the crest of a hundred fiery battle fields and the hearts that for the love they bore it so often defied danger and death no longer rally around it, but proud memories and glorious recollections will ever cluster around it.' I hope that the time will come when history will do the South full justice and give her full measure of praise

for the heroic courage and prowess she displayed in one of the most gigantic struggles the world ever saw. Dear old Dixie! 'Her brow is encircled with a glory as bright and enduring as the diadem that crowns the night of her cloudless skies.'

"You ask me for some information concerning my capture on the 7th of June, 1864. Right here I will mention an incident that led to my going on that scout. No doubt you remember that when the news of General Crooks's advance reached our headquarters we were encamped in Greenbrier County, about four or five miles from Greenbrier River. I was placed in charge of three men on the 1st of June and ordered to picket the road at the mouth of Second Creek. In the meantime, having received notice of the enemy's approach, the command broke camp and took up the line of retreat toward Staunton. A man was dispatched to call me in; but failing to find me, he returned to the command and reported me captured. I stayed on my post a whole day after I should have been relieved. I was convinced by that time that something was wrong, so I sent John Van Leer back in the direction of camp to see if he could find out anything in regard to the movements of the brigade. He returned in a few hours with the information that the brigade had gone the day before and that the Yankees were between it and us. We held a council of war and decided to flank them. Jim Mackey said he could take us through the Ritch Patch country and Rockbridge, which he did with perfect success, and we joined the brigade on the evening of June 6 at the farm of Arch Sproul, about three miles from Middlebrook on the Lexington Pike. I suppose you remember that our horses stampeded that night and some of them went to Greenville. I was lucky enough to find my horse in the morning, and, learning that a scouting party was to be sent across Pond Gap Mountain, I volunteered to go with it. My reason for doing so was that some of the boys had told my people over there I had been captured, and I thought I might possibly see some of them and relieve their anxiety.

"We had crossed the top of the mountain and had reached a point about halfway down where the Ramsey house once stood. You and I were riding together. McCutcheon and Fishburne stopped to cap their pistols, and while doing so McCutcheon saw some men in the road below us and ordered us to ride forward and find out who they were. When we first saw them they had their pistols drawn and leveled, but dropped them to their sides as soon as they saw us, and we, thinking they were friends, rode into the trap. I never had the remotest idea that they were Yankees until you wheeled your horse and they commenced firing at you. How you escaped with your life is a wonder to me. I saw a man discharge his revolver at you, the distance being not over ten feet, and yet, as good luck would have it, he missed you. They must have fired fifteen or twenty shots at you. I think they must have fired twenty-five or thirty shots in all. I wheeled my horse as quickly as I could, and as I did so a bullet struck me on the head. Fortunately, it was a pointed ball, and, striking obliquely the round surface of the skull, it did but little damage, only stunning me for a few seconds. I was determined to escape if possible. Unfortunately, three of them had gotten between you and me. I passed two directly, both firing at me, one shot shattering my left arm and another passing through my right at the elbow. With both arms helpless, I could not guide my horse, and I had one more man to pass. Having failed in his attempt to kill or capture you, he turned about and, seeing me coming toward

him at full speed, stopped his horse and, taking deliberate aim, missed me, just as I hoped he would. But the smoke from his pistol frightened my horse, and he left the road and took a path that led up a steep bank, and the Yankee, seeing his chance, dashed in front of me and, seizing my bridle reins and with his cocked pistol pointed toward my heart, ordered me to surrender. Not seeing my way clear to countermand his order, I quietly succumbed to the inevitable. Having thus secured me, they mounted me upon one of their horses and took me to General Crooks, who had halted with his staff at the foot of the mountain.

"Just as the two men who were detailed to guard me down the mountain were starting with me the captain of the Jessie Scouts rode up beside me with his pistol in his hand and, addressing me in a savage tone, said: 'Now, old fellow, we have you safe; and if you don't tell where our general is and the number of his forces, I'll d—n soon put you up the spout.' I replied: 'Captain, I am a Confederate soldier, and as a natural consequence I intend to be true to my country. I have had the pleasure of guarding some of your men, and I have never spoken an unkind word to one of them; and if you were a gentleman and a brave man, you would not do it either.' My words took effect. Turning his steed, he dashed away, and I have not seen him from that sad day to this, and I am not sorry.

"The men who were guarding me were very uneasy all the way down the mountain. They thought an ambushade awaited them at every turn. They beat the horse I was riding with two long poles to hurry him beyond imaginary danger. Every time they struck the horse he would lunge forward (besides being very lame) and caused me excruciating pain, and I could feel the shattered bones of my left arm grating together. I begged them to desist, assuring them that they were in no danger whatever, but all to no purpose. They thought a blood-thirsty Rebel lurked behind every bush. So I shut my teeth hard together and bore the pain with a stoicism that would have done honor to an American Indian. I allowed no cry or groan to escape me, but I registered a silent vow to even up things if I ever got a chance.

"We met General Crooks not far from my uncle's house mounted upon his horse and surrounded by the officers composing his staff. He asked me to give him the name of my brigade, regiment, and colonels, which I did, and that ended our interview. He treated me kindly and courteously and did not try to obtain any information concerning the location and movements of our army, for which I was truly thankful. I was then taken to a spring, about a hundred yards farther on, where they lifted me from the saddle and laid me on the ground. A regiment of infantry happened to be passing about that time, and I asked a soldier to send a surgeon to my assistance. A large fine-looking man soon stepped out of the ranks to my side. I had been bleeding freely all the way down the mountain, and I told him I was about to faint. He called to a soldier who had just filled his canteen to bring me a drink, which revived me.

"The first thing the surgeon did was to rip up my sleeves to my shoulders, and after a brief inspection he said: 'My boy, you will not lose your arms, but it is lucky for you that you have fallen into my hands. Had you been taken off the battle field to a hospital, they would have been amputated as an experiment, if for no other reason.' He then pointed to my uncle's house and said he would have to leave me there, as I was too badly wounded to be taken as a prisoner. He sent two soldiers for a stretcher to carry me, but they stayed



so long that he became impatient and asked me if I thought I could walk with his assistance. I told him I thought I could. He gently raised me to my feet, and we soon reached the house. He placed me on a chair in the dining room and wrapped my arms with long strips of linen cloth. While doing this my aunt came in and told him that some of his men were plundering in the kitchen. Asking me to excuse him a moment, he entered the kitchen, and, driving them out in the yard, he thus addressed them: 'Brave men go to the front, where there is fighting to do. Cowards and thieves stay in the rear and plunder. Now move out and do not let me see your faces again to-day.' Returning to my side, he said: 'Such men are a disgrace to any army.' Having dressed my wounds, he took me upstairs and put me to bed. He then told my aunt there was a possibility that they might take me along as a prisoner and that he had no authority in the matter, as it would be left to the medical director to decide. This alarmed my aunt, and she implored him not to let them take me away. He assured her that he would do all he could to prevent it.

"About this time the medical director came in (pretty drunk) and in a very good humor. He made searching inquiries as to whether I could walk or ride in an ambulance without endangering my life, to all of which the surgeon answered in the negative. Finally, with an oath, he left, saying that I would have to remain. The surgeon, taking me by the hand, said: 'Good-by, my boy. You may thank your stars that you are not crossing the mountains in a rough ambulance.'

"I shall never forget that man as long as I live. Had he been a brother, he could not have been kinder to me. Who do you suppose he was? He was a son of Dr. Warrick, who practiced medicine in Middlebrook, Va., years before the war and moved to Ohio."

#### EARLY'S MARCH TO WASHINGTON IN 1864.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

In our rapid movement from Richmond to Lynchburg we had left all our wagon trains and other army equipment, except the horses belonging to the generals and their staffs, far behind. These had now come up, rations were issued to us, and after a day of rest we were ready to begin our long march to Washington, D. C. The fresh mountain air of this fine country had a favorable effect on the spirits of our men after having been confined to ditches behind breastworks in rain and mud with gun in hand while facing Grant's army. But there was much fighting and hard marching in store for us.

We took the main pike road leading north to the Potomac, which we forded and went by way of Frederick City, Md., and after a stay at that place (Washington) of one day recrossed the Potomac and leisurely pursued our way into the Valley again. But all this was not without much fighting, in all of which the enemy was defeated until in September, when we fought the great drawn battle at Winchester, after which fortune seemed to have been against us, and our little army was finally withdrawn from the Valley and once more incorporated with Lee's army to share with it in the closing disastrous events of the war.

The first place of importance on our route was Lexington, where the Virginia Military Academy was located. Before we entered the town we marched into the city cemetery with our arms reversed and heads uncovered, for here was the

grave of our famous old commander, Gen. Stonewall Jackson. As we filed around his grave I felt that I was stepping on holy ground, the last resting place of a Christian hero. Tears came into the eyes of many as they remembered the splendid leadership of this wonderful man. Truly the hand of Divine Providence was with him. His name will be an inspiration to the South and the world as long as history is written. His name carries with it everything that is true and noble. He presented to the world the greatest military genius and at the same time the most devout Christian faith. All modern military critics consider him the greatest general of ancient or modern times.

Our next stop was at Staunton, where we had clothing issued to us, for we were in rags. Here we rested a day and on the next resumed our march for the Potomac. Our small cavalry force drove off all the enemy found ahead of us, and we had no trouble with them until we had crossed the river into Maryland. We reached Martinsburg on July 3 late in the evening and spoiled the great Fourth of July celebration which was to come off the next day. After tearing up the railroad for some distance, we went to Shepherdstown and waded the river, destroyed a number of canal boats, and that evening surrounded the fort on Maryland Heights overlooking Harper's Ferry. This was a formidable position and held by a considerable force. We skirmished with them a part of two days and made them believe it was our intention to take the place by assault, and under cover of one of the darkest of nights we marched silently away. In this fighting some of our men were injured by the enemy's shells. When day dawned we marched by our men who had preceded us, lying wrapped up in their blankets, sweetly sleeping in the fields. Poor fellows! Some of them were taking their last sleep in this world. Passing them, we bivouacked, and after an hour's rest and eating a breakfast of our rough rations we resumed our march toward Frederick City, Md., little thinking we were that day to fight beyond that town one of the most sanguinary battles of our experience.

As we were crossing a low mountain range several miles west of that place we heard the boom of cannon in front, for our cavalry, in advance of the infantry, were in touch with the Federal army under command of Gen. Lew Wallace, and the battle of Monocacy Creek had already begun. As the white smoke of our artillery beyond the town rose to our view we hastened on, joking with each other, thinking lightly of it, only supposing it to be a force of militia which we would brush aside without any loss on our part; but in this we were sadly deceived.

Walking over this battle field in 1914, I saw the excellent judgment Wallace displayed in the selection of this place to meet our army. The road from Frederick City to Washington, D. C., crosses the Monocacy two or three miles south-east of that place. A short distance east of the bridge a road leads off in a northwestern direction to Baltimore. Wallace formed his army with these roads to his back, so that he could retreat on either of them if necessary. His right was protected by the Monocacy, and we could not attack him from that direction nor get our artillery over to assist us in the fight. Gordon took our brigade by a wide detour to the south, where we managed to ford the river and come to the help of the cavalry, which had already been used up in the initial clash with the Federal cavalry. Our brigade was formed behind a low wooded mountain range out of sight of the enemy, who were formed, as I have said, with their back to the Washington Pike. Orders were given to advance quietly over the ridge, where it was

thought we would strike their left flank in the open field. We were then to charge them with the usual yell. We advanced in fine style over the mountain, but when we came to the open field we found their lines adjusting to meet us, and our yell was answered by a well-aimed volley which seriously wounded Gen. Clement A. Evans and Captain Gordon, his aid, and killed or wounded every regimental commander in the brigade, besides many of our company officers. The private soldiers were all veterans and knew what to do. They rushed at the enemy in the field and drove them to a sunken road, which they held against our left so well that our men became discouraged at their heavy loss, and finally succeeded in driving them out of their position only with the timely assistance of the gallant little remnant of the Louisiana ("Tigers") Brigade. These, after wading the river, struck the Federals on their flank and routed them. On the right the enemy was well posted in the Thomas residence and in the grove around the house, and as the 12th Battalion came up in the open field to attack them they sustained considerable loss. Finally our artillerymen got one of their guns across the river and placed it in position in the yard back of the Worthington residence. With this they opened on the enemy in the Thomas house with such deadly effect that the 12th routed the enemy from that place. In the meantime in the center we had routed them from the road leading from the Thomas place to the bridge and driven them to the protection of the Washington Pike. Behind the banks of this they maintained a stiff resistance, but were finally driven out after their right and left had fled. The enemy took the road to Baltimore, pursued by our cavalry to that place, and the next day we resumed our march to Washington.

Before the fight closed in the center there were only four men still offering resistance to the enemy behind the banks of the road. When the last squad of these ran away, my three companions and I stood in amazement and looked around. The fighting had come to a close so suddenly that we could not at first take in the situation. In every direction scattered over the field could be seen guns, army blankets, and other equipment cast off by the enemy, and on a hillside to the left a number of wounded Federals. A fire burning the wheat straw was making its way slowly toward these. Seeing their danger and hearing their cries for help, we picked up tent flies and fought the flames, which we finally subdued. The wounded men expressed their gratitude to us and begged us to fill their canteens for them. This we did and left them there for the litter bearers, who, we knew, would be along after awhile.

My curiosity led me back to the pike to see the result of our firing. As I went I picked up new blankets, linen tent flies, and such things as our men needed, and piled them up in the road. I then sat down on the bank and awaited the assembling of our men. Each one as he came showed where he was hit. I had nine bullet holes through my blanket to show. The enemy left their dead where they fell, how many I do not now remember. We had won a complete victory, but at a great sacrifice to us. The casualties of the Confederates in this engagement fell almost entirely on Gordon's Brigade and amounted to not less than five hundred men killed and wounded, while that of the enemy was much less. All of these were veterans of many battle fields, some of whom bore the scars of many wounds. Except the Louisianians, this battle was fought by Gordon's Brigade, which the numerous graves of our command in the cemetery at Frederick City will show.

We left our wounded at Frederick City to fall into the hands of the enemy, and the next day early we resumed our march to Washington, which we reached unopposed. We were all anxious to capture the city, and especially to get "Old Abe" in our hands. We wanted him for the atrocities he allowed his armies to commit wherever they went in the South. He was aware of these, but never did he do or say a thing to abate these outrages against civilization—outrages equal to those of the Germans in France. Much has been said of his kindness and sympathy, but as far as I could see from our standpoint his heart must have been as hard as flint. His assassination gave his friends cause to place his name among their deities, and many of his former enemies regretted his demise and thought it a calamity to the South; but Abe Lincoln had neither the will nor the ability to do anything for the people of the South. He always showed himself the willing tool of the extreme element in his political party, and these he did not dare offend. He was taken off at the moment of his highest achievement, and his friends were then determined to have their own way with their fallen foes, and they would not allow any obstacle to curb their resentment in the passage and execution of their Reconstruction measures. These were the result of their hatred and were more grievous to the South than the war itself.

When we were approaching the city and were still some miles away, those who occupied the defenses opened on us with siege guns of a heavy caliber. As these monster shells passed over our heads and the tops of the trees they made a roaring noise like the passing of a railroad train, but they burst far to the rear and did no harm. We knew from this that they were fired by inexperienced gunners. Some one facetiously remarked that perhaps they were shelling our wagon train. After passing beyond the Blair house, our line was formed and skirmishers were thrown out. A battery of our heaviest guns went out into the open field and threw solid shot at their heavy batteries. The report of these in comparison with that of the heavy guns of the enemy was like that of popguns in the hands of schoolboys. We thought we would be called to assault the works, but after staying a day and a half we moved off by the road to Rockville and recrossed the river again into Virginia. The enemy pressed our rear guard with cavalry, but General Early left a battery on an eminence near the ford that put a stop to the pursuit.

As we marched by the Blair house it was wrapped in flames. No one knows who fired it. Some say it was set on fire by the enemy's shells, but this could not be, for their aim was too high. Others say it was done by General Early's orders, but he denied after the war that he had it done. I suspect it was done by some of our men who were exasperated by the numerous wanton crimes of the Federal soldiers in the South.

We stopped at Leesburg for a short rest and resumed our march to the Valley. As we were crossing the Blue Ridge the enemy's cavalry made a bold dash on our long train of wagons in the rear and captured some of them, but our men soon drove them away. And now we were once more in old Virginia among our loyal friends to begin anew a campaign against great odds in which we gave employment to five times our own number and killed or captured more of the enemy than our forces numbered.

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"O Paradise, O Paradise,  
Who doth not crave for rest?  
Who would not seek the happy land  
Where they that loved are blest?"



## MEMORIAL DAY.

[Address by Hon. John Lamb, of Richmond, to the Confederate veterans of the Eastern Shore of Virginia in 1914.]

Memorial Day has grown into an institution in our Southland. The old Confederate naturally becomes reminiscent when in the presence of his comrades he recalls the sacrifices and conflicts of fifty years ago. The features and forms of those who stood shoulder to shoulder with him in the conflict or fell by his side come before his mind's eye as distinctly as the scenes of yesterday.

This is a day of sadness to him, not unmixed, however, with the proud recollection that he was a humble factor in one of the grandest struggles for self-government that has ever occurred on earth.

The writers and speakers of the South owe it to our dead leaders and the noble men who followed them to vindicate their action in the eyes of mankind and prove to all the world that those who fought for the South were neither rebels nor traitors.

We do not meet on memorial occasions to discuss the abstract question of the right or wrong of the conflict that was waged with such fury fifty years ago. The historian of the future may probably declare that upon the strict construction of the Constitution one side was right and, owing to the changed conditions of national thought, the other side was right. The Virginia soldier did not discuss even the expediency of the question after the Old Dominion made its choice.

Our comrades who sleep beneath the sod died for the right as they saw it. While memory holds its place, you and your sons and daughters will pay the homage of grateful and loving hearts to their heroism as annually you strew their graves with flowers and teach your children to lisp their names and revere their memories.

The necessity for the war was written in the history of the colonies, in the climate, soil, and productions of the different States, on the flag of the first ship that brought slaves to North America. The splendid eloquence and patriotism of Henry Clay and others delayed it; the madness of a few on both sides hastened it. Two questions had to be settled, the right of secession and chattel slavery. We will show that the right of secession rested with the South, while slavery was an incident of the war and would have ceased in time without so drastic a measure.

The Southern States exercised a power that had been claimed from the adoption of the Constitution. The proceedings of the convention which framed the Constitution, as well as those of the States that ratified, together with the debates, go to show that at that time there was little difference of opinion as to this question. Had the framers of the Constitution declared their intention to create a supreme central government, to bind the States beyond all power of withdrawal, it would never have been ratified. The States of New York and Virginia, possibly others, inserted in their resolutions of ratification a declaration that the powers vested by the Constitution in the United States of America might be resumed by them when they should deem it necessary to prevent injury or oppression.

Early in the nineteenth century the doctrine of secession, characterized as treason and rebellion in 1861, was openly advocated in Massachusetts. The famous letter of Colonel Pickering, a member of Washington's cabinet, written in July, 1804, shows that he believed the doctrine of secession had the approval of New England as well as New York and New Jersey.

In 1811 the admission of the State of Louisiana was violently opposed in Congress. During the debate Mr. Quincy, of Massachusetts, said: "If this bill passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligations; and as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must."

He was called to order. The point of order was sustained by the Speaker of the House. From this decision an appeal was taken, and the Speaker was overruled.

Here was an open contention of the right of secession by a Massachusetts representative and a decision by the House that it was a lawful matter for discussion.

The proceedings of the Hartford Convention of 1814 are familiar, and I need not recite their famous resolution.

The New England States in 1844 threatened a dissolution of the Union. In that year the Legislature of Massachusetts adopted this resolution: "The commonwealth of Massachusetts, faithful to the compact between the people of the United States, according to the plain meaning and intent in which it was understood by them, is sincerely anxious for its preservation; but that it is determined, as it doubts not the other States are, to submit to undelegated powers in no body of men on earth." It further declared that the project of the annexation of Texas, unless arrested on the threshold, many tend to drive these to a dissolution of the Union.

Prior to the Louisiana Purchase the settlers on the Mississippi River, who were harassed by the Spaniards, petitioned Congress, saying: "If Congress refuses us protection, if it forsakes us, we will adopt the measures which our safety requires, even if they endanger the peace of the Union and our connection with the other States. No protection, no allegiance."

You see the right to secede was advocated by the North and West, and threats to avail themselves of this right were made by Northern legislatures, leading statesmen, and petitions to Congress.

Through fifty years of our history this discussion continued, and the eloquence of Webster and the logic of Calhoun were exhausted, while no satisfactory conclusion was reached.

Finally, when the Southern States, for grievances that are fresh in our memories and that far outweighed all the fancied evils that New England suffered or all the trials the Mississippi Valley settlers bore, withdrew from the Union and reasserted their sovereignty, they were coerced by Federal powers and falsely represented, not only to the world, but to our own children, as traitors and rebels.

The question of the justice of our cause having been so completely established, why should our people admit, as we know they sometimes do, that it was best after all that we failed in the attempt to establish a separate government? Does the fact of failure prove that we were wrong and our enemies right in the contention? Was Providence on their side, and were we fighting against the fiat of the Almighty? If so, why? Were religion and character on the side of the North? If America had to suffer the penalty of violated law, were we of the South sinners above all others? In the conduct of the war which side exhibited most of the Christian and least of the brutal character? To ask these questions is but to answer them.

In the "Confederate Secession," a work by an Englishman, the author draws a deadly parallel between the methods and aims of the two peoples and sums up the matter in these sig-

nificant words: "All the good qualities were on one side and all the bad on the other."

Let us discard the old superstition that heaven is revealed in the immediate results of "trial by combat." We know that the Christian civilization of the first centuries went down in the darkness of medieval times; we know that Paul was beheaded and Nero crowned and Christ crucified. Our defeat was but another instance of "truth on the scaffold and wrong on the throne."

The North succeeded because it mustered over 2,555,000 men and had the world from which to draw supplies, while the South failed because she mustered only 600,000 and was confined to her own territory for supplies.

Northern writers and speakers have attempted to show that the South plunged this country into desperate war for the purpose of perpetuating slavery. Do the facts of history sustain this contention? The colonies protested time and again to the king of England against sending slaves to these shores. The House of Burgesses enacted laws on twenty-three different occasions against the importation of slaves. The king of England vetoed each act. In 1832 the Legislature of Virginia came within one vote of passing a law of emancipation.

On page 88, Volume I., of Henderson's "Life of Stonewall Jackson," you will find an interesting letter written by Gen. Robert E. Lee showing what he thought of slavery before the war. Lee set free his slaves before the war began, while Grant retained his until freed by the Proclamation. Not one man in thirty of the Stonewall Brigade owned a slave. A Northern writer says: "Slavery was the cause of the war just as property is the cause of robbery."

If any man will read the debates between Lincoln and Douglas just before the war or the Emancipation Proclamation, he will see that slavery was not the cause of action or its abolition its intent. Emancipation was a war measure not affecting the border States.

Mr. Webster said at Capon Springs in 1851: "I do not hesitate to say and repeat that if the Northern States refused to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves the South would no longer be bound to keep the compact."

Did you ever see a soldier who was fighting for slavery? A celebrated English historian in treating this subject remarks: "Slavery was but the occasion of the rupture, in no sense the object of the war. Slavery would have been abolished in time had the South succeeded."

The enlightened sentiment of mankind, the spirit of the age, was against chattel slavery. England and France had freed their bondmen. Russia emancipated her serfs about 1880. In 1873 the Island of Porto Rico taxed itself \$12,000,000 and freed 80,000 slaves. Does any one suppose that the enlightened and Christian people of the Southern States would have set themselves against the moral sentiment of mankind and refused to heed the voice of civilization and progress?

Under the leadership of Lee, Gordon, Vance, Curry, and thousands of others these Southern States would have carried out a destiny full of moral grandeur and glory. The problems that now challenge the patience, courage, and endurance of a mighty people would not in all probability have arisen. At all events, the one dark cloud that overshadows our domestic and political horizons would have been turned back through wiser and more humane legislation or at least prevented from spending its force through false teaching, inspired by a band of the most selfish and ignorant fanatics that were ever permitted to prey upon a noble and defenseless people.

On memorial occasions such as this the speaker, anxious always to leave some abiding thought in the minds and on the hearts of his hearers, turns to those who made our history half a century ago and by precept and example impressed themselves on their countrymen. What Cromwell was to the English commonwealth, what Washington was to the Revolution, Lee was to our Southern cause. Let me give you a pen portrait of our chieftain from an English viewpoint. In a translation of Homer dedicated to Gen. R. E. Lee, the most stainless of living commanders and, except in fortune, the greatest, Philip Stanley Worsley, of Oxford, wrote:

"The grand old bard that never dies,  
Receive him in our English tongue;  
I send thee, but with weeping eyes,  
The story that he sung.

Thy Troy is fallen, thy dear land  
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel;  
I cannot trust my trembling hand  
To write the things I feel.

Ah, realm of tombs, but let her bear  
This blazon to the last of times;  
No nation rose so white and fair  
Or fell so free of crimes.

The widow's moan, the orphan's wail  
Come round thee, yet in truth be strong;  
Eternal right, though all else fail,  
Can never be made wrong.

An angel's heart, an angel's mouth,  
Not Homer's, could alone for me  
Hymn well the great Confederate South,  
Virginia first and Lee."

The crowning virtue in General Lee's character was wonderful gentleness. His letters to his friends and family show this, as well as many of his general orders and his reports of engagements. The students looking for an example, the young man and young woman seeking to improve their characters and bearing in mind that "gentle minds by gentle deeds are known, and man by nothing is so well betrayed as by his manners" will find in the life of Lee an inspiration to noble living and high endeavor such as is nowhere else found in profane history.

The poet had in his mind just such a character when he sang:

"His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

A man whose strength was the might of gentleness and self-command. We cannot have too many biographies of him. We cannot raise too many monuments to him. We cannot see his gentle face too often. Every time we look on his form in bronze or marble we feel with the poet:

"The bravest are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring."

The poet laureate voices the sentiments that fill our hearts as we review this strong, brave, tender, loving character:

"My good sword carves the casque of men,  
My short lance thrusteth sure,  
My strength is as the strength of ten  
Because my heart is pure."



On occasions like this our hearts turn to one who was imprisoned, manacled, and treated with many indignities, although no more responsible for the action of the Southern States than other public men. His persecutors were unable to bring him to trial. The textbook on the Constitution taught at West Point came in the way. For the chief magistrate of the young republic that arose so full of hope and noble purposes and died so free of crime the commonwealth of Mississippi gave Jefferson Davis, soldier, statesman, and vicarious sufferer for a people who will cherish his memory so long as valor has a votary or virtue a shrine.

We pause to pay tribute to the mighty host of brave officers, soldiers, and sailors who fell under the banner of the Southern cause. We cannot call their names—all honor to them. They were spared from witnessing the flag furled. A large number of these did not return from the fated field of Gettysburg, as did some here, with the burning thought that "some one had blundered." The tragic scenes at Appomattox could leave no regretful and sorrowful memories in their hearts and lives.

"As the mists of the past are rolled away  
Our heroes who died in their tattered gray  
Grow taller and greater in all their parts  
Till they fill our minds as they fill our hearts.  
And for those who lament them there is this relief:  
That glory sits by the side of grief,  
And they grow taller as the years pass by  
And the world learns how they could do and die."

We sing praises to the officers, we erect monuments of bronze and marble to their memories, we hang portraits on the walls of our camps that will remind our children's children of their undying fame and imperishable valor, but we do not emphasize on every occasion, as we should, the self-sacrifice and noble devotion to duty of the private soldier and sailor, who made possible the fame and glory of their officers.

The Confederate private soldier was far above the average of the armies of the world. No country ever had a larger percentage of thinking and intelligent men in the ranks, men more thoroughly imbued with moral principle. To their everlasting honor stands the fact that in their march through the enemy's country they left behind them no wasted fields, no families cruelly robbed, no homes violated.

An English writer contemporaneously says: "In no case have the Pennsylvanians cause to complain of personal injury or even discourtesy at the hands of those whose homes they had burned, whose families they had insulted, robbed, and tormented. Even the tardy destruction of Chambersburg was an act of regular, limited, and righteous reprisal."

"I must say that they acted like gentlemen, and, their cause aside, I would rather have forty thousand Rebels quartered on my premises than one thousand Union troops," was said by a Pennsylvania farmer during that invasion.

None who participated in that struggle could have failed to observe the unselfish devotion of the private soldier. The generals and line officers, charged with responsibility and nerved with ambition, had a stimulus and hope of reward that did not often stir the private soldier. His breast was fired and his arm nerved by devotion to duty. He was in many cases better born and more intelligent than his officers, yet he was obedient to orders and marched into the jaws of death with a heroism and courage that challenged the admiration of the world. He knew that in the story of the battle the officers' names would be mentioned, and if among the slain they would be borne to a well-marked tomb, over which

loving hands and grateful hearts would spread flowers and shed tears, while over his unmarked grave most likely the winds would sing a sad requiem and no loving hand would plant a single flower.

No story of our war, no record of the gallant defenders of our stainless banner, no recital of the deeds of daring and the unselfish sacrifices of these men would be complete without mention of the heroic spirit and undying devotion of the noble women of the South. The old stories of the Roman matrons and self-sacrifices of the Spartan women were reproduced in every State and nearly every home of this Southland. It would be easy to furnish from memory of the stirring events during the War between the States incidents that would show the most exalted patriotism and highest conception of duty on the part of the noble women of the South that the history of any people in any age can furnish. We are proud of the fact that their mantle has fallen upon the shoulders of the Daughters of the Confederacy, whose hearts burn to-day with a love and devotion as pure and sacred as that of their mothers when they sent forth their sons to battle with the Roman matron's injunction or gave their parting kiss to loved ones, whom they cheerfully resigned to their country's call.

The unselfish devotion of the noble women of the South upheld and prolonged the unequal struggle, while their patience and sacrifices at home, rearing their children, and praying for the absent husband and father, often with no protector save the faithful slaves who stood guard at their doors, furnishes the most striking examples of love and devotion that this world has ever seen. When under the providence of God our vexed problems are settled and the South again comes into her own, as under the unvarying law of compensation she surely will, another monument will rise in our Southland erected by the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy and dedicated to the noble women of the South.

"A land without ruins is a land without memories. A land without memories is a land without history. Crowns of roses fade. Crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixions take deepest hold of humanity. The triumphs of might are transient; they pass and are forgotten. The sufferings of right are deepest on the chronicles of nations."

The shadows of the evening are lengthening on our pathway. The twilight approaches; for the most part you have lived brave lives. May you die, worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all the ages!

Our battle fields are around us; the graves of our dead comrades remind us of the sacrifices the Southern soldiers made for their convictions. The evening song of our declining years may find passionate longing in the plaintive strain of our Southern bard:

"Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread  
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;  
Yes, give me the land that is blest by the dust  
And bright with the deeds of the downtrodden just;  
Yes, give me the land where the battle's red blast  
Has flashed to the future the fame of the past;  
Yes, give me the land that has legends and lays  
That tell of the memory of long-vanished days;  
Yes, give me the land that has story and song  
Enshrining the strife of the right with the wrong;  
Yes, give me the land with a grave in each spot  
And names in those graves that shall ne'er be forgot;  
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb.  
There's a grandeur in graves; there is glory in the gloom;

For out of the gloom future brightness is born,  
As after night comes the sunshine of morn,  
And the graves of the dead with the grass overgrown  
May yet form the footstool of liberty's throne,  
And each single wreck in the warpath of might  
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right."

## THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

[Prize essay by Miss Armida Moses, of South Carolina, which won the Rose Loving Cup for 1919.]

Provision for a navy was incorporated in the Constitution of the provisional government of the Confederate States of America, with the President as commander in chief; but the history of the navy properly commences with the removal of the seat of government to Richmond. The department was organized in July, 1861, with Stephen R. Mallory, Secretary; Commodore Samuel Barron, Chief of the Bureau of Orders and Detail; Commander George Minor, Chief of Ordnance and Hydrography; Paymaster John DeBree, Chief of Provisions and Clothing; Surgeon W. A. W. Spottswood, Bureau of Medicine and Surgery; Edward M. Tidball, Chief Clerk.

Commodore Lawrence Rousseau was placed in command of the naval forces at New Orleans, Commodore Josiah Tattnall at Savannah, Commodore French Forrest at Norfolk, Commodore Duncan N. Ingraham at Charleston, and Capt. Victor Randolph at Mobile; but, besides officers, all was lacking that went to make up a navy. Its only vessels fit for service were those seized in Southern ports after the secession of the several States—six revenue cutters and twelve coasting steamers built for commercial purposes. The Southern States possessed no navy yards, no accessories for building vessels, no powder depots, no saltpeter, little sulphur, little iron. In spite of seemingly insurmountable difficulties, however, the Confederate government did build up a navy that revolutionized naval warfare, contributing to that science the iron ram and the torpedo. Had its fleet of ironclads ever been assembled in smooth water, the greatest navy then in the world could not have withstood it; but, unfortunately, only one ironclad at a time was ever in operation. The capture of the shipyard at Norfolk supplied many guns and was a great asset, but that splendid yard was lost to the cause early in 1862.

What the Navy Department accomplished immediately is seen in the report of a committee appointed by Congress in 1862 which found that "before the war but seven steam war vessels had been built in the States forming the Confederacy, and the engines of only two of these had been contracted for in these States"; but that the Navy Department "has erected a powder mill, which supplies all the powder required by our navy, two engine, boiler, and machine shops, and five ordnance workshops. It has established eighteen yards for building war vessels and a rope walk, making all cordage from a rope yarn to a nine-inch cable and capable of turning out eight thousand yards per month. Of vessels not ironclad and converted to war vessels, there were forty-four. The Department has built and completed as war vessels twelve; partially constructed and destroyed to save from the enemy, 10; now under construction, 9; ironclad vessels now in commission, 12; complete and destroyed or lost by capture, 4; in progress of construction and in various stages of forwardness, 23."

The work of the navy may be divided into four parts:

1. Operations on the rivers and coast defenses designed to

keep open freight and traffic lines in the interior, provide open ports, and assist the army in its land operations.

2. Blockade-running, by which the Confederacy was enabled to market its cotton without any falling into the hands of the enemy and bring into the country necessary supplies.

3. Cruisers on the high seas, which preyed upon the enemy's shipping until it drove the merchant flag of the United States from the seas and left little of its carrying trade.

4. The submarine service, which developed a new science, and by the use of torpedoes forty Federal vessels were destroyed either in part or entirely.

Not the first captures, but the first naval encounter occurred October 12, 1861, at the mouth of the Mississippi. Fire rafts and rams played an all-important part in demoralizing the enemy and succeeded in opening the way from New Orleans to the sea, but the victory was not followed up. The Confederate navy has been frequently criticized for letting slip opportunities like this; but the truth seems to be that the vessels were so hastily constructed and of any kind of material, besides often being put into action before actual completion, that the marvelous victories achieved were at the cost of such genius and strength as to be exhausting and to prohibit continuing action.

The evacuation by the United States of Gosport Navy Yard, Virginia, though unnecessary and done evidently through panic, was a most fortunate occurrence for the C. S. A., supplying guns for all the batteries from Norfolk to New Orleans. Among the vessels recovered here was the Merrimac, which had been scuttled and sunk. Commander John M. Brooke devised a plan for converting her into an ironclad, Secretary Mallory having written: "I regard the possession of an iron armored ship as a matter of the first necessity." Under the name of Virginia the ironclad was commissioned with Capt. Franklin Buchanan flag officer and Catesby R. Jones lieutenant. Her engines were always defective, another instance of what the Confederate navy could have accomplished had it had the resources. The result of the first day's operations was "the total destruction of the frigate Congress and the corvette Cumberland and the partial crippling of the steam frigate Minnesota." The loss in the Federal fleet in killed, drowned, and missing was about four hundred, but less than sixty in the Confederate. The next day, March 9, 1862, came the great conflict between the Merrimac and the Monitor. The Monitor withdrew, and the Merrimac returned to Norfolk. Capt. William H. Parker says: "The Merrimac should undoubtedly have destroyed that ship before leaving the Roads. It was a lost opportunity, for the Monitor when she withdrew was a whipped ship." The Federal authorities continued to fear the Merrimac, even considering obstructing the Potomac fifty miles below Washington to keep her away. Her destruction by her commander was a blow to the Confederacy. In trying to rectify some of the errors in her construction, lessening its great draft of twenty-two feet, her hull became exposed. She could not be brought down to her proper draft, and there was nothing for Commodore Tattnall to do but order her destruction. "Never in the history of the world has the effect of a single ship been so marvelous" (Captain Parker, C. S. N.).

No vessel in the Confederate navy had a more thrilling existence than did the ironclad ram Arkansas. After the fall of Memphis, where she had been constructed, she was taken by her commander, Lieut. Isaac Brown, to the defense of Vicksburg. To do this he passed successfully through the fleets of Farragut and Davis and the rams of Colonel Ellet. There were in the Federal squadron at least six ironclads,



each signally superior in armor, guns, and speed to the Arkansas; seven rams and ten sea-going ships of war, among which were some of superior force—3,000 men, 300 heavy guns, and a vast squadron of ironclads against one Confederate vessel of ten guns and 200 men. After that the Federal fleet decided to destroy the vessel by passing where she was at anchor for repairs and delivering broadsides. Again the Arkansas came out triumphant and then passed through daily shelling from the fleets above and below for six days. Her destruction in the end was as unique as her maneuvers. On the way to assist in the delivery of Baton Rouge the craft became unmanageable and had to be abandoned. Lieutenant Stevens, who was commanding, landed the crew, fired her with his own hands, and headed her down the stream. "With every gun shotted, our flag floating from her bow, and not a man on board, the Arkansas bore down upon the enemy and gave him battle. Her guns were discharged when the flames reached them, and when the last shot was fired the explosion of her magazine ended the brief but glorious career of the Arkansas." (Major General Van Dorn's official report.)

Rear Admiral Raphael Semmes took over the command of the James River Squadron on February 18, 1865, and when Richmond was evacuated he blew up his vessels, marched to Manchester, near Richmond, and, taking possession of the last train out of the city, joined President Davis at Danville.

The last ship on the Mississippi was the Webb, under the brave Lieut. C. W. Read, who performed the last exploit of the navy. In the Webb he ran the gauntlet of the Federal vessels on April 16, 1865, trying to make his way to the sea. By the 24th he could go no farther, so he set fire to his ship and surrendered himself and his men to the United States navy.

Much of the blockade-running was done out of Wilmington, and Charleston was a convenient port. The Federal blockade was ineffectual. Slipping through it was not so difficult, but there was great danger in meeting the enemy's men-of-war on the high seas. Blockade runners under the naval officers were very successful. Up to August, 1864, only one such vessel was lost. The *London Times*, commenting on the ease with which the Confederates went and came, mentioned once that in seven months forty-three steamers had brought cargoes into Charleston and forty-nine into Wilmington. In ten months in 1863 ninety went into Wilmington. Two famous runners were the *Kate* and the *Lee*, under Captain Wilkinson.

The blockaders gave some attention to the art of camouflage, painting their vessels a light lead color, which rendered them almost undistinguishable from the horizon.

The Confederate navy had no regular men-of-war, and so its naval officers were restricted to commerce-destroying; not the thing they would have preferred, but it was necessary, and it was well done. Raphael Semmes in the *Sumter* did destructive work to the enemy, capturing in all seventeen vessels. After the conversion of the *Sumter* into a blockade runner, he commanded the *Alabama*, the most famous of the cruisers, built at Liverpool and taken over at the Azores. In the course of two years she captured sixty-five vessels and destroyed property to the amount of ten millions before being destroyed in fighting the *Kearsage*.

The Confederate naval submarine service was organized by Matthew Fontaine Maury, and in October, 1862, a torpedo bureau was established at Richmond with torpedo stations at Wilmington, Richmond, Charleston, and Mobile and substations between. On December 12, 1862, the United States ironclad gunboat *Cairo* was torpedoed in the Yazoo River,

the first instance of the destruction by a torpedo of a vessel of war engaged in active warfare. Scharf describes this torpedo as a large demijohn inclosed in a wooden box and fired with a friction primer by a trigger leading to torpedo pits on shore. "David" was the name given the double-ended steam torpedo craft constructed by the Confederacy.

The Confederate service on land and sea shows no greater heroism than that recorded of the crews that served the fish torpedo boat, or submarine, that sunk the *Housatonic* off Charleston. Five times she had buried her crew when George E. Dixon and a complement of volunteers undertook to sink the big warship. The enterprise was victorious, the *Housatonic* sinking in four minutes after the torpedo struck it; but this time the little submarine murdered her last crew, for she went down with all on board, never to come up again. And to-day we hear the English sailor poet singing:

"There's only been but one  
Successful submarine attack before this war begun,  
And it wasn't on a liner on the easy German plan,  
But on a well-found man-of-war, and Dixon was the man  
Who showed us how to do the trick, a tip for me and you,  
And I'd like to keep the standard up of Dixon and his crew.

A tradition for the U. S. A., and yes, for England too;  
For they were men with English names and kin to me and you,  
And I'd like to claim an ancestor with Dixon when he died  
At the bottom of the river at the *Housatonic's* side."

#### CHRISTMAS IN CAMP.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., CHAPLAIN OF QUARLES'S  
BRIGADE, C. S. A.

Christmas came while we were at Dalton. The day was cold, rather bleak, but invigorating, and each mess tried to have a dinner that would be a reminder of home. The beef that was issued to us for the day was of extra fine quality, and the captain of Company A had secured a fine turkey, which was cooked to a turn. I remember that I was that day like the proverbial jackass between the bundles of hay. I had received invitations to dine at several places, but three were especially attractive. First, in my own mess our roast of beef was large, juicy, and tender, and the gravy, rich, brown, and abundant, was ready to be absorbed by our fat biscuits. There were also potatoes and onions and for desert some sort of pie. Then I was asked to help on that turkey with "fixin's," and a cousin of mine, Captain McAdoo, of the artillery, had two ganders of uncertain age which he had tied to a stake in front of his tent and fed all day long for two weeks to get them fat. He was sure those ganders would make a dish fit to set before a king, and he wanted me to test their tenderness or toughness, as the case might be. But finally my wavering appetite settled on the turkey after I had charged our own cook to save a piece of the beef and some gravy for my supper. I don't think I have ever enjoyed a Christmas dinner more.

All these festive enjoyments opened our hearts, and we wanted to give something for the poor. Now, there was a brood of children that infested our camp. They were children of a poor mountaineer, a shoemaker, who was in the employ of the government. One of the luxuries we indulged in was peanuts, or, as the natives called them, goobers, and we frequently gave these children handfuls of the peanuts, along with hard-tack and parts of our rations. The little fellows had no shoes; and as they often came walking over

ice or snow, their little feet aroused our pity, and we made them sit by our fire.

Here, then, was our chance to do a real charity. We would give them enough money to buy them shoes—three pairs. We chipped in and raised about \$100 in Confederate money (about \$15 in real money). Before giving it to the oldest, a boy of thirteen years, I thought I would find out how he would spend it. So, after telling him how sorry we were that they were barefooted, I said: "Now, suppose we were to give you and little brother and sister a whole heap of money. I don't mean just one dollar or two, but fifty dollars or even a hundred. What would you do with it?" His eyes brightened, and, looking eagerly at a big sack in our cabin, he said: "Why, we would just buy goobers with it, just as much as we could eat." He never thought of shoes. So I bought a big bag of goobers, a bushel or more, costing \$10 or \$15, and gave it to them, and they enjoyed that Christmas Day as much as we did.

While on the subject of Christmas cheer I will mention a toothsome delicacy which had a ready sale. It was ginger bread, or ginger cakes. An enterprising squad had gone into the business of baking. They built an oven on a hill over against our camp and secured some baking pans about three feet square. They bought flour and bacon from the commissary, bought a lot of sorghum molasses in the country, and got the grease they needed by frying it out of the bacon. They had numerous customers, who bought and criticized freely; but as I had been paid \$840, seven months' wages, all the Confederacy ever paid me, I concluded to invest some of my wealth in ginger cakes. I had a good many one-dollar Confederate bills. They were red-backed and about six inches by three in length and breadth. I remembered boyhood days when the old cake man came to town on court days with his basket of cakes, and five cents would buy a square eight or nine inches by six inches, and I supposed that one of my dollars, or at most two, would buy half of what the big baking pan contained. But when I handed him my dollar, saying, "Give me the worth of that," he just laid the bill on the big square of cake and cut out the size of it and gave it to me for my money. I was so surprised that I did not object, but took my little piece of cake and went away sorrowing that our currency had sunk so low as to be measured in terms of gingerbread.

By the way, there was another delicacy which I bought, and I never saw another like it. A man came to camp selling sirup made from pumpkins. I had my canteen filled for one of those dollars, but I can't say I enjoyed the new-style sirup.

## INDEPENDENCE AND CONSTRUCTIVE ABILITY OF THE BOYS WHO WORE THE GRAY.

The nice little library that we carried with us to Dalton afforded a good deal of pleasant entertainment for the men. Many of them loved to read, and a considerable number were well-educated men. It was to me both pleasant and profitable to listen to their discussions on the various subjects that came up in the course of their reading or on the current questions that were dividing the two sections of the country into hostile camps. These arguments involved all sorts of opinions on all sorts of matters, not only political, but moral, theological, economic, historical, and the parson was often the referee.

I was impressed with certain characteristics of the rank and file of our army which show that it was no band of mercenaries fighting simply for pay; neither were they a lot of ignorant boors, who were blindly following their leaders

into a "causeless rebellion," as Northern writers so often charge. But they were brave, true Americans who "knew their rights and, knowing, dared maintain."

First of all, they thought for themselves. Nearly every one of them had his own theory on almost any subject broached, from the origin of evil to the mode of baptism, from the construction of the starry universe to the reasons for the existence of that gray-backed insect which was more numerous than the starry hosts, from the nature of our government to the qualifications of the justice of the peace for their "deestric," from the strategy of "Old Joe" to the high airs of a corporal guard. There was one subject that was always interesting, the merits or defects of the various commanders, Lee, Jackson, the Johnstons, Bragg, Beauregard, Forrest, Wheeler, Jeb Stuart. Each had his partisans.

The second trait was the strong, shrewd common sense of the men, often enlivened by native wit or kindly humor. Whether educated or illiterate, nearly every one could give a reason for the faith that was in him; and if some "smart Aleck" thought he could end an argument or settle a question by an assumption of superior learning, he frequently found himself discomfited by a quiet question going to the heart of the matter or by some keenly witty reply that turned the laugh on him. The criticism of military movements showed men capable of meeting an emergency if suddenly called to take the lead on occasion. And the sharp comments on the leaders indicated fine discrimination in the reading or analysis of character.

A third trait was the underlying spirit of reverence in the characters of the men. It was shown, of course, chiefly in their respect for religion and religious services. They were men who had from infancy breathed the religious atmosphere that pervaded and permeated the homes of the South; but, besides that, I was surprised to find in many of the plainest men a vein of tender sentiment that sometimes expressed itself in an old-time superstition, sometimes in a heartfelt appreciation of the highest poetry. There was in nearly all a deep sense of unseen spiritual realities that invested our cause with sacred sanctions and gave them added courage in the day of battle. Indeed, many made the mistake of thinking that if they were slain in such a cause that alone would be a passport to the heavenly city. As I said, I was often appealed to to decide the debates of the men as they

"Reasoned high

And found no end in wandering mazes lost"

or to give some information on various points in dispute, and I had to say, "I don't know," for many of their questions, like a child's, were away beyond my ability to solve.

Many a man who has the capacity to enjoy poetry makes a sad mess out of it when he tries his hand at writing poetry. There were several of our men who could grind out rhymes by the yard; but, alas! they were "rhymes without reason." Some of us have read the poems of Ardelia Tutt as given by Samantha in her books. These are pretty fair samples of the style of some of our soldier boy literary artists. I was constituted literary censor, and these productions were brought to me for my admiration and approval. They were above criticism. I did not wish to blast the bud of opening genius nor to pluck or clip the wings of imagination; so when one of the boys would come to me and draw out a paper with the remark, "Parson, M— has wrote a mighty purty poem; I want you to read it and tell me what you think of it," I was forced by every kindly feeling to express guardedly my admiration and say that it gave promise. I did not say what



it promised, but if I sinned in thus encouraging the murder of the King's English I was duly punished by the way some of those halting verses and jolting rhymes lingered in my memory and disturbed the even tenor of my thought.

### GENERAL RODES AT WINCHESTER.

BY MARCUS D. HERRING, BYHALIA, MISS.

After the battle of Spotsylvania C. H., Va., where our major general, Ed Johnson, and Brigadier General Stewart were captured, with most of the soldiers of the brigade, the 1st North Carolina was consolidated with the 3d North Carolina and put in the brigade commanded by Gen. W. R. Cox, Rodes's Division. When General Breckinridge was hard pressed by General Hunter, who was making a drive toward Richmond via Lynchburg, our division, with the rest of Early's Corps, was ordered to go to the rescue of Breckinridge.

We marched from the lines at Richmond, reaching Lynchburg late in the afternoon of June 18, and bivouacked for the night close to the Federal line, with orders to march on the enemy at 2:30 A.M. Sunday, June 19.

We moved forward at the appointed time, but when we got to the enemy's line he had "vamoosed the ranch"; so we drove forward in track of Hunter, occasionally capturing a soldier, but without having to fire a gun until late in the afternoon, when we had a rear guard engagement and the same thing over again the next day and the next, till we pushed the enemy across the mountains at "Peaks of Otter." Then we turned back and made a forced march for Washington with our little army of about twelve thousand men.

Day after day we swung down the pike, hurriedly passing through towns, crossing the Potomac, and camped at Sharpsburg, the scene of the great battle in 1862. Wright's Federals were sent to block the way, but one of our divisions charged and drove them off the road. Then we continued the rapid march for Washington, and we got there—that is, near enough, like Moses, to view the promised land. We got under the fire of big guns around the city and skirmished with the irregular troops, but as soon as the regular troops came on the scene from Richmond we had accomplished what we went there for, so we turned faces toward Virginia. This little army of twelve thousand had drawn forty thousand from Grant's army at Richmond, thus relieving the strain on General Lee.

General Early maneuvered so as to avoid a general engagement during the summer till September 19, on which day the battle of Winchester was fought, terminating adversely to our cause. So the Confederates, after a hard day's struggle, were impelled to retire to Cedar Creek.

During the summer most of the fighting was done by regularly organized sharpshooters (now termed snipers). Rodes's Division of Sharpshooters were under command of Col. H. A. Brown, who on a number of occasions had distinguished himself while commanding my old regiment, the 1st North Carolina. The 2d Corps of Sharpshooters was officered as follows: Fred S. Moore, captain; Abed Scott, lieutenant; and Marcus D. Herring, orderly sergeant. All of us were detailed from the 1st North Carolina.

On the morning of September 19, 1864, at Bunker Hill, about ten miles from Winchester, our brigade, commanded by Gen. W. R. Cox, received marching orders, and in a short time "Jackson's Foot Cavalry" was pressing forward toward Winchester. There had been so many marches like this without the army's being engaged that the boys came to regard

the command to prepare for action something like woodsmen did the shepherd boy's cry of "Wolf!"

So well satisfied were they about the matter that Davie Boylan, a brave boy belonging to my company in the 1st North Carolina, was marching in the ranks that morning instead of staying in the rear with the wagons, as he was allowed to do on account of defective vision, holding a pass to that effect. Every one was in fine spirits when we were lined up on a high ridge overlooking a valley, but all of this jubilation stopped suddenly when the regiment halted and General Cox rode to the front and gave the sharp command: "Sharpshooters, forward!" As I sprang from the line to form skirmishers I heard Davie Boylan say: "Now, ain't I a big fool? Here I am with a pass to the rear in the front rank to be shot all to pieces, but I can't afford to leave under fire." Though he could have shown his pass and gone back, he was too proud and too brave to show the white feather. That's the kind of stuff our boys were made of.

Looking across this valley, we saw Ramseur's small division making a brave stand against overwhelming numbers of blue-coated soldiers. We deployed at once and started across the field and had gotten about one hundred and fifty yards when we heard the general command the brigade: "Forward! Guide, center!" The troops came on with a rush. We stopped, and they went for the blue line. At the same time the artillery came in on the run, took position, and gave them a taste of grape and canister. When the battle line passed, the sharpshooters were at liberty to join their regiments. So I was making my way to the right to my regiment when, looking to the left, I saw the field officers on horseback riding a few paces behind the line. The firing was pretty heavy, but above all I could hear General Rodes's keen voice: "Charge them, boys! Charge them!" Looking at him, I noticed that he leaned for an instant, then fell headlong from his horse, a splendid black mare. When she realized that she was free, she galloped up in the direction I was going. It struck me that it would be the proper thing to catch the animal; so I ran ahead and in time to seize the bridle and then lead her behind a little hill, where we were protected from the bullets. In a short time one of the aids, who had helped to take the General off the field, came and took charge of the mare. This was the end of life for one of our best and bravest generals.

Every one knows that the battle went against us; but Early had succeeded in keeping Sheridan away from Richmond all summer with his 40,000 men, and this was accomplished with an army of about 12,000.

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Spring has come! Spring has come!

The brightening earth, the sparkling dew,  
The bursting buds, the sky of blue,  
The mocker's carol in tree and hedge  
Proclaim anew Jehovah's pledge:  
"So long as man shall earth retain,  
The seasons gone shall come again."

Spring has come! Spring has come!

We have her here in the balmy air,  
In the blossoms that burgeon without a care;  
The violet bounds from her lowly bed,  
And the jasmine flaunts with a lofty head;  
All nature, in her baptismal dress,  
Is abroad—to win, to soothe, to bless.

—John A. Wagener, of South Carolina.

## AT MISSIONARY RIDGE.

BY CAPT. W. W. CARNES, BRADENTOWN, FLA.

When I read in the February *VETERAN* the comment on Gen. Basil Duke's "History of Morgan's Cavalry" by C. W. Trice, of Lexington, N. C., I was disposed to write something in addition to his true statements about Cleburne's Division to show that there were two other divisions of Bragg's army that were not in the "stampede" mentioned by General Duke. I decided, however, to wait for some statement from surviving officers of many infantry regiments in those other divisions, but nothing further appeared until the always interesting comments on the events of the war by our friend John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., included in the April number reference to Mr. Trice's article, with quotations confirming his claims as to the gallant actions of Cleburne's Division. So I now write the *VETERAN* on behalf of other troops that were not stampeded.

At that time I was in command of the battalion of artillery attached to the division commanded by Gen. C. L. Stevenson, the batteries being the Rome Artillery, commanded by Capt. Max Corput; 3d Maryland Artillery, Captain Rowan; Baxter's Battery, Capt. Ed Baxter; Carnes's Battery, L. Y. Marshall. When it was thought that Lookout Mountain might be approached from the rear, Stevenson's Division was placed some miles to the south of the summit to guard the mountain in that direction, and Corput's Battery was sent with it, the other three batteries being together at the south end of Missionary Ridge, near Rossville. When General Hooker made his advance to drive back Walthall's Brigade, which defended the road to Chattanooga across the foothills of Lookout Mountain, a section of Corput's Battery was placed fronting west toward the approaching Federals, and a few trial shots were fired, which fell far short. When the two guns were moved over to the point where it was found impossible to depress the guns so as to reach the field of action below, and when it was apparent that the foot of the mountain could not be held against Hooker's superior force, I received orders before 4 P.M. to withdraw the battery, and with the other troops upon the mountain the guns came down the road to the valley and joined the other three batteries in camp. (The few trial shots fired by the two guns of Corput's Battery have been made the cause for placing on top of Lookout Mountain tablets that tend to give color to the belief of the misinformed public that the Federal army actually charged and drove the Confederates from the mountain top, on which there never was a shot between hostile forces, the so-called "Battle above the Clouds" having been in a heavy mist on Crane's farm, below the mountain.)

That night Stevenson's Division was ordered to march at daylight to reinforce the right of our line on Missionary Ridge. The infantry went ahead, and the four batteries of artillery, following as fast as they could go over the terrible road along the Ridge, did not arrive till after midday. I rode on ahead of the battalion and found Stevenson's Division posted on the left of Cleburne's Division, which was on the high ground north of the railroad tunnel, where assaults of the Federals had already been repulsed. It was seen that another attack was about to be made; and as our own batteries had not come up, I acted on General Stevenson's suggestion to get other guns to meet the attack, and I obtained permission to use Barrett's Missouri Battery, which I placed immediately over the tunnel in time to assist in repulsing the new assault. Soon after this Capt. Max Corput came up and reported the batteries of our battalion within call, and I

placed at available points on our division front Rowan's Battery, Baxter's Battery, and Corput's Battery; but having no place for the guns under Marshall, they were left in the rear and well back of the Ridge.

Standing on the heights south of the tunnel, I witnessed the result of the last assault on Cleburne's line north of us; and when the Federal assault had been checked a brigade (which I understood was composed of one volunteer regiment from each brigade in the division under command of General Cumming, of Georgia) charged over their breastworks and, following the enemy down the mountain side, captured and brought back a large number of prisoners and flags. (Our boys found that the canteens of the captured men contained whisky, with which they were pretty well braced up to make the charge.)

Only one more effort was made to advance against our line, and that was broken up by our artillery, while their line was in the open field before it reached the Ridge. After that repulse it seemed to us that it needed the offensive, and, having been without anything to eat all day, I got permission from General Stevenson to go back to find my cook and rations with my battery in the rear under Marshall. I rode at a gallop on the road in the rear of the Ridge past Cheatham's Division, which was on Stevenson's left, and just beyond it I found men coming down from the summit of the Ridge in confusion, and a man in a Memphis regiment who knew me shouted to me to help him rally the retreating men. That was my first information of the attack on the Ridge west of us, and when he told me the line was broken and the men were in flight I spurred up the hill to give the news first to General Cheatham. I found that he had thrown his left brigade back to guard his flank and that no assault was being made in his front. I then rode rapidly to General Stevenson, and my news quickly brought to an end the supper he and his staff were taking under the impression that the fighting was over for the day.

The three divisions of Cleburne, Stevenson, and Cheatham remained in position on the Ridge until late that night. All crossed over on the railroad bridge, which had been planked to bring supplies of rations and ammunition for our troops. I do not know in what order the divisions moved, but I know that I was ordered to move after nine o'clock, the three batteries on our line being joined by a battery of Walker's Division under command of Lieut. Rene Beauregard crossing over the bridge about 9:30 P.M. My battery, under Marshall, got information of the break in front in time to withdraw by the regular road to the railroad station, where it joined us when we arrived there in the early hours of morning.

The commands driven from the Ridge, being reassembled, were sent in advance on the retreat, and the unbroken divisions of Cheatham, Stevenson, and Cleburne brought up the rear. Cleburne's Division must have been the last to leave the Ridge, for it was the rear guard, and at Ringgold it gave the pursuing Federals such a licking that further pursuit ended, and our march in retreat continued till we were encamped at Dalton, Ga., for the winter.

O for a man with godlike heart and brain,

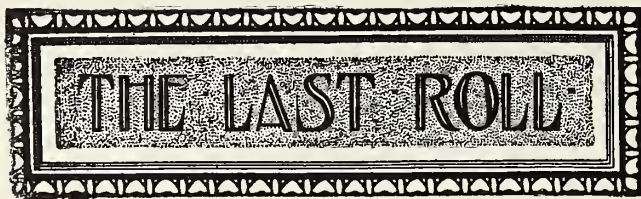
A god in stature, with a god's great will,

And fitted to the time, that not in vain

Be all the blood we've spilt and yet must spill!

—John Dickson Bruns, M.D.





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

### GOING WEST.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D.

Where lies that golden, waiting West  
Wherein the spirit seeketh rest  
When, borne on battle's flaming wings,  
It leaves the realm of earthly things?

'Tis not some region stretching far  
Beyond the evening's glowing star,  
Beyond horizons vast and dim  
That mark the twilight's purple rim.

So near it spreads its silent coasts  
Around, above the warrior hosts,  
'Tis but a step from raging strife  
To endless peace and larger life.

One moment on the tortured ear  
The cry of wrath, the shriek of fear,  
Then stillness of the primal space—  
With God the soul is face to face.

What doth befall in those strange lands  
We may not know; in loving hands  
Our gracious Father holds the key;  
We only trust, we cannot see.

We all are daily "going West";  
We march on no uncertain quest;  
By faith we catch the distant gleam  
Of things we know are not a dream.

Sometime, somewhere, or soon or late,  
We too shall enter through that gate;  
Our Father then shall claim his own,  
And we shall know as we are known.

The recent deaths of several of my old comrades have recalled vividly the scenes of fifty years ago, when so many of our boys gave up their lives on the field of battle, while we have been left "here on this bank and shoal of time" to linger out the years until old age should bring us to the fellowship of those who have "gone West" before us.

### DEATHS AT TALLADEGA, ALA.

R. J. Cunningham, Commander of Camp No. 246, U. C. V., at Talladega, Ala., reports the following losses in membership:

"James Montgomery Jackson died in December, 1919, in his seventy-sixth year. He entered the Confederate service in June, 1862, serving with the 8th Confederate Cavalry under General Wheeler.

"J. B. Stapp died in February, 1920, aged seventy-three years. He entered the service in 1863 and served with the 65th Regiment of Alabama Volunteers."

CAPT. FRANK B. GURLEY.

In the death of Capt. Frank Ballou Gurley the Confederate Veteran Association has lost a loyal and patriotic member, than whom the Confederacy had no braver nor truer soldier.

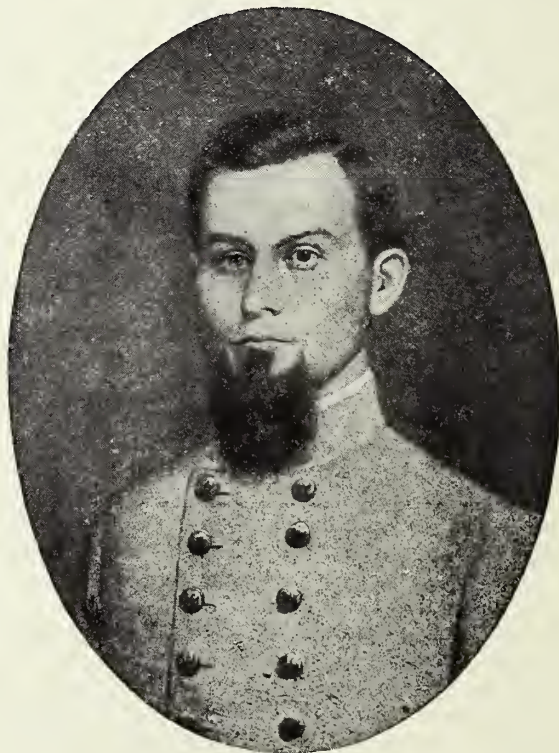
At the very incipency of the war, when in his young manhood, he enlisted as a private in the company commanded by the renowned fighting preacher, Rev. D. C. Kelley, who afterwards became General Forrest's confidential and able assistant. This company went to Memphis, where it was mustered into service and assigned to the battalion of which General Forrest was then lieutenant colonel.

During Private Gurley's service with Forrest's Battalion he participated in many spirited skirmishes and was personally known by the great wizard, for he never failed to perfectly satisfy the exactions of that great leader, for even then Private Gurley possessed attributes worthy of all praise.

Soon after the battle of Fort Donelson Gurley was ordered home to recruit a company, which he did of one hundred and fifteen of as gallant soldiers as ever fought for a glorious cause. He was elected captain of this company, which was assigned to the 4th Alabama Cavalry, Col. A. A. Russell, and became Company C thereof.

Captain Gurley commanded his company with his regiment on General Forrest's first expedition into West Tennessee in December, 1862.

Late in the afternoon of December 17, 1862, General Forrest, then near Lexington, West Tenn., knowing that on the morrow he would engage the enemy, called for Captain Gurley and gave him specific instructions, with orders to take the advance with four companies of his regiment early the following morning. Some eight miles east of Lexington he



CAPT. FRANK B. GURLEY.

clashed with the 3d Battalion of the 5th Ohio Cavalry, commanded by Capt. J. C. Harrison, which Captain Gurley promptly defeated, and in a running fight from there to Lexington he made many captures.

At Lexington General Forrest speedily came up with the balance of his command and with an eye and judgment equal to any emergency assigned Captain Gurley, with the four companies under his command, to a position on the left of the Confederate line. In the fight which followed Captain Gurley in person captured the great Robert G. Ingersoll, then colonel of the 11th Illinois Volunteer Cavalry and in command of the expedition sent forth with instructions to whip and capture General Forrest, who was known to have crossed into West Tennessee.

Captain Gurley also captured all of Colonel Ingersoll's artillery, consisting of two three-inch steel Rodman guns of Kidd's 14th Indiana Battery, commanded by the gallant Lieut. John W. H. McGuire. These guns formed the nucleus for the famous Morton's Battery, used thenceforth and effectively by General Forrest until the end in May, 1865.

In the summer of 1863 Captain Gurley, in command of an expedition, encountered the Federals near Huntsville, Ala., commanded by Brig. Gen. Robert L. McCook, who was killed in the spirited skirmish which followed. That skirmish almost proved fatal to Captain Gurley, for later he was captured and identified as the man who killed General McCook and by suborned evidence was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. He was sent North for safe-keeping, was threatened by mobs at several places, and was subjected to great exposure and all kinds of brutal treatment. At one place the leader of the mob threatened dire punishment to all the prisoners in the party if Captain Gurley was not pointed out to them. Thus it was that death looked him in the eye, but found no blinking. In the meantime General Forrest in his blunt and positive way notified the Federal authorities that if Captain Gurley was executed he would exact a heavy toll therefor.

Finally the Federals decided that General McCook's death was only one of the fortunes of war, and Captain Gurley in February, 1865, was sent to Acres Landing, on the James River, twenty miles below Richmond, and exchanged.

Captain Gurley was born in Maury County, Tenn., August 8, 1834, and passed to his great reward at Gurley, Ala., March 29, 1920.

[V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.]

## J. H. WALKER.

J. H. Walker, aged eighty years, died at his home, near Springfield, Ky., after a long illness. He was a son of the late D. C. and Martha Grundy Walker, a prominent Kentucky family. His early youth was spent in Washington County, but while yet a mere boy he went to Canton, Miss., where he studied medicine under an older brother. While in that city the war broke out, and he enlisted in the Confederate army in 1862, serving with distinction under Colonel Adams in General Lee's division and General Forrest's corps.

At the close of the war he was mustered out of the army and returned to his native county, engaging in general farming, in which he was very successful.

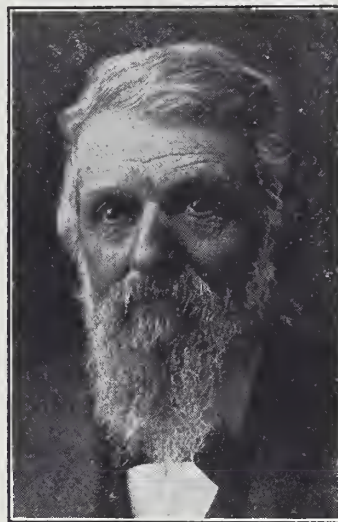
On September 26, 1888, he was united in marriage with Miss Josephine Howe, of Washington County, which union was blessed with three children.

Few men bore a wider acquaintance or were more universally liked than Dr. Walker, as he was familiarly known,

although he never engaged in active practice. He was a pleasant talker and delighted in relating his experiences during the War between the States. His wife, two sons, and a daughter survive him.

## CHARLES M. BISHOP.

After a brief illness, Charles M. Bishop died at his home, near Shanghai, W. Va., on August 10, 1919. He was born on January 23, 1840, and died in the home where he was born and lived all his life with the exception of six years. He served in the Confederate army during the entire four years of war, going out with the militia at the opening of hostilities and enlisting in Company C, of the 7th Virginia Cavalry, Ashby's "Laurel Brigade," the following spring. He



C. M. BISHOP.

participated in the many engagements which made that command famous for quick and hard service. He was taken prisoner at Orange C. H., Va., in August, 1862, and was confined in the Old Capitol Prison, in Washington City, for about a month, when he was exchanged and rejoined his command at Brandy Station. He served continuously throughout the memorable campaign of 1864, in the Wilderness, with Early on his Washington excursion in July, etc. After the battle of Cedar Creek his command was doing picket duty in the Valley until January,

1865, when he was again taken prisoner on January 29 and sent to Fort McHenry, at Baltimore, where he had a strenuous time until exchanged about the 1st of March.

Many times he has laughingly told of this capture. With his brother, T. J. Bishop, and a comrade, Bill Larkins, he had spent the night at the home of friends, and in the morning at sunrise they heard that the Yankees were near, and before they could get to a place of safety the house was surrounded. However, they started for the woods, but the ground was covered with ice, and they could not run with their shoes on, so they tried it in their stocking feet, but were caught at a short distance. He and his brother got back to the Valley, only to find that Early had fallen back, and they were completely cut off. As their home was near the border, it was some time after the surrender before they could venture to return.

Comrade Bishop was a staunch and true Confederate, never happier than when sitting by his fireside with loved ones, telling of his war experiences or reading the VETERAN. He also enjoyed attending the Reunions and mingling with his comrades. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church and served as elder for many years. In March, 1867, he was married to Miss Rebecca Ann Fravel, of Shenandoah County, Va., who died in 1915. He is survived by one daughter and several grandchildren, an aged sister, and one brother, T. J. Bishop.

He had lived an upright life, an example to those following him.



DR. J. D. READ.

Sorrowfully I pay a tribute of affection to my dear friend and comrade, Dr. Joseph D. Read, who passed from mortal sight May 3, 1919, in Jackson, Miss. He had just reached his seventy-fifth year.

Joe enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861 at the age of seventeen and served as a member of Company K, 3d Mississippi Battalion, afterwards the 45th Mississippi Regiment, attached during the greater part of the war to Lowrey's Brigade of Gen. Pat Cleburne's division, Hardee's Corps. Among all the gallant sons of the South who hurried to her defense in those perilous days there was no truer, braver soldier than Joe Read; tender, kindly, a typical gentleman. In the battle of Murfreesboro, then a corporal, he performed an act of unusual courage at a critical moment. This happened to come under the personal notice of General Cleburne, who inquired of the regimental commander who that gallant corporal was and directed that at the first opportune moment Corporal Read should be made a lieutenant. He was duly promoted, and during all the trying scenes that followed—in the bloody engagements, the arduous marches—Lieut. Joe Read bore himself most gallantly. At Spring Hill, Tenn., the day before the battle of Franklin, he was, unfortunately, wounded in the leg, was captured, and some weeks later, while in a Federal hospital, his leg was amputated above the knee.

After the war he studied medicine and graduated from the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1874. He went to Texas, where he practiced his profession a number of years, and there he married, his wife dying some years later. Suffering sore physical affliction, he returned to Mississippi, where he lived until the end came, useful and honored. His brother was the heroic naval officer, Capt. C. W. Read, who wrought so much damage to the Federal navy. The Doctor left only one near relative, Prof. W. T. Read, who is now, I learn, a professor of chemistry in Yale College.

Being closely connected with Joe throughout the war, I sorrowfully, reverently offer this tribute to one of the bravest and best men I ever knew. Peace to his ashes!

[P. W. Shearer, Vicksburg, Miss.]

ARCHIBALD WALLER OVERTON.

Archibald Waller Overton was born in Fayette County, Ky., on November 11, 1845, the son of Dabney Carr and Eliza Harris Overton, the latter of Louisa County, Va. Both of his parents having died, he was when ten years of age taken to Virginia to be under the care of his mother's family, among whom was Capt. David B. Harris, afterwards General Harris, a distinguished engineer officer of the army of the Confederate States of America. He was a student at the Virginia Military Institute when in May, 1864, the cadets of that institution were called out to form a part of the troops commanded by Gen. John C. Breckinridge which defeated the army of General Sigel in the battle of Newmarket, Va. In this battle the cadets bore a distinguished part and gained for themselves eternal renown. Arch Overton had in his veins the best blood of Virginia and Kentucky, and in this engagement he did his full duty, winning the commendation of officers and comrades.

A beautiful monument designed by the distinguished sculptor Sir Moses Ezekiel, himself one of the cadets who fought in that battle, stands now on the grounds of Virginia Military Institute, the bronze figure representing "Virginia Mourning Her Dead." On the sides of the base of this statue are engraved the names of the cadets who took part in the battle

of Newmarket, and among them appears the name of A. W. Overton. After that battle most of the cadets served in the Confederate army until the surrender at Appomattox. Overton was one of these. He, with other cadets, received a bronze medal with the inscription "For Valor" upon its face.

Returning to Kentucky after the war, he became a clerk in a branch of the Farmers' Bank of Kentucky at Henderson, soon afterwards was an employee of the mother bank of that name at Frankfort, Ky., and was at the time of his death cashier of the Farmers' Deposit Bank at Frankfort—a long and faithful service. On March 11, 1874, he married Miss Laura Ellen Harris, of Louisa County, Va., who survives him, with one son, Waller Mullock Overton. His death, which occurred February 29, 1920, was a tragic end of a noble life. It was the result of serious injuries by fire, death relieving his sufferings within a few hours.

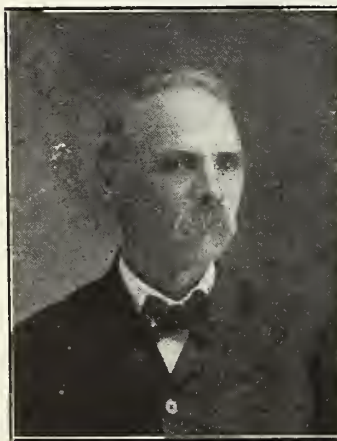
Respected by the community in which he had lived and by a large number of friends throughout the State, beloved by his relatives and a goodly circle of choice friends and comrades, no words can express the deep sorrow over his death. Mr. Overton had long been a member of the Episcopal Church and for many years was one of the vestry of the Church of the Ascension at Frankfort, of which he had also served as the treasurer.

Among the characteristic traits of this fine man were absolute courage, loyalty to his friends and loyalty to what he thought right and true, spotless integrity, and a natural aversion to anything like deception and falsehood. Being a gentleman by birth and rearing, in all his long life he was noted for his unfailing courtesy and kindly regard for the feelings of all with whom he had any business dealings or social intercourse. He was of the best type of the soldiers who followed Robert E. Lee and of the citizens of whom the State of Kentucky may well be proud.

LEWIS FULL.

On the morning of September 26, 1919, Lewis Full died at his old home, in Wirt County, W. Va., after a long illness of paralysis. In 1862, at the age of nineteen, he enlisted in Company F, 17th Virginia Cavalry, Army of the Potomac, Jenkins's (afterwards McCausland's) Brigade. The company

was made up of volunteers from what is now Wirt, Wood, and Jackson Counties and was known as the "Night Hawk Rangers."



LEWIS FULL.

He served continuously until the close of the war and was in the battle of Gettysburg and a number of engagements in the Valley of Virginia. At the close of the war his company was disbanded at Lynchburg, Va. After the war he was engaged in farming, and in 1868 he was married to Miss Olive Sims and is survived by two sons and five daughters. He was also actively interested in all the affairs of his county and served six years as county commissioner. In early life he became a member of the Methodist Protestant Church and ever lived a faithful follower of his Master.

He was laid to rest on September 28, 1919, in Center Valley Cemetery, near the scenes of his childhood, at the age of seventy-six years.

[His children.]

P. O. DOUGLASS.

The death of P. O. Douglass, Confederate veteran, friend of man, and pioneer citizen of his section, occurred at the family residence, in Mart, Tex., on May 20, 1919. He suffered for many months and knew the end of life was at hand, but he met it with the same patience, courage, and fortitude shown by the heroes of the sixties in fighting for the cause they believed was just.

Perry Oliver Douglass was born in Illinois February 19, 1842. He moved in early life to Mississippi and from there to Arkansas. At the age of nineteen he enlisted in the Confederate army as a private and was promoted to corporal, then to sergeant in Company A, 15th Arkansas Regiment, and he saw active service in many of the most strenuous campaigns of the war. He attended all the Confederate Reunions it was possible for him to reach, and his wonderful memory of events, details, and dates made him a most interesting speaker and conversationalist.

He was married in 1865 to Mrs. S. C. Kendrick, of Camden, Ark., and removed from that State to Texas in 1875.

He joined the Baptist Church at the age of sixteen, and "Uncle Perry," as he was familiarly known, and his wife were two of the charter members of the Mart Baptist Church, organized in 1879 under an elm tree yet standing in the Mart Cemetery. He remained an honored member of that Church the remainder of his life, its membership now numbering nearly one thousand. Upon the once barren prairie has grown up a nice town, still less than twenty years old, with a population of four thousand. He had a share in the up-building of the community during the years of its steady growth and remarkable development, showing a liberal spirit and cordial hospitality characteristic of the true Southern gentleman. He kept pace with his beloved town and watched its progress until his step became feeble and his eyes grew dim. He is survived by his faithful wife and five children.

In his funeral services the military effect was both pleasing and appropriate. The casket of Confederate gray was draped with the Confederate and United States flags, and taps was sounded just before the benediction as the body of this hero of the sixties was tenderly laid away to await the final roll call on high.

C. N. WILLIS.

Charles N. Willis, Confederate veteran, President of the Willis-Lucas Lumber Company and the Willis-Lucas Cadillac Company, died suddenly at his home, in St. Joseph, Mo., on

February 9, 1920, aged seventy-six years. He was born at Easton, Md., on July 4, 1844, and was married there to Miss Frances E. Todd in 1868. His wife, two daughters, and three sons survive him.

Mr. Willis enlisted with the 1st Maryland Cavalry, C. S. A., and was later made a mounted scout. He served throughout the war, being wounded several times.

He went to Kansas in 1889 and engaged in the lumber business, and in 1904 he located at St. Joseph, Mo., where he became prominent in the business world. He was a Mason and also a member of the Modern Woodmen of the World.

MAJ. A. E. RICHARDS.

Maj. A. E. Richards, one of the most brilliant and successful officers of Mosby's Battalion of Partisan Rangers, died on January 20, 1920, at his home, in Louisville, Ky. He was born in Loudon County, Va., and at an early age enlisted in the cavalry of the Confederate States under Gen. Turner Ashby. After the death of the latter he was attached to the staff of Gen. William E. Jones. Resigning his commission, he enlisted as a private in Company B, Mosby's command. His many good qualities as a gentleman and soldier soon recommended him to his superiors in command, and he was quickly promoted, first as lieutenant, then captain of Company B, and then major of the battalion. He especially distinguished himself in the following engagements: Berryville, Kabletown, Dranesville, Aldie, Charlestown, Newton, and Mount Carmel. He was especially commended for his skill and daring and promoted to the captaincy of his company by President Davis himself.

After the war Major Richards graduated in law from the University of Virginia and removed to Louisville, Ky., where his energy and talent soon built up a lucrative practice. He was subsequently elected judge of that circuit; declining reelection, he again devoted himself to his practice.

He was a brave and knightly soldier, an exemplary citizen, a Christian gentleman, and worthy of the reward of a life well spent, a work well done.

"He is not dead, but sleepeth. Well we know  
The form that lies to-day beneath the sod  
Shall rise what time the golden bugles blow  
And pour their music through the courts of God."

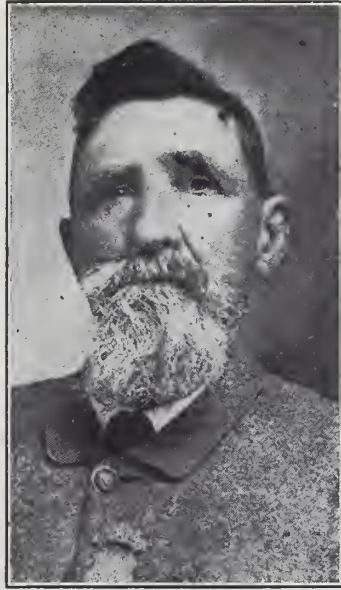
[Channing M. Smith, Adjutant Mosby Camp, U. C. V., Delaplane, Va.]

ALEXANDER R. PATTERSON.

Alexander R. Patterson was born in Fayette County, Ky., May 27, 1836, and died at his home, near Odessa, Mo., on March 12, 1920, after a long illness. His parents removed to Lafayette County, Mo., in 1849.

When the question of State rights arose, young Patterson cast his lot with the South, which he dearly loved, enlisting in the Missouri State Guards under the gallant commander Sterling Price. After the battle of Elk Horn, which is on the line between Missouri and Arkansas, the command took boat at Des Arc, on White River, for Memphis, Tenn., then marched to Corinth, Miss., taking part in the battle of Corinth, Iuka, and Natchez River. As a member of the 6th Missouri Infantry he also fought through the siege of Vicksburg with the reputation of a brave and courageous soldier.

As a citizen he lived a life beyond reproach, a man of simple habits, charitable to the faults of his fellow men. He was at one time Vice President of the Odessa Bank. He was



P. O. DOUGLASS.



never married. One sister survives him, Mrs. Susan Harmon, of Lincoln, Neb.

Mr. Patterson was in truth a pioneer, having resided in the county since 1849. He was a much respected citizen, and his death was a loss to the community and State.

#### COMRADES AT WICHITA, KANS.

Capt. R. T. Bean reports the following losses in membership of the Wichita Confederate Camp, No. 1350, U. C. V.:

"Charles P. Johnson was born March 22, 1844, in Hampshire County, Va., joined Company B, 11th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A., March 1, 1862, and was mustered out of service at Fort Delaware June 13, 1865. He was one of the six hundred sent to Charleston and held under fire of the Confederate guns for three weeks; was with Stewart's Cavalry in all the battles about Richmond. Comrade Johnson died at his home in this city October 26, 1919. A splendid man, a Christian gentleman, he died fully in the faith and has gone to his reward.

"W. M. Frazier was born March 21, 1844, in Henry County, Tenn., and enlisted in Company H, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, C. S. A. His brigade commander was Gen. W. H. Jackson, and his military life was a very active one. He was a very warm admirer of General Price. He was mustered out of service in July, 1865, and was an active business man to the day of his death, which occurred January 21, 1920, in Los Angeles, Cal. A good, strong, honest, conscientious Christian, he has passed to the better land.

"Isaac Rimel was born September 30, 1839, in Cooper County, Mo., and joined Company A, Dillon's Regiment of Infantry, on August 10, 1861. He served under Price and took part in all the battles with him. He was wounded at Corinth and carried the bullet in his body to his grave. He was a splendid soldier and citizen, devoted to his family, friends, and Church. He died at his ranch home, in Clark County, Ky., March 2, 1920, and his body was brought to Wichita and now rests by the side of his wife, who preceded him in death several years.

"T. J. C. Smith was born September 10, 1842, in Monroe County, Mo., and joined Company G, King's Regiment of Arkansas Infantry, C. S. A., serving under General Price. He made a first-class soldier and was mustered out of service in May, 1865. A devoted husband and father, a true and tried citizen, an honor to any community in which he lived, his loss is deeply felt. Death came to him at his home in this city March 26, 1920. Peace to his ashes!"

#### SAMUEL SHIRLEY.

Samuel Shirley entered this world on the 22d of February, 1842, and, having lived worthily for almost seventy-eight years, he was laid to rest in Concord Cemetery, at Woodward, S. C., on February 12, 1920.

Responding to the call of his country, Samuel Shirley entered the Confederate army on February 23, 1862, as a member of Company H, under Capt. J. H. Brooks, — South Carolina Regiment. He was wounded at Drewry's Bluff and was in the brigade hospital at the close of the war. Once when Col. U. R. Brooks was badly wounded young Shirley gave him what assistance he could render. Meeting at a Reunion many years afterwards, Colonel Brooks gratefully remembered the kindness, and they became great friends, keeping up correspondence until death intervened.

Returning to his home and devastated State after the surrender, Mr. Shirley took up farming as his life work. A momentous event in his life occurred on St. Valentine's Day

of 1867, when he and Miss Peggie Dunbar united their hearts as one. Now their children and children's rise up to call them blessed. He was a consistent member of the Baptist Church.

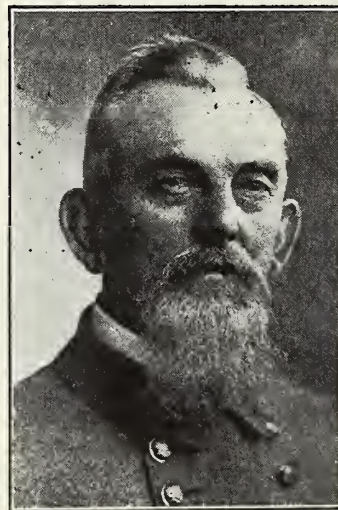
Ever loyal to the cause for which he fought, he loved the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and as long as he was able to see he read and reread each copy and had said that he doubted whether any other subscriber came as near reading every word in it as he did.

[Miss Ella Sterling, Blackstock, S. C.]

#### JOHN ALEXANDER ROSBOROUGH.

John A. Rosborough, Commander of Stonewall Jackson Camp, U. C. V., died at Windsor, Fla., on February 29, 1920, after some months of suffering, and was laid to rest in Old Providence Cemetery. He had passed into his seventy-eighth year. Surviving him are his wife, six noble sons, a daughter, and twelve grandchildren.

Comrade Rosborough was descended from Scottish ancestors, early settlers of Fairfield District, S. C., and among its most distinguished citizens. They were by faith Presbyterian Covenanters, and from early manhood he was a devoted member of that Church.



J. A. ROSBOROUGH.

When the War between the States came on, John Rosborough volunteered and became a member of Company L, 12th South Carolina Regiment, under Gen. Maxey Gregg, Stonewall Jackson's division, A. N. V., and took part in the battles of Port Royal, the Seven Days' fighting about Richmond, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Gettysburg, and the continuous fighting around Petersburg. He was twice wounded at Sharpsburg and was in that portion of the battle where trees were cut down by Minié balls from the enemy.

At Appomattox, when his company was being surrounded, he did all possible to persuade his comrades to resist capture, but he was the only one to attempt to escape. He was captured at the forks of the South Railroad and, with his company and many others, was sent to New York to prison, where they were kept until the end of June, 1865; being then sent South, he returned to his home, where he had been mourned as dead for many months. In 1867 he visited relatives in Florida, and in November of that year he was married to Miss Mary King, eldest daughter of the Rev. Edward Lewis King, a noted Methodist evangelist of Florida and South Carolina. Twelve children came to bless this happy union. After a few years he took his family to his native State; but having formed a love for the State of his adoption, he returned to Florida some thirty-seven years ago and was one of the men who built up the beautiful and thrifty little village of Windsor, which had since been his home.

He twice represented Alachua County in the State Legislature and was twice in the Senate. For ten years he filled a

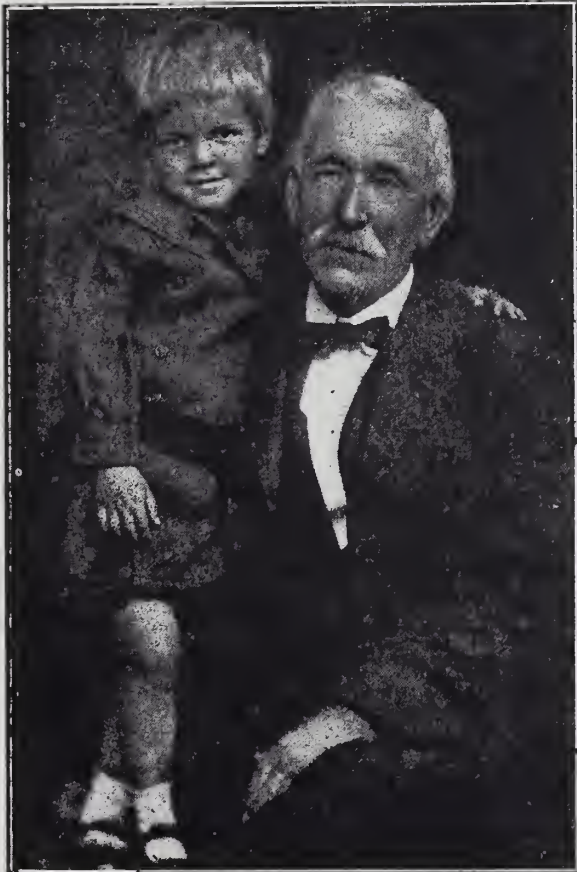
Federal appointment in Washington during the terms of Senators Wilk Call and Stephen R. Mallory. He was always prominent in the Confederate Veteran organization and for years had been commander of the Stonewall Jackson Camp of Gainesville and had also commanded the Florida Division, U. C. V.

His record as a Christian gentleman and faithful soldier is a legacy to those coming after him and which they will ever delight to recall, for truly he loved his fellow men.

## MAJ. JAMES T. HUFF.

Maj. James T. Huff, an influential and widely beloved citizen, died at Newport, Tenn., on September 24, 1919, at the age of fourscore years. He was born near Del Rio, Tenn., June 3, 1839, and there received his early education, later going to Carson and Newman College, where he was in school when the War between the States came on. He enlisted and served as a private until the summer of 1862, when a company was organized near his home of which he was elected captain. The company was attached to the 6th Battalion, which later, with certain additions, became the 60th North Carolina Regiment. He was promoted to the office of major in December, 1863, and as such remained with his regiment to the close of the war. He made a brave and faithful soldier, enduring much hard service and taking part in many hard-fought battles.

After the war Major Huff returned to his home and began work on the farm. He was successful and built up one of the large estates of Cocke County. In August, 1869, he was married to Miss Jane Stokely, who died some years ago.



MAJOR HUFF AND LITTLE GRANDSON, JAMES HUFF CLARK.

Major Huff joined the Baptist Church in early boyhood and remained a consistent member until his death. As a Christian his faith never wavered, and he approached death without fear or hesitation. He was laid to rest in the family burying ground near Bridgeport, near the rushing waters of the French Broad River and amid the encircling mountains of his native section.

## THOMAS STEPHEN PRESTON.

Capt. Thomas Stephen Preston died at Leesburg, Va., April 6, 1920, at the ripe age of seventy-nine years. Born in Bedford County, Va., August 25, 1840, the son of Pleasant and Annis Davis Preston, he moved to Lynchburg with his parents as a boy and for many years resided there. At the outbreak of the War between the States he left the University of Virginia as a student and enlisted in the Lynchburg Home Guard, participating in the first battle of Bull Run, in which his company distinguished itself under its commander, Capt. Samuel Garland, who was in Longstreet's Division. After the battle he went back to Lynchburg with his brother, Samuel D. Preston, who was detailed to form a battery of artillery, of which his brother was captain and he lieutenant. This company was ordered to Richmond immediately on its formation, but the need of infantry was so great that they were transferred to that arm of the service and sent to Yorktown in the spring of 1862. He was here again put into the artillery and rendered fine service in the heavy artillery, in which he served until Yorktown was evacuated. He was then transferred to South Carolina, where he spent some time in the operations on the Edisto River, after which he was ordered back to Virginia and rendered distinguished service at Drewry's Bluff, where only an unaccountable error of General Whiting's prevented the capture of the entire Federal force.

During most of his service he was in General Wise's brigade and was a participant in the whole campaign of the winter of 1864-65. He was in the trenches around Petersburg during the whole investure of the city and, being then lieutenant in his brother's company, was made captain when his brother was severely wounded at the Crater. He was at Appomattox at the surrender, after which he returned to the University of Virginia, studied law, and practiced his profession for many years in Lynchburg.

In 1873 he married Nannie Elizabeth McCraw, the widow of his first cousin, Samuel S. Preston, and subsequent to her decease, in 1902, he married Rosa Lemby, of Jackson, Miss., by whom he is survived.

[Robert L. Preston, Leesburg, Va.]

## GENERAL PEGRAM CAMP, No. 1602, U. C. V.

Commander J. L. Goff reports the following deaths in General Pegram Camp, at Valley Head, W. Va.:

J. C. Flanagan, Company B, 18th Virginia Cavalry, A. N. V.

J. R. Wilson, Company F, 31st Virginia Infantry.

Wash Riggleman, Company F, 31st Virginia Infantry.

W. H. Brady, Company —, 26th Virginia Cavalry.

Jesse W. Simmons, Company I, 19th Virginia Cavalry.

W. A. Moore, Company I, 19th Virginia Cavalry.

Leonard Howell, Company E, 62d Virginia Mounted Infantry.

W. A. Swecker, Company I, 19th Virginia Cavalry.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*  
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga.....*First Vice President General*  
MRS. GEORGE CUNNINGHAM, Little Rock, Ark.....*Second Vice President General*  
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C.....*Third Vice President General*  
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C.....*Recording Secretary General*  
MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va.....*Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla.....*Treasurer General*  
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va.....*Historian General*  
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C.....*Registrar General*  
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa.....*Custodian of Crosses*  
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala.....*Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## THE HERO FUND.

The following contributions have been received during March for the Hero Fund:

California Division, Elizabeth Rossom.....	\$ 4 25
Lexington, Ky., Mrs. David T. Potter.....	25 00
Arkansas Division .....	50 00
Memorial Chapter, Little Rock, Ark.....	25 00
Florida Division, Winnie Davis Chapter, C. of C., Jacksonville .....	5 00
Pensacola Chapter, Pensacola.....	5 00
Capt. and Mrs. William F. Gwynne, Fort Myers.....	25 00
Mrs. J. D. Sinclair, of Tampa Chapter.....	5 00
Tampa Chapter, Tampa.....	100 00
Elizabeth Harris Chapter, Madison.....	5 00
Ohio Division, Columbus, Ohio.....	50 00
South Carolina Division, Michael Jenkins Chapter....	10 00

Total .....\$309 25  
Previously reported ..... 641 53

Total March 31.....\$950 78

MRS. J. T. BEAL, *Treasurer*.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A great effort is being made to instill the principles of thrift in the homes of the country to meet the unsettled conditions in business now and to combat the high cost of living that is appalling to all. It is to be hoped the members of the U. D. C. will not be backward in practicing thrift, in instilling the budget system, in keeping household accounts, and thus assuring the men of the family that there is no waste in the home and that income is equal to expenditure. It takes time, thought, and energy, but every one of us will be repaid at the end of each month, especially if we have a little left over to place to our credit in the bank and then watch it grow from month to month. Buy nothing you do not need, buy nothing you cannot afford. Invest in savings certificates.

Some Chapters are correcting in their meetings errors about the South and the Southern Confederacy. This is most excellent, but won't they extend the results of their research to other members of the U. D. C. by sending their corrections, with quoted authorities, in condensed form to this department? Historical accuracy and knowledge are assets every one of us needs, especially now. This is especially desirable on obscure points or those apt to escape notice. Note a nice item of good work done in far-away Arizona, a good example for others.

Gastonia, N. C., had a lovely Valentine party, where "belles of the sixties" wore dresses of the "long ago" that would be interesting to the belles of to-day. Read of them.

In the "going away" of Mrs. Mercer Garnett the U. D. C. has lost one of its most noted members.

Division editors are asked to send their reports so they may reach the official editor by the first of each month, that they may have prompt attention. These reports should be carefully prepared from notes furnished by the Chapter editors. All newspaper reports must be revised and condensed.

## DIVISION NOTES.

*Alabama.*—With regret we chronicle the untimely death of Mrs. Cyrus A. Case at Montgomery, whose passing is widely mourned. As Helen Bashinsky, daughter of Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Troy, so prominent in U. D. C. circles, she was known as a girl of most attractive personality and brilliant mind. After graduating from Miss Mason's school at Tarrytown, on the Hudson, New York, she finished her studies abroad. She was married three years ago and became an active worker in the Red Cross at Birmingham and Montgomery, where she had later removed. In appreciation of the many beautiful qualities of her character a scholarship in the Margaret Booth School, valued at \$180, and to be known as the Helena Bashinsky Case Memorial Scholarship, will be presented by Miss Margaret Booth to the U. D. C. of Alabama at the Convention in May.

*Arizona.*—A repetition of the Mardi Gras ball was staged at the American Theater in Phoenix, Ariz., March 5, with a large and appreciative audience, Miss Carolyn Christy presiding with queenly dignity and grace. Costumes worn by the children who took part were elegant and out of the ordinary and added color and beauty to the thoroughly delightful affair. The proceeds from the sale of tickets will be used by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in giving a scholarship to the University of Arizona to some young man or woman. Mrs. George Olney had charge of all arrangements, and the presentation itself was directed by Yua Sonstegard King.

*Florida.*—The regular monthly meeting of the J. J. Finley Chapter, at Gainesville, held on the 12th of January instead of the 1st, had an unusual program arranged by the hostess of the meeting, Mrs. Newton A. Gallison, who had asked for the postponement that "Jackson Day," or Tennessee Day, might be celebrated by this meeting. It was the time for installing the new officers of the Chapter, and Mrs. Callison as the retiring President introduced the new board and stated her pleasure, as a Tennessean by birth, to be hostess of the day. She had placed an order for a gavel made by a Confederate veteran from hickory grown at the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn., home of Andrew Jackson, which is now the Confederate Home, to be presented to her successor, Mrs. James E. Turbeville; and though it had not

come in time, she assured Mrs. Turbeville that it was on the way and would be there by the time she needed it.

The members of the two Chapters at Gainesville, the J. J. Finley and the Kirby Smith, jointly entertained about fifty veterans on the anniversary of General Lee's birth, when memorial exercises were held and a sumptuous dinner was served. After the dinner that old-time dance, the Virginia Reel, was enjoyed, the veterans taking a prominent part in the dancing.

*Georgia.*—At the last regular meeting of Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C., which was held March 19, 1920, the Historian of the Chapter, Miss Cora Anne Brown, gave a masterly criticism, by request, of Booth Tarkington's work, "Ramsey Milholland." The review showed great research and knowledge of Confederate history. The résumé was supported by facts attested to by Northern authors of note competent to judge, and thus the local Historian, Miss Brown, in a dignified way proved all over again that we Southern people have been all too slow to set ourselves right in the eyes of the world, and especially in the minds of the mass of youths around us, who should receive the truths concerning the war of the sixties. If all Chapters would be as alert as the Atlanta Chapter to correct wrong impressions, both in American school histories as well as fiction, our great Southern cause would be better understood and the great fundamentals and principles for which our Southern heroes poured out their lifeblood would be appreciated and applauded by an admiring world.

*Missouri.*—Mrs. H. W. McNeel, Chairman Relief Work, Missouri Division, has sent out a call for cotton scraps to be sent to Mrs. L. V. Hartman, Higginsville, Mo., to be used by the women of the Confederate Home for making quilts.

The Dixie Chapter, of Kansas, has established a scholarship in the Central Business College of that place.

The Emmett McDonald Chapter, of Sedalia, will entertain the annual State convention in October.

*North Carolina.*—The coming of 1920 has brought to us, as Daughters of the Confederacy, larger tasks and responsibilities. North Carolina has completed her pledge to the 1917-18 Hero Fund, and the scholarship at the University of North Carolina will be available this year, which is to assist men of Confederate lineage to complete their education interrupted by patriotic service. At the Tampa Convention North Carolina pledged \$100 for the general educational fund, also \$50 for the Confederate Woman's Relief Committee.

A most worthy appeal has recently been presented to this Division looking to establishing a free bed for tubercular patients at Sanatorium, N. C., for descendants of Confederate veterans. An endowment by the U. D. C. at Sanitarium will mean more than actual service rendered an individual. It will call the attention of the people of the State to the needs of the institution and will influence probably the members of the legislature, calling their attention to the need of larger facilities for handling the tubercular problem in North Carolina. Benevolence is one of the five splendid objects for which the U. D. C. are organized.

At the recent State Convention it was decided to coöperate with the State Historical Commission in compiling records of North Carolina boys in the World War. This is an opportunity for fine service for our organization. This work has already been taken up under the war records chairman of the Division, and now duplicate records will be sent to the Historical Commission. At this Convention the Division also decided to place a marker at the grave of Mrs. Rebecca Winbourne, who from a few bits of calico made the first

flag of the Confederacy, the Stars and Bars, designed by Maj. Oran Randolph Smith. The Division feels honored in placing this historical memorial.

Our service star must be kept bright by the glow of purpose, much good work done, and many noble deeds accomplished as we keep in mind the spirit of our motto, "To live, to think, to do, to dare, to pray."

An old-time Valentine party, planned and arranged by the Historical Committee of the Gastonia Chapter, was given at the home of Mrs. J. M. Sloan. The spacious halls were beautified with red cactus and ferns as decorations, and the Confederate flags were draped over the stairway and balcony.

While the receiving line was forming each guest was tagged with a red heart valentine which contained an old-time rhyme. The guests were then welcomed and introduced to the receiving line made up of "belles of the sixties." The leader welcomed the guests of honor and read the program.

The song "Old Folks at Home" by the entire assembly followed, after which Miss Carrie Morris and Mrs. B. F. Dixon sang the old song, "The Homespun Dress," while Miss Aleen Reid gracefully walked and courtesied down the broad stairway and through the halls gowning in a real homespun dress more than fifty years old. She wore with this an old lace collar fastened with a large old brooch, and at one side of her head hung the quaintest of curls, altogether making a lovely historic picture of old plantation days.

Mrs. B. F. Dixon then gave an interesting reminiscence, "The Social Life of the Sixties," which deserves special mention, as Mrs. Dixon, with her seventy-five years of grace, gave it with as much eloquence as any of her gifted sons, carrying with her the more than a hundred guests back to those days when she was a girl. At the close she brought her hearers again to the present with a beautiful tribute to the boys who broke the Hindenburg line, most of them sons and grandsons of our Confederate women.

Mrs. R. D. Atkins then in a beautiful way spoke of the "Conditions of the Southern Home During and After the War between the States," concluding with a poem by R. B. Vance, whom she knew personally.

"Childhood Recollections of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson," a paper prepared by Mrs. John O. Rankin and read by her daughter, Miss Maude Rankin, gave interesting stories in the life of this noted woman of the Confederacy.

In the round-table reminiscences Mrs. Thomas W. Wilson, President of the Chapter, read a valedictory essay written in 1864 at Davenport College by Margaret Albright Stockard, the subject of which was, "Are We Butterflies, or Are We Angels?" This reminded the belles of the sixties of their own school days and brought forth many delightful stories of them.

After the guests had been served, Mrs. J. S. Wray gave a beautiful and original toast in rhyme to the "U. D. C.," and Mrs. W. C. Barrett gave one equally as original to the "Belles of To-Day." The gowns worn by some of the guests of honor were wonderful creations brought out from chests of days gone by, representing the history of the sixties. Among the most notable was one worn by Mrs. Ferrie Pegram, of Steele Creek, a black brocaded silk worn at the wedding of her sister to Mr. W. L. Gallant fifty-one years ago. Mrs. E. Caldwell Wilson was lovely in a handsome gown of gray and royal purple silk, made entirely by hand, with train and overskirts all very full, a part of her wedding trousseau fifty years ago. With this she wore a real lace collar and handkerchief, also a black lamar lace shawl, all of which were imported. Mrs. Ramsey wore an elegant gown of



lavender and gray plaid silk with real lace trimmings, worn at a sister's wedding fifty years ago. With her lovely black dress Mrs. Atkins wore a real sealskin jacket, made basque effect, with many balls and tassels. Mrs. Blake wore a charming gown of heavy black satin with crêpe shawl and real lace collar. With it she carried an old peacock fan. Mrs. O. W. Davis had copied a picture of herself when a girl and was a living picture indeed, most interesting to see, with a full skirted white dress, fringed black sash and scarf, lace mitts, and quaint old earrings.

*Virginia.*—The Albemarle Chapter, No. 1, Virginia Division, U. D. C., in meeting assembled, passed the following resolutions:

"*Resolved:* 1. That in the death of Mrs. James Mercer Garnett on December 8, 1919, our Chapter has lost a beloved and constant member, whose name has stood as our Honorary President since her removal to Baltimore in token that she was the originator (May 15, 1894), promoter, and President of this Chapter, formed in her home, Pavilion III., East Lawn, University of Virginia, the first group of Daughters of the Confederacy established in Virginia, if not the very earliest formed anywhere.

"2. That our Virginia Division has lost one of its efficient and valued active officers, Mrs. Garnett having held the office of Custodian of the Badge since the office was created in honor of the fact that the badge which she designed for our Chapter was later adopted by the Virginia Division. Her name will be sadly missed from its place at the head of our Honorary State Presidents. For at her home at the University of Virginia the Grand Division of Virginia was formed by delegates from the numerous Chapters inspired by this one, and Mrs. Garnett was elected President, in which capacity she served until her removal to Maryland, when the Virginia Division made her Honorary President for life.

"3. That the U. D. C. at large has lost from its rolls a member who was one of the first women of the Confederacy to conceive and execute the plans that through her efforts in Chapter and Division became the foundation of our great work of honoring the living, commemorating the dead, assisting the needy, educating descendants, and establishing history of the Confederacy."

It is with sincere sorrow and regret that we chronicle the passing from influenza in Richmond on February 22 of that bright spirit, Miss Julia Lee, the niece who was like unto a daughter to our beloved Mrs. Norman Randolph. Miss Lee, so young and pretty, was the first Custodian of Flags of the U. D. C. when the organization had only three, and it was fitting that she, a member of two of the most noted families of the South, should have this honor though so young.

The Bristol Chapter is arranging an elaborate program for the unveiling of a handsome monument to the Confederate soldiers. This Chapter has long hoped for a monument for our beloved soldiers, but it seemed hard to materialize. However, "all things come to him who waits" and prays, and God put it into the heart of one of his noblemen to offer to donate a monument. Col. J. M. Barker, a prominent citizen of Bristol, appeared at one of the meetings and said he had watched the work of the women and their struggles for a monument, so he felt he could show his love for his old comrades in no better way than to erect a monument to them. We thank God for putting this into his heart, and we appreciate the noble deed of Colonel Barker, and we feel sure it will be applauded by his comrades all over the Southland.

As is our annual custom, we celebrated the birth of General Lee by a reception which socially was the biggest success of

the season. It was an ideal day, and everybody was present. These receptions help keep awake the interest, and the Bristol Chapter has the honor of taking in more new members in the past year than any Chapter in the State.

The Old Dominion Chapter, of Lynchburg, is in a flourishing condition, with many new members. An unusual amount of interest has been shown in the meetings this winter, and there is always a good attendance. Several times good local speakers addressed the meeting on subjects dear to the Southern heart, in addition to the programs published in the *VETERAN*. In November there was a benefit card party at the Elks' Club, from which a large sum was realized. A portion of this money was used in sending Thanksgiving and Christmas baskets to veterans and widows, and a donation was made to the tubercular ward of the City Hospital. One of our members, Mrs. Walker Pettijohn, gave a reception at her beautiful home for the Chapter and its invited guests which was most enjoyable and aroused interest that we hope will bear fruit in the way of new members. A silver tea was given on St. Patrick's Day, the money donated to be used for the relief of three old people for whom the Chapter cares regularly.

The Loudoun Chapter fittingly observed the birthday of our beloved chieftain, Gen. Robert E. Lee, with a beautifully arranged dinner for the Veterans and Sons. Only twenty-five of the old soldiers were able to be present, owing to bad weather and the infirmities of old age. During the dinner the assembly enjoyed our beautiful and inspiring Southern songs as sung by the Chapter choir. After the banquet Ex-Governor Montague charmed the audience with an eloquent address on General Lee, making the occasion memorable.

Through the untiring efforts of Mrs. E. E. Moffitt the legislature has appropriated \$10,000 toward the erection of a monument to Matthew Fontaine Maury. Work for this monument was started some years ago by Miss R. Stiles, of

[Continued on page 198.]

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

*U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JUNE, 1920.*

FAMOUS HOMES OF THE SOUTH—ARLINGTON.

Trace the relationship of Mary Custis to Martha Washington and tell how she inherited the Arlington estate. Describe the house and mention the provision for his slaves made by Mr. Custis in his will. On what ground did the Supreme Court of the United States hold that the sale of Arlington for taxes was illegal? What is Arlington now used for? Describe the Arlington monument erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy.

*C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JUNE, 1920.*

THE BATTLE OF NEWMARKET AND THE V. M. I. CADETS.

Tell of their part in winning this battle and describe the monument to them in Lexington designed by one of their number.

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
 436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
 MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
 Memphis, Tenn.  
 MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
 Fayetteville, Ark.  
 MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*  
 Seale, Ala.  
 MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
 7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
 MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*  
 1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.  
 MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
 113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.  
 MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
 1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



## VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
 ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
 FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson  
 GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning  
 KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn  
 LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
 MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll  
 MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
 NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones  
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
 TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer  
 VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

## CONFEDERATE MOTHERS.

The recent movement to locate and honor the dear old ladies of the sixties, the mothers of living Confederate veterans, has met with enthusiastic response, and already more than twenty-five applications for the gold "Bar of Honor" presented to these Confederate mothers have been received, and the hearts of friends and family have been gladdened by the recognition.

Aside from the real joy given to these venerated and beloved representatives of a glorious past, fast passing into the shadowland, each one more than ninety years of age and three past the hundred mark, they come from eleven States—Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, West Virginia, North Carolina, Texas, and far-away Oklahoma. Georgia leads in number, having had seven Confederate mothers located, two of whom have died since January 11, 1920. Five in all have been given their "Bar of Honor" and have passed into the great unknown since the new year. This work must go on at once, for soon it will be too late.

Did the Confederated Southern Memorial Association do no other work during the year, this service of love to these dear ones would alone be worth while.

Plans are on foot for the Reunion in the early fall, and time and place will be announced as soon as details are settled. It is hoped that each association will plan ahead to send full delegations of active workers and that during the summer months special effort will be made to organize Junior Memorial Associations and to increase the members in those already organized. Let them be impressed with the fact that the perpetuation of our Memorial Day is a sacred trust committed to them, and our C. S. M. A. motto should be kept ever impressed upon their hearts and minds: "God of hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget."

Faithfully yours,  
 MRS. A. McD. WILSON,  
*President General C. S. M. A.*

## ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

Another Memorial Day has passed, bringing with it memories that swell the heart with pride and fill the eyes with tears. Wherever there is a Memorial Association, there was a program in April, a service or an observance of some kind, that commemorated the valor of the heroes who gave their lives for the South and the "cause." In Atlanta, Ga., five thousand children marched in the splendid Memorial Day parade. Each child carried a Confederate flag, contributed by the Ladies' Memorial Association, the local organization, which is headed by Mrs. William A. Wright, who so beautifully

presided at the opening meeting of the C. S. M. A. when it met in Atlanta last October.

The long procession formed at 2:30 on the afternoon of April 26, headed by Gen. William A. Wright, grand marshal of the day, and marched out to Oakland Cemetery, where the program was held at the Confederate Monument on the Soldiers' Plot, a quiet, sunlit square of ground made fragrant with thousands of spring flowers that rested upon the graves. The flowers were the silent tribute to the beloved dead, and the spoken tribute was made by Hon. Peter Meldrim, of Savannah.

In the procession were the surviving Confederate veterans, who were in their gray uniforms. Marching side by side with them were the khaki-clad heroes of the World War; also in flag-draped conveyances bearing garlands of flowers and Confederate flags were the devoted women of the Memorial Association. There were children in the long procession, and there were military bands from the adjacent war camps playing. It was an impressive sight and one that should never be permitted to fade away from the activities of the women who loved the Confederacy and the things it stood for.

Mrs. Wilson, President General of the C. S. M. A., is in receipt of a letter that should interest every Southerner. It was written by J. W. Minnich, of Marrero, La. The letter inclosed a check, with the request that the money be used in the purchase fund of the "Bar of Honor," which is being bestowed upon the Confederate mothers. Mr. Minnich said: "I have always desired to contribute to any and all projects looking to confer honor upon the women of the Confederacy and ask that I may be given the privilege of helping with this beautiful plan to honor the Confederate mothers as you are doing."

Mr. Minnich continues with the following interesting fact: "I had no mother south of the line when the war began. I was a native of Pennsylvania. I had an older brother wearing the blue; I wore the gray. But I had thousands of mothers in the South, thousands of sisters, and I had one sister in the North. For more than sixty years now I have considered myself one of that great family of kind hearts. I am an old man now, swinging into my seventy-sixth year, and as long as I remain here I will feel an interest in the Confederate mothers and the cause they held so dear. May their last days be gladdened by the knowledge that they have not been forgotten!"

Another gentleman who has felt the same kind of interest in the Confederate mothers is Capt. James Dinkins, of New Orleans, who recently sent Mrs. Wilson a check asking that it be used for the "Bars of Honor." Many interesting and appropriate ceremonies have attended the presentation of the bars, and when one realizes how few of these old ladies are



left and how limited is their power for enjoyment they will understand what a loving service is being done for them.

Mrs. Bryan Collier, official biographer for the C. S. M. A., is busy getting her book of "Noted Women of the Confederacy" ready for the press. She had hoped to have the book completed by April, but there has been an unavoidable delay. She requests all who are to be represented in the book to send in at once their data, picture, and the check for the book, which is being sold by subscription. This book will be a valuable contribution to literature and to history.

Since last a report was made of the Confederate mothers several have died. Mrs. J. Y. Brame, of Montgomery, Ala., President of the Ladies' Memorial Association of that city, writes of the death of Mrs. Rebecca Howard, who would have reached her one hundred and first birthday within a week. Mrs. Howard was a Confederate mother of Lowndesboro, Ala. She received her bar of honor in January.

Other Confederate mothers who have lately been presented with their gold bars are: Mrs. Elizabeth Summers, of Newnan, Ga.; Mrs. Mary Stamps, of Cornersville, Tenn.; Mrs. Ruth Porter Watson, of Rutherford, N. C.; Mrs. Elmira Seawell, of Oklahoma; Mrs. Julia F. Rowland, of Benton, Ark.; Mrs. Amanda Simms Boswell, of Brookhaven, Miss.; Mrs. Emaline C. Martin, of Mount Juliet, Tenn.; Mrs. Adaline Gilesie Felmet, of Asheville, N. C.; Mrs. M. E. Bailly, of La Grange, Ga.

#### THE CONFEDERATE HOME OF KENTUCKY.

[Mrs. John L. Woodbury, President of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., of Louisville, and member of the Woman's Advisory Board of the Confederate Home, tells of the late loss by fire of this model institution.]

On Thursday, March 25, the greater part of the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley burned. While the loss is great, deep thankfulness is felt that no lives were sacrificed. The fire occurred about as the evening meal was over. Had it been later, no doubt it would have been impossible to save the men, as a high wind was blowing, and the building burned very rapidly.

The commandant of the Home has written me in detail about the loss sustained:

"The main building and the laundry were a total loss, and the roof of the heating plant and one ward of the infirmary burned; the rest of the buildings are intact. All the furniture in the main building was lost, as well as the supply of food and clothing. We saved nearly all the bedding, and the machinery in the heating plant is not badly injured. Twenty-six of the infirmary patients were sent to the City Hospital after the fire, and about twenty of the men have gone away on furloughs; the rest are comfortably situated in what was left of the infirmary, in Duke's Hall, the two-story cottage, and the tuberculosis building. The dining room and kitchen of the infirmary were saved; therefore we are able to feed them with very little inconvenience. A great number of the men lost their clothing, especially their underwear. We also lost nearly all the sheets, pillow slips, and towels, which were in the laundry and storeroom. Our sewing machine was lost in the fire.

"We have had to buy about sixty bedsteads and have had to go to a great deal of expense on account of extra help to clean the building and make ready for the men. Although the fire occurred at night, I had beds ready for all of them before midnight and had breakfast for them the next morning before eight o'clock.

"The men from the City Hospital will come back as soon as the water supply will permit. Our water tank was burned, and it will take two weeks' time for replacing. It is hoped there is ample insurance to rebuild an addition to the infirmary, which will make the men more comfortable than they ever have been. About one-half month's appropriation in supplies, such as food and clothing, was lost, as summer clothing had been bought; but on the whole we are much better off than could be expected under the circumstances. Not a single man was injured in any way.

"The employees of the Home did heroic work in saving the men and property. Too much cannot be said of the citizens of Pewee Valley for their work in behalf of the inmates. The Presbyterian and Episcopal churches were opened for the care of the men. The rector of the Episcopal church notified me in less than fifteen minutes after the fire started that his church was open for the reception of the men in the infirmary, who were carried there. A great number of the citizens took from one to three inmates to their homes."

The men are in wonderful spirits and show that philosophy and courage which carried them through the stormy days of the War between the States. Although the general commanding Camp Zachary Taylor at Louisville would have been glad to assign barracks to them, they refused to leave the Home, and as many as are able are helping with the work of bringing order out of confusion.

Many personal belongings and cherished mementoes of a long life have been lost; but the trustees and the Daughters of the Confederacy of the Kentucky Division are determined that what can be replaced and what can be done in the way of material comfort shall be done with as little loss of time as possible.

#### ANDREW JACKSON.

[Continued from page 167.]

which he foresaw as a result of the abolition movement. He was a patriot whose motives were never questioned, a true lover of his country when she needed champions to defend her, and the last drop of his blood would have been spent in her service. His farewell address is equal to Washington's in its earnest appeal for liberty and in the statesmanlike advice to his fellow citizens. The stately equestrian monuments which bear his name attest the admiration of his own generation for this great American, Andrew Jackson, the synonym for all the democratic virtues which created and have sustained our republic.

A. B. Guigon, General Attorney of the Virginia Railway and Power Company, Richmond, Va., sends two dollars on account and writes: "It gives me pleasure to send my check for \$2, which I shall be glad for you to accept as one year's subscription, as I don't think it would be fair to take advantage of your generous offer to make it two years, and certainly I don't want to save a dollar by imposing on the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

Dr. H. M. Wharton, Chaplain General A. N. V. Department, U. C. V., whose address is 224 West Lafayette Avenue, Baltimore, Md., wishes to secure a copy of the poem of which the following is an extract:

"The sun is now sinking in billows  
That roll through the far-distant West,  
And morning will wake through the willows  
And find me forever at rest."

## SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1919-20.

Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest  
Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton  
Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.  
[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]

### CONFEDERATION NEWS.

Comrade J. Edward Beale, who is Commandant of the Black Horse Camp of Warrenton, Va., has announced an annual meeting and picnic to be given by the Camp on Friday, August 20, at Fauquier Springs, Va. An excellent Virginia dinner, a speaker, and music will be some of the features of the occasion.

Comrade Wilson B. Cole, Commandant of the A. P. Hill Camp, Petersburg, Va., has appointed Comrade Samuel D. Rogers, a prominent Virginia journalist, to represent the Camp as correspondent in the Sons' Department.

Dr. W. C. Galloway, Surgeon in Chief S. C. V., will represent the George Davis Camp, of Wilmington, N. C., as correspondent of his Camp.

Comrade W. C. Hall has been appointed correspondent for the Clinton-Hatcher Camp, Leesburg, Va.

Comrade J. H. Leslie, Commander of the Fourth Brigade, Virginia Division, of Leesburg, Va., is very actively engaged in making plans to organize new Camps and enlarging the membership in that Brigade.

Comrade J. W. Lillard, Commandant of A. F. Borgess Camp, Decatur, Tenn., announces that a campaign is being inaugurated to extend the circulation of the VETERAN among the members of the Camp.

Comrade Todd M. George, of Independence, Mo., writes: "I shall send you news items for the VETERAN from time to time that may prove of interest, as I have started a move, in which I am having success, in establishing a historical society in this county. In this work I am likely to uncover many interesting facts."

Comrade W. McDonald Lee, Commandant of S. D. Lee Camp, Irvington, Va., has made a start in the right direction by subscribing to the VETERAN.

Comrade W. L. Wilkinson, Commandant of John Tyler Camp, Charles City, Va., has requested that copies of the VETERAN be sent to J. Nimmo Habbord, Adjutant, for distribution to the members at the next meeting. Comrade Habbord will give a short talk on the subject, and it is believed every member of the Camp will become a subscriber.

E. A. Christy, Commandant of Camp Beauregard, New Orleans, La., states that he will request all members of the Camp to subscribe to the VETERAN and will furnish news items for the S. C. V. Department.

Comrade Thomas Fauntleroy has recently been elected Commandant of N. B. Forrest Camp, Memphis, Tenn. Under his aggressive leadership efforts will be made to induct into the Camp every eligible son.

\* \* \*

The South Carolina State Reunion of the Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans will be held at Sumter, S. C., May 5 and 6. Comrade A. L. Gaston will make the address of welcome to the Veterans and Sons.

The James D. Blanding Camp, formerly the Chester Camp,

Sumter, S. C., has recently been reorganized. Comrade McCutcheon was unanimously elected Commandant of the Camp.

Dr. W. E. Quin, Division Commander of Alabama, has announced that the Alabama State Reunion will be held at Montgomery May 19 and 20.

\* \* \*

Mr. F. M. Cook, of Chicago, has been elected a member of Camp Beauregard, New Orleans, La. Comrade Cook is a nephew of the late E. J. Graham, whose widow is one of the leading workers of the Daughters of the Confederacy of New Orleans. Mr. Cook has the distinction of having his application for membership signed and approved by the Rev. A. Gordon Bakewell, the venerable Confederate chaplain who died February 22, 1920, at the age of ninety-eight years. His last official act was the signing of this application. Dr. Bakewell served in the Shiloh campaign with Mr. Cook's father.

Comrades E. A. Christy, W. O. Hart, and W. J. Snow, of Camp Beauregard, S. C. V., are active in aiding Chapter No. 72, U. D. C., of New Orleans, in a movement to adopt the veterans of the Soldiers' Home at Camp Nicholls, La. Mrs. J. Dickson is chairman of the committee to assist the Sons. Camp Beauregard has as a body adopted one veteran, and these are the first men to become a collective godfather.

\* \* \*

A meeting of the Executive Council was held in Washington April 10, 1920. The Commander in Chief, N. B. Forrest, presided. The members of the Council present were: Mr. W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.; Mr. Carl Hinton, Denver, Colo.; Mr. J. W. McWilliams, Monroe, La.; and Mr. J. Roy Price, Washington, D. C. Dr. Clarence J. Owens, of Washington, D. C., Matthew Page Andrews, of Baltimore, and John Ashley Jones, of Atlanta, Ga., members of the Advisory Committee, were also present. Arrangements were made for the Adjutant in Chief, Mr. Carl Hinton, to make a three months' tour of the Southern States for the purpose of organizing new Camps, arousing interest, and increasing the membership of the old Camps.

America's gift to France, the MacMonnies statue to commemorate the battle of the Marne, was indorsed by the Executive Council. A group contribution for this memorial on the Marne was made by members of the Council and Advisory Committee. All Camps are invited to join in this patriotic movement by subscribing any amount from one cent up. The returns may be sent in one amount to Mr. Charles H. Sabin, Treasurer, 150 Nassau Street, New York City. The committee is interested in receiving the greatest possible number of contributions rather than a large amount, so that the gift will be representative of the whole nation.

Commander in Chief N. B. Forrest is making a strong fight to prevent the use in the public schools of Beard and Bagley's textbook, "The History of the American People." It is charged that this history is socialistic, is unfair in its treatment of the negro question, magnifies the Northern heroes in the War between the States, and is repugnant to the people of the South. It is also alleged that it slurs at the Constitution of the United States and should be rejected on that point alone. In the topic of the Revolutionary period Comrade Forrest stated that twenty-five pages are devoted to men of the North and only one page to Southern men.

\* \* \*

The reception given by Washington Camp No. 305, of Washington, D. C., in honor of Nathan Bedford Forrest, Commander in Chief, and members of the Executive Council was held Saturday evening, April 10, 1920, at the Confeder-



ate Memorial Home. The spacious hall was thronged with Veterans, Daughters, and Sons. The occasion was marked with short addresses, musical entertainment, refreshments, and dancing. The Tennessee Society was well represented at the meeting in compliment to Commander in Chief Forrest, who was born in that State. Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Historian in Chief, introduced the speakers in his usual pleasing manner. The opening speech was made by Commander in Chief Forrest, followed by Mr. Carl Hinton, Adjutant in Chief; Dr. Clarence J. Owens, Past Commander in Chief; Mr. W. McDonald Lee, member of the Executive Council. Commander in Chief Forrest headed the receiving line, Dr. Clarence J. Owens making the presentations. Miss Grace Roper, sponsor, and Miss Marion Upshaw, maid of honor, stood beside the Commander in Chief. Others in the receiving line were: Mr. Carl Hinton, Maj. E. D. R. Ewing, Mr. W. McDonald Lee, Mr. J. W. McWilliams, George T. Rawlins (Commandant), Mr. Albert Sidney Parry (Division Commander), Mr. John Ashley Jones, Mr. F. R. Fravel, Mrs. N. B. Forrest, and Misses Frances and Anne Lee, of Irvington, Va.

Miss Virginia Hereford, who represented the District of Columbia Division as sponsor at the Reunion in Atlanta, was the hostess at a tea given at her home Sunday afternoon in compliment to the official and visiting guests to the city. This tea was preceded by an automobile party through the parks and driveways of the District of Columbia.

\* \* \*

New evidence of the untiring energy of Comrade John Ashley Jones, Commandant of the J. B. Gordon Camp, Atlanta, Ga., is shown by his report that the Camp has a paid-up membership of five hundred. Comrade Jones states that it is his purpose to increase the membership to one thousand before the next Reunion.

**"Give unto Cæsar what is  
Cæsar's"---and  
give the South  
its due!**



**Tell It  
in Gath**

**By  
Joseph A. Osgoode**

"A revelation of truths that will warm the heart of every true Southern reader—a book that should be in every Southern home."

"This book should be in every Public Library. It is not only good literature, but it contains a vast amount of correct historical and literary facts which I have never seen in any other volume.—J. Trotwood Moore, State Librarian, Nashville, Tenn."

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, Sewanee, Tenn.

GENTLEMEN: Enclosed please find [check] [money order] for \$1.50, for which please send me a copy of "Tell It in Gath," post prepaid.

A measuring rod for textbooks, prepared by Miss Mildred L. Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., by which every textbook on history and literature in Southern schools should be tested by those desiring the truth, has recently been published. The Commander in Chief has appointed a committee to coöperate with Miss Rutherford in this work.

#### U. D. C. DIVISION NOTES.

[Continued from page 194.]

Richmond, and a few thousand dollars was placed to the credit of the Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of which Mrs. Moffitt is President. Too much praise cannot be given Mrs. Moffitt for carrying on this work and securing this handsome appropriation from the legislature.

Relief work for needy Confederate men and women is faithfully carried on by all Chapters and is now extending to the Children of the Confederacy Chapters. The C. of C. Auxiliary to the Richmond Chapter have adopted an old couple and take to them \$3 each month, with other little gifts. These visits, with the personal touch, add much to the pleasure as well as to the comfort of the old people. The Smithfield Juniors are following the same plan.

*Washington.*—Assembling in memory of Robert E. Lee and to honor Confederate veterans, of whom only a few remain, loyal Tacoma women, born in the South and affiliated in the membership of Dixie Chapter, U. D. C., were hostesses at a notable luncheon and all-day session. Mrs. Morton Gregory opened her beautiful new home for this occasion, and its charming interior, brightened with baskets of lovely flowers and cheery with the crackle of blazing logs on the open hearth, brought up memories of the sunny Southland.

The luncheon followed a business meeting called at 10:30. The U. D. C. colors were used in the appointments, and a huge cake, beautifully iced and wreathed in the colors, made a striking centerpiece for the veterans' table. The Chapter members were served a buffet luncheon.

A delightful program in honor of the birthday anniversary of Gen. Robert E. Lee filled the afternoon. Judge Langhorne, of Centralia, gave the address, and Mrs. C. P. Gammon read a paper on General Lee's life. Through the efforts of Mrs. George Libbey, Tom Skeyhill, the poet-soldier of Australia, who was in Tacoma for a lecture engagement that evening, visited the Chapter as an honored guest for the afternoon, bringing a message from the South, which he recently visited. He spoke eloquently of the charm of Southern girls and lauded them as the most beautiful in the world. He also spoke of the gracious hospitality of Southern homes, the courtly manners and chivalry of the men. Favorite old Southern melodies sung in unison brought the day to a fitting close.

*RARE OLD GUN.*—George W. Howard, of College Park, Ga., has a fine old gun that he wants to sell for the benefit of the Jefferson Davis Memorial. The gun was made in 1853 and took first premium at the Georgia Fair that year. Gen. Robert Harris bought it for \$200, and it has a ten-dollar gold piece in the stock bearing his name, and part of the stock is solid silver; it also has other parts in silver. Aside from its value as a curio, it is still a splendid gun. Mr. Harris says he has killed fifteen ducks at one shot with it. Write to him about it. It will be sold in a worthy cause.

## Get Back Your Grip on Health



# TAKE NUXATED IRON

For Red Blood, Strength  
and Endurance

J. T. Reeves, of Caldwell, Tex., is anxious to obtain the war record of Maj. Sam G. Ragsdale, who went from Caldwell or San Antonio, Tex., and probably served under General Magruder. It is hoped that some one can give the information wanted.

E. C. Faulkner, of Hopkinsville, Ky., would like to recover a pocket Bible and diary which he lost in the fighting between Montevallo and Selma, Ala., in March, 1865; thinks it was at Dixie Station or near there. He was captured, also his horse, on which was strapped his valise with clothing, etc., and if the Yank who got this Bible and diary or any of his family who may see this will return them it will be highly appreciated by this veteran.

## Don't Wear a Truss



**BROOKS' APPLIANCE**, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day.

C. E. Brooks, 239C State St., Marshall, Mich.

### THEY ALL DO IT.

Down on the farm in Tennessee  
Ma and pa and Bud and me  
Would gather round on winter nights  
When everything was put to rights,  
The cows all milked, the horses fed,  
The big back log a-blaazin' red,  
While grandpa started in to tell  
Of how he gave the Yankees hell  
When he was fightin' under Lee,  
In some shindig, in sixty-three.

Grandpa could spin it off by heart  
Up to the most important part;  
At that point he'd forget each night  
What he had said about the fight  
Where all alone he made a haul  
Of prisoners. Right there he'd stall  
A bit, then say: "I captured nine  
And took 'em back behind the line."  
Then Bud he'd look at me right straight  
And whisper low: "Last night 'twas  
eight."

When I get old perhaps I'll tell

About the fight at St. Mihiel,  
Where I got cut off from the rest  
And fell in a machine gun nest,  
Scarin' four great big, husky Boches.  
Who thought, I guess, that I was Foch  
With all the Allies on a raid,  
A-judgin' from the noise I made—  
Till they said "Kamerad." I said:  
"Sure,

To the rear, march, to Thiaucour."

Believe me, I shall always strive  
To 'member there were only five;  
I'll jot it right down in a book,  
And 'fore I talk I'll take a look  
To keep from gettin' in a mix  
And stick to it—that there were six.

—Guy D. Wilson, in the Home Sector.

Capt. J. J. Bradford, of Biltmore, N. C., who served with the 3d Mississippi Infantry, — Featherston's brigade, would be thankful for information concerning Lieutenant Wheatley, of Bledsoe's Battery, who was seriously wounded at Jackson, Miss., on the 12th of July, 1863.

Thomas Terry Meek, of Washington County, Ark., wants to establish his claim to a pension and asks that any surviving comrades will give their testimony as to his service. He had a comrade living at Lonoke, Ark., and would like to hear from him, also from Joe Wynne, who was in the regular service, but did some bushwhacking in Missouri. All responses to this should go to Mrs. Zella Hargrove Gaither, 815 Cumberland Street, Little Rock, Ark.

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Rebecca, aged eight, was very proud of her father's rank as a first lieutenant and grew quite indignant when a neighbor boy called him "Captain."

"I'll have you understand that my daddy is not a captain," she said; "he's a lieutenant."

"O, it doesn't matter," replied the boy; "he is an officer."

"Indeed he is not an officer," she protested.

"Yes, dear, a lieutenant is an officer," interrupted Rebecca's mother.

"Well," persisted Rebecca, still determined to maintain her daddy's dignity at all cost, "he's not much of an officer."

Mrs. D. C. Skaggs, 906 Lemon Street, Lakeland, Fla., makes inquiry for some comrades of her husband, Davis C. Skaggs, who can testify as to his whereabouts at the close of the war. He enlisted at Duncan, Mo., in March, 1862, and served with Company E, 10th Missouri Cavalry, Colonel Kitchen's regiment. He was a prisoner at Bloomfield, Mo., it is said, at the time of his surrender, and this inquiry is made for definite information, as she seeks to get a pension from the State of Florida.



# BOOKS

A patron of the VETERAN is giving up his library and has placed a number of volumes on Confederate history with the VETERAN for disposal. In sending order for any book in this list don't fail to give second choice, as there is only one of each. The books are in good order, and some of them have not been taken from their wrappers.

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VOL. XXVIII.

JUNE, 1920

NO. 6



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Last Confederate in the United States Senate

(See page 207)



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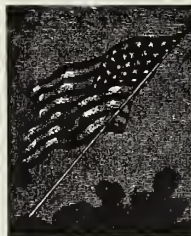
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men you sell it to will not give you a dollar for every dollar you paid for it. The price has been brought down because so many people are offering to sell their bonds. If the market is flooded with tomatoes, you can buy them cheap; but if every one is clamoring for tomatoes and there are few to be had, the price goes up. The same is true of liberty bonds. Short-sighted people are dumping them on the market, and wise ones are buying them.

The best advice that can be given to the owner of a liberty bond is this: Hold the bond you bought during the war; it is as safe and sound as the United States government itself.

Buy as many more at the present low rate as you can afford. If you hold them to maturity, you are bound to make the difference between what they sell at now and their face value. You will also receive good interest on your investment.

Hold on to your liberty bonds and buy more.

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Lieutenant Card was born in Atlanta and was mighty proud of that fact. Never did he miss an opportunity to impress upon the world at large the fact that an Atlanta man was just a little better than any other sort of human being.

One day a big, burly negro brought in his service record for indorsement, and the lieutenant noticed that the man had given his birthplace as Atlanta.

"Ah!" he ejaculated. "So you were born in Atlanta? That's where I came from too."

The negro rolled his eyes. "Well, well!" he exclaimed. "So you and me is from de same town! Kain't be nobody wuff while left down to Atlanta dese days a-tall."—*American Legion Weekly.*

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J. W. Homer wrote from Louisville, Kans., April 5: "We have a seven-inch snow on the ground, which fell Saturday and Saturday night." Just think of this for April!

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXVIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1920.

No. 6. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER

## MEMORIAL DAY OF 1920.

[From the Montgomery, Ala., *Advertiser*.]

With a patriotic chain of memory, Memorial Days, observed successively year after year, link this modern time of 1920 with the shadowed years of half a century ago. True Southerners—true Americans—will wish that the chain should never be broken and that year after year the keepers of the traditions of the Old South will stand up and tell the interested children of new generations the story, ever romantic and ever inspiring, of the rise of the Confederacy and its unsuccessful struggle to assert the right of self-determination.

Some fifty-five years have passed; two generations, as generations are measured, have gone. The veterans who wore the gray have dwindled until they make now but a remnant of the great army in gray, a pathetic reminder of the deeds of their comrades and of the courage with which they fought to preserve the Anglo-Saxon rights of self-government. Even the Daughters of the Confederacy, who originally inaugurated the beautiful custom of devoting one day to memorializing the soldiers of the Confederacy, have faded and disappeared with the years. It is well that they have left daughters to carry on an honorable custom which contributes to the making of a strong people who honor their traditions.

The *Advertiser* is gratified that, notwithstanding the storm which prevailed on April 26, the usual Memorial Day, the sons and daughters of the men of '61-'65 would not be denied their observance of the day. We are persuaded that the delayed celebration, in which the old story could be told again, will have its own weight in maintaining the continuous chain of memory. We live these years in an age of too much materialism and of too much expediency. If we reflect but a moment on the various movements, on the currents of modern thought and the trend of modern purposes, we are surprised to realize that nearly all of them either originate or center in money, in making money, or in spending money. It is a day given to much talk of idealism, but much of the idealism will not stand inspection or analysis; it runs too much around money and the material benefits of the individual. Our children should be reminded that there was once a time in which men so highly regarded their convictions that they were willing to fight and die for them.

The boys and the girls of the future should be told that there was one period in the history of the South in which the traditions of our people's civilization and the convictions they held about government were so dear to them that they would fight and die, if need be, for them. It is not wealth alone that makes a people great; the South had a great people when they believed in a high-minded manner in the spiritual and inspirational things of life.

The most inspiring thing that could be told the boys who went to France was that they were fighting for the right of self-determination for small peoples. They were fighting for that, and they were fighting for more too. But it was no new thing for Southern people to battle for the right of self-determination. Every Confederate soldier who fell, whether it was in the high-water mark of Pickett's charge or in that grim and desperate fighting at Franklin, fell fighting for the right of his people to determine their own destiny and for the keeping of the guarantees accorded his people by a written constitution. Let us never forget this and let us never apologize for it.

There should be in these Memorial Days a sense of solemn satisfaction in the heart of every Confederate soldier; for his past is at least secure. His people still remember. He should feel a solemn pleasure in knowing that truth, and it is the truth that no army, victorious or defeated, was ever so honored or its memory so cherished as the army of the Confederacy. History records no honor done an army in later years equal to that generously and affectionately accorded the Confederate soldiers.

HIGH COMPLIMENT.—John R. Boddie, of St. Louis, renews his subscription and says: "In view of the fact that labor and paper cost many times more than ever in our country's history, that the price of the *VETERAN* remains at the old figure is out of the ordinary and should be highly appreciated by all subscribers. This, too, when it has been improving constantly for the past several years and is to-day far better than at any time in its previous history. A better magazine at the old price of subscription is something that all subscribers should appreciate."



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S MEMORIAL DAY SPEECH  
IN FRANCE MAY 30, 1919.

In using the article on page 446 of the *VETERAN* for December, 1919, giving a quotation from the speech made by President Wilson on Memorial Day, 1919, at Suresnes, France, it was hoped that a correction would be forthcoming, for it was hardly believable that the President would so express himself as to wound the people of the South who had so loyally stood for him; but it was only recently the President's secretary wrote that it was a misquotation and gave an excerpt from the speech, as follows: "I look for the time when every man who now puts his counsel against the united service of mankind under the League of Nations will be just as ashamed of it as if he now regretted the union of the States."

The quotation as used in December was: "I look for the time when every man who now puts his counsel against the united service of mankind under the League of Nations will be just as ashamed of it as he is who regretted the union of the States."

"THE MEN IN GRAY."

BY PORTER M'FERRIN, NASHVILLE, TENN.

There was published by the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* a few years ago a book entitled "The Men in Gray," that merits a large circulation. The author, the Rev. R. C. Cave, himself a Confederate soldier, is well known in Confederate circles, having been on more than one occasion the chief orator at the annual Reunions.

There is an incident connected with this book which is of historic interest. The author delivered the oration at the unveiling of the monument to the soldiers and sailors of the Southern Confederacy in Richmond, Va., May 30, 1894. This speech called forth a storm of denunciation from the press throughout the North, as many readers of the *VETERAN* will recall. The oration is contained in the book and is followed by several pages of explanatory notes. These are followed by "A Defense of the South" and a chapter on the "Cavalier and Puritan."

In the preface Dr. Cave, after quoting from an address delivered the same day (Federal Decoration Day) at Lebanon, Pa., in which the speaker characterized the war as rebellion and a crime on the part of the South, says: "The papers of the country had nothing to say of the impropriety of the speech. On the contrary, it was published under double-headed headlines and declared to be 'especially appropriate to the occasion.' Here and there in the North speeches containing such misrepresentations of the South are still made on Decoration Day without calling forth any expressions of disapproval from the press. Does the propriety of discussing the causes of the War between the States belong exclusively to Northern writers and speakers? Did the South when she laid down her arms surrender the right to state in self-justification her reasons for taking them up? If not, I fail to see how it can be improper when perpetuating the

memory of the Confederate dead at least to attempt to correct false and injurious representations of their aims and deeds and hand their achievements down to posterity as worthy of honorable remembrance."

The following excerpt from Dr. Cave's oration is worthy to be classed with the finest utterances of Burke or Webster:

"As death paints our loved ones in softer, fairer colors and brings us to see, as we did not see before,

" 'Their likeness to the wise below,  
Their kindred with the great of old,'

so the overthrow of the cause we struggled to maintain gave me a still higher appreciation of it and brought me to realize more deeply its oneness with the cause of human freedom in every age and land.

"I am not one of those who, clinging to the old superstition that the will of Heaven is revealed in the immediate results of 'trial by combat,' fancy that right must always be on the side of might and speak of Appomattox as a judgment of God. I do not forget that a Suvaroff triumphed and a Kosciusko fell; that a Nero wielded the scepter of empire and a Paul was beheaded; that a Herod was crowned and a Christ was crucified. And, instead of accepting the defeat of the South as a divine verdict against her, I regard it as but another instance of 'truth on the scaffold and wrong on the throne.'"

The book, though small, is *multum in parvo*—a mine of information. I wish it could be read by every man in the North as well as in the South. It ought at least to be in the library of every Southern home.

[The book is now out of print, but there is too much to this article for it to be lost; and it will help those who have the book to appreciate all the more its splendid defense of the Southern cause.—EDITOR.]

Mrs. H. F. Lewis writes from Bristol, Tenn., in renewing her subscription: "I expect to subscribe to the *VETERAN* as long as I live, for I enjoy it more than any magazine I take. It has been a wonderful publication for the price since it was started, but in these days of the high cost of living it is the greatest bargain on the market. \* \* \* All good Confederates are interested in the life of the *VETERAN*, as it is the one magazine that stands for the truth for which our fathers fought."

T. W. Redman writes from Beaumont, Tex.: "I note with pleasure how the *VETERAN* is holding its own; and while I don't believe it is possible for any one to surpass our lamented Cunningham either in style or vigor, I think the *VETERAN* is succeeding beyond our fondest hopes. I have been a constant reader almost since its foundation and hope to continue doing so the rest of my allotted time. I served throughout the war under the peerless Joe Wheeler."

Capt. William S. Keiley, Commander New York Camp of Confederate Veterans, New York City, writes: "Permit me to express to you the great gratification that your publication is to our Camp, keeping us in touch with the 'old folks at home' and at the same time representing the true story of our cause. 'More power to your elbow!'"

## A BELLE OF THE SIXTIES.

The picture is old and faded, but there's a radiance still about the face which time cannot dim, for she was one of those heroic women whose spirit animated the men of the South to fight and die for their principles. Miss Martha Anthony was a girl of seventeen when the war began—one of fourteen children and early acquainted with responsibility—and she bore a woman's part in those trying times of war. During one of General Lyons's raids in Missouri, just prior to the battle of Wilson's Creek, a company from his command came to Miss Anthony's home, and the captain ordered his men to take grain, horses, anything they might want, while he and his aids would search the house. The negroes were very much frightened by the soldiers, but Miss Anthony met the young captain and with a low courtesy said: "Gentlemen, I will show you through this house. Take what you want, but do not harm one of our negroes."



The captain was so amazed by her absolute fearlessness, her wonderful beauty, charm, and poise, that he ordered his men not to touch anything in the house. Had her heart and hand not been pledged to one who was then fighting for the South, this might have been a different story.

But her lover came back from the war, and in February, 1869, she became the bride of John Morgan Shaw and the mother of a daughter who is now Mrs. Joseph Johnson, of Chicago, Ill. In 1908 Mrs. Johnson organized the Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., in Minneapolis, which was then her home.

Her soldier husband dying in 1882, some years later Mrs. Shaw was married to John Lincoln Haskell, and she died in 1897. She was a gifted speaker as well as writer; and had not the war intervened, literature would have been her chosen work. In her widowhood she did enter the field of journalism.

This brave young woman was a descendant of patriotic Americans, her great-grandfather being James Anthony, of North Carolina, who won distinction for his gallantry in the Revolutionary War, while her grandfather, Lewis C. Anthony, served in the War of 1812, and an uncle, Anderson W. Anthony, a brilliant lawyer, espoused the Southern cause in 1861. Returning home after the war, he found himself disqualified by the "Drake Constitution" and could not resume his practice until the "lawyer's test oath was removed."

Junius Jordan, Superintendent of Schools, Pine Bluff, Ark., says: "I enjoy reading it more and more as time goes on. Tell the veterans to keep up their reminiscences, as the story of the past is dear to the heart of every veteran."

6\*

## GENERAL LEE.

BY KATHERINE DRAYTON SIMONS.

[Written for the C. Irvine Walker Chapter, U. D. C., of Summerville, S. C., and read at the meeting on January 19, 1920.]

"Leader" they have called you—they who followed your lead—"Comrade" in their danger and a "Friend" in every need; But "Master" and "Marse Robert," of an unforgetting fame—Did you soldiers' grandsons greet you by the old beloved name?

When the bridge of Bifrost bended underneath those soundless feet,

Which the opal gates of Asgard flung their portals far to meet,

Were you waiting with the Bayard, Garibaldi, Galahad To hail among the heroes every soft-voiced Southern lad?

'Mid the shamrock and the lion and the western maple leaf And the eagle and Italia and the golden lily sheaf At the gates of great Valhalla, within echo of the guns, Did you seek each one, Marse Robert, of your soldiers' soldier sons?

Did you know each one, Marse Robert, by the trick of eyes or speech,

By the courtliness of conduct that the States of sunshine teach?

Did they give the gallant greeting of the men who wore the gray—

They who wore the younger khaki thirty hundred miles away?

They who fell by flame in Flanders, dreaming of the daffodils

In the misty April moonlight on the old Virginia hills?

They who saw the Southern starlight silvering the palms again On a Carolina coastline while they died for lost Lorraine?

They were over young, Marse Robert, like the lads of your campaigns,

They who held the tired trenches underneath the snows and rains;

And it would have been like sunlight from the Dixie Land they love

Had you met them at the portals of Valhalla's halls above.

For it may be they are lonely in those hero-haunted ways, Where so many an immortal dreams again of mortal days.

You who were both loved and leader, you who could both comprehend

And command their fathers' fathers too their sons could best befriend!

So we think of you as waiting where Valhalla's wondrous vale

Opens all its golden glory to the ones who win their Grail.

And, "Master" and "Marse Robert," of an unforgetting fame, Do your soldiers' grandsons greet you by the old beloved name.

Mr. Harry McEnery, of the *Times-Picayune*, New Orleans, renews subscription to the *VETERAN* and says: "It is a much-appreciated friend and an honor to American journalism."



## "THE PILGRIMS."

BY ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, CHAIRMAN GRAY BOOK  
COMMITTEE, S. C. V.

"The Pilgrims," an article appearing in *Munsey's* for March and written by Darwin P. Kingsley, President of the New York Life Insurance Company and a member of a prominent New England society of New York City, is an exceedingly interesting and able article. Yet Dr. Kingsley makes some claims for both Puritans and Pilgrims which rather violate the historical verities of the subject, and he ignores certain claims which might upset the graceful run of his narrative. The purpose of the article is to show that the civilization and colonization of America was due to the Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock and the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay and the "economic success" they achieved.

He asserts that "Europe generally regarded America as \* \* \* uninhabitable, except by barbarians, and full of terrible monsters. Colonization had previously been a failure because it lacked right purpose. The Western seas and Western world were as mysterious in 1620 as in 1492" (italics mine), and this assertion is made in face of the fact that in 1620, when Mr. Kingsley supposes that Europe imagined that this country was "full of terrible monsters," the Virginia colony had so grown and prospered that it had overleaped the bounds of its Jamestown environment, and settlements had spread up both banks of the James River for over a hundred miles.

The assertion is made in face of the fact that a year before the Mayflower left England the Virginia colony was so well established that its first General Assembly had met at Jamestown, the first regularly organized and functioning legislative body in the New World, and it is made in face of the further facts, illustrative of the progress of the colony, that steps had been taken to build the first school in this hemisphere, the College of Henrico, a school for the Indians, and that, according to Matthew Page Andrews in his "History of the United States," here the first literature of the New World was produced by George Sandys, an excellent poetical translation of a portion of Ovid's "Metamorphoses."

Mr. Kingsley lays great emphasis upon the "economic success" of the New England settlements and stresses his point that this economic success was the beckoning finger which drew further immigration. He asserts that "up to 1630 Plymouth was the dominant force of the New World" and that "the economic success of Plymouth dissipated the mystery and made the continent a land for citizens rather than adventurers, for workers rather than profligate peers," the terms "adventurers and profligate peers" intended doubtless to apply to the settlers farther South.

But these "adventurers and profligate peers" had advanced so far along the lines of economic success, which Mr. Kingsley esteems so highly, that the severe Indian massacre of 1622, raging among the settlements for one hundred and fifty miles up and down both banks of the James River, could not seriously check their growth. Bear in mind that this massacre occurred at a time when the Plymouth colony was in swaddling clothes, which most probably would have been turned to grave clothes had not these "adventurers and profligate peers," after the fashion of their kind, turned in the midst of their own peril to send warning to the little band at Plymouth to guard against the Indian danger; and, further, they sent a shipload of provisions which reached Plymouth in time to relieve famine which had become quite serious. The economic success of the Pilgrims was con-

siderably assisted by the timely help of the "adventurers and profligate peers."

This economic success, so prominently brought forward, was no monopoly of either Pilgrim or Puritan. In truth, at the beginning both colonies suffered from what we now call socialism. Both the Plymouth colony and a decade before the Jamestown colony tried production on the community plan, and it resulted in both cases in near starvation and threatened ruin. As soon as individualistic effort was adopted the troubles began to vanish and success appear.

Mr. Kingsley further asserts that "the Pilgrims lifted the curtain which for six hundred years had concealed the great mystery. With their feeble hands they erected pillars that marked the entrance to a new continent through which poured the flood of life that had given America to the world." (Italics mine.) This is a pretty sweeping claim even for a member of a New England society to make. *America given to the world by the band of Pilgrims making an entrance at Plymouth Rock for the "flood of life" that poured through!* As a matter of fact, the flood did not pour through at that point at all; and while there was a Puritan flood pouring into New England, the domination of the Puritans in English politics started a like flood, perhaps a larger one, of Cavaliers who, being royalists and much opposed to the Puritan régime, came to the Virginia colony. It was this Cavalier flood which brought over the men represented later by the Washingtons, Marshalls, Tylers, Monroes, Masons, etc., who led this country into and through the throes of the Revolution and safely started the nation on its independent career in later years.

No, this little band of religious malcontents did not introduce America to Europe and are not, except in their proportionate part, responsible for the development of this great nation. Their economic success, whatever it amounted to, followed the economic success of the Virginia colony, and indeed it is doubtful if they would have survived at all if the "adventurers and profligate peers" of the Southern colony, even in the desperate time of an Indian uprising and massacre, had not thought of these New England settlers and hurried a ship to them to warn them of danger and supply them with food.

Granting, if you choose, that the economic success of the Pilgrims was responsible for the inrush of thousands of Puritans, it was the political success of the Puritans in England which was contemporaneously responsible for the inrush of thousands of Cavaliers to Virginia, and surely the standing of the Cavalier element in the development, uplift, and freeing of this country is beyond question.

Nobody wishes to deny to Pilgrim or Puritan whatever credit may be due along any line. But the rather arbitrary assertions of Mr. Kingsley should not be allowed to stand as history. They are not based upon fact, and they disregard the first and foremost of the English settlements of this country and brand inferentially as adventurers and profligate peers men whose successors made this country what it is and stamped themselves indelibly upon the pages of its history, and not one of them came through "the pillars which marked the entrance to a new continent" erected by the Pilgrims' "feeble hands."

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CONDITIONAL EMANCIPATION.—President Lincoln in 1862 issued an emancipation proclamation to take effect January 1, 1863, *unless the Confederate States should have returned to the Union by that date.*—*Dixie Book of Days.*

## CAPT. JOHN HOLLIS BANKHEAD, C. S. A.

The last of the Confederates in the United States Senate passed with the death of Capt. John Hollis Bankhead, of Alabama, which occurred at his home, in Washington, D. C., on March 1, 1920. He was a prominent member of that body during his fourteen years' service, noted for his work rather than his words, for he was not given to speaking; but when he did have anything to say he was listened to with marked attention. Faithful always to the cause for which he had fought in the sixties, it was his custom on each Memorial Day to don his gray uniform and thus appear in his Senate seat, a tribute to his comrades sleeping. It was his stirring appeal that moved the Senate to adjourn during the week of the Confederate Veteran Reunion in Washington in 1917, and North joined with South in making the action unanimous. When he appeared upon the floor of the Senate that day in his gray uniform, the entire membership rose to their feet as a mark of respect to the venerable veteran and to the glorious valor his gray uniform represented. In the grand parade that was the climax of the Reunion he marched down Pennsylvania Avenue side by side with Senator Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, a veteran of the blue, their comradeship denoting to the cheering throngs the unity of the country.

The welfare of his Confederate comrades was ever dear to the heart of Senator Bankhead, and during his service in Congress he voted for all measures to honor them, living and dead, and actively supported all claims for loss of property during the war.

John Hollis Bankhead, descendant of that sturdy Scotch-Irish stock to which America owes so much, was born on his father's farm in Marion, now Lamar County, near the old town of Moscow, Ala., September 13, 1842. His father, James Greer Bankhead, a native of Union District, S. C., settled at that place in 1818 and resided there until his death, in 1861. His mother, Susan Hollis, was born in Darlington District, S. C., and went with her parents to Alabama in 1822, in which State she died at the age of seventy-five.

John H. Bankhead was educated in the country schools of his native place, but by wide reading and contact with the world he became a man of solid and practical learning. Realizing the need of proper training for the business of life, he was always the champion of education for the youth of the land. He was married November 13, 1866, at Wetumpka, Ala., to Tallulah Brochman, a native of South Carolina, who had been reared in Alabama, and they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in 1916 at their home, Sunset, at Jasper, Ala. The five children of this union are: Mrs. A. G. Lund, Mrs. Thomas M. Owen, John H., Jr., William B., and Henry M. Bankhead.

At the outbreak of the War between the States young Bankhead enlisted as a private in Company K, 16th Alabama Infantry, Capt. J. B. Powers and Col. William B. Wood. He was in the conflict from the beginning to the end—in the battles of Fishing Creek, Perryville, Murfreesboro—indeed, in all the battles of the Western Army in which his command participated, except when disabled from wounds. After the battle of Fishing Creek he was promoted to third lieutenant, and he became captain after the battle of Shiloh. He led the 16th Alabama Regiment in a furious charge at Chickamauga and was wounded. The battle ground was an old sedge hill which caught fire and burned rapidly, to the dismay of many a wounded soldier. Captain Bankhead's life was in imminent peril, but he crawled from the bloody and fiery field, carry-

ing upon his back Private John Custer, who was totally disabled.

After the war Captain Bankhead returned to his home and resumed life on the farm. While he was only in his early twenties, he was elected to the Alabama House of Representatives of 1865-66 from old Marion County. He was a member of the State Senate from the Twelfth Senatorial District in the General Assembly of 1876-77, during which time he voted for Gen. John T. Morgan to become a Senator in the Congress from Alabama. Thirty years later, by the will of the people, he succeeded Senator Morgan to that post of honor. In 1880 he again served in the House of Representatives of the Alabama General Assembly, this time from the county of Lamar, which he had helped to create. His services in both branches of the General Assembly had brought Captain Bankhead into the public attention as a man of more than ordinary ability. This fact, coupled with his humane character, induced Gov. R. W. Cobb to appoint him warden of the State Penitentiary. During his four years' service as head of the penal system of the State many changes for the betterment of the prisoners were effected. He also recommended many reforms which have since been effected, including reformatory training schools for youthful delinquents.

On September 3, 1886, he was nominated for Congress by the Democratic convention of the Sixth Congressional District and later elected, serving continuously from March 4, 1887, to March 4, 1907, a period of twenty years. He was a member of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds during his entire service in the House of Representatives and chairman of that committee during the period of Democratic control. It was during his chairmanship that the Congressional Library at Washington was built. For his own State he was instrumental in securing Federal appropriations for a number of public buildings, and he always advocated a substantial government building for post offices and other public buildings in every town of size. After March 4, 1897, he was appointed a member of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors, and through his efforts the Warrior River was made a navigable stream from the great coal fields, where it rises, to Mobile Bay. Realizing the value of deep-sea shipping to the port of Mobile, he worked unceasingly for the deepening of that harbor and for others, benefits to navigation of bay and streams. Early recognizing the economy of water power, he made the development of Muscle Shoals, on the Tennessee River, one of the great and successful labors of his incomparable public service. And the farmers of the country will ever have cause to bless his memory for this work in behalf of the environment of their fields.

The Bankhead Highway, the longest road in the world bearing one name, beginning in Washington, D. C., and ending at San Diego, Cal., is a just recognition by the public of the achievements wrought by John Hollis Bankhead in behalf of good roads throughout the nation. Until he pressed the matter of Federal aid to military and post roads the people of the United States had believed that a constitutional inhibition precluded this public benefit out of the national treasury. His first efforts to prove otherwise were derided by his political opponents and branded as demagoguery. In the face of criticism he went steadily on to his objective and secured an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars for experimentation and demonstration. Soon the nation awoke to its opportunities and privileges and got behind the great leader on the subject. The last great good roads legislation



he secured carried an appropriation of three hundred millions of dollars to be expended within the several States of the Union. In appreciation of this work for the good of mankind a grateful people have named the greatest transcontinental highway in his honor. Along this highway double rows of trees will be planted in memory of soldiers of the World War, and thus the Bankhead Highway becomes in a double sense a "Road of Remembrance."

On the death of the venerable and distinguished Senator John T. Morgan, June 18, 1907, Captain Bankhead was formally elected by the State Legislature to succeed him, and in 1911 he was reelected by the people for the term expiring March, 1919. Again he was reelected and was serving his thirteenth year in the Senate when called by death. His entrance into the higher branch of Congress gave greater opportunity for service to his State and to the nation. He died at his post of duty, a faithful public servant, mourned by a devoted people, who loved him for his frank and manly dealings with his fellows, his loyalty to his trusts of high responsibility, and his unassuming and wholesome mode of life.

An unprecedented incident in American history was that at the time Senator Bankhead was a member of the upper branch of Congress his son William was a member of the lower branch, and on more than one occasion they were serving as presiding officers in their respective legislative houses at the same time.

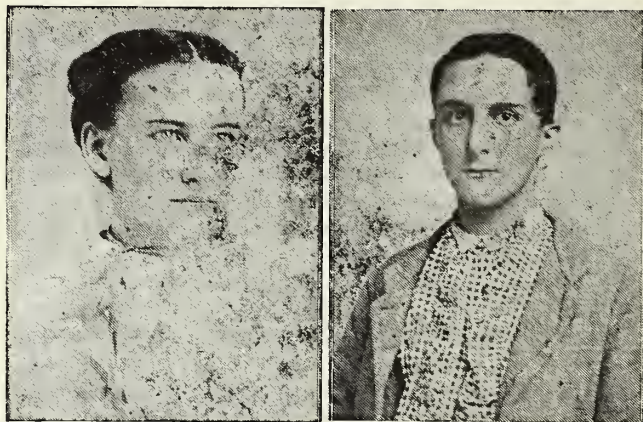
Accompanied by his loved companion, with whom he had lived an ideal married life of fifty-four years, his children and grandchildren, his faithful secretaries, and a large delegation of members of both houses of Congress, he was taken back to the State he had served so long and ably and laid to rest amid the hills he had loved so ardently and among the people who had delighted to honor him in life and who mourned for him in death. After the funeral at the Methodist church in Jasper, Ala., the burial services were conducted by the Masons, of which he was Past Grand Master.

### ACROSS THE TUGALOO.

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, MACON, GA.

It is related that some years ago travelers on the Atlanta and Charlotte (now Southern) Railway were wont to hear Conductor Jim McCord announce as the train neared the Tugaloo: "This is the Tugaloo River, the dividing line between South Carolina and God's country." Tradition holds no dispute to the claim made to this geographic distinction, and to-day skeptical travelers going South after residence in a great metropolis of the North have only to hold verdict until a kind fate allows them the privilege of a visit to Macon, the supremely beautiful city in the very heart of "God's country." Furthermore, beyond all attraction of that municipal Elysium of lovely homes lie the surrounding hills, our historic red hills of Georgia. In Maytime the carmine ruggedness of the hills is clad in verdure and floral adornment—the ruddy strength and stanchness of our mother State, "half hidden and half revealed" through regal robes fitting a May queen—until the landscape lies tender and smiling and unscarred beneath the fairest of Southern skies. It would in truth be a joyous sight for Sidney Lanier could he return to his native soil to see the happy fortune of the once deserted Georgia hill, no longer baring to the sun his "piteous aged crest and seamy breast," but rejuvenated by the marvelous growth of peach orchards.

This joyous sight was given the present writer on a trip some twenty-five miles from Macon to the historic county of Jones<sup>1</sup> to visit the home of Mr. John Randolph Chiles, now confined to bed by a tedious illness. To find in the heart of "God's country" such a sweet, old-fashioned Georgia home, presided over by a hostess full of life, energy, and abounding graciousness, was a rare treat in this degenerate day—a Georgia lady of the old school, mistress of all she surveys, and, though a grandmother in wisdom and dignity, called "Miss Kittie" by all neighbors and intimate friends. "Miss Kittie"



"MISS KITTIE" AND JOHN R. CHILES.

is on her native heath, having been born and bred in Jones County, as was her husband, fulfilling the almost lost legend of being young sweethearts "who married and lived happily ever after." These quaint old pictures of the sweethearts taken at the age of seventeen, when "Miss Kittie" (then Katherine L. Stewart) was at a convent school at Frederick, Mo. (she has framed a piece of tapestry work done under instruction of the accomplished "Sisters" which is an art curio), and when John Randolph Chiles was one of the youngest Confederates.<sup>2</sup> The old daguerreotype shows him wearing a Confederate jacket and a checked shirt of fine gingham made by the negro seamstress on his father's plantation.

And this brings me to the heart of my visit: sitting by the sick bed of the veteran and listening to reminiscences of war time, particularly of the camp at Petersburg, Va., shortly before the surrender, when three Georgia boys were close comrades at arms: Randolph Chiles, ordnance sergeant; Henry Meriwether, courier; and "Billy" Burden (the late William H. Burden, of New York City), also attached to the staff at headquarters and who wrote dispatches in his clear script to be carried by Henry. Tall and gallant was the young courier, and he rode a spirited white horse like the great general's—Traveler.

Time fades away for the veteran survivors of those tragic days, and memory brings pictures gay or sad. So this gentle invalid recounted for me events of the long ago, when two Georgia boys, "Ran" Chiles and Henry Meriwether, had talks together during night hours in the tent at headquarters. So young and far from mother and home! No, they didn't swear nor drink; they were good boys. \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup>Founded in 1807 and named for Hon. James Jones, of Chatham County, called by his contemporaries "Chatham Jemmy," to distinguish him from other prominent citizens of the same name.

<sup>2</sup>John Randolph Chiles was born the 20th of May, 1845; joined the 45th Georgia Regiment when organized, March 4, 1862, Gen. Edward L. Thomas commanding; was appointed ordnance sergeant May 22, 1864, and held that position until the surrender.

This was at Petersburg in the early spring of 1865. Then Lee moved on toward Appomattox. One of the boys followed his command up to the surrender; the other was left in a grave near Petersburg.

As I sat at his bedside Mr. Chiles told me of those last heroic hours, and here is given in his own words the story:

#### THE NIGHT BEFORE THE SURRENDER.

"After defending Petersburg on scanty rations for more than eight months the army was ordered to evacuate the town on the second day of April, 1865, and moved out in a westerly direction which ended at Appomattox. The privations of that march, which lasted a week, will never be forgotten by any of the participants. Poorly clad and shod, with no rations, and closely pursued by a well-fed and well-equipped army, the plight of Lee's men was indeed desperate. General Lee gave instructions that rations be sent to Amelia Courthouse, but they had been carried on farther when we arrived, and none were issued until after the surrender.

"The succeeding four or five days passed with little variation, the sharpshooters marching on the side of the column at a distance of several hundred yards to prevent a surprise and forming line of battle about noon of each day to allow the wagon trains to pass. Thus the troops moved by day and a great portion of the night.

"I had occasion to go to the ordnance train one night and while there recognized General Lee sitting on a camp stool in a fence corner. I paused a moment and discovered that he and two citizens were examining a map. A little later I came upon a schoolmate, Charlie Sharp, guarding prisoners. He gave me two biscuits. The night was comparatively quiet, but it was the calm before the storm. About dark we filed from the road and were instructed to cook three days' rations and move at daylight. Several hours passed, but no rations came. About ten or eleven o'clock we were ordered to fall in and return to the road. Hungry, tired, and footsore, the army resumed its march.

"Then and there the hero of this episode came upon the stage. I have since called him 'The Irrepressible Alabamian.' My attention was attracted by this soldier talking to a citizen who was sitting on a rail fence. On approaching I discovered that the soldier was endeavoring to learn the destination of the army. In reply to his request for this information the citizen said: 'You are going two miles straight ahead and then take a right-angle turn to Appomattox, where you will stop. The Yankees are across your line there.' The citizen also pointed to a star which he said lay in the direction of the point for which we were headed. This private's unusual interest in the movements of the army was puzzling at first, but his next remark laid bare his motives. He forthwith wanted to know if that star that held a straight course to Appomattox looked down upon any houses along the way. Being assured that it did, he began to climb the fence. I followed. Through briers, thickets, and rough fields, and over branches, gullies, and ditches we scrambled, keeping the star as a guide, hoping against hope that we should be able to find the wherewithal to satisfy a several days' fast. My partner seemed tireless and covered ground amazingly. Entering a piece of woods that lay in our path, we heard moanings and groanings of the most frightful kind. No noise I had ever heard made by a wild beast could compare with it. The irrepressible Alabamian, for so he proved to be, was undaunted, and, drawing his pistol, he advanced into the thicket, I following close up in the rear. Our surprise may be imagined when we discovered that the earthly howling

came from a negro man stretched crosswise on a log and endeavoring to find relief from the tortures of rheumatism. After a little persuasion he got up and went to the house, where he had meat, bread, and eggs prepared for our midnight meal. Producing a fat roll of Confederate money, 'Alabama' paid for our entertainment and also purchased a shoulder of meat and a half gallon jug of sirup.

"Shortly after leaving the negro's house we met a soldier who told us that there was a grist mill near by, but no meal could be had, as General Gordon was using it to supply the troops of his corps. 'Alabama' and I immediately began to get into light marching order for a foray upon that mill, and in answer to my mild protests that he should not go counter to a corps commander's orders he merely assured me that it was a matter of *meal* and not *orders*, and if there was any in that mill he would presently return with about a peck. And he did.

"Resuming the march, guided by our star, we came at about four o'clock in the morning to a house where the cook had just lighted a fire in a detached kitchen. She referred us to her mistress, who consented that our meal should be cooked, and the whole peck was prepared in one batch and cooked. In the meantime I kept an eye on our surroundings, and about daylight I discovered a line of cavalry moving in the distance, with a Federal line in their front. When the bread had been baked and stowed in our haversacks we prepared to move, 'Alabama' carrying the meat and I the jug of sirup. Just as we had cleared the premises at a lively trot our speed was slightly accelerated by the crack of carbines and the tramp of horses. Coming to two diverging paths, Alabama took the left and I the right with the parting salutation: 'Good by, Georgia,' 'Good by, Alabama.' Continuing to run, I passed numbers of women and children seeking shelter from the flying bullets under bowlders, in excavations, and in other convenient places that offered. 'Where shall we go to be safe?' they one and all exclaimed. I advised them to stay where they were and only regretted that I did not have the same privilege. Guided by instinct, a soldier's judgment, or perhaps nothing at all, I ran into the sharpshooters of my brigade. The corps had deployed and was prepared for battle. Dividing the proceeds of my night's raid with comrades, I hastened in the direction of the ordnance train. On the way and just as I came in sight of a public road I saw a captured battery of Federal artillery being wheeled into the Federal lines. This was the first evidence I had of the surrender. I knew the end had come.

"This Alabamian, whose face I never saw plainly and whose name I never learned, was wounded in an early battle of the war and afterwards assigned to the duty of bearing regimental medical supplies. Impressed with the energy and persistency he displayed on the night I have referred to, I inquired thirty-six years later, while at a Reunion in Memphis, as to his whereabouts. Knowing his regiment and position made it comparatively easy to trace him, and I was told by a physician that his wounds had been treated after the war. He also gave me his address, to which I mailed a letter. I received no reply from 'Alabama,' but my letter was answered by a gentleman who informed me that he had been a clerk until his health failed, after which this gentleman had given him a home, where he died a few weeks before the arrival of my letter."

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Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, died in 1832.—*Dixie Book of Days*.



## A ROUNDABOUT WAY HOME.

BY REV. J. H. M'NEILLY, D.D., CHAPLAIN OF QUARLES'S  
BRIGADE, C. S. A.

This ends the story of "battles, sieges, fortunes that I have passed, \* \* \* of moving accidents by flood and field," and brings me home again to endure the agonies of a peace that was more ruinous than war—peace under the brutal rule of carpetbagger, scalawag, and negro—a carnival of crime, the very riot of corruption. And with my blood boiling in my veins I could only cry: "Give me war with all of its horrors rather than such a peace."

My friend Mr. Neil and I took a train at Cairo for Louisville. It took us through the southern section of Illinois and Indiana, by smiling fields, busy factories, lovely homes, and abounding prosperity. What a contrast to the land we had just left, a land of wasted fields, of ruined homes, of utter desolation; a land to which these people had sent forth armies with torch as well as sword and gun to burn, to pilage, and to destroy! As we passed through I could not help the thrill of indignation that made my nerves quiver with a sense of wrong and injustice. But when we reached Louisville we found a multitude of sympathizers with us. There I found that the rule of Governor Brownlow was severe in Tennessee on returning Confederates. He imposed on them various kinds of oaths before they were allowed to engage in any business or to go out of the State, I was told. Now, I could not take any of these oaths, and I felt that I must attend to my very particular or important affairs before I fell into the clutches of this archenemy of Confederates, and there were two very urgent affairs for me to attend to. One was to see the young lady to whom I was engaged to be married, whom I had not seen in four years, the other was to help my friend Mr. Neil to get married within the next fortnight.

The family of my intended were driven from Danville, and now the father and his two daughters were living in Cincinnati, where he carried on a merchandise brokerage business and was making a good living. So Mr. Neil was to go to Danville, where his intended live, and I was to go to Cincinnati and come back to Danville to assist at their marriage. But the question with me was how I was to get the money for my trip. I needed \$50. I had exhausted my finances. I went to a young Presbyterian minister in the city, a classmate of mine. I knew that he was impecunious, but I asked him to give me the name of some Southern sympathizers who were also Presbyterians, and I proposed to try whether four years of exposure to sun and storm had hardened my cheek enough to get a loan of \$50, with that cheek as the only security or collateral.

The first man he introduced me to proved susceptible to my blandishments, and I didn't have to tell any story of my heroic exploits, as Mr. Hendren had done in New Orleans. My friend introduced me to a firm, Waters & Fox, merchants. Mr. Waters was very cordial. He was a warm Southerner and an elder in the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Waters heard why I wanted the money and seemed to enter into my object with all his heart. He said: "You sit down here a few minutes, and I'll go down the street and get you a hundred dollars. You'll need that much, and you need not pay it back." I thanked him most heartily, but told him that he would certainly be called on to help many a poor Confederate who couldn't pay, but that I was sure I could get the money from my father as soon as I reached home. So he let me have fifty dollars on a three months' note, and in a few

weeks I sent it to him by express. I wouldn't trust the mails in those uncertain days, and I wanted him to be certain to get his money.

I spent about ten days in the pork metropolis. I saw there great numbers of the Union soldiers passing through the city to be mustered out of service. Many of them were the troops who had burned their way through Georgia and South Carolina to the tune of "John Brown's Body." The greetings of the daily papers to these heroes of the torch and the ax were specimens of brutal jubilation that these same papers would now repudiate. I read over and over every day such announcements as these: "The — Division of the — Corps arrived last night. These are boys who cooked their meals on fires of fine furniture of the quality." Or this: "The — Brigade of — Division came in to-day. These were the fellows so careless with fire as they marched through Georgia." Or this: "General —'s cavalry division marched in to-day—fine fellows, who stabled their horses in the parlors of the bluebloods." Or this: "Here comes the grand old — Regiment. They had an instinct to find hidden things, and they have found watches and jewelry to give each one a fine watch." Of course I am not at this long period of time quoting literally, but these expressions fairly represent the spirit with which they gloated over the most disgraceful campaign that ever blotted the pages of history, General Sherman's "great march to the sea."

Daily also companies of Confederates passed through on their way home from Northern prisons. I went to meet them often and found comrades whom I helped as long as my money lasted. I also got my intended bride to do what she and her sister could for these destitute ones. They didn't find much sympathy among the porkers, but they found a number of Kentuckians and other Southern sympathizers who helped. They had passed through dangerous experiences. On the announcement of Mr. Lincoln's assassination it was ordered that all houses be draped in mourning. The family failed to see the order, and a mob was forming to attack the house when a friend rushed in and began hanging the crape from the windows, and so saved them from violence.

On Sunday morning I went to church in Cincinnati. The family had not attended any church regularly, because they heard so much preaching on the war and denunciation of the South. There I saw the worship of the flag rather than of God. Everybody, from the preacher to the sexton, seemed to be in a star-spangled state of mind and a red striped state of wrath of heart against Rebels and rebellion. The flag over the pulpit, the abuse of the South in the sermon, the glorification of the army, the pews reverencing the soldiers present, the general putting of the nation rather than Jesus Christ and his kingdom as first, the making of secession and slavery as the sum of all sin and patriotism and emancipation as the sum of all graces—all of this made me feel like the proverbial "sheep at the shooting match," and I thought it best to avoid thenceforth the sanctuaries of politics.

I went to Danville, Ky., to take part in the marriage ceremonies of my friend Mr. Neil. He and I had graduated there in May, 1861. The town was then overwhelmingly Unionist in sentiment; and as we did not conceal our purpose to enter the Southern army, we were told that there was talk of arresting us. But they concluded that we couldn't break up the Union, and so they let us go South. But they had enjoyed four years of the protecting presence of some Yankee troops, and their patriotic ardor was considerably cooled. I had on my return a dozen invitations to stay in various homes of Unionists.

The marriage was arranged to occur three or four days after my arrival. The only relation this event had with my war experiences was that my "wedding garments" were necessarily that out-of-date suit given me in Mobile, for my uniform was worse out of date than my citizen suit. How would my unfashionable apparel appear by the side of the other attendants? I got my old tailor to help me out. With a few ingenious touches he did wonders in bringing that suit up to date. And when the momentous occasion came for me to walk up the aisle with my partner that \$25 suit did not put her to shame.

An incident that occurred during my stay in Danville showed how my financial standing was impaired by the war and how my rebellious attitude affected my credit. When I left there in May, 1861, I had incurred a debt to my tailor of \$40. I had Tennessee bank notes enough to pay all of my debts, but they would not pass in Danville except at heavy discount. So I gave my note for the amount. I expected to send back a draft on Louisville as soon as I got to Nashville. But the lines were closed, and all business relations between the two cities were suspended.

I went to the tailor, a Mr. Moore, a most excellent man, and told him that if he would make out a new note, including interest, that I could pay it in six months. It gave him great pleasure to get out my four-year-old note. I noticed that he took out of his safe a big case divided into various pockets, and each pocket was labeled with the nature of the contents: "Bills payable," "Bills receivable," "Students' accounts," "City accounts," etc. Mr. Moore took quite a long time hunting for my note, and he plainly did not want me to see from which pocket he took it. But I watched closely. At last he said, "Ah! here it is," and he took it from a pocket marked in big letters, "Desperate and Worthless." He was confused and began to compliment me on my honesty. I laughed and told him that he had good ground for thus marking my note. If I had been killed, it would never have been paid; but I expected to get work soon, and my salary would be applied first to paying debts. I made a new note and was able to pay it before the six months expired.

It was the middle of June, 1865, when I reached my home. My first experience after leaving Nashville was one that stirred my wrath and humiliated me because I was helpless. My father had moved the family to our farm, four or five miles from Charlotte. Two of their neighbors, ladies, went weekly to the station at White Bluff and carried marketing from their farms to the station village. They knew that I was expected home and were on the lookout for me. They met me, and one took me and the other took my carpetbag, for I had accumulated enough to fill quite a large bag. One of the ladies, Mrs. Taylor, was the mother of one of the captains in our regiment. She was a noble woman, and they owned the farm adjoining ours. But the necessity of saving the Union had swept away most of their possessions, and she was helping to support the family by marketing. As we drove out of the village we had to pass the camps of a company of negro soldiers, commanded by a swashbuckler named Chandler, who took special delight in lording it over the people. As we got opposite the camp a negro soldier stepped out and ordered the ladies to drive to the captain's quarters. They told him that they had sold all their marketing and had nothing to sell. With the most lordly air the black rascal said: "I didn't ask you what you had to sell. I ordered you to drive to the captain's rooms. Now drive in and don't let me hear anything from you." These were his very words. They were burned into my

memory by my indignation. I was just springing up. I do not know what I intended to do. Mrs. Taylor laid her hand on my shoulder and said, "No, no, keep quiet," and drove right on into the camp, while the "free nigger" swaggered back to his post. The white-skinned and white-livered man who commanded the negroes was no better than they, and after we were allowed to drive on the ladies told me of the petty annoyances and vexations to which they were subjected by this brute and his negroes. I realized to the full the meaning of Tennyson's line in "Enoch Arden." The delicate boy imposed on by his sturdy and strong companion and unable to hold his own against brute strength—"with his blue eyes all flooded with the helpless wrath of tears"—could only shriek out his anger. In this case I know that tears flooded my eyes, not of sorrow, but tears of wrath and indignation.

In January, 1862, I left home. The family then had its home in Charlotte, a village of two hundred and fifty or three hundred inhabitants, where they lived comfortably, owning a good farm, from which we drew goodly supplies. My father owned half a dozen slaves. He was a vigorous man of fifty-five years. My mother, four or five years younger, had but few gray hairs. My two youngest brothers, boys of nearly fifteen and thirteen years, were at school, and three of us were in the army. All was comfort for white and black. It was not riches, but it was ease and abundance. Now, alas, what a change! The home in town was put under the care of two Canadians. The family had moved to the farm. My father was a prematurely old man from confinement in prison, my mother's hair almost as white as snow from grief and anxiety. Of the ones in the army, one was killed at Franklin and one desperately wounded. I was an almost constant sufferer from neuralgia in my eyes. There was no school for the boys. The negroes had all gone except the cook and a child. Not a horse nor a cow nor a pig was left on the place. There was a small crop growing, tended by my father and the boys.

The story of those three years was a pitiful one, as my mother told it to me. One day father started with some clothing for the sons in the army. He was taking it to a friend who was going South and promised to deliver it to us. But father was met by a squad of Yankee cavalry. They carried him to Nashville, and the family knew nothing of his fate for weeks, when it was found that he was held a prisoner in the penitentiary. After many months he was released by Gov. Andrew Johnson.

Meanwhile a squad of soldiers came out to the farm to remove the foreman and his wife to Charlotte. Father had bought them several years before at their earnest plea to keep from being sold in the far South. Jack was a fine farmer, and father made him a liberal allowance from the things sold from the farm, and he had saved eight hundred dollars in gold. His wife was always complaining, and she stayed in her cabin, only cooking and mending for her husband. She never ceased worrying him until he went to town to get the Yankees to come and take them.

They brought forty-seven wagons and carts to remove two negroes four or five miles. In their greed they took everything they could find except the house furniture. The result was disastrous to the poor negroes. In less than a month the woman died. Jack gambled, and the soldiers soon won all his gold. They took him to Nashville to drive a wagon, and in three months he died of pneumonia.

One little incident of the removal was characteristic of the old-time slave's feeling to his "white folks." When the last of the wagons passed out of the gate my mother sat on the



front doorstep. Jack stood behind her protesting, "Mistis, this ain't my doin's." The commander of the squad came up before the steps. He was a very small man with a pompous manner. His uniform coat was open and stood out stiff. He asked my mother where my father was. She told him that he was in the prison at Nashville. With an oath he said that was where the old Rebel ought to be. Mother said that Jack sprang out of the door and took the little lieutenant by the lapels of his coat and, lifting him up, shook him until his teeth chattered. Jack was a giant in size. He said no Yankee should talk about his master, that his master was better than all the Yankees in the world, and then said to him: "You needn't think this is my wish. That devil," pointing to his wife, "didn't give me a minute's peace till I had to go after you." The little lieutenant looked dreadfully scared, and without another word he followed his men.

The next year, father having been released, he, with the two little boys, put in a crop. My uncle, who lived away off the road, sent them a mule, and the neighbors helped. A fine crop was raised. Just after it was gathered into the barns a regiment of East Tennessee Federal cavalry came with ten wagons, four-horse teams, and filled them; they fed the horses, then the men went into the barns and threw out all that was left into the barnyard. It was a rainy day, and they rode their horses back and forth over it until it was trampled in the mud. All of this was important as part of the program to save the Union.

It may be said—indeed, it is said—that these facts should be left to oblivion. I have tried in these sketches to give an accurate account of what I saw and heard. I have not grudged praise to Yankees for courage and deeds of kindness wherever it was due, and there were many noble, conscientious men among them, both officers and privates; but they were not the ones who made war on women and children, who burned homes and stole watches. When an ex-President of the United States, and probably the most popular man in the Union, at least in the North and West, glorifies an old cut-throat like John Brown as one of the great men of his day and whose only claim to that position was an attempt to arouse slaves to insurrection and to murder women and children, when large sections of the Grand Army of the Republic strive to keep the grandest man in all history, Gen. Robert E. Lee, out of the National Hall of Fame, then I feel that our children and children's children ought to know the character of the war that was waged against us, and I have not hesitated to tell what I know. The carnival of oppression, of robbery, of crime called Reconstruction was the expression of the real feelings of the majority of those who waged war on us. I have received letters of thanks for these sketches from all over the South, and especially from old comrades, who can confirm their truthfulness.

As to the period of Reconstruction, which I remember vividly, I think that for three or four years every drop of my blood boiled. It's over, and we all thank God that such a time can never come to us again.

### THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

In the United States report on the conduct of the war Gen. J. G. Barnard, chief engineer of the Army of the Potomac, said: "One of the prominent causes of failure of the campaign was the inaction of eight months from August, 1861, to April, 1862. In November, 1861, the Army of the Po-

tomac was about as complete in numbers, discipline, and organization as it ever became. For four months the great marine avenue to the capital of the nation was blockaded and that capital kept in a partial state of siege by a greatly inferior enemy in face of our movable army of 150,000 men.

\* \* \* At the time our army landed on the Peninsula the Rebel armies were demoralized by their defeats in the West, and the conscription law was not even passed. How, then, was it that the date of the initiation of the campaign of the magnificent Army of the Potomac was the date of the resuscitation of the Rebel cause, which seemed to grow strong with the slow progress of its operations? \* \* \* My opinion is that the lines of Yorktown should have been assaulted. The prestige of power was on our side. We should probably have succeeded; but if we had failed, it might well be doubted whether the shock of an unsuccessful assault would be more demoralizing than the labors of the siege. \* \* \* We did not carry from Yorktown so good an army as we took there. \* \* \* Of the bitter fruits of that month gained by the enemy, we have tasted to our hearts' content, and they are not yet exhausted. \* \* \* We should have opened our batteries on the place as fast as they were completed, as it would have lightened the siege, and, besides, we would have had the credit of driving the enemy out by force of arms, whereas we only induced him to evacuate for prudential reasons. \* \* \* The battle of Williamsburg was a blunder on our part which ought not to have happened. We knew of the position beforehand, and we knew it was fortified. We might have known that if the enemy made a stand there it would be a strong one. We fought; we lost several thousand men, and we gained nothing. If we had not fought till the next day, a battle would in all probability have been unnecessary. We had every advantage. \* \* \* On leaving Williamsburg we should have connected with the navy in the James River. \* \* \* The moment came when action was imperative. The enemy assumed the initiative. We had warning of when and where he was to strike, but the repulse of the Rebels at Fair Oaks was not taken advantage of. It was one of those occasions which if not seized do not repeat themselves. \* \* \* At Gaines's Mill the enemy fought with his whole force (except enough left before our lines to keep up appearances), and we fought with 27,000 men, losing the battle and 9,000 soldiers in addition. By this defeat we were driven from our position, and our advance for conquest was turned into a retreat for safety by a force probably not greatly superior to ours. \* \* \* When the army reached the James it needed no prophet to predict the disasters which have since befallen our country's cause. \* \* \* The army had so much fruitless toil and so much disaster that it was deprived of that *elan* which results from success alone, and it was, moreover, sadly diminished in numbers. On the other hand, the Rebel army had risen up in most formidable numbers, excellent in organization, and inspired by a great success; and had its numbers indeed approached that attributed to it (200,000 men), there is little doubt that a move on Washington would have speedily followed our withdrawal to the James."

It wasn't very nice of General Barnard to knock McClellan so hard, especially as the latter was down and out, but perhaps that is why he did it. He might have condensed all of this testimony to a few sentences by taking these lines from the Episcopal Prayer Book: "We have done those things which we ought not to have done and left undone those things which we ought to have done, and there is no health in us."

## THE ARTILLERY BRIGADE AT SAILOR'S CREEK.

BY CAPT. THOMAS B. BLAKE, ADA, OKLA.

In the winter of 1864 and spring of 1865 my command, the 10th Virginia Battalion of Artillery, was stationed in front of Fort Harrison, to the left of Chaffin's Bluff, on James River, about seven or eight miles below Richmond. Maj. William Allen, of Claremont, was the first commander of the battalion. At the beginning of the war Major Allen was the wealthiest man in Virginia, and it will be of interest to note that he, with Horace Greeley, Gerritt Smith, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Augustus Schell, and fifteen other prominent citizens, both North and South, signed the bail bond of Mr. Davis, late President of the Confederate States, on his release in May, 1867, from Fortress Monroe, where he had been confined since May, 1865. The battalion was composed of five companies: A and C, from Richmond, Capt. J. W. Barlow and T. P. Wilkinson; B, from Bedford County, Capt. R. B. Clayton; D, from Prince George, Capt. Shirley Harrison, of Brandon; and E, from Henrico County, Capt. Thomas B. Blake. Maj. J. O. Hensley was then the commander and Lieut. Sam Wilson adjutant. The 10th Battalion and 19th Virginia Battalion of Artillery (also of five companies) were under the command of Col. John Wilder Atkinson, of Richmond, a son of the Bishop of North Carolina, with Lieut. Johnny Cowarden, of Richmond, as adjutant.

These two battalions, together with the 18th and 20th Virginia Battalions of Artillery, commanded by Col. James Howard, of Baltimore, formed the "Artillery Brigade," under the command of Col. Stapleton Crutchfield, acting brigadier general, and Capt. W. N. Worthington, of Richmond, adjutant general. The Artillery Brigade and Barton's Brigade formed Gen. G. W. Custis Lee's division, which was attached to Lieutenant General Ewell's corps. The Artillery Brigade was thoroughly drilled in artillery practice and manned the heavy guns on the line of the Richmond defenses. It was also armed with rifles and was well drilled in infantry tactics. This was the only body of fully equipped and disciplined troops for the immediate defense of Richmond and on several occasions demonstrated great efficiency in protecting the city.

During the afternoon of Sunday, April 2, 1865, ominous rumors reached our lines of important movements pending. We afterwards learned that a courier from General Lee had brought a dispatch to President Davis while he was attending morning services at St. Paul's Church, in Richmond, that he could no longer hold his lines at Petersburg and that Richmond would have to be evacuated. Between eleven and twelve o'clock that night we received marching orders and left the fortifications a little after midnight. Our cartridge boxes were well filled, but haversacks were very light, as we were living from hand to mouth. It had been a hard winter. Food was very scarce and brought fabulous prices in Confederate money. It was a joke of the day that you went to market with a basket full of money and put your marketing in your pocket. In fact, we were just about scraping the bottom of the barrel. Our daily ration was a pound of corn meal and a quarter of a pound of bacon. We occasionally got a pound of poor beef, and sometimes both the bacon and the beef were substituted by a gill of rather thin sorghum. This, however, served as "long sweetening" for our delicious "Java," made of parched corn meal or anything else we could get to parch.

We crossed the James River to the south side on a pontoon bridge at Wilton, above Drewry's Bluff. Explosions of the

magazines at Drewry's and Chaffin's Bluffs and at Richmond could be plainly heard. Early Monday morning, April 3, we learned that Richmond was burning. We were then moving south in the direction of Burkeville Junction. It was a forced march; we halted only to rest on our arms. To add to other discomforts, a cold rain set in, drenching us to the skin. Footsore, well-nigh starved, and almost exhausted, we continued the retreat. Our wagon train, with rations and other supplies, had been ordered to cross the river at Richmond and proceed to Amelia Courthouse, where it was expected to join the column. It was unable to cross the Appomattox near Meadville on account of high water and moved higher up, crossing near Clementown. It proceeded in safety until the morning of April 5, when it was destroyed by the enemy's cavalry. In consequence of the delay of the wagon train, no rations had been issued to us since we left the lines. We had very little in our haversacks. The country through which we were passing had been swept bare. There was nothing we could find to eat except the few grains of corn left on the ground where horses had fed. These we gathered up wherever we could find any and ate them raw. Moreover, we were much annoyed by the enemy's cavalry, which hung on our rear. General Ewell, in his official report, says: "I threw out as skirmishers a part of Colonel Atkinson's command of heavy artillery, General Lee's division, and a battery of light artillery, acting as infantry, under Captain Dement. These troops soon repelled the enemy's cavalry skirmishers."

On the morning of the 6th, when we had halted for a brief rest, Gen. Robert E. Lee rode by. In a moment every man was on his feet cheering. None of us knew where we were going; we only knew that we were following "Marse Robert." Faith in him never wavered. The retreat continued until about three o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, April 6, when we reached Sailor's Creek, a small stream which at that time had overflowed its banks from the continuous rains of the past few days, giving the appearance of a small river. We halted a few minutes, then waded across this stream and took our position on the rising ground about one hundred yards beyond.

We had been marching under most distressing conditions from midnight on Sunday to the afternoon of Thursday. More than half of our men had staggered or fallen by the wayside from sheer exhaustion, but those whose endurance and grit had brought them thus far were ready to face any foe. We threw ourselves prone upon the ground, which was covered with a growth of broom sedge and a few small bushes, mostly pine. Our line of battle was long drawn out, exceedingly thin. Here we rested, awaiting the attack, as the enemy had been following closely behind us. In a short time he opened a brisk fire from batteries of artillery posted on a ridge on the opposite of the creek, some four or five hundred yards away, possibly less. We had no artillery and could not return their fire; and as they were beyond the effective range of our rifles, they could indulge in their artillery practice without let or hindrance. This fire did but little damage to my battalion, but our brigade, farther to the right, suffered severely. Their infantry then appeared in solid formation, division front, and moved steadily forward. They reached the creek which we had so recently crossed, waded through as we had done, dressed up their line, and continued their advance toward the rising ground where our men lay. When they had advanced to within thirty or forty paces of our line, the order was given to charge. In a moment we were all on our feet, yelling like demons and rushing at them.



It has always been a mystery to me why they did not then and there wipe our little band from the face of the earth. It may have been that the very audacity of our charge bewildered and demoralized them. At any rate, they broke just before we reached them, after pouring a deadly fire into our ranks. A part of our line on the right engaged in a hand-to-hand bayonet fight. We followed them to the edge of the stream, into which they plunged, and kept up a merciless fire on them at short range as they crossed. In this charge my company suffered very severely; one-third were either killed or wounded, more or less seriously. Our gallant brigade commander, Colonel Crutchfield, was killed, and Captain Barlow, of Company A, fell with a bullet through his head while trying to re-form his men on my company, which was the color company of the battalion. The color sergeant was shot down, and Adjutant Wilson was shot through the leg, which had to be amputated. In this rush for the colors I received a slight wound in the shoulder from a spent ball, rather painful for a short time, but hardly worth mentioning.

After the enemy had been driven back across the creek, we gathered up our handful of men and fell back to our original position. In going back over the ground I came across the body of a handsome young fellow, only about seventeen years old, a new recruit, who had been with my company but a few weeks. He had fallen with his face to the foe.

We had scarcely reached our former position when Custer's Brigade, of Sheridan's Cavalry, came down on us from the rear. A young cavalry officer rode in among us and begged us to surrender, telling us that we were entirely surrounded and that further resistance would be useless. It was so brave and gallant an act that no one attempted to molest him.

In the meanwhile the infantry which had been driven back across Sailor's Creek re-formed and was advancing on us in greater force. We now realized that we were utterly powerless and were forced to surrender, though a few of the young fellows, with their fighting blood up, crowded around me and insisted that we could "whip 'em yet." The infantry which we had so recently repulsed soon came up with smiling faces. They showed no resentment, but opened their haversacks and offered to share their hard-tack with us, saying: "You Johnnies certainly did put up a good fight."

I might add in this connection that we were always treated with consideration by the veterans at the front. It was only when we fell into the hands of the provost guard that any harshness was shown.

About dusk that evening we were marched, or waded again, across Sailor's Creek and camped that night in an old field, wet, cold, and hungry. We had received no food except what our captors had given us from their haversacks. The next morning, the 7th, we started on our long march to Petersburg and City Point *en route* to Northern prisons—the non-commissioned officers and men to Point Lookout; the officers, after remaining a short time in the Old Capitol Prison, at Washington, to Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, off Sandusky City.

The first morning after our capture rations were issued to us, and we had enough to eat from that time on. When we reached Petersburg we were marched through the city, ragged and many of us barefooted, to Jarrett's tobacco warehouse, where we remained until the afternoon, then resumed our march to City Point to take a boat north.

The citizens of Petersburg, especially the ladies, visited us in numbers and brought us delicacies to eat. Friends also

brought me clothing, of which I was sorely in need, and gave me some money in small silver coins, which proved to be a godsend.

We arrived in City Point that evening and took a boat for Baltimore at night. When we touched at Fortress Monroe on the morning of April 15 we learned that President Lincoln had been assassinated the night before. From Baltimore we were taken to Washington. The city was heavily draped in mourning. There was great excitement, and the popular feeling was intensely bitter. We had to be marched through the city under double guard to the Old Capitol Prison to protect us from a threatened mob. After remaining in the Old Capitol about two weeks, we were taken to Johnson's Island, where nearly three thousand Confederate officers were confined. I have nothing specially to complain of in my treatment there. The war was about over, and the discipline was not so strict as at one time. I remained at Johnson's Island until June 18, when, there being no further armed resistance against the United States government, we all took the oath of allegiance and were released, the government furnishing transportation to our homes. When we arrived in Baltimore a brother officer and I fared forth to view the beautiful city and incidentally the city's beauties. Baltimore had long been noted for the beauty of its women and was intensely Southern in its sympathies during the war. In front of many of the finest residences on Charles Street were servants with trays loaded with delicious food especially prepared for the released Confederate prisoners who were known to be passing through the city on their way south. Beautiful ladies were in attendance and invited us to eat.

That evening my friend and I decided that, instead of going to Richmond by the government transport, we would go in proper style if we could manage to finance it. We went aboard the John T. Brady, one of the finest boats of the Bay Line, saw the captain, told him who we were, where we wanted to go, and asked him if he could make us rates. He said he would give us steerage rates, but that we would not be required to go in the steerage; that we would have the freedom of the boat. We were assigned to elegant staterooms on the main deck. The captain, moreover, invited us to be his guests at dinner that evening.

The delightful hospitality of the ladies of Baltimore and the handsome treatment of the captain of the John T. Brady have been bright spots in my memory all of these years.

We arrived in Richmond on the morning of June 25, and I reached my old home (or what was left of it) on the James River in the afternoon of the same day to enter the real battle of life.

Some years ago a friend gave me a copy of the New York *Herald* of April 15, 1865. The paper was in deep mourning and gave a full account of the assassination of President Lincoln the night before. It also had a letter from one of its war correspondents, S. T. Bulkley, dated Farmville, Va., April 9, 1865, from which I quote as follows: "The slaughter of the enemy in the fight of the 6th inst. exceeded anything I ever saw. The ground over which they fought was literally strewn with their killed. The fighting was desperate, in many cases hand-to-hand. There were a number of bayonet wounds reported at the hospital."

There was nothing said about the slaughter of his own men. We had an idea that we had done some "slaughtering" ourselves. At any rate, the letter shows that the fight at Sailor's Creek was no child's play. He then gave a "list of the Rebel officers captured on the 6th inst." It was headed by Lieutenant General Ewell, of the army, and Admiral Hunter, of

the navy, followed by the name, rank, and command of each officer captured.

In Volume XLVI. of the "Official Records" I found reports of the officers commanding both armies at Sailor's Creek which strikingly confirm what I have written. While space will not permit me to give these reports in full, I will quote a few passages referring especially to the Artillery Brigade.

General Ewell said: "The heavy artillery brigade of General Lee's division was closely engaged and, in spite of the fall of its commander, Colonel Crutchfield, displayed a coolness and gallantry that earned the praise of the veterans who fought alongside of it and even of the enemy."

Gen. G. W. C. Lee's report: "Before my troops got into position after crossing Sailor's Creek the enemy opened a heavy fire of artillery upon our lines which was continued up to the time of our capture. After shelling our line and skirmishing for some time, an hour or more, the enemy's infantry advanced and were repulsed, and that portion which attacked the Artillery Brigade was charged by it and driven back across Sailor's Creek. I cannot too highly praise the conduct of my command. Among a number of brave men killed or wounded I regret to have to announce the name of Colonel Crutchfield, who commanded the Artillery Brigade. He was killed after leading a successful charge against the enemy."

Gen. Fitz Lee said: "Though a portion of the force, particularly the command of Gen. G. W. C. Lee, fought with a gallantry never surpassed, their defeat and surrender were inevitable."

I must also quote the report of Gen. H. G. Wright, commander of the 6th Corps, Army of the Potomac, which is a remarkable tribute: "The 1st and 3d Divisions charged the enemy's position, carrying it handsomely, except at a point on the right of the road crossing the creek where a column, said to be composed exclusively of the Marine Battalion and other troops which had held the lines at Richmond previous to the evacuation (the Artillery Brigade), made a counter charge upon that part of our line in their front. I was never more astonished. These troops were surrounded. The 1st and 3d Divisions of this corps were on either flank, my artillery and a fresh division in their front, and some three divisions of Major General Sheridan's cavalry in their rear. Looking upon them as already our prisoners, I ordered the artillery to cease firing as a dictate of humanity. My surprise, therefore, was extreme when this force charged upon our front; but the fire of our infantry, which had already gained their flanks, the capture of their superior officers, already in our hands, the concentrated and murderous fire of six batteries of our artillery, within effective range, brought them promptly to a surrender."

On the 9th of April, 1865, three days after the fight at Sailor's Creek, Gen. Robert E. Lee surrendered the remnant of his army at Appomattox Courthouse.

I don't think much has ever been said about Sailor's Creek, always called simply a "fight," but these reports would indicate that it was something of a battle, considering the numbers engaged, especially on the Federal side. There may be a few, but very few, still living who were with the Artillery Brigade at Sailor's Creek. I am the only one left of my old company. Very few, if any, ever saw the reports which I have quoted, as the voluminous "War Records," compiled by the government, were not published until several years after the war. I am glad, therefore, of the opportunity to publish these official reports, "lest we forget."

LIST OF CONFEDERATE OFFICERS CAPTURED AT SAILOR'S CREEK, VA., APRIL 6, 1865, AS PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK HERALD OF APRIL 9, 1865.

*Navy.*—Admiral Hunter, Commodore Tucker, Captain Simms, Midshipman J. H. Hamilton, Lieut. H. H. Marmaduke, Master W. R. Mayo, Midshipman C. F. Sevier, Midshipman T. M. Bowen, Lieut. C. L. Stanton, Lieut. J. P. Claybrook, Master's Mate John R. Chisman, Lieut. M. G. Porter, Lieut. R. J. Bowen, Lieut. W. W. Roberts, Lieut. J. W. Materson, Midshipman W. F. Nelson, Lieut. M. M. Benton, Master's Mate S. G. Turner, Lieut. W. F. Shum, Lieut. T. C. Pinckney, Capt. T. B. Ball, Lieut. H. Ward, Midshipman B. S. Johnson, F. L. Place, Lieut. D. Trigg, Midshipman T. Berien, Midshipman C. Myers, Midshipman J. M. Gardner.

*Marine Corps.*—Capt. George Holms, Capt. T. S. Wilson, Lieut. F. McKee, Lieut. A. S. Berry, Lieut. T. P. Gwinn.

*Army Officers.*—Lieutenant General Ewell; General Corse; General Barton; General Hunton; Gen. J. P. Simons; Gen. J. T. DuBose; Gen. Custis Lee; General Kershaw and staff; Col. C. C. Sanders, 24th Georgia; Lieut. Col. J. C. Timberlake, 53d Virginia; Lieut. M. B. Hutchins, 3d Georgia; Lieut. Col. Hamilton Phill, Georgia Legion; Maj. J. M. Goggin; Maj. E. L. Caston; Capt. J. M. Davis; Captain Carwall; Capt. J. W. Walker, assistant adjutant general; Capt. C. S. Dwight; Capt. McRae Cave, 16th Georgia; Colonel Armstrong, 18th Georgia; Capt. L. Bass, 25th Virginia; Lieut. Col. E. P. False, 22d Virginia; Maj. F. C. Smith, 24th Georgia; Capt. J. F. Tompkins, 22d Virginia; Lieut. H. C. Tompkins, 22d Virginia; Capt. W. C. Winn, 22d Virginia; Adj. S. D. Davies, 47th Virginia; H. W. O. Gatewood, 37th Virginia; Adjutant Williams, 3d Georgia Sharpshooters; Lieut. J. L. Buford; Capt. J. L. Jarrett, 69th Virginia; Lieut. J. T. Fanneyhaugh, 20th Virginia Battalion of Artillery; Capt. J. A. Haynes, 55th Virginia; Capt. A. Reynolds, 55th Virginia; Capt. J. H. Fleet, 55th Virginia; Capt. V. H. Fauntleroy, 55th Virginia; Lieut. W. C. Robinson, 55th Virginia; Lieut. Thomas Fauntleroy, 55th Virginia; Capt. R. T. Bland, 55th Virginia; Adj. R. L. Williams, 55th Virginia; Lieut. E. J. Ragland, 53d Virginia; Lieut. A. B. Willingham, 53d Virginia; Lieut. Col. T. C. Barbour, 24th Virginia; Capt. W. F. Harrison, 24th Virginia; Lieut. Col. James Howard, 18th and 20th Virginia Battalions; Capt. A. Austin Smith, ordnance officer; Capt. McHenry Howard, Gen. Custis Lee's staff; Lieut. J. F. Porteous, ordnance officer; Maj. J. E. Robertson, 20th Virginia Battalion of Artillery; Capt. S. H. Overton, 20th Virginia Battalion of Artillery; Capt. R. K. Hargo, 20th Virginia Battalion of Artillery; Lieut. C. W. Hunter, 20th Virginia Battalion of Artillery; Lieut. J. H. Lewis, 20th Virginia Battalion of Artillery; Lieut. A. G. Williams, 20th Virginia Battalion of Artillery; Lieut. B. Scruggs, 20th Virginia Battalion of Artillery; Lieut. J. M. Snelson, 20th Virginia Battalion of Artillery; Lieut. E. Coffin, 20th Virginia Battalion of Artillery; Lieutenant Ferneyhough, 20th Virginia Battalion of Artillery; Lieut. P. P. Vaden, 20th Virginia Battalion of Artillery; Lieut. Col. A. D. Bruce, 47th Virginia; Capt. E. L. Wharton, 47th Virginia; Lieut. G. S. Hutt, 47th Virginia; Lieut. C. Molty, 47th Virginia; Lieut. Col. J. W. Atkinson, 10th and 19th Virginia Battalion of Artillery; Lieut. J. L. Cowardin, adjutant 10th and 19th Virginia Battalions; Capt. T. B. Blake, 10th and 19th Virginia Battalions of Artillery; Capt. R. B. Clayton, 10th and 19th Virginia Battalions; Capt. C. S. Harrison, 10th and 19th Virginia Battalions; Lieut. J. W. Turner, 10th and 19th Virginia Battalions; Lieut. B. G. Andrews, 10th and 19th Virginia Battalions; Lieut. F.



C. Talbott, 10th and 19th Virginia Battalions; Lieut. A. P. Bohannon, 10th and 19th Virginia Battalions; Lieut. Sam Wilson, adjutant 10th Virginia Battalion of Artillery (badly wounded); Capt. J. H. Norton, 18th Virginia Battalion of Artillery; Lieut. W. Stevenson, 18th Virginia Battalion; Lieut. Joseph Russell, 18th Virginia Battalion; Lieut. S. Doridian, 18th Virginia Battalion; Capt. D. L. Smoot, 18th Virginia Battalion of Artillery; Col. J. J. Phillips, 9th Virginia; Adj. C. C. Phillips, 9th Virginia; Lieut. W. Roane Ruffin, Chamberlin's Battery; Capt. B. E. Coltrane, 24th Virginia; Capt. J. W. Barr, Barr's Battery; Lieut. W. F. Campbell, Barr's Battery; Capt. H. Nelson, 28th Virginia; Lieut. J. B. Leftwich, 28th Virginia; Lieut. J. N. Kent, 22d Virginia; Lieut. H. C. Shepherd, 22d Virginia; Lieut. J. E. Glossen, 47th Virginia; Lieut. R. P. Welling, 12th Mississippi; Chaplain E. A. Garrison, 48th Mississippi; Lieut. Robert T. Knox, 30th Virginia; Lieut. J. H. Marshall, 30th Virginia; Capt. J. S. Knox, 30th Virginia; Lieut. St. George Fitzhugh, Pegram's Battery; Lieut. T. L. Roberts, 34th Virginia; Lieut. J. S. Watts, 46th Virginia; Lieut. J. T. Fowler, 46th Virginia; Maj. M. B. Hardin, 18th Virginia Battalion of Artillery; Adj. W. H. Laughter, 18th Virginia Battalion of Artillery; Capt. W. S. Griffin, 18th Virginia Battalion of Artillery; Chaplain L. B. Madison, 58th Virginia; Lieut. Judson Herndon; Lieut. J. Foyler, 58th Virginia; Lieut. John Addison, 17th Virginia; Lieut. Col. G. Tyler, 17th Virginia; Lieut. J. B. Hill, 53d Virginia; Sergt. Maj. J. S. Miller, 20th Virginia Battalion; Lieut. M. H. Daughy, 11th Florida; Captain Winder, Young's Battery; Lieut. J. C. Murray, Young's Battery; Capt. W. S. Randall, Gen. Custis Lee's staff; Col. J. T. Crawford, 51st Georgia; Col. James Dickey, 51st Georgia; Capt. W. R. McClain, 51st Georgia; Capt. J. H. Faulkner, 51st Georgia; Capt. V. B. Baglow, 51st Georgia; Capt. R. N. Askew, 51st Georgia; Lieut. J. A. Brown, 51st Georgia; Lieut. C. W. Swanson; Capt. H. Jotis, 2d North Carolina, Evans's Brigade; Lieut. P. A. Green, 3d Georgia; Capt. W. G. Baird, 24th North Carolina; Col. P. McLaughlin, 50th Georgia; Capt. W. A. Smith, 50th Georgia; Capt. W. E. Fain, 50th Georgia; Lieutenant Thompson, 35th North Carolina; Lieut. J. P. Percell, 56th Virginia.

#### ARLINGTON, THE HOME OF LEE.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

The traveler who approaches Washington from the south cannot fail to observe a bluff above the Potomac River crowned by six massive Doric columns which support a classic portico modeled from an Athenian temple. This is Arlington House, and for more than a century it has been one of the historic landmarks of Washington, linking something of the personal and private life of George Washington with the capital which bears his name. Every one knows that pretty Martha Dandridge captivated young Daniel Parke Custis and that he died leaving her with two children, Eleanor and John Parke Custis, and an ample fortune. A few years afterwards, with a discreet interval to dry her tears, she married Col. George Washington.

Eleanor faded away young. Jack grew up to be a handsome young officer on the staff of his stepfather, General Washington, during the Revolution. At nineteen he married one of the Maryland Calverts and died in 1781, leaving two children, Nelly Custis and George Washington Parke Custis. They were adopted by Washington and lived at Mount Vernon. They were watched over with devoted care by their

grandmother, and the splendid Custis estate increased in value under Washington's judicious management. Nelly, "the nation's pride," was happily married to Lawrence Lewis, a nephew of Washington. George Washington Parke Custis took possession of his noble patrimony on reaching his majority and built Arlington House, completing it in 1803. The bride who was chosen to preside over this stately mansion was Mary Lee Fitzhugh. The only surviving child of the marriage was one daughter, Mary Custis. Mr. Custis was a man of liberal culture and the author of a delightful book, now out of print, "The Recollections and Private Memoirs of Washington." He idolized the Chief, as he termed Washington, and writes of him most lovingly and interestingly.

Upon the death of Martha Washington her grandson inherited many of her personal belongings. Their intrinsic value was great, and associations rendered them priceless. Among these articles were the original portraits of General and Mrs. Washington painted at the time of their marriage, the set of china given to Washington by the Society of the Cincinnati, the china given by certain English merchants to Mrs. Washington bearing her monogram, the tea table at which Mrs. Washington always presided, much of the beautiful old furniture from Mount Vernon, and the bed upon which Washington died. Mr. Custis dispensed the hospitality so universal at that period in his charming home. It was surrounded by more than a thousand acres of land, and he inherited also the White House, on the Pamunkey River, in New Kent County, quite a valuable estate and the scene of the marriage of Mrs. Custis to Washington. Mary Custis grew into lovely young womanhood and developed the rare qualities of heart and mind which fitted her to be the wife of Robert E. Lee. She was an heiress, he a simple second lieutenant of engineers; but he had won her heart when he was a West Point cadet, and they were ideally happy. They were married on June 30, 1831, in the drawing-room at Arlington. "Beautiful old Arlington was in all her glory that night. Its broad portico and widespread wings held out open arms, as it were, to welcome the coming guest. Its simple Doric columns graced domestic comfort with a classic air. Its halls and chambers were adorned with the patriots and heroes and with illustrations and relics of the great Revolution and of the 'Father of His Country,' and without and within history and tradition seemed to breathe their legends upon a canvas as soft as a dream of peace."

Lieutenant Lee was then stationed at Hampton Roads. Later he lived in New York, in Baltimore, and at West Point



THE MANSION AT ARLINGTON.

as commandant, and always when he was too far afield there was Arlington for a haven for his wife and the seven children. Mrs. Custis died in 1853. General Lee wrote of her: "She was to me all that a mother could be, and I yield to none in admiration for her character, love for her virtues, and veneration for her memory." Upon the death of Mr. Custis, in 1857, General Lee was at Arlington for nearly a year, developing and improving the estate, of which he was the executor. He must have gone back to Texas with reluctance, and it was upon his visit to Arlington in 1859 that he was sent to Harper's Ferry to suppress the John Brown raid. He was in Texas when that State seceded and was immediately ordered to Washington to report to Winfield Scott, commander in chief. It was on April 18 that Mr. Francis Preston Blair offered him the command of the army that was to be brought into the field. General Lee declined, stating that, although opposed to secession and deprecating war, he could take no part in the invasion of the Southern States. The secession of Virginia compelled him to make another decision two days later, of which he wrote to his brother Smith as follows: "After the most anxious inquiry as to the correct course for me to pursue, I concluded to resign and sent in my resignation this morning. I wished to wait till the ordinance of secession should be acted on by the people of Virginia; but war seems to have commenced, and I am liable at any time to be ordered on duty which I could not conscientiously perform. \* \* \* Save in defense of my native State, I have no desire ever again to draw my sword."

Who can picture the anguish in the soul of Lee when he made this supreme renunciation? Arlington in the April sunlight, with flowers blooming, brown furrows ready for the sower, green billows of wheat fields, and woods mysterious with the beauty of the springtime, must have held out a mighty temptation. The sweetest memories of his life were entwined around it; it was the home of a beloved wife, who must needs be involved in whatever sacrifice and suffering came to him; yet he conquered. Virginia was his motherland, and to strike her bared breast seemed to him nothing short of matricide. She was in peril, and his place was at her side. He had absolutely no delusions as to what it would cost him personally. He knew that Arlington would be seized at once, but the fiber of his soul was such that, having determined where his duty led, he had no fear of consequences. Humanity touched its zenith in the character of Lee, as if to show that from a bereaved and heartbroken country there should emerge an example of such lofty virtue that the whole world pays homage to his moral grandeur as well as to his military genius, and the shadow of his glory falls like a benediction upon his people.

Early in May Mrs. Lee left Arlington and then opened her home in New Kent, the White House. It lay right in McClellan's path in the Peninsular Campaign and was burned when he retreated. Henceforth she lived in Richmond and Lexington, bearing with noble courage her share of the losses and privations which befell Virginia.

A few years after the war an invalid, helpless with rheumatism, drove slowly through the grounds at Arlington and, stopping at the silent and desolate mansion, asked for a cup of water. Then, looking sadly around, she drove away. It was Mrs. Robert E. Lee, gazing for the last time upon her desecrated home. It was indeed changed. Fort Myer had been built upon a portion of the estate, and during the war there was a hospital, a cemetery for soldiers who died in Washington, and a camp for refugee slaves upon other parts of the property. When the government took possession of

Arlington some of the valuable relics were privately stolen; the rest were officially looted and exhibited in the Patent Office with the label, "Captured at Arlington." Later the label was dropped and the relics placed in the National Museum, leaving to the imagination the solution of how they got there. Let us hope a great government felt that it would be humiliating to admit that it was property stolen from the great-granddaughter of Martha Washington. Mrs. Lee obtained an order from President Johnson for the restoration of these articles, but Congress interfered and prevented it, declaring that it would be an insult to the loyal people of the United States. One of the kind and gentle deeds done by President McKinley was to order the return of these heirlooms to the lawful owners.

Arlington could not be confiscated because it was entailed by the will of Mr. Custis, but it was bought by the government at a tax sale for \$23,000. After long and tedious litigation the Supreme Court of the United States held that the tax sale was illegal, and Gen. Custis Lee immediately sold it to the government for \$150,000. It had been forever destroyed as a home when it became a military cemetery, and it is a disgrace to the name of American that such an act of vandalism was committed. Perhaps, however, such an object lesson is valuable, bearing mute testimony to the mental attitude which made such a thing possible and also depriving our late trans-Atlantic foes of an exclusive claim to Hun ideals.

With the call to arms in April, 1917, Fort Myer became an officers' training camp. Not far from the parade ground could be seen a wonderful bronze monument, unique in design, rare in its beauty and simplicity. Among the dead at Arlington are many men who wore the gray and died in prison or in hospitals, and this memorial was erected to them by the Daughters of the Confederacy. The sculptor, Sir Moses Ezekiel, was himself a Virginia Military Institute cadet and fought at Newmarket. Among the inscriptions is one in Latin which may be translated: "The victorious cause pleased the gods, but the vanquished cause pleased Cato." As the centuries roll on and men understand better the principles for which Lee and Jackson and a host of heroes suffered and sacrificed, this will become the epitaph of that gallant nation no longer numbered with the living—the Confederate States of America.

Along the glades of Arlington a newer band "have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death." It is the largest and most illustrious of military cemeteries and becomes enriched each year with names of world-wide celebrity. Above them broods the mansion with empty rooms and silent halls, to which shall come nevermore the laughter of children, the bride in her beauty, or the family life of long ago. Under the snows of many yesterdays lie buried all these gentle memories, and cold and silent as the serried ranks around it the home of Mary Custis Lee listens to a requiem which floats oftentimes above the murmuring river as the bugle softly whispers the last good night:

"Day is done. Gone the sun from the lake, from the hills,  
From the sky. Safely rest. All is well. God is love."

NO EXCHANGE.—"If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated.

U. S. GRANT (August, 1864).

"To General Butler."



## EARLY'S VALLEY CAMPAIGN, 1864.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

Early's triumphant march from Richmond by way of Lynchburg to Southwest Virginia and thence across the Potomac to the defenses of Washington, in spite of all opposition, opened the eyes of Lincoln, who was always in mortal dread of his enemies, and of General Grant, then bending his energies with unlimited resources and numbers to crush Lee's weak forces defending Richmond. The different armies which had been defeated were collected and sent to give Early employment as soon as we had settled down in camp after our long march. The very next day, after our return to the Valley, July 19, they began an active campaign in which many battles and skirmishes took place, in all of which the Confederates were successful, so much so that Early held his foe in contempt. He invaded Maryland twice in the face of superior enemy forces to show, I suppose, his contempt for them.

Grant sent Sheridan, because he considered him his ablest lieutenant, with picked men to take command and conduct the campaign which was intended to rid the Valley of Confederates and relieve the fears of Lincoln from that quarter. But this new commander seemed to have had an exaggerated idea of the strength of his enemy and continued the policy of fighting partial engagements, while he held his main force behind a mountain range out of sight as a reserve in case of disaster. This continued until Grant became tired of Sheridan's Fabian tactics. He visited him in his camps and gave him instructions how he should act, but this did not have much effect on him; and Early, with a force poorly equipped and only one-fifth in point of number, held the open country and defied him until September 18, when Early divided his forces and gave him opportunity to destroy his army. He then came timidly out from behind his mountain camp and made a weak attack on Rodes's small division left by Early at Winchester to guard his rear, while he went with a large part of his force on a wild-goose trip to Martinsburg, twenty miles away. If this attack had been made with vigor, Early's army would have been cut off from any way of escape to the South and could have been destroyed in detail by the overwhelming forces of the enemy.

By countermarching during the night from Martinsburg Early got there the next day in time to save his army from utter rout, although he did not have time to make the proper dispositions to meet the great odds against him, for the battle was already in progress when his other divisions arrived.

Sheridan assaulted these detached and poorly formed divisions all the morning of September 19 with his infantry, but was repulsed everywhere except on the extreme left of the Confederate line, where a few cavalry deployed at wide intervals held the line. Here his heavy columns of cavalry swept away all resistance, and our entire rear was open to them. Our wounded men came back to us, fighting on the front line, and when asked why they had done so they replied that it was the safest place they could find. In the afternoon Sheridan brought up fresh divisions and attacked our forces, now reduced to a mere handful of brave spirits still holding out, but even this poor force was able to drive back every charge of the enemy until the sun was sinking low in the west.

The Confederates were now broken up and could no more offer any resistance, but it seemed that the enemy had had enough and did not care to take advantage of our disorganization. Our whole army could have been captured at this time, as we were without ammunition and defenseless. Why Sheridan hesitated until dark, when he made an attempt to

send his cavalry in pursuit, I could never understand. This failed utterly, for General Gordon succeeded in the confusion of the retreat in getting a small supply of ammunition. This he put into the hands of the Louisiana (Tigers) Brigade. Posting them at a favorable place on the pike, they blocked the road with dead men and horses of our pursuers when they came up. This put a stop to any effort on the part of Sheridan that night, and the different commands perfected their organizations as they marched along the road.

At any time after he came to the Valley Sheridan could have defeated our little army of eleven or twelve thousand men with his well-equipped force of fifty-five or sixty thousand. Their army lacked only a leader. Strange to say, our army lost only about fifteen hundred men, while Sheridan lost six thousand five hundred.

After a lapse of nearly fifty-six years I shall attempt to relate what actually fell under my observation that day of fighting, incidents which impressed themselves indelibly on my memory.

The day before this engagement (September 18) our brigade (Gordon's) was encamped near where the battle took place, facing Sheridan's army, only two or three miles to the east of us across the Opequon River and behind a low mountain range. The weather was warm, and I, with other comrades, got permission to go to a mill a short distance from camp to indulge in a much-needed bath. We were enjoying ourselves under the great wheel as the water poured over us when some one poked his head over the bank and abruptly shouted to us to come out immediately, that the army was moving. We made no delay, but hustled out and soon reached camp, where we found everything ready for the road. This was about noon. When night came we were at Martinsburg, twenty miles away, tired from our rapid march. We had just entered the town and were standing in line awaiting orders when a courier from General Rodes came in great haste to inform General Early of his critical situation. Sheridan had crossed the Opequon in force and was threatening the destruction of his small division and was about to cut off our only way to escape to the south. Nothing was left now but to countermarch that night, tired as we were, and make the best we could of a bad situation. Sheridan's signalmen could see from the mountain tops that Early had marched away far to the north with the bulk of his army, having only a small rear guard to protect his communications. Seeing his opportunity to destroy his enemy, Sheridan at last took courage to fight and put his army in motion; but instead of falling on Rodes that evening with his whole force and taking possession of the Valley pike, our only road to the south, he dallied in a small skirmish with Rodes. Early marched his weary soldiers back halfway that night, and at two o'clock in the morning we were again on the pike. By eight o'clock we could see to the south the white puffs of smoke in the sky made by the exploding shells, indicating that Rodes was engaged with the enemy. The pike was given up to our wagon trains, and the infantry marched alongside in fields and woods, with a line of skirmishers to the left to protect us from a sudden attack from that direction. Veering to the left from the pike, we came to a body of woodland. The brigade was formed for battle in a deep ravine in the edge of this, with high ground in front of us that obstructed the view more than thirty feet away, and our old reliable sharpshooters were thrown out to develop the enemy's position. Almost immediately Sheridan's whole line, extending far to the right and left, was upon them, and these brave fellows came running back to us in a panic, causing our men to laugh at their

disorder. Some said: "What's up?" To this they replied: "You'll soon see."

Colonel Lowe, of our regiment, in command of the brigade, sitting on his horse, could see the long blue lines of the enemy advancing and ordered the brigade to move forward. This we did, and to our surprise we met face to face long lines of splendid infantry advancing, apparently unaware of our presence. The entire brigade brought down their guns, and a flame of fire flashed along its entire length; at the same time a dreadful yell arose that stampeded the enemy the length of our line. We rushed at them and took advantage of their fright and were driving them in fine style through the woods as we did at the Wilderness when, glancing to the extreme right, to my horror I saw the regiment on that part of the line in great confusion giving ground, and then the next. The center and left were still driving the enemy; but the left, seeing themselves outflanked, gave way also, and there was nothing now for all to do but fall back or be surrounded and cut to pieces.

When our regiments reached the ravine in great disorder, General Rodes's Alabamians (Rodes had just been killed) were forming there, and General Gordon, who had the greatest confidence in his old brigade, seeing our disorder and not knowing the cause, galloped to and fro among them, crying: "What in the world, men, is the matter? Fall in here with General Rodes's men and fight." This last sentence appealed to me as the proper thing to do in the crisis, for the enemy now had taken courage and was advancing over the same ground from which we had just driven them. I stepped up to the men in the front rank and said: "Will you give me a place in your ranks to fight?" They did so as the word was given to advance, and when we reached the top of the high ground we were face to face again with our enemy. These brave Alabamians rushed at the enemy like tigers, and for a time the two lines were so near each other that the paper of their cartridges flew into our faces. At one point to my left the lines came together, and I saw the ensign of one regiment snatch the colors out of the hands of a Federal soldier and drag them along on the ground, while he held his own standard aloft. They pressed them back through the woods to the open field, and there the majority of them stopped, for they were now without the splendid leadership of General Rodes. But the rest continued to press the fleeing enemy across the open field until they reached the protection of the forest beyond.

In the middle of this field and about one hundred and fifty yards from the woodland was a gully, or ravine, about four feet deep. When the retreating Yankees reached this place of safety about half of them dropped down in it for protection. The few Confederates still pushing them passed over them and halted, but kept up their fire at the enemy, who had now reached protection and reinforcements. Too weak to advance farther or make an attempt to drive them out of their new position, they held this place in the open in a storm of Minié balls for quite a while. The enemy back of them in the gully and only a few feet away lay still, with their guns loaded and capped lying by their side. Why some one did not march them off to the rear I do not know. Why I did not was because I was afraid our men holding the line at the edge of the woods in the rear, seeing so large a body of blue soldiers coming with only one little Confederate, might think it a new advance of the enemy and kill us all.

This was a hot place for us out in the open under the concentrated fire of the enemy, and I did not put myself to the trouble to load my gun, but as soon as I discharged it I threw

it away and ran down into the gully and picked up a new one lying beside a Yank, loaded, cocked, and capped. Seeing the great danger of being killed here among those who did not know me, I sought the protection of a small tree to the left. I found two soldiers there shooting at the enemy. As I came up the man next to the tree fell dead, and the other stepped up astride his body. A few minutes more and he too fell dead on the prostrate form of his comrade. I now stepped up to the tree and continued the fight, but the bullets of the enemy struck this slender protection so rapidly that I left it for the open.

Our numbers had now diminished until the enemy in the gully outnumbered us, and, looking around, I saw the few remaining comrades crossing the gully and making their way to their friends in the rear. I thought it high time for me to do the same thing; and as I passed over the Yankees lying there I had a good mind to order them out, but was afraid of our own men in the rear; and, being alone now, I was also afraid of them. We had not reached the woods before these same cowardly scamps were firing at us.

The enemy, now reinforced, made repeated efforts to drive us out of the woods. Without any one in command and short of ammunition, with bullets coming from the left, right, and front, and being told by our wounded who came back to us that the enemy was in the rear, we decided to sell our lives as dearly as possible. From the great noise in front we knew the enemy was rallying his forces to make a desperate effort to drive us out of our position. Word was passed along the line to reserve our fire and make every cartridge count. Pretty soon a splendid blue line, with colors flying, came out into the open, behind which rode mounted officers encouraging their men. "Wait, wait!" passed from mouth to mouth along the line, while every man behind a tree was taking deadly aim. "Wait until they come nearer." On they came until some one said: "They'll drive us out o' here unless we begin to fire." And now the sharp crack of the deadly rifle began, and the advancing line halted, wavered, and broke into disorder and fled helter-skelter for the protection of the woods. When they reached this, pandemonium seemed to break loose, and we knew that a new attack would be made. Everything possible was done by the Confederates to get ready for it. The cartridge boxes on the dead were searched for ammunition, and every man made ready. It was some time before the enemy's ranks were reorganized; but now they came again, their officers showing the utmost gallantry and urging their men to maintain their organization. Every Confederate took deadly aim as they came on, and when they were only seventy-five yards off the Confederates opened fire and at the same time raised such a yell of defiance as to create the impression that there were ten times their number present. In spite of their officers, the line wavered again and broke for the cover of the woods. This was repeated the third time with the same result; but our ammunition was exhausted, and when the enemy opened on us at short range with grapeshot we fled along the edge of the woods to the right, crossed an opening to another skirt of timber, and all dispersed.

These few men of Rodes's Division, not more than two or three hundred in all, had held Sheridan's thousands back for hours and saved Early's army from destruction. The sun was now low in the west, and I set out to find my command. As I came out of the woods I saw a bareheaded lieutenant and two men of our brigade working a piece of artillery on an eminence not far off. I ran to him and asked if he knew where our brigade was. Pointing to the north, he said: "Do you see a few men yonder behind that stone fence? That's



our brigade. General Gordon is there with them. But they have only three rounds of ammunition left." At this I bolted in that direction with my head low to avoid the hissing Miniés, and had progressed only a few yards when he called out: "Come back, come back and stand here by me." I did so just as the lanyard was jerked, and we watched the black round shell, apparently standing still a moment in the air, as it passed over the heads of our men behind the stone fence and brushed among the enemy in the woods beyond. He said: "Now you may go." And I rejoined my comrades, whom I found deployed about thirty feet apart. A faithful fellow soldier told me that they had driven the enemy back in every assault that evening, and, pointing to three cartridges on the ground, he said: "That's all I have. General Gordon says that when we drive them back this time we will have to retreat." I told him to share them with me, and I would help. Very soon their line came out of the woods, and as soon as they were about a hundred yards away our men broke up their formation, and they fell back in confusion to the woods out of which they had just come. General Gordon mounted his horse and said: "Now, men, is our time to retreat, but don't run. Georgians never run from a battle field. We are only without ammunition." The fleeing enemy, seeing us leave our place of protection and knowing the reason, now turned and opened on us with a great volley that seemed to cut the dirt from under our feet. We had progressed about a hundred yards from the stone fence when I heard a bullet strike some one to my right, and, turning my head in that direction, I saw our brave young color bearer, Jim Graham, lying prostrate and our old tattered battle flag lying by his side. Captain Miller, now our only officer of that rank in the regiment, called for some one of his (Graham's) company to take up the standard, but no one responded; and as I stooped to pick it up he (Miller) seized it and told me to bring Graham out. I turned him over and saw that his wound was not necessarily mortal, and I told him that I intended to carry him out; but he begged me to run and save my own life, as he was killed, and if not he would fall into the hands of the enemy anyway. But I managed to get him on foot in spite of his protest and finally succeeded in getting him to a place of safety. As I passed up the main street of the city the bullets of the enemy were flying through the air and hastened my flight to the southern suburbs, where I found all the regiments of the brigade scattered along without any organization. I went immediately to Captain Miller, whom I found walking about with the colors in his hand and making no effort to meet a new attack, and told him that the Yankees were coming on and that he ought to organize the regiment to fight. To this he made no reply; but I insisted on his doing it, and he finally turned to me with tears running down his cheeks and said: "We are all cut to pieces." I told him that it did not matter; we would have to fight them again. He said: "I can't do it." I told him I would do it if he wished it, and he said: "Well, do it." Telling him to stand right there with the flag, I ran to and fro calling to all the regiment to form on Captain Miller. Every man responded, and we were once more reorganized. All the other regiments, hearing my voice and seeing our (31st) regiment forming into line, did the same thing. Captain Miller now gave the colors to a man in the company, whose duty it was to carry it, and came to me, the only survivor of the right-hand company of the regiment, and said: "I will march with you." He gave the command, and we were soon on the pike and on our way to Strasburg, which we reached unmolested the next day.

### ARCHER'S BRIGADE AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY H. T. CHILDS, FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.

From the second battle of Manassas the Confederate army moved triumphantly, rolling the lines of blue entirely from Virginia's soil. It was the grandest campaign of the war. When I had sufficiently recovered from my wound, I returned in February, 1863, to my command and found the boys in winter quarters on the banks of the Rappahannock River, near Fredericksburg, Va.

On the last day of April General Burnside began crossing the river in his "On-to-Richmond" campaign. The first day Major General Lee's army left its winter quarters, and all day long both armies were maneuvering. That night my company was sent forward on picket duty, and we were stationed, two on a post, thirty or forty steps from the Yankee pickets. The boy who stood with me was my messmate, R. H. Anthony, as noble a boy as Franklin County ever produced. He was sick and wanted to lie down; but though it was very cold, no man was allowed to unroll his blanket. About midnight I told him to lie down and go to sleep, and I unrolled my blanket and spread it over him. Occasionally during the night some Yank or Johnny would expose himself, and then there would be a general fusillade of musketry. Just before break of day every band of music along the Confederate lines struck up "Dixie." It was grand! As our music died away, every band along the Federal lines struck up "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and it too was grand. Then both sides struck up "Home, Sweet Home." As this music died away, with thoughts of home and tears in my eyes, I kicked Bob and told him to get up, and then the rattle of musketry began. We were expecting the Yanks to drive us in, and they were expecting us to drive them in. When our line reached the brow of the hill we found our boys in line behind temporary breastworks in breathless expectation of a heavy column of blue to be right after us; but the Yankees did not come. I never was as cold in my life and felt that we ought to be allowed to make a cup of coffee and eat breakfast. But no; the day's march was on.

It was now the 2d of May. We were moving in a north-west direction, and each army seemed to be trying to out-flank the other. About 3 p.m. Stonewall Jackson turned the right wing of the Federals. All evening the battle raged, and that night Stonewall Jackson was mortally wounded by his own troops. During the day's march Bob Anthony, who was very sick, managed to keep up, his brother, Rod Anthony, and I by turns carrying his gun. Just at dark the command came, "By company file left!" This moved us into the bushes. "Halt, front, stack arms! Lie down, boys, and go to sleep!"

Bob Anthony asked me to get him a canteen of water, and other boys came with their canteens. Taking eight of them, I slipped back into the road, examining the boughs of the trees as I went along so I would know the place when I got back. Passing forward, for I knew there was no water on the road we had come over, I soon came to the plank road, where General Jackson struck the Yankees that evening. The road was full of Confederates and Yankee prisoners. As I turned to the left I met an artilleryman who had been to water his horses. He pointed to a big light in the distance as the place where General Hill's wounded had been gathered and said I would find plenty of good water there. It was a mile away, but I got there, and after drinking all I wanted I sat down to rest and watched the army surgeons amputate arms and legs. It was frightful to see them grab up a boy and lay him down upon a scaffold, while he begged

for his arm or leg. I soon got tired of this barbarity, filled my canteens, and started back. On getting back to my starting point I was perplexed, for there were no stacks of arms there and no boys sleeping on the ground. Feeling that Bob would not leave me, I began calling him. He answered, saying the brigade had moved, but he had waited for me. The brigade had moved only a short distance, and we were soon with the company. While handing the canteens to their owners General Archer dashed in among us. He had spread his blanket just in rear of our company and, hearing the racket about the canteens, came to see if he could get a drink. I handed him my canteen, and he almost emptied it.

At one o'clock on the morning of the 3d of May a courier came riding in among the sleeping boys, calling General Archer, who was directed to form his brigade upon the plank road and take the line of march just behind General Pender's brigade. Then General Archer's shrill voice rang out upon the night air: "Tennessee brigade, fall in!" Soon everything was ready to move. Then General Archer came to us, calling for that sick man, and told Bob to stay upon the plank road until Dr. McGuire came up with the ambulances, and he would get to ride.

Soon the march to the great battle of Chancellorsville was in full swing. As we moved down the road we could see the dead Yankees and dead horses left upon the field the evening before. When we began to get near the Federal lines our officers cautioned us to make no noise. Filing to the right in a dense jungle, we got in position and were told to lie down with guns in hand and sleep if we could. The Boon's Hill company were deployed as skirmishers, and soon they had taken the Yankee pickets off their posts. At the first streak of day the company officers aroused us, and we moved forward some fifty yards and halted to dress our lines. Then General Archer's shrill, clear voice was heard along the line: "Fix bayonets! Forward, guide center! Charge 'em, boys!" With an onward bound and the terrific whoop of the wild Rebel yell, we dashed forward through the dense jungle, the Boon's Hill boys falling in as the line of battle came up, and George Jones happened to fall in by my side. Soon we struck a steep little hill, and right up it we went. Along the brow of this hill the Yankees had thrown up temporary breastworks. They were taken by surprise. Over these works we poked our guns and poured a volley into them as they were getting up. A battalion of artillery was standing there. We killed every horse and, I suppose, every artilleryman. How General Archer got there on his big gray horse I do not know, but he commanded, "Right over, boys!" and, spurring his horse, he scaled the works. Then he waved his sword and commanded, "Halt!" He wanted to re-form his lines.

But they would not halt. When on a charge Tennesseans haven't got a bit of sense. On they rushed, the Yankees in their confusion shooting back at us. I was just as afraid of being shot by our own men from behind as I was of being shot by the Yankees in front. On we swept in a southeast direction, the Yankees pulling for their second line of works on the brow of the next ridge. They jumped the little creek and moved rapidly up the slope. We too jumped the creek in our confusion, and when within two hundred yards of their second line we met a volley of Yankee bullets. Then we began to touch elbows and move steadily in a good line up the hill to a kind of bench, where we could lie down and load, then rise and fire. From this position I fired three times and began loading again. I could see comrades falling around me. One boy from the 14th Tennessee Regiment fell

right across me. George Jones, who had kept with me, had a breech-loading gun, and he was loading and firing rapidly. As he was getting down to reload it seemed to me that I saw a bullet whistle through his mouth, and at the same time he was shot in the knee. When my gun was loaded I hesitated, then I thought, "That is what I am here for," and as I made my spring to rise I was shot through the left thigh. Just then our line began to retreat, leaving us wounded boys within forty yards of the enemy's works. Coming over their works, the Yankees in perfect line began to advance. I said to George: "They are coming." He said: "Let them come; I would as soon die now as any time." We thought they would pin us to the earth with their bayonets as they came over us. On they came, making the earth tremble, but just before reaching us I heard the command, "Right about!" and the line moved back behind their works.

The battalion of artillery which we captured in running over their first line was now turned on the Yankees in their second line. But our gunners shot too low, and grape and canister fell all over us wounded boys. At the first volley that fell among us I was on my hands and knees trying to crawl down the hill. A grapeshot glanced my left hand, rendering it useless for a long time. Finally I managed to crawl down to the creek and got right in it, leaving George Jones, and I never saw him any more till the war was over. While lying in the creek I looked back and saw General Archer coming over the hill; then the flags came in sight, then the bayonets, then the boys. My company came within ten steps of me. The first man to get to me was Maj. F. G. Buchanan, who pulled me out. On the line moved with its dreadful tread shaking the earth.

It was the last time I ever saw the 1st Tennessee Regiment. Soon I was carried by the litter bearers to the field hospital, where my wounds were dressed. In due course of time I was taken to the hospital in Richmond. My father went to Richmond for me and brought me home. After an eventful journey we reached home just as General Bragg was retreating from Tullahoma back to Chattanooga. I was unable for service for about eighteen months. In September, 1864, my father bought me a horse, and I joined the Forrest Escort Company, and the rest of my service in the cause of the Confederacy was with the "Wizard of the Saddle."

## IMMORTAL WORDS.

When in March, 1886, Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the Confederacy, died in Louisville, Ky., Gen. Alpheus Baker wrote the following resolution, which was adopted by the Confederates of Louisville:

*"Resolved*, That when the end had come, and the ensign of the South was furled forever, and the valiant hosts were scattered over whom it had floated high, his genius lifted 'The Conquered Banner' from the dust to translate it to the stars, where, far above the shadow of defeat, it will shine forever like a lovely constellation of the night in the tranquil skies of immortality; and when he strung his golden harp and swept those chords that thrilled the world and sang of Robert E. Lee and the stainless sword he drew, it was in words that will be remembered when the memory of the great events in which we were his comrades shall have passed away and that will be chanted by the lovers of heroism and of liberty when the dust of a thousand years shall have settled upon the forgotten history of Manassas and Shiloh and Chancellorsville and Gettysburg."



*INFLUENCE OF PERSONALITY IN WAR—THE  
"LOST DISPATCH."*

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE.

In a critical or philosophical study of the science of war the part that must be assigned to individual character, temperament, or even idiosyncrasy, as revealed and illustrated in the careers of the foremost masters of the field, is in no sense to be regarded as a secondary or subordinate element in the determination of results. Great battles have been lost and great designs have been paralyzed in more than one notable instance by the malign influence of some moral or personal weakness on the part of a commanding general, although fate and fortune may have united to place victory at his disposal. Examples may be cited from the historic campaigns of European lands, tracing from the seventeenth century to our era. Illustrations, however, suggested by our national conflict and forming part of the military record of America may appeal with more intensity and directness to the young officer in the training camp, acquiring his earliest accurate conception of the science of strategy. Easily accessible from Baltimore are Gettysburg, South Mountain, Antietam or Sharpsburg, each of which is a field rich in lessons to the student of military development. Every phase of the complex subject is set before the aspiring novice, and Gettysburg alone has evoked a wider and more persistent range of investigation and discussion than any engagement in the annals of modern war since the day of Waterloo, June 18, 1815. Each of the characteristic elements, personal, moral, temperamental, which have tended in many instances to the attainment of assured success or have reached their outcome in disaster find ample illustration in a critical analysis of these two famous fields.

The very topography is suggestive, in no small measure serving to shed light upon the varied forces, moral and physical, which entered into the nature of the two desperate conflicts—September, 1862, and July, 1863. Moral characteristics were instrumental in determining the fate or issue of each, whether regarded from a Federal or Confederate point of view. Four especial causes were principally instrumental in contributing to Lee's reverse at Gettysburg. Observe how essentially the moral feature is revealed in each. First, the utter want of initiative on the part of Ewell on July 1 which suffered victory to fall from his grasp when already achieved; second, the prolonged delay of Longstreet on July 2, his failure to attack until the golden hour had forever passed from us; third, Stuart's quixotic raid, beginning June 24, which for nearly a week left Lee absolutely uninformed in regard to the movements of the Union army or even the knowledge that they had crossed the Potomac River; fourth, the personal as well as professional daring of Lee, unsurpassed in modern war, and his conviction that even physical impossibilities were capable of achievement by the Army of Northern Virginia.

At this stage in the drama the influence of temperament, of moral characteristics or infirmities, in shaping the fortunes of war appears in clear and striking light. The entire force at Lee's disposal hardly exceeded thirty thousand, in large measure exhausted by heat, hunger, and by strenuous marches over mountain roads, in many instances with bare and bleeding feet. Even this inferior host was separated by formidable distances and by the intervention of a serious natural obstacle, the Potomac River, with Jackson far away on its southern bank in Virginia. An auspicious star seemed to have placed the fortunes of the South absolutely at the

mercy of her enemies. In the hands of an aggressive commander, quick to avail himself of a golden opportunity and with exact knowledge of the intentions of his adversary derived from the captured order detailing them, the army of Lee would have been annihilated as an inevitable result and the war reached its final act in the autumn of 1862 instead of April, 1865.

By a happy turn of fortune a resident of Frederick, in sympathy with the cause of the South, was present at McClellan's headquarters on September 10 and, learning the fate of the order, passed through the Union lines on that night, communicating the intelligence to General Stuart. Longstreet was at once recalled from Hagerstown to cooperate with D. H. Hill at Turner's Gap, at which point on September 14, with a force of five thousand men, he had held at bay nearly a third of McClellan's army from an early morning hour until the sun was hastening to his setting. By September 17 our scattered forces had concentrated at Sharpsburg, on the Antietam, Jackson having returned victorious from Harper's Ferry. There on September 17 was fought the most desperately contested single day's engagement of the entire War between the States and on the part of Lee the boldest and most daring. The essential elements involved in the development and determination of this notable campaign were the irresolution and vacillation dominant in the nature of McClellan and the gross neglect of a staff officer to whose custody the "Lost Dispatch," "a scrap of paper," had been intrusted. McClellan's distinctive infirmity was a morbid dread of being "outnumbered," while the forces he confronted never exceeded one-half or one-third of his own command. His weakness in this regard was an obsession, or form of hallucination. Lee's divination had penetrated the brain of his adversary; he had discerned his morale as well as his professional frailties. As a logical consequence he assumed the seemingly desperate risk that marked his movements during this campaign, dividing his army almost into fragments, interposing great distances as well as powerful natural obstacles between the widely separated portions and attaining a climax at Sharpsburg, a position marked by special perils—a broad and turbulent river in his rear, an army three times stronger than his own arrayed in his front.

To the professional soldier no one phase of our national conflict is richer in lessons of wisdom, contemplated from the viewpoint of history, strategy, or psychology, than that embraced within the month of September, 1862.

The first Maryland campaign, however, is richer in lessons illustrating the moral phases which enter into strategy than that attaining its climax at Gettysburg in the succeeding year. When Lee entered Maryland early in September, 1862, he probably had in contemplation an advance upon Washington from Frederick or a movement into Pennsylvania, the heart of the enemy's territory. He did not deem it expedient or prudent to leave a strong natural position, such as Harper's Ferry, in his rear, occupied by a powerful garrison and prepared for a siege, while he was separating himself from his base and penetrating farther and farther into a hostile region. The capture of this essential point was resolved upon, and on September 9 was issued at Frederick "General Order No. 191," the famous "Lost Dispatch," in which Lee with characteristic accuracy and precision of statement described the special part to be accomplished in the execution of the design by his several corps and division commanders. The immediate task of investing Harper's Ferry was intrusted to Jackson, and it fell into his hands on the 15th of September. To guard against the reinforcement

or possible escape of the garrison, McLaw's Division was to occupy Crampton Gap; D. H. Hill was stationed at Turner's Gap, not far distant from Boonsboro; while Longstreet was dispatched in the direction of Hagerstown to repel a rumored Union advance from Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania. Lee's army had been divided into four district commands, separated by distances varying from fifteen to twenty-five miles, and Jackson, having recrossed into Virginia, was farthest of all away from his co-commanders.

At this critical juncture the mystery of the "Lost Dispatch" reveals itself as the foremost agent or actor in the drama of war. On September 10 the army of McClellan, numbering nearly 100,000, reached Frederick from Washington. Hardly had they entered the city when Lee's General Order No. 191, found by a Union scout in the camp occupied by Gen. D. H. Hill, on the road leading toward Boonsboro, was placed in the hands of the Federal commander. When discovered it had been converted into a wrapping paper, containing a package of three cigars. The name of the finder was Mitchell, a member of an Indiana regiment. Two general orders detailing the movements of our army had been issued, one by Lee, the other by Jackson, to whose immediate command the division of D. H. Hill had been assigned. That proceeding from Jackson was received by Hill and was preserved for years among the treasures of his family. The order of Lee never came into his hands and by some error, carelessness, or neglect on the part of a member of his staff was lost in the manner I have described. He was exact and methodical to the last degree in every administrative detail and in no sense accountable for the mysterious disappearance of the document, with which the fate of the Confederacy seemed hopelessly involved.

## COMPANY C, 37TH TENNESSEE INFANTRY, C. S. A.

BY D. J. M'LELLAN, ASHEVILLE, N. C.

In May, 1861, Company C was organized at Morristown, Tenn., as part of the 37th Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., enlisting for twelve months' service in the Confederate army, with the following officers: Captain, Stephen Cocke; first lieutenant, George T. Fry; second lieutenant, David Jackson; third lieutenant, John Flowers.

The company was transferred to Knoxville, where Moses White joined it. There were nine other companies in Knoxville which, with Company C, made up the regiment. Moses White was elected lieutenant colonel and very shortly promoted to colonel, and never was there a better colonel, always kind and considerate, never too tired to look after the interest and welfare of his men.

After the regiment was drilled for some months we were moved to Germantown, Tenn., twenty miles from Memphis, where we remained through the winter of 1861. Early in the spring of 1862 we were ordered to the Sequatchie Valley and on into Kentucky. At Mumfordsville, Ky., we captured five thousand men who wore the blue uniform, surrounding their fort. In the evening, as soon as the fort was surrounded, General Bragg demanded a surrender by day-break, or he would turn loose his "hounds" on them. In compliance with this demand they surrendered, with seventy pieces of artillery, and all the army marched out, the band playing and the red, white, and blue floating in the breeze. The Yanks laid down their arms and were paroled so they could not serve in the army unless exchanged later on.

We next moved to Perryville, where we fought "Mr. Yank" and gave him a number one whipping. On the next move

General Bragg, after loading all wagons with good old Kentucky smoked hams, middlings, corn, flour, beans, etc., left that country, sending the wagons to Knoxville and Murfreesboro, where we engaged in another battle.

Our army then moved on to Crab Orchard, Ky., via Cumberland Gap, Knoxville, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge, and gave them something to remember—7,500 Yanks killed and many wounded. We then fell back to Dalton, Ga., where we remained in camp through the winter. Then Gen. Joseph E. Johnston took command of the army against William T. Sherman, the latter with five men to Johnston's one. From Dalton to Kenesaw Mountain was a daily fight. At the latter place I was captured, and, having been promoted to lieutenant, I was sent to Johnson's Island, three miles out from Sandusky, Ohio, in Lake Erie, where I was held until May 12, 1865. I was born in Scotland November 19, 1842, and came to the United States in 1849.

During my stay in Knoxville, Tenn., and afterwards I was often entertained at the home of Col. Moses White and shall never forget the generous hospitality.

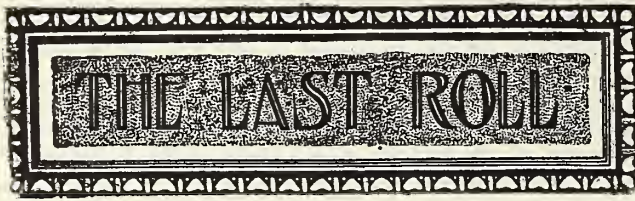
After Company C had served a year in the different official capacities, another election of officers was held. I will also give the name of each member of the company as recalled.

Officers: Captain, James Long; first lieutenant, D. J. McClellan; second lieutenant, Ben A. Long; third lieutenant, Jerry I. Talley; first sergeant, James Miller; second sergeant, Harvey Mathes; first corporal, George Mathes; second corporal, John Cox.

Privates: Bird Sheppard, John Cooter, "Old Man" Cooter, Jabe Cooley, James Cooley (drummer boy), Munroe Russell, Henry C. Fagg, James Kirk, Cad Kirk, Roscoe Goings, John Goins, Bart Boyd, William Sisk, Davis Waymires, Jesse Rice (color sergeant), Richard Huffmaster, John Harbin, Barney Stearn, Isaac Stearn, Lacey Kirk, Garrett Reed, Thomas Rhoten, Pless Riggs, Bob Ryan, Pink Medlin, Henry Adams, Isaac Long, James Smith, Henry Carter, John Smith, Sam Smith, Moses Smith, James Shannon, William Croft, Sam Watkins, Orvil Watkins, "Old Man" White (fifer), Fred White, Fred Bonham, Pless Riggs, George Staples, Love Rogers, Sam Rogers, Ike Shipman, John Meadows, William Burham, Charles Belcher, John Taylor, Toad Taylor, William Perky, Lewis Carter, John Dennison, Samuel Dennison, Jack Smith, Henry Glassop, John Glassop, Bill Graham, Hoot Miles, George Willoughby, John Duncan, Dick March, Bill Noah, John Ryan, Gum Hickey, Jack Chenney, James Griffin, David Conner, Lee Rhoten, G. W. McKinney, Bill Fletcher, James Camper, Dan Burtzell, Marion Jones, Houston Carter, Erwin Carter, "Old Man" Smith, Duke Glassop, George Towney, Bill Mabe, Bart Lowe, John Ward, Isaac Ward, Patrick Dennison, John Kirksey, Dick Smith, John Shipley, Lewis Sawyers, Tom Yates, Bill Toney.

BATTLE BETWEEN THE VIRGINIA AND MONITOR, 1862.—The heroism of Lord Nelson, Dewey, or Schley is not comparable to the valor of that small crew that went with that untried vessel against the monstrous odds in Hampton Roads, and the victory of the second as well as the first day belongs to our people, and its glories add to the luster of our flag. \* \* \* Capt. Van Brent, of the Minnesota, and L. V. Fox, then Assistant Secretary of the United States Navy, who watched the fight from Fort Monroe, both say the Monitor withdraw. I have read numerous statements from officers of the Monitor explaining why they ran away.—Judge J. H. Calhoun, of Texas.





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"The sunlight of their native sky  
Shines sadly on them here,  
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by  
The heroes' sepulcher."

GEN. ROBERT H. RICKS.

Robert Henry Ricks, late Commander of the Third North Carolina Brigade, U. C. V., died February 19, 1920, at his country home, in Nash County, N. C., near the place of his birth. Born April 4, 1839, the oldest of four sons and two daughters, his environment from childhood to manhood was within the modest home on the little farm, away from educational and social advantages. At the age of twenty his father released to him his time, and he engaged with a neighbor farmer to work and to direct the slave labor for one hundred and twenty dollars a year. He saved all of his salary and loaned it out, thus early demonstrating his capacity to save money, a virtue that generally presages success in life.

When the storm, long threatening, between the North and South burst forth in April, 1861, young Ricks promptly volunteered in the Edgecombe Guards, Bethel Regiment. He was in the battle of Bethel, June 10, 1861, and upon a call for volunteers was one of the six who made the dash wherein Henry Wyatt lost his life. Upon the disbandment of the Bethel Regiment in November, 1861, its term of enlistment having expired, he joined Lloyd's Battery, then about to go out from Edgecombe County into the service, and a few months later, when the three batteries of Manly, Reilly, and Lloyd were consolidated into two, retaining the names of Manly and Reilly, he found himself in Manly's Battery in the Army of Northern Virginia. Brave and every day ready for duty, he served as a private in the Confederate army from Bethel to Appomattox and came out unscathed, as did two brothers and his father, then an old man.

On his return home he took up the work he left four years before—the slaves now freed and conditions greatly changed—at a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a year, which job he held till 1874, when his employer died, leaving him a legacy worth perhaps a thousand dollars.

During the decade thus ending he had frequently spent his Sunday evenings with Miss Tempie Thorne, who owned and operated an adjoining farm. And now at the age of thirty-five he was confronted with two crises in his life. One was that he was hopelessly in love; the other that his early and steadfast vision to lift himself and his family above the routine of their past was promising realization. So he determined to cast his future in Texas and was making preparations to do so when friends intervened. Hope revived, and he remained in North Carolina and in December, 1874, married Miss Tempie.

This acquisition of a sound, sensible wife, devoted to home and appreciating its value—she the mistress indoors and he

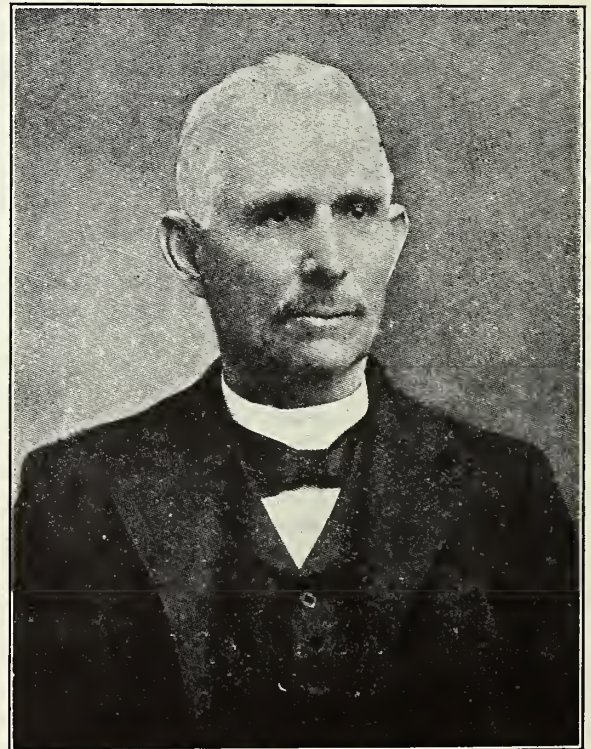
the master abroad—completed his thorough equipment for the succeeding forty-five years of their lives. He was at once a practical farmer, a money-maker and saver, and success naturally followed. Temperate in all things, plain in dress and manner, approachable, taking time for the social and harmless recreations, active in Democratic policies and politics, aggressive against society's habits of waste and extravagance, shop-drinking and cigarette-smoking, he became a leader among men.

He erected a fifteen-thousand-dollar Confederate monument to his county comrades and gave twenty-five thousand dollars to have a correct war history of his State written. He also gave ten thousand dollars toward a Masonic temple. And he was a continual helper with money for the betterment of his kindred and others, but he was not much on helping any one who would not help himself.

Besides acting as trustee for many big institutions, General Ricks served the public in office from constable to State Senator and participated as an officer or director in various industrial plans in which he had invested. A specialty was associating himself in various enterprises with partners capable of running the business while he furnished the financial rating, and when good credit failed to go he could always furnish the cash. But it was as a rich man that General Ricks was most prominent; for without gambling, just in a plain everyday business way, he amassed a large amount of money, leaving an estate conservatively estimated at one and a quarter million dollars, nearly all of which was invested around his home and which has materially contributed to making Rocky Mount the best town in the State. This vast amount he distributed by a will which made many relatives rich and substantially aided others.

Mrs. Ricks still lives in her ancestral home, made beautiful and comfortable.

[Capt. John H. Thorpe.]

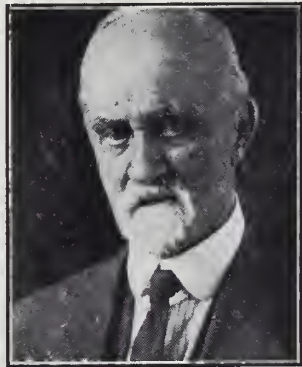


GEN. ROBERT H. RICKS.



PLEASANT S. HAGY.

Pleasant Smith Hagy was born in Washington County, Va., February 10, 1834, and died in Abingdon, Va., in his native county, on February 20, 1920, aged eighty-six years. He was the fourth child of Martin and Nancy F. Hagy and was educated at Abingdon Military Academy, now known as William King High School, later attending school at Emory and Henry College. In 1853 he left Virginia and made his home in Texas, near Goliad, where he engaged in varied occupations, part of the time surveying and with the Texas Rangers in Indian campaigns. In 1861 he returned to his native county to enlist in the Confederate army, joining the Glade Spring Rifle Company, and by his company he was elected second lieutenant. This company saw service first at Laurel Hill, later in General Jackson's winter campaigns in 1862 and was with Jackson's army in the evacuation of Winchester and his other operations up to the battle



P. S. HAGY.

of Kernstown, where Comrade Hagy was severely wounded and left on the field. He was taken prisoner on March 23, 1862, and confined in Fort Delaware until August 5, when he was exchanged at City Point, near Richmond. After an examination he was given an honorable discharge from the army and furnished transportation back to Texas. After a very exciting journey, in which he narrowly escaped capture again, he reached his home in Texas and the following February enlisted for the duration of the war in Company F, 1st Texas Cavalry, and served on the Texas coast and in Louisiana, being engaged in operations against Banks's army, taking part in the battle of Mansfield, La., April 8, 1864, and at Pleasant Hill on the following day. Later he transferred from the 1st Texas Cavalry to Capt. David Terry's company of scouts and remained with this company until the end of the war, receiving his discharge on May 24, 1865.

In 1858 he married Darthulia B. Wright, to which union were born two children, a daughter surviving him. His body was laid to rest in Sinking Spring Cemetery, at Abingdon.

The life of this comrade after the war was spent on the frontier in Texas, where he served in various capacities, as surveyor, judge, and representative. In the year 1908 he returned to his native county in Virginia to spend the remainder of his days. He was converted at the age of fifteen years and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of which he was a devoted member to the end. His creed, by which he lived, is summed up in the following, which was found in his notebook after his death:

"In the morning when I get up I thank God for keeping me during the night.

"When I put on my clothes I ask God to clothe me with righteousness during the day.

"When I wash my face I ask God to keep me clean from the sins of the day.

"When I eat I ask him to supply me with the bread of life.

"When I drink I ask him to supply me with living water.

"As the day rolls away with all its stages I ask God to keep me company."

WILLIAM S. THAYER.

On January 24, 1920, William S. Thayer died at his home, in Enterprise, Fla., after several years of impaired health. He was born in Petersburg, Va., in April, 1843. At the beginning of the War between the States he volunteered his services and was soon made second lieutenant of Company H, 11th Virginia Infantry, and was in active service until April 20, 1864, when he lost a leg in the battle of Portsmouth, N. C.

In 1866 he went to Florida and was married to Miss Julia A. Quackenbos, of Piermont, N. Y., October 8, 1873. This happy union was blessed with four children. His wife and two daughters survive him.

In the early days William Thayer served for years as clerk of the circuit court for Volusia County and several years as county treasurer, also two terms in the Florida Legislature. He was Commander of the William S. Thayer Camp of Confederate Veterans and was loved by all who knew him and respected for his faithfulness to God, his fidelity to man, and his unselfish, sacrificing spirit toward his country.

Funeral services were held at the Catholic church on January 25, and he was buried in his uniform of Confederate gray as a true soldier and loyal son of the Southern Confederacy.

J. W. LESLIE.

J. W. Leslie, an honored and highly respected citizen of McKinney, Tex., died at his home there after an illness of several weeks. He served for three and a half years as a soldier of the Confederacy, enlisting at Dallas, Tex., during the first year of the war. He became a member of Company I, 19th Texas Cavalry, Parson's Brigade, and was a true and faithful soldier to the end. When he received his discharge he was sergeant in Capt. W. T. Snead's company.

Comrade Leslie was in his eightieth year. He was born in Arkansas, but his parents removed to Texas when he was a small boy. For many years he had been a resident of Nacogdoches County, but for twenty-five years he lived at Springtown, in Tarrant County. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Lona Davis. His second wife, who was Mrs. Elizabeth Wiloford, and two daughters survive him. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, also of St. John's Lodge, No. 51, A. F. and A. M., of McKinney, his membership in this order running back forty years.

The writer of this sketch was his first lieutenant in the army and vouches for his having been a brave soldier, a good man, and a true Southerner, faithful to the cause for which we fought.

[R. J. Wright.]

COMRADES AT HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

Members of Egbert J. Jones Camp, No. 357, U. C. V., who have died in the past year, reported by R. M. De Young:

"J. W. Yancy, Company B, 1st Tennessee Regiment, died July 8, 1919.

"J. A. Carmichel, Company B, 55th Alabama Infantry, died January 29, 1920.

"Dr. W. P. Hooper, Company C, 3d North Carolina Cavalry, died February 26, 1920, aged seventy-nine years.

"J. K. Pinkston, Company G, 12th Alabama Infantry, died February 14, 1920, aged seventy-eight years.

"F. B. Gurley, captain Company C, 4th Alabama Cavalry, died March 28, 1920, aged eighty-seven years.

"W. H. Farris, Company C, 4th Alabama Infantry, died April 18, 1920, aged seventy-eight years."



## COMRADES AT AUGUSTA, GA.

The following report of the losses in the Augusta Camp, No. 435, U. C. V., for the year ending April 26, 1920, was made by Charles Edgeworth Jones, Historian of the Camp:

"Milledge A. Rountree, lieutenant of 3d South Carolina Cavalry, died May 21, 1919.

"Cebren S. Murphrey, Irwin's Georgia Artillery, Pendleton's Corps, A. N. V., June 7, 1919.

"George H. Whitehead, Barnes's Battery, Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps, August 1, 1919.

"Paul R. Sledge, on detached telegraph service, Browne's Brigade, Hill's Division, Beauregard's Army, August 20, 1919.

"Robert H. Sikes, 66th Georgia Regiment, September 23, 1919.

"Rev. Lansing Burrows, sergeant of Fayette Artillery, Richmond, Va., October 17, 1919.

"Amos K. Clark, 5th Georgia Infantry, October 18, 1919.

"William E. McCoy, 5th Georgia Regiment, November 17, 1919.

"William H. Hendrix, 2d Georgia Sharpshooters, J. K. Jackson's brigade, Walker's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of the West, January 12, 1920.

"Lambeth Hopkins, Palmer's Battalion of Artillery, Mercer's Brigade, Hardee's Corps, February 19, 1920.

"William B. Thompson, Washington Artillery of Augusta, Stevenson's Division, Hood's Corps, March 14, 1920.

"Ferdinand Rahner, Barnes's Battery, Cheatham's Division, Army of the West, March 17, 1920.

"Godfrey D. Etter, Washington Artillery, March 27, 1920.

"M. P. Carroll, captain and inspector adjutant on Gen. A. R. Wright's staff, April 12, 1920.

"James M. Youngblood, sergeant of 14th South Carolina Infantry, April 12, 1920."

## ROBERT BARR.

Robert Barr, a native of Nicholas County, Ky., died at his home, in Blackwell, Okla., on January 15, 1920, after a short illness.

He was born on May 12, 1842, in Nicholas County, Ky., where he lived until 1910, when he moved to Oklahoma, engaging in farming in that State. Early in life he united with the Christian Church and was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Hohn, a noted minister of that day, and lived a consistent Christian life. He was a deacon of his Church for many years and later was elected elder, and on moving to Oklahoma he was made an elder at Blackwell and served in that capacity until his death.

In September, 1862, he enlisted in Clay's Kentucky Battalion, C. S. A., and served until the close of the war.

His remains were brought to Carlisle, Ky., and buried with Masonic honors by Daugherty Lodge, No. 65, F. and A. M.

[H. M. Taylor.]

## DEATHS IN GENERAL PEGRAM CAMP.

J. L. Coff, Commander, reports that the following comrades of General Pegram Camp, No. 1602, U. C. V., of Valley Head, W. Va., have answered the last roll call since the last report:

J. C. Flanagan, Company B, 18th Virginia Cavalry; J. R. Wilson, Company F, 31st Virginia Infantry; Wash Rigglesman, Company F, 31st Virginia Infantry; W. H. Brady, Company —, 26th Virginia Cavalry; Jesse W. Simmons, Company I, 19th Virginia Cavalry; W. A. Moore, Company I, 19th Virginia Cavalry; Leonard Howell, Company E, 62d Virginia, Mounted Infantry; W. A. Swecker, Company I, 19th Virginia Cavalry.

## CAPT. CHARLES A. SHELDON.

Capt. Charles A. Sheldon was born in Gaston, Ala., June 11, 1846, and died March 3, 1920, at his home, in Abbeville, Ga. He left the University of Alabama and enlisted among the first volunteers C. S. A. and had the distinction of serving under two of the war's greatest generals, Stonewall Jackson and N. B. Forrest. He was wounded in the battle of Seven Pines. Returning to Alabama in July, 1862, he raised a cavalry company and joined the Western Army under General Forrest, with whom he served for the remainder of the war and surrendered with him on May 14, 1865, as captain of Company D, 8th Alabama Regiment.

In 1869 Captain Sheldon removed to Florida, and in 1870 he married Miss Elizabeth Coffee, daughter of Capt. Hill Bryan Coffee, of the War between the States, and granddaughter of Gen. John Coffee, of the War of 1812.

Captain Sheldon was an elder in the Presbyterian Church for forty-six years, and his Church duties were his first consideration. He was an ardent Confederate veteran, attending all U. C. V. Reunions, and at his request he was buried in his gray uniform at Brunswick, Ga. The Veterans of Camp Jackson, of which he was a member, served as military escort, and the pallbearers were the officers of his Church. Many floral offerings bore testimony of the esteem in which he was held. The laurel wreath and Confederate flag by the Daughters of the Confederacy remained on his gray casket.

He is survived by his wife, three daughters, and a son, an older son having died some years ago. There are also five grandchildren and one great-grandson.

## R. G. HARRELL.

Reuben G. Harrell, a pioneer resident and land attorney of Fresno, Cal., died at his home there on February 19, 1920, of pneumonia. He was born in Gallatin, Tenn., where he spent his boyhood days, the family removing to Dyer County in 1858. He entered the Confederate army in his seventeenth year and served on the staff of Gen. Tyree H. Bell, of Forrest's command, to the close of the war.

Comrade Harrell was married to Susan Bell, a daughter of Gen. T. H. Bell, and went with other members of that family to California in 1876, settling in Fresno County, where he engaged in stock-raising for several years, until his health failed. In 1886 he took up his residence in Fresno City and served as deputy county assessor for eight years. There being much United States land business in this section of California at that time, he qualified as a land law specialist and had his office in the Temple Bar Building for more than twenty-five years, doing much work for the government, as well as private clients, up to the time of his illness. He was an active member of the Methodist Church, South, serving as trustee at the time of his death, and he was always actively interested in the Democratic party. He is survived by his wife and four daughters.

## J. W. POWELL.

A tribute to the memory of J. W. Powell, whose death occurred at Evergreen, Ala., in March, 1920, comes from Rev. D. J. Wright, Chaplain of Camp William Lee, No. 338, U. C. V., who says: "He was a faithful member of our Camp, always ready to do his part in keeping up the interest and welfare of the organization. He was also a devoted member of the Baptist Church and of the Masonic fraternity. He was known as a good soldier and good citizen, and no higher compliment can be paid him than to say he was a good man."

## LIEUT. JAMES WILLIAM LEITH.

James William Leith, son of the late William G. and Frances Leith, was born at Leithton, Loudoun County, Ky., July 11, 1838, and entered into eternal rest calmly and trustfully at his home, Herndon, Fairfax County, Va., April 10, 1920. Draped in the Confederate flag and covered with beautiful flowers, his casket was borne to its last resting place by old comrades and neighbors.

Lieutenant Leith volunteered in Capt. Welby Carter's company in 1860 for the defense of Harper's Ferry, later continuing service with Col. Welby Carter in Company H, 1st Virginia Volunteers. He was twice wounded during 1863-64 and had six horses killed under him. After recovering he returned to his post of duty and served continuously with Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's famous cavalry to the end.

Tim Leith, as he was familiarly known to his many friends and comrades, was a man of undaunted courage, one of the bravest and most fearless men of the Confederate army. He was a Southern gentleman of the old school, gentle and unassuming, straightforward, honest, and sincere of purpose. He followed the dictates of his conscience without regard to popular approval or favor.

Lieutenant Leith was one of four brothers who followed the beloved commander, Robert E. Lee, and the destiny of the Confederacy for four long years. He was a member of the Clinton Hatcher Camp, U. C. V., Leesburg, Va., and never missed a reunion, celebration, or memorial until failing health deprived him of this greatest of all pleasures.

In 1868 Lieutenant Leith married Margarette, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Theodric Leith, of Loudoun County, by whom he is survived, with three children and eleven grandchildren, also an only sister, Mrs. M. L. Rector, of Baltimore, Md.

The youngest son of Lieutenant Leith, a lad of seventeen years, made the "supreme sacrifice" on the altar of his country in the Spanish-American War in 1898.

[S. L. G., Leesburg, Va.]

## SAMUEL N. CARRIER.

Samuel N. Carrier, one of the most devoted members of Stover Camp, U. C. V., of Strasburg, Va., died on February 13, 1920, after a short illness, aged seventy-six years. He served all through the War between the States as a soldier of the Confederacy, enlisting with Company K, 33d Virginia Infantry.

Comrade Carrier was a native of Shenandoah County, Va., and his life had been spent in that county. He was loved and respected by all who knew him, and in his death his Camp has lost a faithful member, always ready to respond to any call of his comrades. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church and active in all of its work.

Surviving him are his wife, who was Miss Minnie Chrisman, two sons, and four grandchildren.

[J. W. Robertson, First Lieutenant Commander Stover Camp, U. C. V.]

## CAPT. JOHN C. WILLIAMS.

Capt. John C. Williams, one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of Asheville, Ala., at his home on October 23, 1919, entered into the fullness and joys of life everlasting.

Captain Williams was in his eighty-fourth year; and despite the fact that he had passed his fourscore years, the spirit that dwelt within had never lost the buoyant charm of youth.

While abounding in reminiscences of the war of the sixties, that fierce struggle in which he played so gallant a rôle, his recollections were always of happy episodes, thus reflecting the genial optimism of his soul. There are many graces by which we shall remember him, but the most cherished were his integrity and Christian character.

He was among the first to answer the call of his country in the struggle between the States. He belonged to Company E, 51st Alabama Regiment, Morgan's Brigade, Martin's Division, Wheeler's Corps. He was wounded in 1864 near Atlanta, Ga., and was sent home. At that time he was second lieutenant. The same year he returned to service and was promoted to first lieutenant, then to captain. Through the remainder of the struggle he lived the life of his men, all bearing the hardships of war alike.

He had been a member of the Baptist Church and a Mason for many years. Captain Williams was well connected and is survived by his wife and five sons.

## WILLIAM SIMS ALLEN.

William Sims Allen, who died in Pacific, Mo., March 4, 1920, was born in Franklin County, N. C., the eldest son of Joseph Farrar and Olive Sims Allen, of honored and beloved memory. He was educated at the famous Male Academy, of Louisburg, which is still standing in the grove of stately old oaks, though more than a hundred years old. To many classmates of that bygone period it is still echoing with the fine wit and magnificent leadership of their one and incomparable hero, Bill Allen. A tall, fair chieftain, standing six feet six inches in his socks, a perfectly proportioned young Hercules, with kindly beaming blue eyes and smiling face, he was the Nestor, the complete embodiment of all that was admirable in the eyes and hearts of the big student body of that bygone day. He was not only the wit of the school, but an inimitable mimic, a matchless athlete, yet was never known to use his strength of mind or body upon an inferior. He was always on the side of the weak, and in the schoolroom he was as dignified as a Chesterfield. Time, with its leveling processes, has failed to dim the luster of his fame to the thin line of his surviving comrades.

In 1861, when Franklin County sent the pride and flower of her young manhood to fight for our Southland, Bill Allen enlisted in the Franklin Rifles and followed its fortunes throughout the entire war with high courage and unfaltering zeal. When the unspeakable days of Reconstruction were meted out to the South, he left his native State and bought and formed a home in the Far West, from which he died, as he had lived, an unselfish, noble-hearted son of the Old South. Following the trend of his versatile mind, he chose the teacher's profession, made an enviable name for himself, reared a family of honorable and gifted sons, and now at the close of a useful life has at last realized all that prophets



LIEUT. J. W. LEITH.



and poets dreamed of the greatness and goodness of God, for surely "eternity is the great remedy for time, heaven is the cure of earth."

[Classmate W. C. Person, Orlando, Fla.]

#### COL. JAMES G. HAMBLETT.

Col. James G. Hamblett, formerly of Mason, Tenn., died at his home, in Houston, Tex., on March 11, 1920. He had gone to that city about a year ago in search of health.

Colonel Hamblett was a well-known figure in the State of Tennessee, where he had lived for more than sixty years, and his loss was keenly felt, particularly in Confederate circles, as he was closely affiliated with many Confederate organizations. A gentleman of the old school, he bore the stamp of the Southland's true aristocracy and met the last foe in the same fearless way he marched into battle back in the sixties. He served the Confederacy as a member of Company B, Forrest's command. In 1907 he was made colonel and assistant commissary general on the staff of Gen. George W. Gordon, commanding the United Confederate Veterans. After the war he was still a Confederate in heart, soul, and purse, devoted to his country's need and always faithful to the cause for which he fought. He was the proud father of a veteran of the Spanish-American War and of three veterans of the great World War, and at his own request he was laid away in the uniform he so proudly wore as a Confederate.

After the simple but beautiful services at the family residence by the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, to which he belonged, the burial services were concluded by the Masons, of which he was a lifelong member.

Colonel Hamblett is survived by his wife, six sons, and three daughters, also a sister and a brother.

#### MAJ. JAMES G. PARKS.

Maj. James G. Parks died of paralysis at his home, in Charleston, W. Va., on March 30, 1920. He was born on July 23, 1841, in Rappahannock County, Va., and at the age of twenty enlisted as a private in the Confederate army, serving as a member of Company G, 7th Virginia Infantry. He was raised to the rank of sergeant major during the second year of the war. He was wounded in the right lung in the second battle of Manassas and was never able to return to the service.

Removing to Fayette County, W. Va., in 1870, he there married Miss Annie Robson and reared a family of five children. About one year ago he removed to Charleston, being in failing heart and having retired from the mercantile business, in which he had been engaged for forty years. He was a member of the J. E. B. Stuart Camp, U. C. V., of Fayetteville, W. Va., for many years and at the time of his death was a member of the Stonewall Jackson Camp at Charleston. He is survived by his wife and four children.

#### THOMAS S. WATSON.

After an illness of a few days, Thomas S. Watson, a retired farmer and Confederate veteran, died at his home, near Middleway, W. Va. He was almost eighty-one years of age and up to his last illness was active. In the War between the States he was a soldier in the Confederate army, serving with other Jefferson County men in the famous Clark Cavalry, organized at Berryville. Few men of his command made a better record for courage and loyal devotion to the cause of the Confederacy than did he. With the war over, he devoted himself to farming and followed that occupation the re-

mainder of his active life. Four sons and one daughter survive him.

After the funeral services in the Union Church at Middleway, he was laid to rest in the Masonic Cemetery there.

#### F. A. GOBER.

F. A. Gober was born in Jackson County, Ga., January 12, 1838. In 1861, when the call was made for volunteers to defend our homes and loved ones, he responded to the call and joined Company I, 29th Volunteers. He participated in practically all the battles in which his regiment was engaged, was severely wounded in the battle of Chickamauga, and was disabled and excused from service for one hundred days. After this he returned to his command and served until the battle of Franklin, Tenn., where he was captured and held as a prisoner until the surrender in 1865. Comrade Gober's chief delight was to call his children around him and tell of his experience in camp life and of the many dangers and hardships he endured, instilling into them the righteousness of the glorious Southern cause. He was a charter member of Camp John H. Morgan, No. 1330, U. C. V., loyal to the Camp and to his comrades.

On January 5, 1920, he crossed over the river and joined his comrades on the other side. Like a fully ripe sheaf of wheat, he was gathered to his Master. His body was laid to rest in the Black's Creek Church Cemetery. Thus one by one those noble heroes are passing away, their ranks thinning day by day.

[Gee L. Carson, Sr., Adjutant Camp John H. Morgan, No. 1330.]

#### JEFFERSON C. BRANDON.

Jefferson C. Brandon died at Stilesboro, Ga., on February 29, 1920, aged eighty-one years.

Born May 9, 1839, and descended from one of the oldest and most influential families of Bartow County, Ga., Mr. Brandon lived up to the standards of good breeding, good citizenship, and useful deeds. In his early youth he joined the Methodist Church and further committed his life to Christian precepts.

In 1861 he helped to organize and joined Company F, 18th Georgia Regiment, and served bravely and gallantly throughout the war. He was elected sergeant and afterwards was made a first lieutenant. At Gettysburg he was slightly wounded, but remained in the service until April 6, 1865, when he was captured and sent to Johnson's Island and there held until June 19, 1865. He participated in the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Seven Days' Battles about Richmond, Gaines's Mill, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, the battle of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Cedar Creek, and then in the sieges of Richmond and Petersburg.

He was married in 1878 to Miss Kate Sumner, and into his home life he carried the loving and affectionate care and devotion of a big and true heart to wife and children.

His life was well spent. Family and friends look back with laudable pride upon his record as a Confederate soldier, his performance of the duties of citizenship, and his kindly indulgence to his family. His comrades of P. M. B. Young Camp, U. C. V., with willing tongues and earnest hearts declare:

"He resteth well.

Life's battles bravely fought and nobly won,

He laid him down content at set of sun,

As twilight shadows fell."

COL. JOHN S. PRATHER.

Thy life shone bright with good deeds manifold;  
Soul true as steel, heart thrice refined gold;  
Light lies the grave turf on thy manly breast.  
God gives thee love, peace, and eternal rest.

—Charles W. Hubner.

Col. John S. Prather died, at the age of eighty-five, at his home, in Atlanta, Ga., March 12, 1920. He was a native Georgian, but lived the first twenty-five years of his life in Lafayette, Chambers County, Ala. When the War between the States began he was conducting the *Chambers Tribune*, the county paper; and as he was an ardent secessionist, he entered promptly into the military service of Alabama, was commissioned lieutenant of cavalry by the Governor, was then transferred to the Confederate States army and became a member of Gen. Leonidas Polk's division. After the battle of Shiloh he reported to Gen. Joseph Wheeler, chief of cavalry, in June, 1862, taking part in all of Wheeler's great battles and in many of his minor engagements, and he was repeatedly complimented by him for bravery and soldierly conduct in battle. He rose to the rank of colonel and of brevet brigadier general. He was with General Bragg at Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge; with General Johnston at Dalton, Resaca, Kenesaw; with General Hood in the severe fighting in and around Atlanta; with General Beauregard at Macon, by whose orders he engaged Sherman's right from that point to Savannah, inflicting much damage on the invaders and capturing many prisoners, for which he received high praise from General Beauregard in his reports. He was with General Johnston at Columbia, Averbysboro, and Bentonville and surrendered his sword to General Sherman at Hillsboro, N. C., in May, 1865.

Soon after the war Colonel Prather went to Atlanta and established the *New Era*, a Democratic paper that stood boldly for Southern rights and ideals in the trying days of the Reconstruction period. Afterwards he was connected with the Franklin Publishing Company and later with the Byrd Printing and Publishing Company, in which connection he was actively engaged until his last illness and death.

He was married in April, 1862, to Miss Susan Hampton Verdery, a member of a prominent Augusta family, who has been his devoted life companion. The children who survive Colonel Prather are Mrs. Robert Beeland, of Greenville, Ala., and Misses Emily and Eva Prather, of Atlanta, Ga.

When quite a youth Colonel Prather became a member of the Baptist Church at Lafayette, Ala. When he went to live in Atlanta he and Mrs. Prather became members of the First Baptist Church in 1866. They never placed their membership elsewhere. Both of them became students of Emanuel Swedenborg's writings and enjoyed the wonderful spiritual and intellectual uplift which such study gives to a seeker after true religion.

COMRADES AT TALLADEGA, ALA.

The following members of Talladega Camp, No. 246, U. C. V., have died during the past year:



COL. J. S. PRATHER.

Dr. J. W. Heacock died suddenly on April 28, 1920. He entered the Confederate army in May, 1861, as a member of Company E, 10th Alabama Regiment, and served throughout the war in Virginia. He was appointed a lieutenant of sharpshooters.

T. J. Wilson died at the Talladega Infirmary on May 2, 1920, in his seventy-sixth year. He entered the Confederate service in 1862 with the Washington Artillery and served to the end of the war.

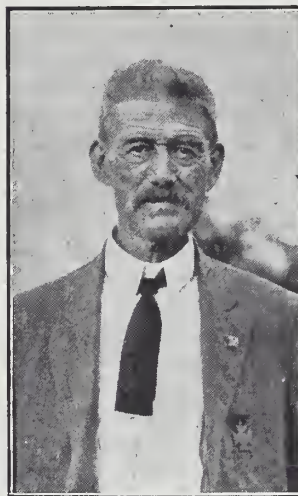
T. F. Elliott died at his home, in Talladega, on April 20, 1920. He entered the service in 1862, enlisting in Company F, 30th Alabama Regiment.

These comrades were types of the good soldier and good citizen which have helped to build up our country since the war. True to their Confederate principles, they met the duties of citizenship, to God, and to their fellow man.

E. H. REBER.

Comrade E. H. Reber, for many years Adjutant of R. A. Smith Camp, No. 24, U. C. V., died at his home, in Jackson, Miss., after a long period of suffering, on the 28th of March, 1920, and was interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

Comrade Reber was born in Brandon, Miss., on the 28th of August, 1842. He enlisted in the early days of 1861 in the "Rankin Greys," Capt. J. J. Thornton. This company became Company I, of the



E. H. REBER.

6th Mississippi Infantry Regiment, commanded by Col. J. J. Thornton, afterwards by Col. Robert Lowry. As a soldier he was faithful and true. By reason of his peculiar fitness he was after the battle of Shiloh, in 1862, detailed to the quartermaster's department and sent to Mobile, which was his headquarters until the city fell to the enemy in 1865. His record there was one of great efficiency. At the end of hostilities he returned to his old home, engaging in the mercantile business. He married Miss Anna Langley, of Jackson, and to this most happy marriage were

born seven sons and three daughters, of whom four sons and two daughters, with his good wife, survive him.

In 1872 Comrade Reber removed with his family to Jackson, where he sustained a character for probity, integrity, and great kindness of heart. His good, manly heart was ever ready to alleviate suffering, ministering to the poor and needy often beyond his strength or financial ability. He was indeed a "friend of man" and was universally beloved and honored by his people. The world ought to be better that he lived. He was my friend from his youth, and words are too feeble to express a proper estimate of his character and his worth.

[His comrade, Pat Henry.]

MAJ. WILLIAM LOCKE ALEXANDER.—Sketch of this veteran, who died at his home, in Union City, Tenn., has been delayed for lack of information on his war record. Request is made for that data.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*  
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga. .... *First Vice President General*  
MRS. GEORGE CUNNINGHAM, Little Rock, Ark. .... *Second Vice President General*  
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. .... *Third Vice President General*  
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C. .... *Recording Secretary General*  
MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. .... *Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla. .... *Treasurer General*  
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va. .... *Historian General*  
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. .... *Registrar General*  
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. .... *Custodian of Crosses*  
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. .... *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: When I called at the office of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, in Nashville, last week I was surprised to find no communication to you in the May VETERAN. The letter was written from New York and shared with you the pleasures arranged for and enjoyed by your President General during a delightful two weeks spent in the city. I am sorry the letter failed to reach the VETERAN, for it gave more in detail the account of the occasions where I represented you officially than space will allow now.

The meeting of the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, followed by a reception in the home of Mrs. Sullivan; Confederate Veterans' Day, so admirably planned by Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, at Southland Club; a dinner, to meet the officers of the New York Chapter, in the home of Mrs. James Henry Parker; the New York Chapter's annual luncheon; the motor trip to Fort Hamilton given by Mrs. W. R. Jones, President of New York Division; Mrs. Alfred Cochran and Mrs. J. D. Beale were the other members of a party guided by Joe, Mrs. Cochran's capable chauffeur, who boasts of having taken four Presidents General to the little church at the fort, where General Lee served as vestryman from 1842 to 1847—these are only a few of the many delightful occasions that brought the President General in close personal association with the women who make the U. D. C. an honored organization in New York.

In Boston Maryland, Virginia, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, the Carolinas, Alabama, Tennessee, and others of the Old Guard had representatives to greet the President General and to make it possible for her to tell a large assemblage of women at luncheon April 13 of the work your organization is carrying forward. There is an ideal Southern colony, and one leaves regretfully, but with happy memories of the good work Boston Chapter is doing for the U. D. C.

It was a great privilege to attend a meeting of the Philadelphia Chapter and an inspiration to see the ready responses made to appeals for education and children's work. When the need of the Hero Fund was presented, funds for a \$1,250 scholarship were pledged in a few minutes, and immediately thereafter a Children's Chapter was assured, with Mrs. Louis Lewis, former member of the Shiloh Monument Committee, director, and Miss Dorothy Martin, niece of Kentucky's immortal Gen. Ben Hardin Helm, assistant director. While the enthusiasm was at the high point Mrs. Constant E. Jones, the Chapter President, said: "O, I am so proud of you!" Do you wonder?

The Gen. Dabney Maury Chapter's luncheon afforded the President General opportunity to meet the members of the Chapter and was a most pleasant occasion. As the house guest of Mrs. H. T. Hartman and her mother, Mrs. Lee, and

later the guest of Mrs. W. D. Mason, Custodian General, the week spent in Philadelphia was an incentive to work the harder for our great cause.

The plans made by the Maryland Daughters to greet your representative could not be carried to fulfillment, as the day before arrival Mrs. David Gregg McIntosh, Vice President of the Division and of Baltimore Chapter, died. My hostess, Miss Georgia Bright, Mrs. Charles E. Parr, President of the Division, and Mrs. William Bash, Corresponding Secretary, made it possible for me to meet many members of the U. D. C. informally, to the end that even in this time of their great sorrow the days spent in Baltimore were filled with interest and inspiration. The memory of Mrs. McIntosh is loved and honored by the members of our organization, wherein her work and interest were centered for so many years.

One of the pleasures of a brief sojourn at Washington and Lee University was in meeting our scholarship man, Mr. Fitzgerald Flournoy, and to rejoice with him that the honor of representing the University in the coming oratorical contest has been conferred upon him.

In Nashville Mrs. William Hume and Miss Mary Lou Gordon White arranged the opportunity for Mrs. Bell, President Tennessee Division, and the President General to attend a meeting of the Presidents of the affiliated Chapters. This is a strong organization, and the plan is commended to any city having several Chapters.

*The Jefferson Davis Highway.*—The Chairman, Miss Decca Lamar West, has been actively at work. She has interviewed highway engineers with satisfactory results and urges all Chapters to make a careful study of the committee's two reports in preparation for work when the call is made.

*Tampa Minutes.*—Many letters come daily with requests for minutes. Miss Poppenheim and Mrs. Merchant have used every effort to hasten the delivery. The delay in the printers' office is beyond the power of the former President General and Secretary General to control. The books will be forwarded as soon as received. Orders for additional volumes will be filled "at the rate of twenty-five cents per copy" by Mrs. R. D. Wright, Recording Secretary General U. D. C., Newberry, S. C.

*Children's Chapters.*—A mid-year report from Mrs. Holt shows constructive, energetic work worthy of support from all Divisions and Chapters. Remember, this work among the children will be of great benefit in after years. Let "Organize the Children Now" be our slogan while they are out of school for the summer and can be mobilized for this good work.

*"Southern Women in Wartimes."*—Unfortunate conditions have delayed the publication of the book, but plans are now being pushed that indicate a possibility of surmounting the difficulties. Let me urge you to bend every energy to make

the sale of the book a success, and, above all, do not lose interest. The delay is a misfortune, but this can be overcome if all will pull together.

Cordially,

MAY M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

## THE HERO FUND.

REPORT FOR APRIL, 1920.

Previously reported .....	\$ 950 78
Pittsburgh Chapter, Wilksburg.....	5 00
Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, U. D. C., Denver, Colo. ....	5 00
Nathan B. Forrest Chapter, Pueblo, Colo.....	2 25
Robert E. Lee Chapter, Grand Junction, Colo.....	1 50
Philadelphia Chapter .....	150 00
Tennessee Division, Mrs. Alexander B. White (Lee pictures) .....	6 00
South Carolina Division: Hampton Legion, Allendale, \$5; Davis Lee, Blackville, \$10; Lottie Green, Bishopville, \$15; William J. Gooding, Brunson, \$2; J. D. Kennedy, Camden, \$5; Charleston, Charleston, \$15; Stonewall, Chesterfield, \$10; Fairfax 1917-18, Fairfax, \$5; Moses Wood, Goffney, \$5; R. A. Walker, Greenwood, \$10; Drayton Rutherford 17 and 18, Newberg, \$10; Ann White, Rock Hill, \$5; Hart's Battery, Williston, \$5; M. B. Hanna, individual, \$5; William Lester, Prosperity, 2 .....	109 00
Graham Chapter, Denmark, S. C. (bonds).....	50 00
Missouri Division (bonds).....	200 00
Total .....	\$1,479 53

MRS. J. T. BEAL.

## DIVISION NOTES.

*Colorado.*—Since the war the Chapters of the Colorado Division have resumed their regular work, and meetings in all Chapters are well attended. Grand Junction, Pueblo, and the two Chapters in Denver are all growing and doing splendid work.

At Christmas time the veterans were well remembered with Christmas boxes and wearing apparel; also Recuperation Camp, No. 21, was showered with goodies and the holidays made cheerful as possible.

Through the earnest and untiring efforts of the State Historian, Mrs. Rosa M. Bowden, Colorado is the proud possessor of the Mildred Rutherford Medal for the third time and hopes to win it again next year.

The Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, Denver, held its election on the 15th of April. Mrs. W. T. Duncan was elected President to succeed Mrs. Harris, who for two years has made a most efficient President, and her name will go down into history as one of the war Presidents, who worked faithfully and accomplished much. Mrs. W. O. Temple has been made President of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, and the Nathan B. Forrest Chapter, Pueblo, reelected Mrs. Dudley as President.

The State Convention will be held the first week in October at Pueblo. In June will be celebrated Jefferson Davis's birthday. The Denver Chapters usually have a picnic, inviting all veterans and Southern friends.

The Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter has applied for a charter to establish a Junior Chapter in Denver, with Mrs.

Harris as their President, and hopes to enroll all the children of Southern descendants who are eligible. This is the recruiting ground to insure the future of the U. D. C. organization.

*Georgia.*—The Atlanta Chapter, after many years and futile attempts of individuals and organizations, has succeeded in marking some spots made sacred by those who so valiantly gave their lives for the Southern cause. In 1919 three markers of bronze and stone were unveiled, two on Peachtree Road and one jointly by the Old Guard at the corner of Whitehall and Alabama Streets. At an early date some pyramids of cannon balls will be dedicated at various places in the city, and six tablets of bronze setting forth the siege of Atlanta will be unveiled on the State Capitol lawn.

This work has been accomplished through the untiring efforts of Mrs. E. G. Warner and her fine committee, who also did much research work to locate all spots authentically and gain information concerning them. It was due to the influence of Mrs. Warner, who was President of the Atlanta Chapter in 1913 and is now permanent chairman of the Committee on Marking Historic Spots, that the cannon balls were given by the United States government to the Atlanta Chapter and also the gift of \$500 from Fulton County to aid in the work.

At the meeting of the Fanny Gordon Chapter, of Eastman, in April plans for Memorial Day were discussed, and the President, Mrs. W. P. Cobb, displayed a picture of the monument which is being erected at Fairview, Ky., for which a contribution of twenty-five cents per member from each Chapter, U. D. C., has been asked. This monument, planned to be the second highest monument in the world, will be a fitting tribute to the first and only President of the Southern Confederacy. The Chapter voted to place a marker on the spot, about seven miles from Eastman, where President Davis camped two nights before he was captured, and the marker will be unveiled with appropriate exercises on June 3, anniversary of the birth of this great man. The Chapter also voted to erect a memorial arch at Woodlawn Cemetery in honor of the Dodge County boys who gave their lives in the World War, and on this arch will appear the names of the boys who died in camp as well as those who fell in France. The Chapter also voted to send a box to the Confederate Home this month.

*Kentucky.*—Miss Anna Belle Fogg, Historian of the Kentucky Division, has started a movement whereby Chapters are distributing copies of the American creed to all schools in the city and county where a Chapter is located.

The Frankfort Chapter, the Joseph H. Lewis, has already placed these creeds in all schoolrooms in Frankfort and Franklin County.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Louisville, through its Committee on Americanization, of which Mrs. Andrew M. Sea is chairman, has undertaken part of the work at Neighborhood House. This is a social settlement and draws its classes, etc., almost entirely from the foreign-born, mostly Italians and Syrians.

The Virginia Hanson Chapter, at Winchester, held a tag day for the benefit of the Jefferson Davis monument at Fairview, Ky. The tag was most attractive, having an outline of the monument, with comparative heights of other memorials, indicated in figures to one side. Mrs. Mary Dowling Bond, of Lawrenceburg, State Chairman for this memorial, reports the State nearly one hundred per cent perfect in the contribution of twenty-five cents *per capita*, agreed upon at Tampa.



The Ambrose E. Camp, Children of the Confederacy, Louisville, had a very successful post-Easter dance on April 9 at the Hotel Henry Watterson. Mothers of the Chapter members acted as chaperons.

*Louisiana.*—On February 22, under the auspices of the Louisiana Division and Gordon Chapter, U. D. C., of Opelousas, was dedicated and unveiled the Confederate monument, for which all had worked so long.

The interesting program was begun by an invocation in French by Father A. B. Colliard, in which he depicted the toils, hardships, and patriotism of the Southern people. Mrs. C. P. Richard pleasingly presented the monument to the citizens of Opelousas; O. D. Brooks, Major General Louisiana Division, U. C. V., delivered an address, ending with the reading of the burial service for the unknown dead; Rev. J. D. Harper in an address gave the number of Confederate soldiers that enlisted from Louisiana in 1861-65 and the number still living. In his acceptance on behalf of the city Hon. A. H. Garland related the history of the daughters and mothers from 1861-65 and the Trans-Mississippi Army; Hon. Alex. W. Swords related the life of a Confederate soldier from enlistment to his return to his devastated home and the part taken by the Ku-Klux Klan in the Reconstruction era.

The inscriptions were unveiled by Commander J. O. Clachere; Miss Gertie Fux unveiled the monument. "Dixie" and other old songs were sung, wreaths were placed at the base of the monument, and Hon. D. L. Guilbeau, master of ceremonies, read the many congratulatory telegrams received from all over the State.

*North Carolina.*—The eighth annual meeting of the first district of the North Carolina Division was held on April 8 at the Battery Park Hotel, Asheville, N. C. The meeting was well attended, representatives from Brevard, Marion, Waynesville, Hendersonville, Dillsboro, and Sylva being present. Business was dispatched with promptness and enthusiasm, and excellent reports came from the various Chapters represented. The occasion was honored by the presence of Mrs. C. Felix Harvey, State President, other members of the State Executive Board, and several former Presidents and officers. An unusual feature of the occasion was the presence of a G. A. R. veteran, a guest of the hotel, who asked if he might have the privilege of hearing the deliberations. He was evidently interested, for he remained through the entire session. The meeting adjourned to meet at Sylva, N. C., next April.

The State Executive Board was in session at the same place on Wednesday, the 7th, when arrangements and plans were made for the entertainment of the General Convention, which meets in Asheville in November. That evening an elaborate banquet was given by the U. D. C. of Asheville at the Battery Park to the Executive Board, former State officers, and other guests, numbering nearly a hundred. The various clubs of the city, Board of Trade, press, and other organizations pledged themselves most cordially in assisting to entertain the General Convention.

*Pennsylvania.*—The Philadelphia Chapter had the pleasure of a visit from the President General, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, of Kentucky, in April. Several entertainments, among them a large Chapter luncheon in Germantown, were given in her honor. At their April meeting the Chapter undertook to raise money for a Hero Fund scholarship, and almost the full amount, \$1,250, was raised at the meeting.

The Chapter is very proud of its Chaplain, the noted Baptist divine, Rev. Carter Helm Jones, pastor of the First Bap-

tist Church of Philadelphia, who is so well known throughout the South and whose father, Rev. J. William Jones, was for so many years Chaplain General of the United Confederate Veterans.

*Tennessee.*—The convention will be held in Jackson in May, Mrs. B. D. Bell, President, presiding, with the President General as an honored guest. A revision of the State Constitution, Mrs. Alexander B. White, Chairman, will be considered by the convention. Five new Children's Chapters have been chartered. Mrs. L. S. Greenwood, of St. Elmo, State Director, is pushing this important work.

*West Virginia.*—This Division is much gratified over the recognition of the ability and untiring efforts in all Confederate work of the State President, Mrs. E. R. Byrne, by her election to the office of Corresponding Secretary General by the general organization at Tampa. The Division considers it no mean compliment to the State as well as to their beloved President.

Charleston Chapter held its Lee-Jackson birthday celebration this year at the Governor's mansion, when the First Vice President, Mrs. John J. Cornwell, was the gracious hostess. Most of the few remaining veterans and several State officers were honored guests, and after a most delightful evening of oratory and music a buffet supper was served by the refreshments committee. At the March meeting the first of a series of historical papers was read, the subject being "Mount Vernon," and at the April meeting a most interesting paper on Monticello was contributed.

Lawson-Botts Chapter, of Charles Town, celebrated the Lee-Jackson birthday in a new way this year, when, instead of holding a public meeting in the courthouse, a delightful dinner was served to the Veterans and Sons of Veterans, many of whom braved most inclement weather to attend and voted it a most successful and enjoyable occasion.

*Maryland.*—The one-hundred-dollar prize offered by Mrs. Thomas Baxter Gresham, of Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, for the best essay on "The Services of the Women of Maryland to the Southern Confederacy" was won by Miss Laura Lee Davidson, of 1608 Bolton Street, Baltimore.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

### U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JULY, 1920.

#### THE WAR POETS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Read a selection from the most celebrated poem of the most famous poets and give a brief sketch of the poet.

### C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JULY, 1920.

#### SHORT STORIES OF BOY SOLDIERS.

Robert E. Lee, Jr., at Sharpsburg; Thomas D. Ransom, a scout of the sixties; John Krenson, of Georgia. Local stories told by your own veterans.

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*  
Seale, Ala.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*  
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.  
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



## VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson  
GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer  
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davls-Roy

## THE BAR OF HONOR.

To *Memorial Women*: Little did we realize when the suggestion went forth that the little bar of gold would be presented to every Confederate mother having a living veteran son that the movement would spread so rapidly and prove so far-reaching. To-day we have twenty-eight names enrolled from twelve States, and the bar of honor has gladdened by its remembrance the "shut-in" lives of more than a score of these brave war heroines to whom has been vouchsafed such length of days, and the many beautiful letters that have come expressing delighted appreciation have brought great happiness by their cordial expressions of appreciation.

Georgia still leads in number, having had eight to receive the bar of honor.

To me a great regret is that some form of recognition should not have been given these noble mothers sooner, for they, as well as their sons, were heroes in that they gave their all for the principles for which they stood.

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.

## ASSOCIATION NOTES.

With characteristic patriotism Mrs. A. McD. Wilson has the following to say about the unfair statements made in some of the modern histories:

### LET OUR CHILDREN BE TAUGHT THE TRUTHS OF HISTORY.

"While we emphasize our Memorial work, and each recurring Memorial Day is planned to strike a deeper note in the hearts and minds of the young by bringing them more and more to take part in our Memorial Day parades and exercises, serving as object lessons in patriotism which cannot be overestimated, there yet remains for the Memorial women another sacred duty entailed by organizations memorial and historical.

"The beautiful pageantry with all its hallowed and inspiring memories has passed into history as making the day of memories a patriotic lesson unsurpassed, and now let us turn to our second and paramount duty—to see that the histories taught to our children in schools in the South shall be true, shall be just, shall in no wise by omission or intention teach history written from the Northern viewpoint and oftentimes garbled in statements prejudicial and untrue to the South.

"All over the South effort is now being made to put into our public and private schools histories written from the Northern viewpoint and wholly unjust to the South.

"May we not make this our special work for the summer? Appoint your committee to investigate the histories used in your schools, and if they are not loyal to the South see to it

that they are eliminated from your schools. There are a number of good histories written by Southern authors. Let us stand for the truth and the truth only."

\* \* \*

Rome, Ga., has an interesting Memorial Association which was founded by Mrs. Alexander, mother of Mrs. James A. Rounsaville, President of the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association. Mrs. Rounsaville has taken up the beautiful work left by the death of her mother to be carried on by others and this year planned an unusually interesting program for Memorial Day at Rome, which was observed at Myrtle Hill, a cemetery upon an eminence overlooking the picturesque rivers Oostanaula, Coosa, and Etowa. On this occasion there were four speakers, a Confederate veteran, a soldier of the Spanish-American War, a soldier of the World War, and a young boy from the high school. Besides, there was a woman to have a part in the program.

Mrs. Rounsaville said: "In this way we keep the spirit alive. By having a young student from the high school on the program we are making the sentiment strong to carry on the work begun by our mothers in the sixties. And only through the youth of to-day can we hope to perpetuate the Memorial work in the future."

There is a beautiful monument erected to the Confederate dead in Myrtle Hill Cemetery, placed there by the Ladies' Memorial Association of Rome.

\* \* \*

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, has moved from her town house to Ballyclare Lodge, her country place, and will be there for the summer. Ballyclare Lodge will be opened for several *al fresco* affairs during the summer and the scene of many social functions, for the Wilson home is noted for its hospitality. One of the interesting things at Ballyclare Lodge is the "Lodge Garden," planted there last spring by the Margaret A. Wilson Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, named for our President General and which has over a hundred members. The roses are beginning to bloom, and the garden is a bright and fragrant spot in the grounds surrounding the house.

Comrade A. B. Hershberger, of Luray, Va., reports a fine list of nine new and one old subscribers, with which he writes: "As you will see by the list of subscribers I send you, I am trying to get the younger generation interested in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as its only salvation to be kept alive, for it is a certainty that the old soldiers are leaving the ranks very fast, and it falls to the lot of others to keep it alive. I, too, believe in some patriotism at home and not all abroad."



## SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1919-20.

Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest  
Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton  
Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.  
[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]

### CAMP NEWS AND NOTES.

Rev. Henry W. Battle, Chaplain in Chief, reports a rally meeting of the R. T. W. Duke Camp, Charlottesville, Va., held on May 28. At a recent meeting of the Virginia Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, held in Richmond, the veterans of the World War were presented with medals of honor. Dr. Battle made the presentations, followed by a patriotic address by General Pershing.

At a late meeting of the John Tyler Camp, Charles City, Va., Commandant W. L. Wilkinson presiding, a committee was appointed to arrange for placing the "Gray Book" in the schools and libraries of that county. Dr. R. B. Davis is chairman of the committee, assisted by J. W. Binns and J. Parsons.

Thomas R. Keith, who has recently been elected Commandant of the Marr Camp, No. 822, Fairfax, Va., announces an annual meeting of the Camp on June 1.

Officers and members of the Sterling Price Camp, St. Louis, Mo., were entertained on April 23 by Mr. Seymour Stewart, a member of the Advisory Committee.

The Alabama Society of Washington, of which Frank H. Conway is President, at a meeting on April 11 adopted a resolution urging Secretaries Baker and Daniels to have the names of General Lee and General Jackson and other Confederate heroes inscribed on the Arlington Memorial Amphitheater.

Washington Camp, No. 305, Commandant George T. Rawlins presiding, on May 11 indorsed a resolution authorizing the appointment of a committee to confer with Dr. H. M. Johnson, Director General of the Robert E. Lee Highway Commission, Roanoke, Va., with a view to cooperating with him in the furtherance of this project.

Camp James D. Blanding, Sumter, S. C., has recently been reorganized with a good membership. W. L. McCutchen is Commandant and George C. Warren is Adjutant. Commandant McCutchen served with the 30th Infantry, 3d Division, as captain of infantry throughout the World War.

J. Edward Beale, Commandant of the Black Horse Camp, appointed Messrs. Robert A. McIntyre, E. S. Turner, and W. H. Robertson as a committee to represent the Camp at the unveiling of the monument to General Mosby at Warrenton, Va., on May 29.

\* \* \*

### CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL HOME, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In October, 1908, the local Camp of United Confederate Veterans, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the various Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy purchased the property now known as the Confederate Memorial Home, 1322 Vermont Avenue, which is a handsome and commodious building situated near the heart of the national capital. The purchase price of the property was \$20,000, and it was decided that each Camp or Chapter obligate itself to pay a *pro rata* share in proportion to its membership. It is governed

by a Board of Directors, composed of two members from each Camp and from each Chapter.

The Confederate Memorial Home is the headquarters of the Camps of United Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans and several Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy. All the meetings of these organizations are held in the large hall of the building, and the records and archives are kept in the building.

\* \* \*

The most recent subscribers to the VETERAN as a result of the drive for new subscriptions by the Sons of Confederate Veterans are: B. W. Franklin, Leesburg, Va.; James S. Davenport, Vinita, Okla.; J. W. Atwell, Leesburg, Va.; W. E. Brockman, St. Paul, Minn.; G. L. Jones, New Albany, Miss.; John Ashley Jones, Atlanta, Ga.; A. L. Kirkpatrick, Chattanooga, Tenn.; A. L. Gaston, Chester, S. C.; D. L. McLauchlin, Helena, Ga.; M. D. Cary, Clifton Forge, Va.; J. H. Creager, Fort Worth, Tex.; J. C. Fletcher, Helena, Ga.; L. H. Creager, Oklannison, Tex.; W. M. Creager, Electra, Tex.; O. Gray Hutchison, Monkton, Md.; M. H. Wilhoite, Washington, D. C.; J. A. Creager, Vernon, Tex.; E. M. Hood, Paeonian Springs, Va.; T. O. D. Young, Huntsville, Ala.; and Mrs. S. Preston Luck, Middlesburg, Va.

The special offer which appeared in the April number of the VETERAN to give the cloth-bound book of one hundred



CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL HOME IN WASHINGTON.



pages, "The Proceedings of the Confederate Reunion," free of charge to those who send in a dollar for a year's subscription through the editor in chief of the Sons Department is extended for a limited time.

## CONSPICUOUS ABSENCE OF THE NAMES OF CONFEDERATE HEROES ON ARLINGTON AMPHITHEATER.

The Arlington Memorial Amphitheater Commission was created by an act of Congress, approved March 4, 1913, and funds authorized for the erection of the Memorial Amphitheater in the Arlington National Cemetery. This act provided for the representatives of the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Spanish-American War Veteran, the Secretary of the Navy and the Superintendent of the United States Capitol building and grounds to be members of the commission. The Sundry Civil Appropriation Act, approved March 3, 1915, added the name of Camp 171, United Confederate Veterans, of the District of Columbia, to the list.

At a meeting of the Arlington Memorial Amphitheater Commission, held in the office of the Secretary of War on February 11, 1920, action was taken on the matter of inscriptions to be placed on the Arlington Memorial Amphitheater, and a list of battle commanders was approved for inscription upon panels provided for that purpose, which list includes the following names: Washington, Greene, Wayne, Scott, Taylor, Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, McClellan, and Meade, with the provision that two Spanish-American war commanders should be selected later and added thereto.

This list reveals the pointed omission of any Confederate commander. Although the various acts governing the erection of this memorial passed by Congress do not explicitly express the intention of Congress, it has been assumed, and, in view of the designation of a Confederate representative as a member of the commission, it seems to be a well-grounded assumption, that it was the intention of Congress to commemorate the valor of the American people and the achievements of our citizens on the field of battle and that there was no intention to restrict the commemoration of the soldierly qualities of any of our countrymen to any one war or to any part of our common country. On the contrary, the Memorial Amphitheater was designated to be, and in fact was, made national in character and to promote and aid all our people in thought and aspiration to come together for the preservation of the republic in the bonds of a reunited people and a reunited country.

Since this Memorial Amphitheater has been erected by the government from funds appropriated from the public treasury, it is a rank injustice to omit from this list of distinguished American commanders the names of such men as Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson, universally recognized as standing in the front rank of the world's greatest generals. Before this article is published, the commission probably will have completed the carving of the inscriptions as approved by them. These inscriptions will be carved for all time, and there will be no additions or changes later. It is extremely unfortunate that this injustice to the honored and revered memory of these American heroes has been perpetuated in marble by the incongruous omission of such names as Lee and Jackson.

The Sons of Confederate Veterans at a meeting of the Executive Council held in Washington, D. C., on April 10, 1920, appointed a committee composed of Dr. Clarence J. Owens (Chairman) and J. Roy Price to confer with Secretary Baker and to present the views of the Executive Council in connection with placing the Confederate names on the

Memorial. Dr. Owens told Secretary Baker he had come as an appointed representative to take up with the government of our common country the question of honoring the great men of the South as we join in honoring the leaders of the North. It was explained that in the memorial to the women of America in the building of the American Red Cross a window was dedicated to the women of the North and a window to the women of the South. On the Lincoln Memorial, now nearing completion, the names of all the States are chiseled in perpetual tribute. The sons of the South in the Spanish-American War and in the World War demonstrated their good faith in the decision at Appomattox and in expressing through the offering of their lives their fealty to the building of American solidarity.

Dr. Owens called the attention of Secretary of War Baker to the fact that the Commander of Washington Camp of Confederate Veterans had been included on the Arlington Memorial Commission. To this Secretary of War Baker replied that that action had been taken as a sort of peace offering to the South, whereupon Dr. Owens replied that it was not so understood by the people of the South; that it was understood that the peace offering was made in 1865 and that it was all completed when the stars of the South were put back into the flag. Secretary Baker further stated that Secretary Josephus Daniels and Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, President of the University of Virginia, had served on the committee, agreeing to this program.

Dr. Owens called on Representative Sherwood to ask him to introduce a joint resolution in the Congress of the United States authorizing the Arlington Amphitheater Commission to include the names of the leaders of the South. Congressman Sherwood promptly stated that he would be delighted to introduce the legislation and to support it with enthusiasm, and he thought there would be little, if any, opposition to it. General Sherwood is a Union veteran, a brigadier general, and he participated in thirty-four battles of the War between the States. General Sherwood introduced the bill known as Joint Resolution No. 337, authorizing the commission to include Southern military leaders in the inscription on the Amphitheater. Dr. Owens wrote Hon. Norman J. Gould, Chairman of the Library Committee, and asked that immediate action be taken on the resolution; but it is understood that the Library Committee will not meet again during this session of Congress, and it has been found impossible to reopen the question in the committee. So as the matter now stands the names of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, great Americans, great leaders of the Confederate armies, or of Raphael Semmes, of the Confederate navy, will not appear on the Amphitheater erected within the grounds of Lee's old home.

This affront to the men and women of the South for political reasons on the part of the Secretary of War is certain to arouse great feeling. The dedicatory exercises of the Amphitheater took place on May 15. It should have been a solemn occasion of thanksgiving for the heroic example of the leaders of our nation in every crisis, but this cannot be if history is set aside and a great section of the American people so refused rightful recognition.

Is this a united nation, or are there still a North and a South with a wall of separation ever between them?

Camp 171, United Confederate Veterans, and Washington Camp, No. 305, Sons of Confederate Veterans, have passed resolutions condemning the action of the Arlington Memorial Amphitheater Commission in refusing to include the names of Confederate chieftains on the Memorial Amphitheater and



of Mr. John McElroy, a member of the commission representing the Grand Army of the Republic, sponsoring a motion in which he stated that the request of the Daughters of the Confederacy that the names of Lee and Jackson be engraved on the memorial was an "incongruity." This statement is in striking contrast to the sentiment expressed by General Sherwood, the Union veteran, in Joint Resolution No. 337 introduced by him in Congress.

This occasion offers an opportunity for the sons and grandsons of the men who followed Grant and Sheridan and who side by side with the sons of Dixie fought in the great World War that America might live to assist in placing the names of General Lee and General Jackson, commanders of American armies, and Semmes, captain in the American navy, on the noble list that begins with Washington and continues and will continue throughout American history.

#### *CAPTAIN GURLEY IN CLOSE PLACES.*

BY W. M. NIXON, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

The recent memorial notice in the *VETERAN* of the death of this splendid old soldier and leading citizen of North Alabama brings sorrow to his many friends and remaining old comrades in the times that tried men's souls. It was Captain Gurley's custom for many years to entertain every fall with a dinner or barbecue at his home, near Gurley, Ala., all his old soldiers who were able to come and enjoy the reunion and entertainment.

I recall the Captain's recital a few years ago of what he termed the greatest "scares" of his four years' strenuous war experience, ignoring reference to the many hard-fought battles, skirmishes, and hand-to-hand fights and encounters with the enemy in which he had actively participated. As one of these he told that after an all night's ride in a cold rain and stopping for preparation of a scant meal what he termed an "unreliable and uncertain soldier" approached him with the suggestion that if permitted he could find some liquor on the far side of a mountain in sight. The Captain says he gave his consent without further thought or expectation of any result from the venture of the soldier. But to his great surprise the soldier in a short time approached him with a canteen of splendid country-made apple brandy. The Captain indulged himself in a stiff drink of the refreshing stimulant, so enjoyable under the circumstances.

Just as he was getting well under the effect of the indulgence General Forrest's orderly approached with the message that Captain Gurley was wanted instantly at the General's headquarters. Any one familiar with homemade apply brandy knows of its very loud odor and how it will disclose its use by the drinker, even at some distance. Captain Gurley said he fully realized the result of General Forrest detecting his indulgence in an intoxicant, but he had no time or means or opportunity to disguise or suppress the telltale brandy, nor was there time to hesitate, so he reported at once. And to his good fortune General Forrest met him outside his tent and quickly directed him to select twenty-five picked men and go around a brigade of the enemy near by and when he attained their rear "to go into them" with all the fight and demonstration possible, "and I will be there." Captain Gurley was unable to understand how twenty-five men could produce much execution or very successfully engage a whole brigade, but he promptly carried out his orders as best he could; and just as he engaged the attention of the enemy by vigorous attack with all the noise and display possible, with rush of his men and horses, rapid firing, and liberal use of

the well-known Rebel yell, to his great relief he discovered General Forrest with his whole command attacking and almost surrounding the enemy from their rear. They decided they were being surrounded by a large force and fled in a panic of demoralization, resulting in a large number being killed or captured.

Old soldiers participating will recognize the contest and its location, but Captain Gurley only meant to relate what a scare he experienced from a big drink of apple brandy taken after an all-night ride in a cold rain when suddenly summoned before his commander.

Again, when General Bragg's army was retreating from Middle Tennessee Captain Gurley as senior captain was in command of the regiment and stopped about dark at Bridgeport, Ala., to permit his men to get some supper and feed their horses. Just as preparation had been made and eating started a courier dashed up with orders to proceed as quickly as possible toward Chattanooga.

The railroad bridge at Bridgeport then as now crosses both branches of the Tennessee River on either side of the island and the track of the railroad across the island on the top of what was then a narrow fill, the distance from the north to the south side of the river across both bridges and the island being three thousand feet to three-fourths of a mile. During the war the bridges were planked and used both as a highway and railroad crossing of the river.

Captain Gurley stated that just as the regiment got started and strung out all the way across the island and both bridges another courier appeared with orders for him to stop his regiment and await further instructions. His men, many of them dismounted, were at ease along the railroad track in the dark. He saw a fire near the track on the south side of the river and decided to go forward and investigate its purpose, if any. Just as he reached the fire he discovered a light engine in full speed, without lights or signals, backing down the track. He instantly realized that in less than a minute it would be upon and into his regiment, running over his men and horses, throwing them off the track and bridges, killing and mangling them in a frightful slaughter. Acting instantly, he grabbed a burning chunk from the fire and began to signal the engine as best he could. To his great relief and joy he discovered that his signal was seen and understood, and the engine began to slow up and stopped just as it reached him and saved his men from the horrible slaughter that can be imagined.

Captain Gurley regarded these two incidents as the two worst "scares" of his entire war experiences, which comprised many hard-fought battles and narrow escapes, including his sentence by court-martial to be hanged on account of the killing of General McCook near Huntsville. It was very hard to get the Captain to discuss his General McCook experience, as it appeared to bring up unpleasant memories.

In the passing of Captain Gurley a good man, a splendid citizen, a great soldier, a devoted friend, a thorough gentleman everywhere, and an honorable, brave man under all conditions has "crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees." Peace to his ashes!

#### *BLEDSON'S MISSOURI BATTERY.*

BY C. W. TRICE, LEXINGTON, N. C.

In the April *VETERAN* Comrade W. A. Everman says that after Fort Gibson Bledsoe's Battery was sent east across the river, and he thinks it was assigned to Forrest. That is wrong. After the exchange of the Fort Donelson prisoners

Col. John Gregg, of our regiment, was promoted to brigadier general and given a Tennessee brigade. He requested that his old regiment, the 7th Texas, be given him also, which was done, and we were sent to Port Hudson, La.

When I was a small boy my father lived in Montgomery County, Tenn. Our nearest neighbor was a man named Boothe, who had some boys, one about my age named Frank. The Boothe family moved to Missouri several years before my father moved to Texas.

One day while at Port Hudson, sometime in the early spring of 1863, while strolling around I came to a battery and found my boy friend, Frank Boothe, a member of Bledsoe's Battery, which had been assigned to our brigade. "Sacramento" was, therefore, with us in the fight at Raymond, Miss., in May, 1863, then at Jackson, Miss., and then in the rear of Grant at Vicksburg and again at Jackson, Miss., where "Sacramento" spoke. The next time she spoke was at Chickamauga, and she spoke volumes there.

After the Chickamauga battle the newspapers gave a glowing account of the doings of Gregg's Tennessee Brigade, just as they did after the fight at Raymond, Miss. They did not mention the Texas regiment nor, I think, Bledsoe's Battery. Our men, including officers, were very much hurt over the seeming slight, and we held an indignation meeting the next night while still on the battle field and passed resolutions requesting that we be put in a Texas brigade, which was done, and that Colonel Granbury be put in a Texas brigade, which was done, and Colonel Granbury soon after was promoted to brigadier general. This separation caused me to lose sight of Bledsoe's Battery and my friend, Frank Boothe. I should be very glad if some one could tell me what became of Frank.

## FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

William Sparks, a veteran of the Army of the Tennessee, writes from Las Vegas, N. Mex.:

"Will you allow a little space for an old Yankee soldier in your periodical in order to correct a mistake in regard to Bledsoe's silver gun, if such gun was in existence? There was a Bledsoe's Battery, and it belonged to Missouri, and it was captured in the battle of Big Black River, east of Vicksburg, May 17, 1863, by General Carr's division of the 13th Army Corps. The guns were taken to Vicksburg by Carr's Division, placed north of the railroad track, and helped to shell the city during the siege. After the surrender of the city all captured guns were parked on the Jackson road, about three hundred yards east of the courthouse. The regiment to which I belonged guarded the artillery for three or four months, and the guns were still there when we left in 1864.

"In the operations from Grand Gulf to the Big Black the battery was commanded by T. B. Catron. Two-thirds of the battery men got away by swimming the Big Black, but they were in the city when it surrendered and were paroled. Their lieutenant, T. B. Catron, signed their paroles, and they were sent out to the parole camp to remain till exchanged. They reorganized there and went to Chattanooga and again lost their guns and came within an ace of being captured again. They were then sent to Mobile and were stationed in Fort Blakely, on Mobile Bay, and were again captured by General Carr on the 10th of April, 1865. I was at that capture, but I saw no silver gun. I guess Uncle Sam must have melted it up for the badges of the G. A. R. Posts. This was the last I saw of Bledsoe's Battery, but its lieutenant commanding, T. B. Catron, is still living in Santa Fe, N. Mex."

## AT MISSIONARY RIDGE.

J. E. Stockburger, of Oglesby, Tex., sends this: "In the April VETERAN C. W. Trice takes issue with General Duke in regard to the Confederates being routed in the battle of Missionary Ridge. Comrade Trice is right. I belonged to Stevenson's Division, Cumming's Brigade, Company B, 39th Georgia Regiment. Our position was over the tunnel on the East Tennessee and Georgia railroad, on Cleburne's left. We held this position all day on the 25th of November, charged the Yankees three times during the day, and drove them from the ridge each time. Will some one give Stevenson's Division credit for the part it took in that battle? I know we held our part of the line all day and thought at night that the Yankees were whipped. I am an old Confederate veteran, had three sons in the World War, and felt like I wanted to go with them; but I have never acknowledged to any one that I was wrong in what I did in the sixties. I thought I was right then and know it now."

## SOLDIERS OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

Maj. William M. Pegram, of Baltimore, Md., sends for publication the following "substantiated 'old records,' published by the United States authorities, which show how the boys of the South actually fought the nations of the world in their righteous cause for 'the maintenance of constitutional liberty in this country.' While the means thus employed by the United States government, called the Federal army, saved the Union, it remained to the Confederate army to preserve the 'autonomy of the States,' otherwise we would now be but a nation of 'disunited factions.'" He also says:

"'Tis the 'home of the brave,'  
As we plainly can see,  
But no longer we rave  
O'er 'the land of the free.'"

## ENROLLMENTS OF THE TWO ARMIES.\*

Federal, 2,778,304; Confederate, 660,000 (all told); difference, 2,178,304.

FEDERAL ARMY.—Northern whites, 2,272,333; Southern whites, 316,424; negroes, 186,017; Indians, 3,530; total, 2,778,304.

In the Federal army were: Germans, 176,800; Irish, 144,200; Canadians, 53,500; English, 45,500; other nations, 74,900; negroes, 186,017; total, 680,917. Total Confederates, 660,000; foreign surplus, 20,917 over Confederate forces.

Federal army at end of war, 1,000,516; Confederate army at end of war, 133,433.

Federal prisoners, 270,000; Confederate prisoners, 220,000; difference, 50,000 at end of war.

There died in prison 3,864 more Confederate soldiers than Federal.

The red old hills of Georgia  
I never can forget;  
Amid life's joys and sorrows  
My heart is on them yet.  
And when my course is ended,  
When life her web has wove,  
O, may I then, beneath those hills,  
Lie close to them I love!

—Henry R. Jackson.

\*From the "Records."



## HISTORICAL COMPILATIONS.

"Truths of History," by Miss Mildred Rutherford, Athens, Ga., 50 cents; "Measuring Rod," 15 cents.

ATLANTA, GA., April 26, 1920.

*My Dear Miss Rutherford:* Your book, "Truths of History," has been read and carefully considered by me. It is a valuable contribution to the history of our country and especially important and interesting to the South and more especially to those who took an important part in the secession movement and the war which followed that event.

The book may be likened to an extensive brief made by a lawyer of great skill and experience, who lays down his premises with conspicuous clearness, who fortifies his contentions with logic and with law and presents facts which are indisputable and convincing.

It takes courage in this day and generation to write and publish such a book, and I do not know of a man engaged in politics or amenable to public favor who has the courage to speak what your book proves—the truth of history. You have brushed aside the gloss and glamour surrounding the popular ideas of men and things that are alleged to have been, and you have turned the camera upon them as they really were. I have requested my children to read the book. I shall ask them to impress its reading upon my grandchildren, and my two little great-grandsons, if I live until they are old enough to read and understand, will be told by me to read it and see what their great-grandparents thought and did and suffered.

Very truly yours,

W. D. ELLIS,

*Judge Superior Courts, Atlanta Circuit.*

Miss Rutherford has gone to great expense in getting up this data and for its publication, and the pamphlets are placed on sale now to reimburse the expense in party anyway. Send orders direct to her for these valuable works.

SEEKS SURVIVING COMRADES.—J. W. Price, 1445 York Street, Denver, Colo., writes that he has been trying to locate all survivors of the old brigade composed of the 4th, 14th, 21st, and 44th Georgia Regiments; but of inquiries sent out about the forty companies composing the four regiments mentioned, some fifteen or eighteen have secured no response. He writes to the ordinary of the county from which the company went into the war and sends a list of such members as he knows of, with request that the other names be given. This is important work, and every assistance should be given to help him secure complete lists. Veterans and Sons of Veterans should take special interest in seeing that these inquiries have attention whenever they come before them. Mr. Price lives at Douglass, Ga., but will be in Colorado until August.

SURVIVORS OF FEATHERSTONE'S BRIGADE.—L. A. Fitzpatrick, of Helena, Ark., writes: "The Mississippi State Reunion, U. C. V., will be held at Oxford June 16, 17, 18, and all of 'Old Sweet's' men are commanded to be there. We will have our headquarters there and boards with one soft side and plenty of 'sorghum' lemonade. Our brigadier sleeps near there at Holly Springs. Let us meet at his grave and give a parting salute. If you need help to get there, let me know. Come along."

O. S. Morton, of Richmond, Va., renews for two years and writes: "I enjoy the VETERAN. Please edit out all profanity in articles."

## A NOTABLE GATHERING OF TEXANS.

George R. Allen, Historian of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 158, U. C. V., of Fort Worth, Tex., sends an account of the fourth annual dinner given to the veterans of that Camp by Mrs. L. W. Huckins, of the Westbrook Hotel, on May 6, 1920, at which the following veterans were guests: Joe M. Smith, age 75 years; J. M. Hartsfield, 75 years; H. C. McGlasson, 76 years; G. W. Puckett, 74 years; James Briggs, 82 years; S. R. Mays, 76 years; J. W. Armstrong, 75 years; J. R. Johnson, 85 years; Thomas Reese, 79 years; P. H. Kidd, 76 years; E. S. Rowland, 74 years; W. J. Kay, 75 years; L. C. Vaughn, 77 years; Levi Hickey, 79 years; B. B. Newby, 82 years; E. J. Parrant, 79 years; E. P. Lingenfelder, 84 years; Joe Kingsbury, 80 years; J. W. Lucas, 77 years; R. E. Childress, 74 years; W. L. Armstrong, 74 years; J. E. Thompson, 76 years; S. H. Chapman, 75 years; J. M. Stewart, 75 years; Dr. J. D. Fields, 74 years; George R. Allen, 78 years; W. T. Shaw, 74 years; D. E. Wolf, 74 years; W. H. Haaf, 76 years; J. M. West, 73 years.

Other guests were the following members of the U. D. C.: Mrs. J. D. Fields, Mrs. Felix Gaither, Mrs. W. P. Lane, Mrs. Young Yates, Mrs. W. M. McConnell, Mrs. M. A. Benton.

As the veterans and Daughters were being seated at the tables the orchestra played "Dixie," following which the Rev. Thomas Reese, Chaplain of R. E. Lee Camp, returned thanks, and E. S. Shannon, the new Secretary and General Manager of the Chamber of Commerce, welcomed the guests in a short but eloquent speech. During the luncheon the veterans arose in a body and thanked Mrs. Huckins for her many acts of kindness in their behalf. This annual dinner is given by her in memory of her father, who was a Confederate soldier. Altogether this was one of the most pleasing and enjoyable occasions in honor of the members of the R. E. Lee Camp.

## HISTORICAL PRIZE CONTEST FOR 1920.

A prize of \$25 will be awarded at the next annual meeting of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., for the best review of Professor Minor's book on "The Real Lincoln."

The following rules govern the competition:

1. The competition is open to any white person teaching United States history in the State of Virginia and students of United States history in high schools, normal schools, and colleges.

2. Reviews must not contain more than two thousand words. The number of words must be stated on the upper left-hand corner of first page. The review must be typewritten, on one side of the paper only, and three copies must be submitted.

3. Reviews will be judged according to accuracy, terseness, and clearness of treatment, as well as from the standpoint of literary finish.

4. Each review must be signed with a fictitious name. No other name or identifying marks of any kind must be upon the review. A sealed envelope containing the real name, position held, and address of the writer must be inclosed with each review. The fictitious name selected must be on the outside of this envelope. Upon receipt by the chairman each review and sealed envelope containing the name of the writer will be given an identification number.

5. The three typewritten copies of the review must be sent to the Chairman of the Prize Committee, Mrs. Bradley Johnston, 305 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va., by September 1, 1920.

The book, "The Real Lincoln," can be purchased from the Everett Waddey Company, Main Street, Richmond, Va., at \$1.37, postpaid. New edition now on sale.



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Nuxated Iron by enriching the blood and creating new red blood cells, strengthens the nerves, rebuilds the weakened tissues and helps to instill renewed force and energy into the whole system. Three million people use it annually. Ask your doctor or druggist.

Mrs. Ellen C. Holmes, of Aiken, S. C., asks that comrades of her husband, Alfred Holmes, will help her to establish his record as a Confederate soldier, so that she may secure a pension. It is understood that he was attached to the staff of Gen. Ellison Capers.

**PICTURES LOST.**—Dr. W. J. Chowning, 404 George Street, Fredericksburg, Va., reports the finding of a package of films showing pictures of the Reunion parade in Washington City in 1917 and of prominent Confederate veterans. The name on the envelope is "Miss Mary Evans Saunders," and many of the pictures have the same group of prominent people, who seem to be from the far South. He is anxious to locate the owner, to whom he will gladly forward the pictures.

## Don't Wear a Truss



**BROOKS' APPLIANCE**, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day.

C. E. Brooks, 2396 State St., Marshall, Mich.

## WHAT DID THE PRIVATES DO?

BY G. W. B. HALE, ROCKYMOUNT, VA.  
(Republished by request.)

If you have flowers on my grave to spread,  
Give them to me, I pray thee, ere I am dead.

Our dates teem with daring deeds,  
Our books are filled with fame,  
Brass bands play and cannons roar  
In honor of the name  
Of men who were officers  
And were honest, brave, and true;  
But still the question comes to me,  
What did the privates do?

Who were the men to guard the camp  
When foes were hovering round?  
Who dug the graves of comrades dear?  
Who placed them in the ground?  
Who sent the dying message home  
To those the dead man knew?  
If officers did all of this,  
What did the privates do?

Who was it lay in muddy pits,  
All eager for the fray?  
Who marched beneath the scorching sun  
On many a toilsome day?  
Who lived on salty pork  
And bread too hard to chew?  
If officers did all of this,  
What did the privates do?

Who led the van at Malvern Hill,  
Where slaughter marked the day?  
Who gave the Yanks that bitter pill  
At Manassas—halt and say?  
Who at Shiloh waged that bloody fight  
Where Grant's army fairly flew?  
If officers did all of this,  
Say, what did the privates do?

Who at Gettysburg made that gallant charge,  
Where whole commands were swept away?  
Who at Sharpsburg scaled those mighty heights  
And stood the brunt throughout the day?  
Who was it fought against such fearful odds  
And from the world high praises drew?

If officers did all of this,  
Pray, what did the privates do?

Now let us say to those who led,  
No matter wore they gray or blue,  
Too much praise cannot be said  
Just so they were brave and true;  
Whether they were officers or not,  
Each breasted the screeching cannon shot,  
Each godlike stood the battle storm,  
And each we'll honor ere they're gone.

## Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved.



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

### Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the cause or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page Book on Deafness—giving you full particulars. **WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,** Incorporated, 851 Inter-Southern Bldg., LOUISVILLE, KY.



K. C. Jowell, of Tulia, Tex., wants to hear from some one who served with him in McCord's Frontier Regiment of Mounted Volunteers, or Mounted Cavalry, commanded by Capt. Newton White. He enlisted at Belknap, Tex.

Mrs. C. R. Hagan, 407 South St. Andrew Street, Dothan, Ala., will appreciate hearing from any comrades of her husband, Charles Robert Hagan, who served in the Confederate cavalry, enlisting at Bowling Green, Ky., but she does not remember the command.

J. M. Glazner, of El Campo, Tex., wishes to get in communication with some members of Company E, 12th Alabama Infantry, under Capt. Bob Higgins. The command went from Lebanon, DeKalb County, Tex., in April, 1861, for Richmond, Va. Comrade Glazner wants to get a pension.

Mrs. A. M. Sylvester writes from Quincy, Fla.: "I shall continue a subscriber to your most interesting and revered magazine as long as I live, not only for its intrinsic worth, but for the sacred cause it keeps in memory; and when I join the greater number of veterans who sleep, I hope that it will be kept in my family until the final 'taps' shall be sounded."



# **RISE AND FALL** *of the* **Confederate Government**

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**The Masterpiece of Confederate Historical Works**

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**The Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.**

# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXVIII.

JULY, 1920

NO. 7

## Reunion United Confederate Veterans

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

NEW ORLEANS, LA., June 7, 1920.

### GENERAL ORDERS NO. 2.

1. The General commanding takes pleasure in announcing that the invitation from the city of Houston, Tex., to hold our Reunion of 1920 in that hospitable city has been accepted and that the Thirtieth Annual Reunion and Convention of the United Confederate Veterans will be held there October 6, 7, 8 (Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday), 1920.

2. It is a fitting tribute to the brave Confederate soldiers from the Trans-Mississippi Department that the patriotic city of Houston should be the first to invite us this year.

3. Proper application for the usual reduced railroad fare will be made and, together with other Reunion matters, will be announced in later General Orders.

4. The General commanding, thankful to God for the preservation of so many Confederate soldiers to their present advanced age, extends greetings to his comrades and hopes that many of them will meet with him at Houston to fraternize with each other and to continue the patriotic work of our Confederation.

By command of

K. M. VAN ZANDT,  
*General Commanding.*

A. B. BOOTH, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*



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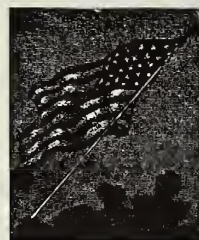
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#### THE HISTORY OF BILL YOPP.

A wonderfully heart-moving as well as informing record is set down in a recently published little booklet, "Bill Yopp, 'Ten-Cent' Bill," which is being sold at a nominal price under the auspices of the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Atlanta, the proceeds being shared by that institution and the hero of the "strange, eventful history." Thanks to the discerning eye and graphic pen of Mr. R. deT. Lawrence, President of the Home's Board of Trustees, there are preserved in this narrative an environment and a personality that will become more and more deeply prized as our living tokens of the Old South fall away.

Bill Yopp was born in a cabin on a Laurens County plantation when the oldest grandsires of to-day were mere striplings. When seven years old he became the attendant and virtual companion of his young master. Through a happy boyhood the two fished and hunted together, and in all the perils of the War between the States their

relationship continued unbroken. The plantation darky accompanied the young Confederate soldier on the grim marches and red fields of the Virginia battle ground, foraging to eke out their oft-times meager ration, winning the whole regiment's laughter and good will, ministering to his master when the latter was severely wounded, and at the close of the war returning to the Yopp estate, as faithful as at the beginning.

But Bill's adventures were in no wise ended. In 1870, times being particularly hard on the farm, he secured a place as bell boy at the Brown House in Macon, then a hostelry in high favor for political hobnobbing. There he made the acquaintance of the State's leading public men of the day, nearly all of whom became his friends. Through a sudden turn of fortune he was taken to New York City and then to California. Returning to the East, he got into the graces of certain lovers of the Old South who sent him on an extended trip to Europe. Some years later he procured a place on a navy

collier and sailed around the world. Next he found the way to a veritable Elysium as porter on the private car of the President of the Delaware and Hudson Railway. At last, gray with years, Bill came back to the old plantation, to find Captain Yopp ready to depart for the Confederate Soldiers' Home.

Thenceforth this *fidus Achates* was a frequent visitor at the Home, and many were the presents he brought, not only to his "master," but to the other veterans. The Captain has crossed over the river, but Bill still visits his old Confederate comrades and is a thousand times welcome. In the sketch prepared by President Lawrence, of the Home's trustees, the events and relationships we have touched upon are developed with singular charm and truth of stroke. As a picture of the old-time South and of an old-time darky who has had adventures the like of which Ulysses himself never knew the story will be valued the country over, both for its educational worth and its rare human interest.—*Atlanta Journal*.

Copies of this little book can be procured from W. E. McAllister, Superintendent of Confederate Home, Atlanta, Ga., at 15 cents each, \$1.50 per dozen.

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VOL. XXVIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1920.

No. 7. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
FOUNDER.

## JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The world moves on resistlessly and inexorably, borne by Time's swift onward tide, but the living spirit of the Old South halts to-day to enfold in love's sweetest sorrow the memory of Jefferson Davis, the deathless martyr of our kingdom of the twilight. Born one hundred and twelve years ago, never to die, he gave to mankind an example of devotion, of patriotism, of heroism, of patience, of unselfishness, of sacrifice, of martyrdom that enshrined him in his people's love forever. He strove without reward, he endured without faltering, he accepted martyrdom in silence and uncomplaint. He kept faith with duty; he was a stranger to fear; he was a living challenge to disaster. Those who knew him not may hold his memory in execration, as they hated him in the flesh; but these recurring anniversaries bring him to his own, and his immortal spirit finds the outstretched arms of the Old South enfoldng him in a love that is stronger than death, because it is of God himself and immortal.—*Houston Post*, June 3, 1920.

## THE REUNION CITY, 1920.

Just twenty-five years ago the veterans of the Confederacy met in Houston, Tex., to hold their fifth annual Reunion. The organization was strong then in membership, and the record of that meeting shows many in attendance whose names are now "writ on high"—Gen. John B. Gordon, Hon. John H. Reagan, Winnie Davis (the "Daughter of the Confederacy"), Gen. Stephen D. Lee, and a host of others who made the occasion joyous by their presence. The gray line has become thinner with each passing year, but there are many still left to meet and greet one another as of yore; and though changes be noted, there will be no less pleasure in the few days' association with comrades of the sixties.

Those who attended the Reunion in 1895 will find a new Houston extending a welcome for 1920. A city can do a lot of growing in a quarter of a century, and Houston has not lacked opportunity to extend her limits and multiply her population within the time. Texas is a State of big things,

and in this big city of Houston will be found a big-hearted people to extend a cordial welcome to the best it affords.

The city of Houston came into being soon after the battle of San Jacinto, fought near there by Gen. Sam Houston, whose victory established the independence of Texas. The city, named for General Houston, was incorporated in December, 1837, and was the seat of government for the Republic of Texas until 1840.

Located at the junction of White Oak and Buffalo Bayous, Houston is the highest inland point permanently accessible by water from the Gulf of Mexico, fifty miles distant. Buffalo Bayou furnishes this outlet, and the government has spent some \$4,000,000 in making its channel deep enough for the passage of the largest ocean-going craft. With this natural advantage for transportation and the many railroad lines which center there, Houston stands preëminent as the commercial center of the State. It is said that more produce, fruits, and foodstuffs are consumed and distributed in Houston than in any other city in the Southwest. Besides which it has the largest trade in hardware and machinery of the State, is the most important spot cotton market in the world except Liverpool, is the principal lumber market of the Southwest, is second to New Orleans only in its sugar market, and in rice ranks as one of the four principal markets west of the Mississippi. In its manufactories many millions are invested, and chief among these are the cotton oil refineries; others are connected with petroleum products, the rice industry, and lumber. Here are also the general car shops of the Southern Pacific Railroad and other lines—great manufacturing establishments for rolling stock.

Houston is a city of schools, both public and private, and here is the Rice Institute, with its \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000 endowment, maintaining a free library and galleries of art. Many handsome public buildings, parks, and zoölogical gardens add to the attractions of the city, and Reunion visitors will find no lack of interesting trips in and about this inland port. Not the least enjoyable of these will be a trip to Galveston, among whose attractions is the splendid beach for surf-bathing, unsurpassed in the country.

"Come on in, boys; the water's fine."



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

## THE CONFEDERATE CROSS OF HONOR.

BY CHARLES W. HUBNER, ATLANTA, GA.

'Tis but a bit of bronze,  
A touch will so declare it,  
And yet of all Fame's sons  
They proudest are who wear it.

Touch it with tender hands,  
This souvenir of glory;  
The veteran understands  
Its value, knows its story.

On that gray coat of thine,  
This cross thy bosom gracing,  
Shall a king's crown outshine,  
With brilliant jewels blazing.

A souvenir of days  
Which, though no more returning,  
Still through Time's darkening haze  
Like galaxed stars are burning.

When round the veteran's feet  
Shadows of death are falling  
And voices, soft and sweet,  
To him from heaven are calling,

He on his breast shall lay  
This cross, a last look taking,  
Still loyal to the gray,  
Even while his heart is breaking.

## THE SERPENT'S TOOTH.

When a certain G. A. R. veteran said it would be "an incongruity" to include the names of Lee and Jackson in the list of famous American generals to be carved upon the "memorial amphitheater" lately dedicated within the sacred precincts of Arlington Cemetery, he came nearer stating a truth than he realized, for it would indeed be incongruous to place them in a class with Sherman and Sheridan, remembered for their destructive abilities in a defenseless country rather than for any great generalship. The names of Lee and Jackson are blazoned so high on Fame's temple that they need not to be carved in perishing stone to be remembered.

When the stranger from foreign lands, where the campaigns of our Southern generals form a part of the study in military schools, visits Arlington and reads the names of American leaders in the war of this country, will not his query be, "But what of Lee and Jackson"?

And what, say we, of the Southern men on the commission who approved that list lacking the greatest names in our history? Is the South to be ignored even by her own?

## A PROTEST.

Whereas by act of Congress, approved May 30, 1908, and various supplemental statutes, provision was made for "a memorial amphitheater" at Arlington, Va.; and whereas by the act of March 3, 1915, and supplemental statutes expressly placing and retaining on the commission having charge of the erection and dedication of such amphitheater the Commander of Camp 171, United Confederate Veterans, of the District of Columbia, Congress plainly declared that such amphitheater was to be a memorial to valorous and patriotic Americans from any State or section; now, therefore, it is by the United Daughters of the Confederacy of the Fourth District of Virginia, in convention assembled at Alexandria, Va., unanimously

*Resolved* this May 19, 1920, That we learn with amazement and unbounded indignation that the control of the exercises at the recent dedication of the Arlington Memorial Amphitheater (paid for with the taxes from American citizens of all sections) was confided to the Grand Army of the Republic alone, a Northern organization; and, further, that a majority of the commission voted that, while the names of General Grant and other Federal leaders in the War between the States should be inscribed on the walls of the amphitheater, the names of Confederate leaders should be excluded, although the amphitheater stands on the grounds of Arlington, formerly the home of Gen. Robert E. Lee, whose glorious memory true-hearted men of all lands delight to honor.

*Resolved, further*, That by such action the commission's majority flouted the plain intent of Congress for a truly American memorial and deliberately affronted the patriotic people of a large section of the country and set the seal of its disapproval upon the sentiment later embodied in President Wilson's declaration (in his letter read at the dedication) that the amphitheater would stand as a perpetual memorial of "a reunited nation."

*Resolved, further*, That we solemnly protest against the unaccountable action of Hon. Newton D. Baker and Hon. Josephus Daniels, respectively Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy, members of the commission, both Southern-born, in aiding such action by the commission and so appearing to fail in the duty of honoring and revering the dead who died in defense of home and hearthstone against the invader, whether of alien or of kindred blood—a duty recognized from the time of Leonidas at Thermopylæ to that of Americans at Bunker Hill, Yorktown, and Manassas, and of the Belgians at Liege.

*Resolved, further*, That we heartily commend Capt. Fred Beall, Commander of Camp 171, United Confederate Veterans, of the District of Columbia, for his refusal to take part in the dedication of the memorial under the unjust, ungenerous, and humiliating conditions sought to be imposed upon him and all self-respecting Southerners.

*Resolved further*, That since it appears that certain newspapers of Washington City have refused to give due space to protests of numerous patriotic citizens and organizations, copies of these resolutions be given to the press of Richmond and Baltimore, to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN magazine, and to the news associations of the country.

MRS. CABELL SMITH,

President Virginia Division, U. D. C.;

MRS. LLOYD EVERETT,

Fourth Vice President Virginia Division, U. D. C.

## WEARING THE GRAY.

[Poem by John Trotwood Moore read at the memorial exercises at Mount Olivet, Nashville, Tenn., June 3, 1920.]

Wearing the gray, wearing the gray,  
 Battling alone in the world to-day,  
 Fighting for bread in the battle of life  
 With courage as grand as they rode to the strife.  
 Marching to beat of Toil's merciless drum,  
 Longing for comrades who never shall come,  
 Comrades who sleep where they fell in the fray—  
 Dead—but immortal in jackets of gray.

Wearing the gray in the silvery hair,  
 Mortality's banner that Time planted there!  
 Wearing a gray, while the tears upward start,  
 A gray that is buried down deep in the heart.

Wearing the gray, wearing the gray,  
 The old line marches in mem'ry to-day,  
 The old drums beat and the old flags wave.  
 How the dead gray jackets spring up from the grave!  
 They rush on with Pickett where young gods would yield,  
 They sweep with Forrest the shell-harrowed field,  
 They laugh at the bolts from the batteries hurled,  
 Yet weep around Lee when the last flag is furled.

Wearing the gray o'er the temples of white,  
 Time's banner of truce for the end of the fight.  
 Wearing a gray that was worn long ago,  
 With their face to the front and their front to the foe.

Wearing the gray, wearing the gray,  
 Longing to bivouac over the way,  
 To rest o'er the river in the shade of the trees  
 And furl the old flag to eternity's breeze;  
 To camp by the stream on that evergreen shore  
 And meet with the boys who have gone on before;  
 To stand at inspection 'mid pillars of light,  
 While God turns the gray into robes of white.

Wearing the gray o'er the foreheads of snow—  
 The drumbeat is quick, but the paces are slow—  
 Wearing a gray for the land of the blest,  
 When life's fight is o'er and the Rebel shall rest.

Wearing the gray, wearing the gray,  
 Almost in the valley, almost in the spray,  
 Waiting for taps when the light shall go out,  
 Yet hoping to wake with a reveille shout.  
 Leaving for heaven the right and the wrong,  
 Praying for strength in the old battle song,  
 Praying for strength in the last ditch to stay,  
 When Death turns his guns on the old head of gray.

Wearing the gray in the paleness of death,  
 For the angel has swept with a garnering breath!  
 Wearing a gray when he wakes in the morn—  
 The old Rebel jacket our dead boy had on.

Wearing the gray—aye, Rebels, they say,  
 But who died first for Old Glory that day  
 When Spain struck our eagle? Baptized in its fire,  
 Died Bagley, the son of a Confederate sire!

And who when the French had given their all  
 And the British line broke with its back to the wall  
 Stopt the Hun at the Marne, swept his throne from the  
 Rhine,  
 And shattered his gods with the Hindenburg line—  
 Who the soldiers of Glory and God on that day?  
 The Old Hickory Division, grandsons of the gray.

## COMRADES OF THE GRAY.

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTSON.

(Dedicated to the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York for its memorial services, Mount Hope, May 30, 1920.)

Let them know we are here in this hallowed place  
 With reverent hearts, where the tender grace  
 Of God's own chapel of cloud and sky  
 Shelters the spot we would sanctify.  
 We bring them to-day our love and tears,  
 Unforgetful of past years—  
 God rest them!

God grant they have found the plains of peace,  
 Where the souls of heroes find release!  
 In the spirit of Christ may they dream God's dream  
 Of brotherhood and a love supreme!  
 Where never a battle plaint shall stir  
 And their banners be white as their own souls were—  
 God bless them!

When the "gray line" breaks on the last long mile,  
 God grant them "hail" and a cheery smile  
 And the clasp of a comrade's hand  
 In that far land, beyond farthest star,  
 Where God's sainted armies are  
 In the brave front ranks at his right hand—  
 God keep them!

## MEMORIAL DAY.

("Dulce et decorum est.")

The bugle echoes shrill and sweet,  
 But not of war it sings to-day.  
 The road is rhythmic with the feet  
 Of men at arms who come to pray.

The roses blossom white and red  
 On tombs where weary soldiers lie;  
 Flags wave above the honored dead,  
 And martial music cleaves the sky.

Above their wreath-strewn graves we kneel;  
 They kept the faith and fought the fight.  
 Through flying lead and crimson steel  
 They plunged for freedom and the right.

May we, their grateful children, learn  
 Their strength who lie beneath this sod,  
 Who went through fire and death to earn  
 At last the accolade of God!

In shining rank on rank arrayed  
 They march, the legions of the Lord;  
 He is their Captain unafraid,  
 The Prince of Peace \* \* \* who brought a sword.

—Joyce Kilmer.



## AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

[The following was contributed by Capt. James Power Smith, now of Charlotte, N. C., late Secretary of the Southern Historical Society of Richmond, Va. He held the commission of first lieutenant and aid-de-camp on Jackson's staff and was with the General at Chancellorsville when he was wounded and at his death. Later he held the commission of captain and assistant adjutant general on the staff of General Ewell.]

With much interest and satisfaction I have read the excellent paper by Mr. John Purifoy, of Montgomery, Ala., on "Jackson's Last Battle." With scarcely any exception, I have found it in accord with my memories and my intimate knowledge of the country and the localities mentioned. It has brought vividly to my recollection a number of incidental things: the moonlight after midnight on the morning of May 1, the march from Hamilton's on the Mine Road to the old Tabernacle Church, the junction with Anderson's line, the advancing skirmish line under General Ramseur, the coming of General Lee, the shells of a Federal battery which moved from place to place in the forest and was difficult to find, and our reaching the point known as the bivouac, now marked with a heavy block of granite. It is the point where the road to the Catherine Furnace leaves the Orange Plank Road, at which General Lee and General Jackson spent the night without tents on the Pine Tags under the pine trees. That day and all the next to the end General Jackson rode his own little sorrel. A larger sorrel horse belonging to the General was commonly used by the headquarters chaplain, Dr. B. T. Lacy. It is also true that on May 1 in the march and in the battle the General wore a rubber coat, which was found on the field after he was wounded.

After General Lee and General Jackson, with staff and couriers, had dismounted at the point called the Bivouac and night had come, General Lee, asking General Jackson's consent, directed me to ride over to the turnpike, or Stone Road, a mile or more to the north, and see General Anderson and Mahone and secure information as to the enemy's lines in their front. Returning from this mission to the bivouac, I found nearly all the party lying under the trees asleep. General Chilton directed me to General Lee, who, like the others, was lying under a pine tree on the ground, covered with a military cape. Giving him the information I had obtained and talking for a short while about the Federal battery which had delayed our advance, I led my horse a few rods away, made my bed with my saddle blanket, and, wearied and sleepless, went to sleep. Sometime after midnight, awakened by the chill of the night, I turned over and saw a small fire and the two generals seated on empty cracker boxes warming their hands. They were alone in the silence and shades of the forest in an advanced position between and very near to two great armies.

Falling to sleep, I personally saw and heard nothing during the earliest hours of the day, May 2. But as the sun sent its first beam through the trees some one woke me and said: "Get up, Smith, the General wants you." I was surprised to hear marching troops. And in the saddle, riding toward the Furnace Road, I found General Jackson mounted, alone, near to the marching infantry, with cap over his eyes, quietly saying: "Silence, men, silence." There was only the sound of clinking bayonets and canteens and the broad smile and sometimes the uplifted hand of the long line of "Jackson's Foot Cavalry."

As to the cracker boxes, about which some good comrades

have their doubts, there were several thousand good men who did not see them and saw no fire; but I am the witness. It was at a point on the Plank Road down which the Federal army marched in the morning and up which they returned. At that point some Federal command received its rations, and there the empty boxes were left. When in the early morning our troops passed down the Furnace Road no doubt the boxes had been consumed and the small fire had died out.

Sometime in the hours between my seeing the two generals at the small fire and my reporting to the General in the morning about sunrise there were arrivals and interviews which I did not see. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, Col. T. M. R. Talcott, Maj. Jed Hotchkiss, and the Rev. Dr. Lacy saw the General and gave information about roads by the furnace and about the disposition of the forces of the enemy.

When I reported at sunrise to General Jackson, General Lee was not with him. He and his staff had sometime before gone to their headquarters wagons to find their breakfast and feed their horses. If any breakfast came to Jackson or to the little sorrel that morning I do not know. Nor do I know at what time that morning General Lee mounted and left General Jackson. But at some time in the early morning there was a parting, not a meeting, and the two good men, great soldiers, trusting friends, parted, not to see each other again in this world.

The fine picture called "The Last Meeting" expresses a sentiment deeply impressive, but is, of course, an artist's attempt and could not be accurate in detail. My engraved copy I cherish, with all the memories it recalls.

---

LIEUTENANT WHEATLEY, OF BLEDSOE'S  
BATTERY.

Referring to the request of Capt. J. J. Bradford, of Biltmore, for some information of Lieutenant Wheatley, of Bledsoe's Missouri Battery, Capt. William L. Ritter, of Reisterstown, Md., has this to say of incidents connected with his wounding at Jackson, Miss., on the 12th of July, 1863:

"On the arrival of General Ferguson's command at Yazoo City from Deer Creek, Miss., my section of light artillery, consisting of two detachments, one from the 3d Battery of Maryland Artillery and the other from Captain Corput's Georgia artillery, was put into General McNair's brigade of Infantry and ordered to report to Lieutenant Moore, who commanded a section of light artillery from Captain McNally's Arkansas battery, thus making four guns under Lieutenant Moore. Needing an additional lieutenant for Moore's section, Lieutenant Wheatley, of Bledsoe's Battery, was sent to our command for that purpose, also Sergeant Ball, of the same battery.

"As my section was next and immediately in the vicinity of a sixty-four-pounder rifled piece, I took charge of it and assigned Sergeant Ball as gunner. Before the enemy came up in front I measured the distance to several points to make myself familiar with the ground. The first point they occupied was on the Raymond Road, nine hundred yards away, in the shade of a live oak tree. I said to the Sergeant: 'That is too fine a place for those Yanks, so knock the tree down if possible.' He loaded the gun, fired, and missed the tree. 'Try again.' He did so, and down fell the tree. The shell struck the trunk of the tree about six feet above the ground and tore it to pieces. This little piece of strategy incensed the Yanks, and their sharpshooters opened on us all along the line. I told the Sergeant to sight the gun by means of

the tangent scale and save life, but he preferred the old way, and in a few minutes he was on the ground seriously wounded. Lieutenant Wheatley was present when I told Sergeant Ball what to do; therefore he was perfectly conversant with the conditions and should not have sighted the gun by looking over the top of it, but should have used the tangent scale.

"After the wounding of Lieutenant Wheatley I gave orders that the tangent scale should be used in sighting the gun. Lieutenant Wheatley was with me but a few days. Sergeant Ball was a brave man, a gallant soldier, and an accomplished scout. I will have more to say about him when I write the Deer Creek sketches."

## SOUTHRONS AMONG THE LEADERS.

Dr. Simon Baruch, who was assistant surgeon to the 3d South Carolina Battalion, Kershaw's Brigade, writes from 51 West Seventieth Street, New York City, and makes inquiry as to whether there are any surgeons or chaplains living who were his fellow prisoners in Fort McHenry, Baltimore Harbor, in the fall of 1863 after being left in charge of the wounded on the battle field of Gettysburg. And he asks that such comrades or nearest surviving member of their families write to him. Dr. Baruch says:

"It may be of interest to show how the lapse of time has changed the attitude of the then contending factions to mention that it was my privilege in 1918 to visit Fort McHenry (for the purpose of addressing the surgeons of the great hospital established there) by courtesy of Colonel Pennel, of the regular army medical service, who is a Virginian and who informed me that his father, also a physician, had been a prisoner of war, caught in a youthful military exploit.

"It may also be of interest to mention that the surgeon-general of the army, Major General Gorgas, who organized the medical department for the great World War and whose skill made it possible to build the Panama Canal, is the son of General Gorgas, of the Confederate ordnance department, and that during my own war activities I found the medical officers in command of the base hospitals at Camp Devens and Camp Upton and of the general hospitals at Colonia and Fort McHenry to be natives of Virginia and belonging to the medical corps of the regular United States army.

"In view of the fact that a few days ago the serpent of sectionalism raised its head in Congress during the discussion of the Arlington Cemetery, it may be added here that the greatest war in history was brought to a successful issue by the timely intercession of the United States under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson, commander in chief of the army and navy. This peerless son of the South will be recorded in history as second only to another Southron, George Washington. President Wilson has endeavored to do for the world what Washington did for his own country. Washington had his detractors, whose criticism he met by expressing his firm belief that future history would do him justice. Woodrow Wilson may rest content that when the passions of political contention subside the calm judgment of history will do justice not only to his statesmanship, foresight, and purest patriotism, but also demonstrate the fact that he was the pioneer of international altruism in diplomacy.

"The fact that from our Southern-born President down, among his chief advisers, from the leading generals (one of whom bears the name of Robert Lee) to the rank and file of the army and navy, and among those who at home and abroad have maintained their morale and physical wel-

fare, Southern men and women have added luster to our country's fame brings this moss-grown Congressional agitation into well-merited contempt."

## SUBLIME SWEARING UNDER FIRE.

BY JAMES A. STEVENS, BURNET, TEX.

The most startling and effective swearing I ever heard occurred one day in September, 1862, near Corinth, Miss., a short while before the great battle.

Our regiment, the 35th Mississippi Infantry, Moore's Brigade, was in line awaiting developments by the enemy under Rosecrans, one of whose batteries was feeling our position with cannon shot, which came booming through the trees overhead, cutting off limbs and causing some dodging among the boys. In seeking a proper alignment the two companies on the right, H and A, had become badly entangled with each other on account of the stumps and undergrowth everywhere in sight. While the company officers were doing their best to get us untwisted, the colonel, William S. Barry, came tearing along in front of the line upon his little sorrel pony, his eyes blazing with anger, and in a voice of thunder cried out: "Bear to the right, — it! Bear to the right!"

The order wasn't exactly after Hardee's tactics, but never did ten words do quicker or more successful work. The two companies didn't just "bear to the right"; they simply shot in that direction as if hurled out of a catapult. The cursing sounded like a clap of thunder in a cloudless sky. The boys must have forgotten their fear in astonishment over the colonel's language, for when almost immediately afterwards they were called upon to "Backward step, march!" (I believe this was the command) they performed that evolution like veterans, especially as it was the regiment's first experience under fire. A few men did tumble ungracefully over stumps, but that only helped to restore "the gayety of the nations."

## THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL GANGRENE TREATMENT.

The following was contributed by A. B. Booth, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff U. C. V.:

"During the World War many of the wounded soldiers were affected by what was called gas gangrene, and the discovery of a successful treatment was heralded in the use of *quinine dissolved in alcohol*.

"During the War between the States we had among our wounded soldiers what was called hospital gangrene, which became so serious that after the battle of Murfreesboro a meeting of surgeons and assistant surgeons was called to discuss the treatment, etc. At this meeting, after many had told their experiences with many remedies, all of which had failed, a young assistant surgeon of the 37th Tennessee Regiment modestly stated that he had just found a remedy which had been successful and which relieved within twenty-four hours and then stated that he was using *quinine dissolved in alcohol*. His statement was so impressive that this treatment was at once adopted with universal success.

"This assistant surgeon was Dr. Samuel Scales, who long since passed to his reward; but his principal, Dr. Joel C. Hall, then surgeon of the 37th Tennessee Regiment, is yet living, and his address is Anguilla, Miss. If any one interested will write to him, he will verify the above and show that Dr. Samuel Scales was the discoverer of the remedy or use of quinine dissolved in alcohol for the cure of gangrene."



## THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE OF THE SOUTH.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

The questions involved in the result of our national conflict may, after the lapse of half a century, be regarded as academic or dialectic and contemplated, if not without emotion, at least with an absence of passion and vehemence of expression. To me it suggests the wildest sophistry, if not a form of delusion or hallucination, to assume that the South would have been unable to maintain her autonomy had she emerged triumphant from the strife which rent the land in twain from 1861 to 1865. That she survived the saturnalian era of reconstruction, a political condition unique in all civilized records, is the overwhelming rejoinder of this absurd fallacy which has found its champions and propagandists even in the South among the sycophants and recreants who have cast themselves down at the feet of the brazen images of wealth and power that the Nebuchadnezzars of the North have set up. That she arose unscathed from this ordeal of fire is the unchallengeable reply to the maunderings of these prophets of Baal, whose invocations arouse no sacred flame, for they minister only at barren and desolate altars.

The present attitude of the world, lately absorbed in the most complex and far-reaching struggle to which modern ages bear record, is rich in suggestion, if not in lessons, fraught with wisdom to the student of our national life and development. If the South had been able to assure her independence, the result would have been the perpetuation of English blood, English traditions and ideals throughout the ages that are behind the cloud. The North and Northwest have only a secondary or subordinate rank in our historic life, its aspirations and its inspirations, a condition which may find its explanation, in so far as the West is involved, in their more recent association with the commonwealth of States and the vast influx of foreign elements which is being added to their body politic. It is by no means uncertain that with the flight of years the population of the West and Northwest may acquire a character almost as heterogeneous as that of Southeastern Europe, an endless diversity of types, incapable of fusion, with no element leading to unity in language, in social aims, or conceptions of government. The South stands as the last refuge and sanctuary of our untainted and undebased ancestral stock; and if overrun and contaminated by a gradual infusion of foreign elements, its essential features will fade into darkness, and the America of Washington and Lee will become merely a memory of an age that is dead.

In the first decades of the twentieth century we saw France and England arrayed in a grapple for existence against the remorseless power of the Hohenzollern empire, a struggle "to the utterance." Had the latter been successful, Europe in large measure would have become Germanized, and the finer forces of romance culture which constitute the especial charm of our modern civilization would have fallen into obsolescence. A fate equally to be deplored would have proved the lot of the South had she not risen to the height of the crisis and emerged triumphant from the chaos of Reconstruction. Contemplated from a political viewpoint, she stands to-day the sole hope of the American nation. Her enlightened conservatism gone, every element of constitutional restraint and jurisdiction will go with it. "Civic conscience" will be regarded as "a crime" and "individual freedom" become forever "mute."

It was one of the wise and sententious dicta of Bacon that "time is the greatest of innovators." To this deliverance the

student of history is tempted to add "vindicators and avengers" as well. Never in the annals of modern development has the amplified judgment of the oracle and sage come home to consciousness with more marked intensity and minuteness of realization than during the five and fifty years which have passed into the abyss since April, 1865. The ingredients of the poisoned chalice are being drained by the lips of those who designed them as a ministry of fire for others, and the resistless but slowly moving hand of the ages is bringing in his compensations and his reckonings. We have confronting us at our own doors a historical object lesson, boundless in significance, in its range of application, complex and ever-broadening, as we recede from the period which marks the final stage of our national drama of war. It is the specific aim and intent of the present paper to determine, or at least to inquire, what is signified or implied by the "reunited country," for half a century bruited to the heavens upon every Memorial Day and even upon the occasion of every Confederate Reunion. Bitterness or acrimony of spirit does not enter into the purpose of the writer, at least as a conscious element or force. His animating principle is logical, historical, ethical. If bitterness reveal its presence, the discordant note springs from invincible and implacable truth and must not be attributed to vindictive temper.

I have no wish whatever to prolong sectional animosity or to cherish a spirit of vindictiveness. At the same time is there not something due to the truth of history? Is there no sacred obligation resting upon us with regard to the past? Have the dead no claims upon our loyalty and our love? Shall their memory be sacrificed to the prevailing ideal of expediency or the delusive dream of a "reunited country"? A single example will illustrate the subtle refinement of cruelty which was maintained with regard to the Confederate officers who were imprisoned at Johnson's Island. The official regulations restricted the length of all letters received by prisoners of war to twenty-eight lines. Mail from the South was transmitted only at very long intervals and by the agency of flag-of-truce boats via City Point and Fortress Monroe. I lay helpless and prostrate for four months at least ere I received a line from home or knew whether my loved ones were living or dead. This, however, lamentable as it was, did not represent the climax of atrocity attained at Johnson's Island. If some eager and devoted wife, mother, or child exceeded the official limitation in ignorance of its existence, the letter was retained at headquarters and the empty envelope marked from "your wife," "your mother," "your child" was delivered to the prisoner.

As a grateful and impressive contrast to the attitude of mind (even in relation to a victim of the fortunes of war) which this experience illustrates I may be indulged with the narration of an incident drawn from my own youthful memories of the summer of 1862. Two days after the battle of Malvern Hill, fought July 1, I was prostrated by a violent attack of "camp fever," and for forty-eight hours lay on the earth near Drewry's Bluff, being much of the time exposed to the intense heat, as the sky was my only canopy. At last in a state of semiconsciousness I was placed in an ambulance, and, with no one to care for me but the driver, I was conveyed to Petersburg, a distance of twelve miles, in order to be committed to a hospital for treatment. At the very moment that we reached the building a gentleman stepped in front of the ambulance, saying as he did so: "Carry that young man to my house." In ten minutes I found myself in a spacious home on Poplar Lawn, where I received the most kindly and devoted care until I was restored to my accus-

tomed health and vigor. Two of the most accomplished physicians of that period, Dr. Withers and Dr. Brodnax, were in attendance. In January, 1907, I saw Dr. Brodnax for the last time at Greensboro, N. C. The gentleman to whose gracious agency I was indebted for my rescue from the tortures of a sojourn in an improvised hospital was a Mr. Glover, who long ago entered into rest. I never met the family again and had no opportunity to bear witness to the sense of gratitude and appreciation which grows brighter and deeper with the increasing years. Only within a recent time I learned that the people of Petersburg had erected a monument to the memory of Dr. Withers. Assuredly no man ever deserved such a tribute more thoroughly. He was an ideal type of the gentleman who was one of the distinctive glories of the South that is dead. He bade me farewell with a quotation from Shakespeare upon the occasion of our last meeting, which was by mere chance upon the streets of Petersburg.

In essays, lectures, contributions to journals and periodicals, memorial addresses, and preëminently in my "Life of Gen. Robert E. Lee" I have striven to preserve in abiding form the memory of this peerless, heroic age and to prove myself by a life of devotion the uncompromising, inflexible champion and vindicator of the principles involved in the struggle of the South to assert and maintain her constitutional prerogatives. More than this, I have depicted in all its phases the carnival of desolation wrought by Sherman in the Carolinas (February-March, 1865), the crowning infamy of American history, including the sacking of my own home at Fayetteville. In addition to training three hundred recruits for active service, I was one of the youngest commissioned officers in the Confederate army, being made a first lieutenant of infantry when I had just attained my eighteenth year. In the light of half a century devoted to research, comparison, and generalization in the sphere of historical development I am not only an intense believer in the rectitude of the Confederate cause contemplated from every attitude, but have long been convinced that its failure to achieve success was fraught with disaster and calamity, complex and boundless in range and character, of which the epoch of Reconstruction may be regarded as a mere forecast or prelude. With the coming of the end I was at Fayetteville and had not a dollar in the world except in Confederate currency—April, 1865.

The outburst of sympathy evoked in the Northern States by the German "deportation" of the Belgians takes rank among the ironies and inconsistencies of human character as revealed in the evolution of history. No one could desire more ardently than I the complete restoration of Belgium to her political autonomy, yet it was impossible not to observe that her champions and advocates in portraying the carnival of horrors to which she has been subjected have drawn their illustrations and analogies from the great struggles of former ages, the desolation of the Palatinate, or the atrocities of Tilly at Magdeburg during the Thirty Years' War. Are men of the type presented by Meers, Root, Beck, and Choate willing to admit their ignorance of Sherman and Sheridan, the sacking of Columbia, and the laying waste of the fair Valley of the Shenandoah? To the memory of those who wrought this far-reaching ruin in a war waged upon women and children lofty monuments have been reared by art and malignity blended into unity. Are the gentlemen to whom I have referred ready to confess their ignorance of our national conflict, or have they for their own ends been guilty of a deliberate suppression of the truth?

For many years and under different conditions I have recounted the horrors of Johnson's Island and the West Hospital in Baltimore, my earliest efforts assuming the form of contributions to "The Land We Love," written in 1866 at the special request of Gen. D. H. Hill. The only genuine humanity, the sole approach to the courtesies of civilized warfare, that fell to my lot during the long, dreary months which I passed in Federal hospitals was received at Frederick, Md., July and August, 1863. The sick and the wounded were consigned to the care of the Catholic sisters, who devote their lives to the high and holy function of ministering to the victims of disease, the helpless, and those who, prostrated by the fortunes of war, find comfort and consolation in their unfailing skill and kindness. While at Frederick I was placed in the hands of one known in the order as "Sister Frances," who watched over me with ceaseless and intelligent regard to every detail of my case by day and by night for a period of seven weeks. I was at the time a mere lad in my teens, and my wound was not only severe, but dangerous in character. At a later time, about August 15, I was transferred to Baltimore and never saw my patient, gentle nurse again. When I made my home in Baltimore during the years succeeding the war, I tried repeatedly, but without success, to trace Sister Frances and ascertain her special field of labor. I assume that she has long since entered into rest, and after more than half a century has passed over me I place on record this tribute to her memory, inspired by a sense of grateful appreciation and regard. My Frederick episode was the solitary "silver lining" tempering the cloud which enveloped me after my narrow escape from death at Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

My varied experiences in Federal hospitals might have been turned to admirable account by a student devoted to the study of medicine and surgery from a historical point of view. At the time I have in contemplation aseptic and antiseptic methods were in the future. Lister's great discovery was not promulgated until 1862. Even anæsthesia was imperfectly developed, although its origin preceded the period I have in memory (1863-64) by fourteen or fifteen years. The surgeons of that day seemed afraid of their own agent or instrument; they had by no means acquired a mastery over it. Patients in some instances were operated upon while in a state of semiconsciousness. I can recall from youthful memory at least one ghastly incident associated with the surgical processes of that era which would have assumed a preëminent rank in an "Inferno" portrayed by some Dante of the modern world.

During the dreary season that I passed in hospitals some admirable ladies in sympathy with our cause were kind enough to supply me with books. At Frederick I read while lying helpless on a cot "The Woman in White" and "The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green," and a pocket edition of the Psalms was my daily consolation and comfort. I was fortunate enough to secure a copy of Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar and Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, which I had used while a student at the University of Virginia. Never did I devote myself more diligently to study than during the months that I was suffering the agonies of gradual starvation in a Federal prison. It was in a measure

"The sad mechanic exercise,  
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain."



*SERVICE OF DR. JAMES THOMAS SEARCY.*

[In the following article two friends pay tribute to a Confederate comrade, a sketch of whom is given in the Last Roll of this number, by which is shown his splendid attainments as a physician after the war. Of such men in their personal characteristics the Confederate army was composed in large part. His record as a soldier was a promise of this development.]

## WITH LUMSDEN'S BATTERY.

BY JAMES R. MAXWELL, FOURTH SERGEANT.

The spring of 1861 found James Searcy, twenty-two years of age, teaching school for a livelihood and to obtain funds to assist him in completing his education as a physician. The war had started. He volunteered in the company being formed in Tuscaloosa County composed of young men, lawyers, merchants, doctors, sons of small farmers who owned no slaves, sons of large farmers or planters, owners of many acres and numerous slaves, and young men of all the mechanic arts, some highly educated, some only moderately, but all fully imbued with patriotism and the determination to uphold the rights of each separate State in what has at this day come to be called "the self-determination of peoples" as to their chosen government.

This company chose to serve as field artillery and elected Charles L. Lumsden as captain. He had been for a term serving as military instructor of cadets at the University of Alabama, having been selected from among graduates of the Virginia Military Institute. This company, thereafter known as Lumsden's Battery, was soon mustered into service and sent to camp for military instruction and initiation into the life of a soldier near Dog River, below Mobile, where it remained until after the battle of Shiloh, when it received its equipment of guns and was sent up to the army then being reinforced around Tupelo, Miss., thereafter known as the "Army of Tennessee."

Searcy was with Lumsden's Battery in every action in which it was engaged, near Chattanooga, over the mountains into Kentucky, at Perryville (being at that time attached to a brigade of infantry), on the retreat back to East Tennessee via Knoxville, through Cumberland Gap, and thence into Middle Tennessee near Murfreesboro.

His brother, Reuben Martin Searcy, five years his junior, was a lieutenant in Company F, 34th Alabama Infantry, Manigault's Brigade, and I was a cadet drillmaster with the same regiment. During the battle of Murfreesboro Lieutenant Searcy was terribly wounded by two fragments of shell and immediately rushed to the first-aid in the rear and thence to a hospital in Murfreesboro.

I was stationed in front between our main line and skirmish line to transmit orders to the commander of the skirmish line and never knew of the wounding of Lieut. Reuben Searcy till dark, when Colonel Mitchell ordered me to go to Murfreesboro, find Searcy, and see what had been done for him. This first day was only the preliminary skirmishing, as the enemy was taking position for the battle on the morrow.

I found Searcy in the hospital. Nothing had been done for him except dosing him heavily with morphine, under the effects of which he was lying in his torn uniform soaked with blood. I sent a note to Colonel Mitchell at the front, stating the facts. He ordered me not to come back to the front, but to "stay with Searcy and see that he got proper attention as quickly as possible."

The surgeons' hands were full giving aid to those whose lives might possibly be saved by prompt attention. Those impossible to save were kept dosed with morphine merely to ease their passage to the "great beyond."

As soon as daylight came I started to hunt for a better place than the crowded floor of a public building. I soon found a place at the house of a Mrs. Thompson, who told me to bring him at once, that every room in the house but her own bedroom was ready for the wounded. The surgeons of our own brigade had worked all night and were still behind. I found two other surgeons, whose commands had not yet been in action, who willingly came to do what could be done. At once they saw that there was no hope for my friend but to keep down mental and physical pain until the end.

That night the news of his plight was known in Lumsden's Battery, which had been engaged in that first day's battle, and Captain Lumsden sent James Searcy in to look after his brother. He found him in my charge as described. Both of us were busily engaged night and day for several days assisting the surgeons at their work. Searcy's brother lived three days, and we laid him away in the Presbyterian churchyard in Murfreesboro.

Bragg retreated, and at the request of the Confederate surgeons we both remained with the wounded. When the Federals took possession of the town they interfered very little with the Confederate hospital arrangements, but furnished more nurses, medicines, and surgical supplies. The Confederate surgeons gave Searcy charge of every detail of nurses to go to the Federal commissary for rations for the whole Confederate hospitals, and the Federal commissary took such a liking to him that he would fill out requisitions he had in hand ahead of his turn and let him and his squad return at once to the hospitals.

Early in February the Federals moved all convalescing Confederates and nurses away from Murfreesboro, transferring them to Camp Morton, Indianapolis, as prisoners of war. Here we were confined until about April 1, when we were taken, via Baltimore and Fortress Monroe, to City Point, on James River, and exchanged back into the Confederacy once more to our great joy. We went at once to our respective commands. Searcy found Lumsden's Battery at Estell Springs, Tenn. This close connection, beginning at the bedside of his wounded brother (and we slept under the same blanket during the three months' experience as prisoners of war, January, February, and March, 1863) formed a tie between us that could never be severed under any circumstances whilst life should last. Prior to the war he had been like a much older brother and I a pal of his brother Reuben; but the experiences here related wiped out that difference in ages for the rest of our lives as far as our personal feelings were concerned.

Soon after this the Battalion of Reserve Artillery in the Army of Tennessee was formed under the command of Maj. Felix H. Robertson, and Searcy was promoted to sergeant major of that battalion, a position that demanded much responsibility and clerical work at the headquarters of the battalion. On the field his services were required as mounted aid to the commander.

With Robertson he remained as sergeant major, his commander being promoted first to lieutenant colonel and finally to brigadier general, his duties and responsibilities increasing with each promotion of his superior officer. Through it all he carried himself as a quiet, self-contained Christian gentle-

man, always ready for any duty. His duties as sergeant major from the time of his promotion took him away from close contact with his comrades in Lumsden's Battery. They rejoiced at his promotion, but always missed his influence in all that was for good.

The close of the war found him somewhere in North Carolina. Some weeks afterwards he arrived in Tuscaloosa on board a "government mule," with a pair of saddlebags containing a well-worn change of underclothing and a small remnant of plugs of tobacco such as he had been using to pay for food during his long ride over rough country from the place of surrender to his home—his sole worldly wealth after years of service.

## HIS SERVICE WITH THE RESERVE ARTILLERY.

CONTRIBUTED BY GEN. FELIX I. ROBERTSON, CRAWFORD, TEX.

The preceding tribute covers the services of this faithful Confederate soldier up to the time of the formation of the "Reserve Artillery of the Army of Tennessee," under General Bragg, at which date he was assigned as sergeant major of that command to serve at my headquarters. His recent death makes it proper that an account should be recorded of his services from that time forward to the collapse of the Southern Confederacy.

His long-continued and valuable services, given so faithfully as a doctor to the alleviation of human diseases and sufferings as superintendent of the noted Alabama Hospital for the Insane, have overshadowed and perhaps obscured his service in the army. As a member of Lumsden's Battery, raised at Tuscaloosa, Dr. Searcy served until the close of the Murfreesboro campaign. Captain Lumsden was a man below medium height, but unusually alert and prepossessing in appearance, well fitted by education and temperament to be a successful commander of a battery of field artillery as organized and used at that time. Among his lieutenants were Harvey Cribbs and Cole Hargrove (A. Coleman Hargrove). The enlisted men of that battery were perhaps of a higher class than of any similar organization in that army.

The battles near Murfreesboro had shown the desirability of a field artillery force which the commander of the army could use for emergencies without calling on the artillery attached to divisions away from the corps and division commanders. The winter service of 1862-63 had been particularly severe on the men and teams of all the batteries in General Bragg's army, and the early spring of 1863 found Lumsden's, Harvis's, Massengale's, and Anderson's Batteries camped at Estill Springs, Tenn. Harvis's Battery had been raised at Perry, in Houston County, Ga., Massengale's was from Macon, and Captain Anderson's from Hawkinsville, Ga. The men were all that could be desired, but the horses were poor and generally in bad condition. The officers were much disheartened, and supplies were scanty and hard to get. Naturally discipline was greatly relaxed and the outlook cheerless.

When those batteries were assigned to the reserve artillery and a major assigned to that command, Dr. Searcy was made sergeant major of that battalion, and the work of re-equipping and reorganizing seriously began. When the full coöperation of all the officers and men was once secured, the improvement was marked both in morale and efficiency.

None can comprehend the close attention and constant labor required to build up four batteries long neglected and lacking horses, harness, forage, even axle grease—in fact, all the varied things required to make each of those batteries fit to serve the country in the active campaign then just

ahead of the Confederate army in Tennessee without recalling the desperate straits to which the War Department of the Confederate States had been then reduced.

The poverty of the Confederacy denied us many of the supplies called for by army regulations, and our officers were driven to seek substitutes. Requisitions were easily made, but supplies could not often be had in sufficient quantities. Horses without nourishment could not be put in proper strength to draw the cannon; corn could be had, but hay was not to be had at all. The empty cornfields supplied only cornstalks which had been stripped as bare as seasoned fishing poles. Some man in the battalion discovered that when he stripped the glazed covering from those cornstalks the pith was greedily eaten by the suffering horses and with great benefit to the animals. Immediately the heretofore useless cornstalks were utilized, and with their pocketknives the men supplied coveted provender which the horses greedily ate and thrived upon. Continuous and tedious as the work was, the men cheerfully kept at it when they could see the great benefit to their stock.

When late in June, 1863, General Bragg saw proper to retreat across the Tennessee River, his reserve artillery was in fit condition to fight or march, as he might order.

The men and officers also showed similar improvement, and when the battalion marched from Estill Springs to Tullahoma before the retreat began the appearance of horses, men, and officers was fully up to fighting standard. The heavy rains that fell on us until we had crossed the Tennessee River severely tried the stamina of the men and their teams; but the battalion reached the vicinity of Chattanooga in good condition and went into camp near the eastern base of Lookout Mountain, where it remained until the beginning of the Chickamauga Campaign.

General Bragg kept the reserve artillery subject to his own orders until he had information that Hood's Division had arrived at Ringgold without artillery and had started toward Lee and Gordon's Hill. Then Bragg ordered the reserve artillery to join General Hood. That march of the battalion was made down the Chickamauga without escort of infantry or cavalry. After making a junction with General Hood, the reserve artillery was ordered to report to General Forrest, and under his orders it soon opened fire on a Yankee cavalry force guarding Berry's Bridge across the Chickamauga. The enemy soon fled from the bridge, and General Forrest with his cavalry dashed across the river and disappeared. General Hood promptly moved his forces across, and the infantry brigade and the artillery were assigned to camping grounds for the approaching night.

The artillery battalion moved west to its designated camping place. One of the infantry brigades had been sent by General Hood to camp in a body of timber toward the east. When the infantry had marched into the body of timber it was fired upon by a body of Yankee infantry, and so began the battle of Chickamauga on that part of that field.

General Forrest had not explored that body of timber, and General Hood, in ignorance of the fact, had dispersed his brigades for the night and gone to report to General Bragg the successful crossing of the river and to take orders for the morrow. With the coming of the dawn the advance of the Confederates began, but was not pushed, as it should have been. General Hood was assigned to command a corps.

The reserve artillery was assigned to duty with Hood's Division, commanded that day by Gen. E. M. Law, and as that division advanced the reserve artillery kept the place and advanced with the infantry.



Having broken through the Yankee line, Hood's Division halted near the edge of the field, with no enemy's line directly in front that could be seen. General Hood rode out into that field and, looking back east along the line just broken, was giving some instructions to one of his brigadiers standing near him, both mounted, when a bullet struck General Hood in the thigh. That caused delay, and the movement General Hood had planned was not made. Subsequent attacks on that same position, later known as Snodgrass Hill, were prolonged into the night without success.

The reserve artillery discharged its duty to the satisfaction of the gallant General Law and finally sat down before Chattanooga in a disheartened siege, unable to make any effective use of its time. Soon reinforcements began to reach Thomas, and shortly after General Grant took command military prudence forced General Bragg to contract his widely scattered forces. It became highly important to know whether Sherman with his forces had yet made a junction with Grant. It had been reported that a considerable camp could be seen on the north side of the Tennessee River. As the only available means to develop the truth, the reserve artillery was sent to make a demonstration opposite the supposed camp.

General Bragg's opinion was that if Sherman had joined General Grant that fact would be concealed until he could come into action, but that place would be prepared and batteries erected to protect the bridge for Sherman's use. If no crossing was contemplated at that point, no batteries would be planted there.

The battalion commander was instructed that he might know if batteries had already been planted there his fire would be almost immediately answered and that no useful purpose could be served by entering into a prolonged bombardment. Accordingly the reserve artillery, under cover of darkness, quietly approached the spot already selected and took position, waiting for the dawn. As soon as light sufficed to locate the supposed camp the word was given, and simultaneously every cannon fired. Our men worked fast and well, but our guns had scarcely fired three shots each when fire was opened upon us. And it was apparent that we were firing into a well-placed battery located to protect Sherman's crossing. Orders were given to cease firing, and retirement was made without further unnecessary exposure. A few days later General Bragg felt that he could no longer continue to hold Lookout Mountain, and he ordered General Walthall to withdraw all his forces.

The morning after General Walthall had successfully executed that order and brought his men across to Missionary Ridge General Hooker, in command of a large force, proceeded to stage a dramatic performance which General Meigs commemorated as the "Battle above the Clouds."

General Meigs was the quartermaster general of the United States army, and at that time he was in Chattanooga and from that point of safety witnessed Hooker's attack upon a position on the farther side of Lookout where his enemy *had* been, but *was* not. A little later came the shameful flight from Missionary Ridge and the retreat to Dalton.

Maj. Joe Palmer having been assigned to the command of the reserve artillery, Sergeant Major Searcy was sent with Lieutenant Colonel Robertson to reorganize and refit the four batteries belonging to Wheeler's Cavalry, at that time camped at Oxford, Ala. From much hard service these batteries were much run down and greatly in need of new equipment of all kinds. That work was both arduous and unrelenting. But intelligent, hard work had its full reward, for when Sherman began his advance Wheeler's Artillery, fully equipped

and ready for action, reported to General Wheeler near Dalton and began that irksome retreat to Atlanta. The necessity of the situation forced Wheeler's Artillery to take desperate chances, to unceasing activity daily, and whenever General Johnston ordered a retreat the staff of Wheeler's Artillery was expected to see that cavalry were stationed so as to relieve the infantry outposts. The duty came with exasperating frequency, and until the Confederates crossed the Chattahoochee Searcy had no rest except such as he might snatch under the enemy's fire. In all this work, both with the reserve artillery and the artillery attached to Wheeler's Cavalry, Sergeant Major Searcy was giving tireless and efficient service, both clerical and in the field.

From Resaca to the crossing of the Chattahoochee his duties pressed continuously. His cool courage never seemed to forsake him; he never hurried. His attention always focused on the duties before him, he was cheerful and always ready. In touch with all sorts of men, without seeming effort he could do the proper thing without irritating himself or others.

He was in no respect unmanly. He could be emphatic, and none of his associates lived in doubt about his principles. Satisfied of the soundness of his Presbyterianism, he was entirely free from all taint of cant or hypocrisy. Tolerant of the faults of his associates, he held himself to the strictest standards of speech and conduct. No wonder that with such characteristics he was respected by all men and beloved by a multitude.

#### CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY AT SAILOR'S CREEK, VA.

BY COL. JOHN C. STILES, FROM THE "RECORDS."

Commodore Tucker, who was in command of a battalion of Confederate States mariners in the battle of Sailor's Creek (well called), had never been in a land fight before; and when the soldiers on either side of him surrendered to the Union multitude he was astonished and, feeling that his "timbers" would stand considerable more "shivering" and that the place, if there is anything in a name, certainly belonged to them, refused to consider capitulation, but finally, realizing the uselessness of further struggle, lowered his colors amidst the applause of his Federal captors.

Maj. Robert Stiles, in his "Four Years Under Mars' Robert," says that an army staff officer offered to line the sailors up for the fight, but the flag officer told him that he needed no assistance, as he understood exactly how to talk to his "people"; and after many "starboard" and "larboard" movements and "Aye aye's" and "Aye aye, it is, sir's" and "Make it that's," they settled into position and stayed right there until the finish.

The fact of their prolonging the battle is confirmed in the reports of Northern generals, who, it will be noted, were so impressed with such resistance that they called it a brigade, instead of a battalion, of three hundred men. General Wheaton said "that a brigade of Southern marines stubbornly continued the fight." General Seymour reported: "The Confederate marines fought with a peculiar obstinacy." General Keiffer wrote: "The Rebel marine brigade fought with most extraordinary courage, but were finally cut off and captured." And, as General Wright tells us, that part of the Confederate States line had been held with great obstinacy by sailors who did not know when they were whipped. We will all admit that in their last and possibly their first land fight our "Gobs" kept up naval traditions and, to use a common but very expressive term, "delivered the goods" in every respect.

## IN THE DAYS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

BY J. H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

To those who passed through the experiences of Reconstruction in the South after the War between the States the memory of those evil days lies on heart and mind "with a weight heavy as frost and deep almost as life." They can never forget the cruel humiliations to which they were subjected, the stupendous iniquities perpetrated in the name of law, the pitiful and cowardly tyrannies inflicted on them by adventurers who followed in the wake of war and who were backed by all the powers of the government. Well might they cry, "Væ victes" ("Woe to the vanquished"), for the war for the Union turned out to be a war of conquest, which the conquerors used to despoil their victims not only of all political and civil rights, but of the remnants of their poverty which were left after the invading armies had plundered and burned their way through the whole land.

It was called "Reconstruction." It was really destruction on a national scale. It was the nightmare period of Southern history. A radical and fanatical majority in the United States Congress, moved and inspired by leaders who were themselves the embodiment of frenzied and malignant hatred of the South, trampled on and flouted the very foundation principles of liberty and exercised a despotism as brutal as the oppression of Turk or Russian. The coryphæus of this Congressional chorus was Hon. Thad. Stevens, ably assisted by the Hon. John Sherman. It was the deliberate attempt of abolitionism to destroy every vestige of a noble civilization and to place the ignorance and stupidity of the negro over the culture and refinement of Southern whites. Such an effort was bound to fail in the long run, and it is to be said to the credit of the majority of the Southern people that as soon as they realized the real nature of Reconstruction they repudiated it. In 1876, by the aid of several Northern States, a President was elected who was opposed to the Reconstruction measures. It is true that by the skill and craft of Hon. John Sherman the Presidency was stolen from Mr. Tilden, but the President who was counted in was forced by public sentiment to nullify the very measures by which he got his office. That rape of the Presidency was the end of Reconstruction, and that period of corruption, oppression, cruelty, and injustice is now generally recognized, North as well as South, as the darkest stain on the record of the United States.

It may be properly asked: "If it is all over and gone, why recall the story to a new generation which is free from its evils?" There are two answers: First, the truth of history demands and justice requires that the character and deeds of the Southern people of that day be vindicated against the falsehoods by which Northern speakers and writers try to justify or excuse the wrongs then forced on the South; and, second, the present generation is not free from the evils brought on by Reconstruction. Its fruit largely remains, and a knowledge of the source of present ills may help toward correcting them.

Reconstruction was the legitimate outcome of a war born of hatred, nursed in hypocrisy, waged with cruelty, and under the plea of Union ending in the subversion of the Constitution framed by the fathers of the Union. And so Reconstruction sowed the seeds of social and political ruin which to-day are springing up everywhere and threatening the very existence of government and of society. The spirit of those measures was a revolt against the divine order. It was putting ignorance and brutality in the seat of authority. It was making

might the measure of right. It released the conquerors from all obligations of justice to the conquered. Under pretense of protection to the negro, it destroyed every safeguard of the white man. That spirit subtly infused itself into the new order of things and has made the United States more prolific and more tolerant of crime than any other civilized nation on earth. Disregard of law by railroads resulted in the death or wounding of over one hundred thousand persons in one year. The lawless liquor traffic brought misery to a million homes. Law-defying combinations of capital poison the food or increase the cost of living for the poor.

I believe that the South was fighting for the true principles of constitutional government—for liberty, righteousness, honor, truth, for racial integrity and Anglo-Saxon supremacy and a spiritual civilization, for the purest social order—and I believe it was better to have fought and lost than to have submitted to a false and wrong theory of government without a fight. Better to die for the right than to triumph in iniquity. I therefore believe that Reconstruction was the application of the wrong principles, and the only hope for the country is to expose to the present generation the practical results in the past of those false principles in the hope that there may be a reaction in favor of the return to those principles that inspired the fathers of the republic in framing the original Constitution.

I write these "Recollections" as I wrote "Reminiscences of the War," in no spirit of hatred or vindictiveness against the Northern people, as individuals or as a section, but simply to show the difficulties we had to contend with in saving our civilization and to warn our people against those ideas and practices that were prevalent in Reconstruction days and which are now subtly permeating the spirit of the people North and South.

In these recollections I record not only what came under my own personal observation, but also things told me by trustworthy persons of their knowledge and experience. My object is not so much the criticism of those who oppressed us as to state the actual facts and set forth the conditions that really existed in those troublous times, for the facts themselves are sufficient to condemn.

I begin, therefore, in my own home. I was brought up in the little village of Charlotte, the county seat of Dickson County, Tenn.; but after the fall of Fort Donelson, in 1862, my father removed his family to his farm on Jones Creek, about six miles distant from the town.

I was paroled at Tuscaloosa, Ala., on the 20th of May, 1865, and it was near the middle of June when I reached home. I found that the Hon. W. G. Brownlow was Governor of the State. He had been for years before the war an influential figure in State politics. As editor of the *Knoxville Whig* he was one of the most fearless and able advocates of the Whig party, particularly sharp and severe in his denunciations of the opposite party. My memory is that he had a public debate in Philadelphia with a noted abolitionist, and he did not come out second in the end of it. He was intensely devoted to the Union, and in the early days of the war he had suffered for his faith. The Reconstruction measures found in him a sympathetic supporter.

Among other things, I found that under the Brownlow administration all Confederates and their sympathizers were excluded from the ballot box. I don't know whether they could gain the right to vote by taking any kind of oath, for I made no experiment in that direction.

When I reached home nearly everything had been taken from the farm. The mules, horses, oxen, cows, hogs were



all gone. A good small crop was growing, tended by my father and two younger brothers with a mule and a plow, loaned by my uncle, whose farm was off of the main road. The negroes were all gone except the cook, a faithful woman about forty years old. My father was a lawyer, but he could not practice his profession under the requirements of the Reconstruction acts. Everything was in confusion. No one knew just what to do. The amnesty proclamations of the President, Andrew Johnson, exempted most of the private citizens from prosecutions, but under the State administration there were some magistrates in the county, who were appointed by the Governor, as no election could be held, and they were anxious to show their patriotism by listening to and giving judgment on petty charges that were trumped up against Southern sympathizers. One of these magistrates was at the beginning of the war an ardent secessionist. The Freedman's Bureau agents were active in stirring up the negroes to bring charges against the white people. There was a general feeling of uneasiness, men not knowing when they might be arrested and brought before some government official to answer any sort of a charge that ignorance or malice might devise.

The negroes generally were eager to realize their freedom by leaving their old homes and setting up for themselves. A number of them gathered at White Bluff, a station on the railroad some ten miles from Charlotte, where there was a company of negro troops commanded by a white man; and to slap an impudent negro child or to dispute a negro's account brought a white man to answer at once before the Freedman's Bureau.

After the crop began to come in and father had succeeded in getting his disabilities removed so as to practice his profession he soon got provisions for the family on hand to meet all their needs. Mother saw that our cook, Betty, was getting restless. The White Bluff negroes would meet her occasionally, and they had wonderful stories to tell of the sweets of liberty, of how they were making money by washing for the soldiers, and how all the men had government jobs. Visions of an easy life, with plenty of money easily earned, disturbed her mind. So mother said to her: "Betty, I see you want to set up for yourself, and you won't be satisfied until you have tried freedom. Go to White Bluff and pick you out a cabin, for the government has many empty ones at small rent, and I will furnish you provisions for six months until you see what you can do." Betty went off in high feather, and the mule drew a spring wagon in which she sat with a supply of bacon, meal, coffee and sugar, some jars of preserves, which she had helped to put up, and a little money for "extras." There was enough to have kept her comfortably for six months at least. She was welcomed tumultuously by her friends, who visited her often and always stayed to meals. She was hospitable, and they accepted her hospitality cheerfully, and at the end of six weeks "Sis" Betty's larder was exhausted. She told father a pitiful tale as he passed the station one day on his way to Nashville. As soon as he got back home the wagon was again sent to White Bluff, and Betty's wants were generously met, but in about a month she was again destitute. She was saying to the other darkies that she didn't have to work unless she wanted to. "As long as Marse Robert has anything my white folks ain't gwine to see me suffer." Again the wagon went to White Bluff, but this time to bring Betty home. It was too costly an experiment to care for her in freedom. She remained at home for some years, until an ancient colored swain, "a gander old and gray, took her for his mate,"

and she did his cooking and mending until his death. But until the day of her death she drew on my brothers and me when she was in need, and her drafts were always honored.

By the way, there was a little episode in Betty's life in our family which probably Northern people cannot understand, but which added a touch of peculiar tenderness to my mother's feeling for her.

During the winter of 1863-64, while father was a prisoner at Nashville, my mother and two little brothers were on the farm without any protector except Betty, the only one of the negroes who remained. At night before retiring mother usually went over the yard and outbuildings to see that everything was secure. One night as she was passing among the cabins, all of them except Betty's being deserted, she heard very earnest conversation going on in a low tone in her cabin. Of course mother was alarmed, thinking there might be some plot brewing. She stepped lightly to the window, and, looking in, she saw by the light of a candle Betty on her knees praying most fervently, and the burden of the prayer was that the Lord would spare the lives of her three young masters in the army and bring them home in safety. Mother slipped away and never told Betty that she had heard her prayer, but ever after that there was a tenderness in her dealing with the old servant and patience and charity in judging Betty's faults and infirmities, a tenderness all the greater, it may be, because one of the young masters never came back home, but sleeps in a soldier's grave on the battle field of Franklin.

While Betty was at White Bluff I went back and forth to Nashville frequently to supply one of the city Churches, and I never went without a commission from her, generally to get medicine—some advertised cure-all. She was very stout, weighing over two hundred pounds, and not very tall. She was sensitive as to her size and personal appearance.

On one occasion as I stepped off of the train she met me, with her face greatly swollen from toothache. She certainly presented a funny aspect, with her cheek like a big, husky hemisphere, her eye nearly closed, her head tied up in a big red flannel cloth, the ends of the tie sticking nearly a foot above her head. I cried out in surprise: "Why, Betty, what in the world is the matter with your face?" There were several Yankee soldiers on the train, and they crowded to the car windows to see her. She answered me in a hoarse whisper with a lisp, "It thwaled" (it's swelled). One of the soldiers said, "Auntie, you look like you are swelled all over," and they all laughed. She regained her voice instantly, and the way she denounced all Yankees as "pore white trash who didn't have no feeling for colored folks" was a caution and showed that she was not duly thankful to the heroes who "died to make men free" as they went "marching through Georgia."

Indeed, one of the inconsistencies of negro character I noticed during those days of Reconstruction was that, while they stood politically with the Yankees and were ready to do their bidding, yet when they wanted a favor of a real kind they applied to the Southern man; and while they admired the Yankee people in mass as their deliverers, they yet had a contempt for the Yankee as an individual and down in their hearts they had a greater genuine respect, even love, for the old master than they had for the Northern leader of their party.

There was deep pathos in the patience and self-restraint of the majority of our people under the oppressions they endured. There was inspiration in the heroic courage with which they undertook to rebuild the wastes and repair the

desolations of war. But in the midst of the tragedy of Reconstruction there were comic features that somewhat relieved the burdens of care. The makeshifts that took the place of comforts or conveniences of life were often so in contrast with the elegance or the handiness of the things of the old time that we had to laugh at our awkwardness in using them. Sometimes the effort to appear fine would put a shining silk hat over a coat shiny from long wear, or a handsome gown would be surmounted by headgear that was made over from some old bonnet that was resurrected from old finery of "before the war." This was in the country. Of course in the city it was easier to adapt one's dress to one's means and position. My Uncle Thomas McNeilly was a member of the State Senate in 1861. He was very determined to have our rights at any cost. He owned fifty or sixty negroes and two farms, besides his home in the village. He had all the conveniences of comfortable living, among other things fine saddle horses, a necessity in a country of rough roads. In his public speeches and in private talks he would not hear to compromise. If we would just stand firm, those Yankees would yield us all our rights. With him liberty with poverty was better than luxury and ease in subjection. I was enjoying my right of walking to town for lack of a horse, and sometimes I spent the night with him. One day he was going to his farm, two or three miles distant. He had been telling how much was still left to us. Even though we had lost so much, it was best to have made the fight for our rights. He called one of the negroes who remained with him to bring his horse to the door. Directly the darky came leading the most forlorn, lean, mangy-looking little mule that shambled along as if utterly discouraged. The saddle was a Mexican without skirts, and the seat was not padded. It nearly covered the little beast. As my uncle mounted, the linen duster he wore spread out to the tail of the mule, his feet came nearly to the ground, and a rather battered plug hat completed the ridiculous figure. I called to him as he rode off: "Uncle Tom, are you going after your rights on that little donkey?" It was a sore subject. He replied: "Jimmy, there is no sense in treating our misfortunes with levity." So I became duly solemn, but his daughters and I had a good laugh after he got out of hearing. It was well that we could get some fun out of our calamity.

But there were other things that came upon us far worse than having to ride on donkeys and wear patched clothes, and these other things were no laughing matter—the humiliations and insults, the oppressions and injustices we had to endure at the hands of carpetbaggers and scalawags, who reveled in corruption and thievery while we were helpless. These made the blood boil.

One of the demoralizing features of the times was the ease with which men swore to loyalty in order to get pay for supplies taken or property destroyed by the Federal army. I remember seeing three commissioners going to and fro between the courthouse and the hotel. They were appointed to hear the claims of citizens and recommend or reject them. While I heard charges that any claim would be allowed if the commissioners got a divide, yet the worst thing was that men who were notoriously disloyal to the United States would present claims that were false and then swear they were loyal.

In one case a claim agent came to my father proposing to collect his claim for forage taken and amounting to several hundred dollars. My father said: "But I can't swear that I was loyal." The fellow said: "You can swear that you were loyal to the true idea of the government." The reply

was: "That would be a dodge. The oath means that I was loyal to the United States government at Washington, and you see every one of these receipts has on it 'This man has three sons in the Rebel army.' I was not loyal according to the terms of the oath." The man seemed astonished that any one should stand on a quibble like that when money was at stake, and finally he proposed that if father would put the claims in his hands he himself would do all the necessary swearing, only he would sign father's name to the oath. When he made this proposition he was ordered out of the office instantaneously. But he seemed to think this was a foolish regard for a mere form. I am proud to say that there were but few in the old county who could be persuaded to violate conscience for the sake of money, although many of them had been forced to furnish supplies to the government. If I remember correctly, there was so little doing by the three commissioners that their daily tramp to and from the courthouse became a joke, and they were guyed about the hard work they had to do to earn their salaries. Still, there were several claimants who found out that they were Union men only after they found there was money in it.

One of the saddest things in the Reconstruction madness was that the Church tried to give the sanctions of religion to the efforts made to steal our property and to disfranchise us in favor of the carpetbagger, the scalawag, and the negro.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church had been very bitter during the war denouncing the "rebellion," as they called it, and in advising and encouraging the government in all its measures, however cruel and oppressive. In May, 1865, the Assembly met in Pittsburgh, Pa., and passed a series of resolutions practically suspending all Presbyterian ministers from the ministry until they had repented of the sin of rebellion; and as those in the South almost to a man were strong supporters of the Confederacy, this action declared every pulpit vacant and meant that the North had the right to take over all our Churches, with their property. The Southern ministers in 1861 had protested against the Church taking sides in the political question dividing the country, and when the Assembly demanded that all ministers under its jurisdiction should support the cause of the Union those in the Confederate States withdrew and organized a separate Church. This action in Pittsburgh in 1865 was then a distinct refusal to acknowledge the Southern General Assembly as having any rights that the Northern body was bound to respect.

The First Presbyterian Church of Nashville was probably the first to resist the effort of the Northern Church to get possession. This Church had called the Rev. R. F. Bunting, the noted chaplain of the Texas Rangers, to be their pastor. He had gone to Ohio to meet his family and to bring them to Nashville, and it would be some weeks before he could enter on his work. In the meantime the Northern Board of Home Missions appointed a minister, a Mr. Brown, I think, to come to Nashville and take charge of the First Church. The elders of the Church had been notified of this appointment, and they were expecting him any day. But they determined that he should not have charge. So they employed me to hold the fort until Dr. Bunting came.

The church building had been used as a hospital by the Federal army. It required some time after getting possession for the main auditorium to be fitted for service, and the basement was used for worship. I had preached for four or five weeks when Dr. Bunting and Mr. Brown reached Nashville on the same day, and on Sunday morning both were present to take charge. I, of course, cheerfully stepped



aside and was only an interested spectator, while the session settled the question between the two claimants of the pulpit. Dr. Bunting declined to argue the case, leaving it to the elders to say whether they would stand by their call. But the Northern claimant was rather persistent. There was a full meeting of the session. If my memory serves me, there were in the session then Dr. Paul F. Eve, Mr. Daniel F. Carter, Mr. John M. Hill, and two of the elders, Col. R. H. McEwen and Prof. Nathaniel Cross, had been very pronounced Union men, and to them was left the talking. No two men stood higher in the community for integrity and purity of character, and they had the confidence and the respect of the whole Church, a majority of which was warmly Southern. Besides, they thoroughly understood the principles of Presbyterian Church government.

They told Mr. Brown that the First Presbyterian Church had never given up its organization nor forfeited its rights, and it claimed the right, fundamental for Presbyterianism and dearest of all to Presbyterian people—the right to choose their own officers; that the congregation had freely chosen Dr. Bunting as pastor; that they could support him; therefore they declined any outside interference with their rights.

Now, while most of the ministers were away in the South during the war a small minority—five ministers—voted the Presbytery of Nashville into the Northern Assembly, and two of those ministers opposed the action, and only one of the five was a pastor. But Mr. Brown on this account insisted that the Northern Assembly had the right to declare all the Churches of the Presbytery vacant, take charge of them, and appoint supplies for them. The session was very courteous, but obdurate, and told him very positively that Dr. Bunting must have charge and would begin his work that morning.

After awhile, when Mr. Brown realized that his cause was hopeless, he seemed to lose patience and spoke with some heat to this effect: "Gentlemen, you seem to forget that the rebellion is crushed and that Nashville is in the hands of the Union army." I shall never forget the reply of Professor Cross. He was not a large man, slender, rather delicate in appearance, a gentleman of mild and refined manners, an elegant scholar, a modest, sincere, exemplary Christian. In all his talk he had been calm, courteous, quiet; but suddenly something happened to the surprise of Mr. Brown. Rising from his seat, drawing himself to his full stature, and looking straight into the eyes of the other, his own eyes blazing, with vibrant voice he said: "Do you mean to threaten us, sir? Is it your purpose to use military force to compel us to accept you as our pastor?" I have no idea that the minister intended a threat. He was only vexed at what seemed to him the Rebel spirit, and he did not think how his words sounded, and he hastened to disclaim any purpose to threaten. Colonel McEwen was as firm as Professor Cross, and the interview ended in Dr. Bunting's preaching that morning, and for several years he continued as pastor of the Church, until he was succeeded by the saintly Dr. Moore, of Richmond, Va.

The sequel of the rejection of Mr. Brown by the session was told me by Mr. Andrew J. Smith, one of the deacons, with whom I was boarding. He spoke of it during the following weeks as of a thing he knew. He said that Mr. Brown went to Gen. George H. Thomas, who was in command of the military department, and asked him to interfere in behalf of loyalty, telling the General that the spirit of rebellion was still strong in this Church, which had refused to receive him, although he was sent by the highest authority in the Church. The soldier was a just man and unwilling to act on

an *ex parte* statement. He was anxious also to conciliate the Southern people. So he told the preacher that the military had no right to interfere with the ecclesiastical authority, that he had no knowledge of the questions at issue, and that he believed in leaving all such matters to the Church. It was reported that the minister was so persistent that he at last became offensive, intimating that the General's patriotism was at fault. And then the soldier grew indignant and told the preacher to go to that warm region from which he professed to save men and that it was not the business of the army to run the Churches.

Mr. Smith also told me that on the Sunday of the interview with the session Mr. Brown dined at Colonel McEwen's. Mrs. McEwen, known to her friends as "Aunt Hetty," was a devoted Unionist, as brave and true a woman as ever lived. She was also a woman of strong common sense and loved her Church as she loved her country. When the minister told his woes to her, she said: "If you want to preach the gospel, there is a great need here in Nashville, and you say your Board will support you. We do not need you in the First Church. Why not stay and gather a congregation from those who have no pastor?" But that was not what the brother was after. He came to get the large and influential First Church, and it was that or none. So he went back North a sadder if not a wiser man.

#### NOTABLE GEORGIANS.

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, MACON, GA.

One Saturday afternoon in the latter part of July, 1871, at Chattanooga, Tenn., at the old Crutchfield House, opposite the Union Station (then the W. & A., East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, and N. & C. Railroad Station), four young men climbed into the hack going up Lookout Mountain to spend the week-end. They were Joel Chandler Harris, J. H. Estill, Henry W. Grady, and Frank Stovall Roberts. Harris and Grady were somewhere around twenty-one years of age, Estill probably between twenty-five and thirty, and Roberts had just passed his twenty-fifth birthday. Grady and Roberts had been schoolmates at Athens in 1861 at Mr. Scudder's school, but had not met since 1863. Henry Grady, the very bright schoolboy, had developed into a youth of brilliant and comprehensive mind, with that immediate grasp of things that gave him in early manhood a force that grew and expanded until he became a national figure.

Frank Stovall Roberts was at this date (1871) just launching out as a commercial traveler representing the business house of J. O. Mathewson & Co., of Augusta. Just a few years before he had taken part in the campaign of the Army of Tennessee, following the fortunes of Gen. John B. Hood from Atlanta to Jonesboro, where he had participated in the battle of Jonesboro on September 1, 1864, and thence throughout the ill-fated campaign into Tennessee until captured and paroled at Macon by command of General Wilson, U. S. A., who took possession of that city about April 20, 1865.<sup>1</sup> He is the only surviving member of that group.

Col. J. H. Estill, eldest of the group, was a gentleman of quiet but genial manners, editor of the *Savannah Morning News*, one of its owners, and a factor in the affairs of the State.

Added to the noble trio was Joel Chandler Harris, making a supercargo of genius for the hack carrying the quartet of Georgians up Lookout Mountain that July day. "Uncle Remus" was yet to be introduced to a reading public weary



of "Uncle Tom" and all abolitionist propaganda. The greatest folklore artist the world has known and America's outstanding literary genius since Poe was this modest red-headed young man, now enjoying to the full life as a newspaper paragrapher. Here were four Georgians representing the State from the Blue Ridge and Piedmont region to Chatham and the "marshes of Glynn." The year 1861 found them boys; the following decade, bringing them to young manhood, had been the most momentous in the history of the American people.

In 1861 it was said that the thermometer of the monetary and commercial power of the globe hung up in the London Exchange; the war for subjugation of the South had given the Northern States of the American Union power to hang the thermometer of money rule up in Wall Street, New York City. During this decade the grandest army that ever trod the soil of this same globe was surrendered to the might of militarism, and these Georgia youths had seen every hope and ideal to which they were born trampled underfoot. After honorable defeat at arms the crushed South met the dishonorable warfare waged in the name of Reconstruction. The young South must fight with every force the Lord gives to right against wrong the destruction of the Reconstruction acts—acts to place the South, politically and socially, under

the heel of the negro and to bring to hopeless ruin the most prosperous community in the world; not negro equality merely, but negro supremacy, and this at the sacrifice of humanity to both races, of citizenship under the Constitution, and of the civilization of society.



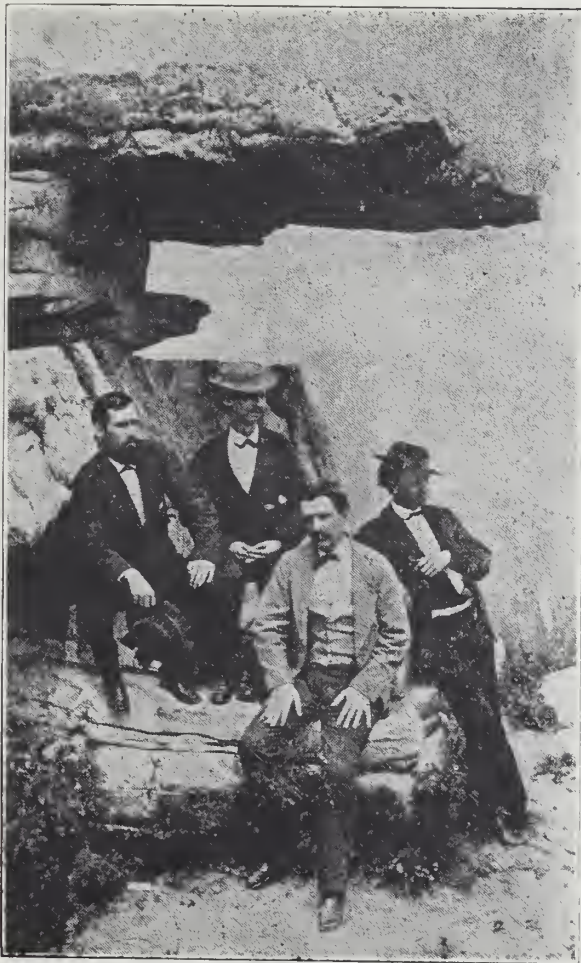
FRANK STOVALL ROBERTS, 1920.

This young South was most fittingly represented by Henry Grady, who is remembered by his old schoolmate of the party on Lookout Mountain as full and running over with fun, his keen black eyes brimming with mischief and that infectious humor that made him the gay and lovable com-

rade. He delivered a lecture in the seventies at Augusta entitled "The Patchwork Palace," a "take-off" on Morris, which must have been delightful. It was handsome, magnetic Henry Grady who went as "missionary"<sup>2</sup> to the Yankees to teach them how to make true their boasted love of the "Union" by including the Southern States in their fealty and patriotism, giving them a clearer insight into the character and feelings of the Southerner, counseling a better feeling, and asking for peace. This before the New England Society at Boston, when the orator carried his audience by resistless force, and a new era was said to be inaugurated.

Such was the personnel of the Georgians of the old photograph; Roberts, the soldier; Grady, the orator; Estill, the editor; Harris, the genius, whose name is now proposed for the National Hall of Fame, the most illustrious name in Southern literature. Perhaps our beloved Uncle Remus with the magic of his pen did more to bring that peace and good fellowship for which Henry Grady pleaded than any other. A message very full and precious is given in his life,<sup>3</sup> telling us how fine and sweet living in Georgia may be, finer and sweeter to the true home lover than in any land under the sun.

We look again at the old photograph of these four Georgians, born of her warm, generous soil, true to her high traditions, brave and strong and fighters with sword and tongue and pen. What a fight was just behind them and just before them as they stood on Lookout Mountain in July, 1871! History and literature now hold the record they made.



GROUP ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, 1871.

Top: Frank Stovall Roberts and Joel Chandler Harris.  
Bottom: J. H. Estill and Henry Grady.

<sup>1</sup>In 1898, when the Spanish-American War came on, Mr. Roberts offered for service. Being then fifty-five years of age, the only position available was paymaster's clerk, in which capacity he served thirteen years, and was placed on the retired list of the United States army in April, 1911. In the World War Mr. Roberts's only son, Capt. Claudius Henry Mastin Roberts, bore an honorable part, volunteering for service shortly after the President's proclamation, April, 1917, serving nearly two years in France and returning with two bars on his shoulders in the place of the one he wore over.

<sup>2</sup>Hon. Ogden Persons, in Memorial Day address at Macon April 26, 1920, referred to Grady as a "missionary" to New England.

<sup>3</sup>Julia Collier Harris's "Life of Joel Chandler Harris." (Houghton Mifflin Co.)



## THE RENAISSANCE IN SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

## THE SHORT STORY.

The renaissance in Southern literature began about the year 1870. The war poets had suffered shipwreck in the cataclysm of their country. Some of them bore the scars of battle or of Northern prisons, and poverty, universal and all-pervading, made the attainment of the necessities of life the prime consideration of every Southern man. Timrod, "the South's most characteristic poet," died in 1867; William Gilmore Sims followed him in 1870. Paul Hamilton Hayne continued to write both prose and poetry until his death in 1886, but "could never quite recapture the first fine careless rapture" of his war-time lyrics. James Barron Hope and John R. Thompson added little to their laurels after 1865, but from 1870 to 1881 Sidney Lanier's voice rang out in true poetic melody, filling the silence with a music which shall not be hushed so long as the Chattahoochee flows or the marshes of Glynn sleep under the tide.

The generation which was to arouse from this literary lethargy was born either before the war or while its wounds were still fresh. The first medium for expression was in the short story, always a dramatic and ancient form of the written word.

The "Morte d'Arthur" was a series of individual experiences more or less related to the tragedy of Arthur's death before the Roman conquest of Britain; Malory made of them a perfect and peerless epic of chivalry. The "Canterbury Tales" were familiar to the knights who fought at Agincourt, and Boccaccio's "Decameron" was a popular volume before the discovery of America. Perhaps Columbus read it surreptitiously during his long voyage westward. Skipping several centuries, America produced one of the greatest of modern short-story writers, Edgar Allan Poe, the originator of the modern detective story.

Probably the dominant cause which led the writers of the early eighties to choose the short story was the fact that it is the most salable article in the literary market. All the great magazines of the United States are published in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and perhaps one or two other points, not in the South. Since the *Literary Messenger* ceased not a single literary magazine of more than local popularity has been continuously published in the South. This is a sweeping charge, but can it be denied? The consequence has been that there is no demand for literature, and so Southern authors found in the *Century*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Lippincott's*, and a few other magazines the only opportunity to place their manuscripts.

Let us remember that the renaissance in Southern literature had to depend on Northern magazines and Northern publishers for expression and for encouragement. An exception to this rule was Joel Chandler Harris. Because of his connection with the *Atlanta Constitution*, Uncle Remus was a popular and unique figure before the Appletons published his songs and sayings in 1880. Ranking with Harris as the premier short-story writer of the South is one whose appeal is to a different audience, Thomas Nelson Page, who won by a single story told in the Hanover dialect the right to an immortal name. The exquisite classic "Marse Chan" may not excel "Meh Lady" in feeling or in artistic finish, but it was the first golden drop distilled from the memory of the vanished days. Slavery is an institution from which few nations have been exempt, whether it was the bondage of the

defeated tribe or the common chattel slavery so often mentioned in the Bible. Any doubt as to its being a perfectly orthodox dispensation of Providence seems to have arisen long after Queen Elizabeth drew her dividends out of the business and the Virginia colony besought the mother country unavailingly to send no more slaves to their settlements. It was an exceedingly lucrative enterprise, and Great Britain refused the appeal of Virginia. The Yankee skippers were quick to see the profits, and a fleet of "slavers" sailed from Massachusetts ports to Africa, capturing the natives by treachery or by barter with tribal chiefs. The atrocities and cruelties committed by those engaged in this inhuman traffic form a sad chapter in history. When the Constitution of the United States was framed, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Virginia voted to end the slave trade at once; but the seafaring States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Hampshire asked for the time to be extended twenty years, and three Southern States voted with them, North and South Carolina and Georgia. One of the omissions to which Northern historians are specially addicted is the statement of the vote on this question. A peculiar bitterness was injected into all discussions a few years later by the fact that the people most clamorous to continue the slave trade so long as it could benefit them became so zealous for the abolition of slavery.

Dr. Page shows how an institution fraught with great evils had its gentler side, how the patriarchal relation binding together the strong and the weak softened the shackles of owner and owned, for the master too was in fetters. He was the victim of an inherited condition and an economic system which he was powerless to change, for the vital question in slavery was "what to do with the corpse." Was the African to be colonized or deported? Strangely enough, that he should be set free, given control of sovereign States, and presented with the civil rights of his disfranchised master was a solution that did not occur even to John Brown.

Dr. Page's great service consists in showing how this alien savage emerged from barbarism and developed into a loyal, faithful, kindly Christian being. The person who has never known an Uncle Gabe has lost something precious; the child who was never lulled to sleep on mammy's ample breast will never feel the depths of tenderness lying dormant under a sable skin. Never can the world see again that perfect blend of reverence and affection so subtly expressed in the words "My Mistis." The feudal system was long extinct in Europe, but something of its spirit existed on the plantation, and this is depicted by Dr. Page with wonderful grace and charm.

Ruth McEnery Stuart, Grace Elizabeth King, and George W. Cable write in a different dialect of Louisiana and the Creoles and "Sonny." James Lane Allen struck a new note. One somehow always pictured Kentucky as a land of cheerful ungodliness, abounding in blue grass, bourbon, and sporting events. Without warning Mr. Allen led us to the Trappist brethren, who are by no means a large per cent of the population and certainly not typical of your real Kentuckian. At a later date John Fox, Jr., etched the picture of the Kentucky mountaineer, as Miss Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock) had done for his kinsman of Tennessee. Happily these artists have shown the mountaineer as he really is, for this elusive individual seems to possess a kind of fatal fascination for writers who apparently have gleaned their knowledge at long range and from unreliable sources. To them any lanky person ranging around six feet in height and chewing tobacco can be a qualified and duly elected mountaineer by simply

adding "we-uns" and "you-uns" to his vocabulary. Perhaps they have given careful and intensive study to the hybrid specimens who frequent summer resorts in the mountains, selling berries and chinquapins, but they have never caught the spirit of John Fox's men and women, the gallery of whom is now, alas! complete, nor acquired the mystic touch with which Miss Murfree reveals the secrets of these primeval natures. When the story called "A Brother to Dragons" appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* there was much speculation as to the author. Not many months later "The Farrier Lass of Piping Peabworth" and "Nurse Crummet Tells the Story" were published, and Amelie Rives became a household name in fiction.

Many others helped to swell the volume of authorship in the eighties. Harry Stillwell Edwards, with his inimitable "Major," cannot be forgotten, nor Molly Elliott Seawell, whose prize stories, "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac" and "Little Jarvis," are charming. All of the writers mentioned embarked in more ambitious literary ventures; several wrote novels which will find a high and permanent place in American letters; but the short story marked the beginning of their apprenticeship to literature and endeared them first to a cosmopolitan circle of readers.

#### SIGNAL CORPS IN DEFENSE OF CHARLESTON.

BY R. DE T. LAWRENCE, MARIETTA, GA.

While the receiving and transmitting of reports of movements of the enemy were duties assigned to the Signal Corps on the islands and forts around Charleston, it happened that it performed a much more important part in the defense of the city. We had learned the alphabet, or code, of the enemy, reported at the time to be due to the capture of a signal station in the lower part of South Carolina. Equipped with this important information, three signalmen were secretly located on the east end of Sullivan's Island, where they were in direct line with signals sent from the blockading fleet to the force on land, for the Federals had possession of the south end of Morris Island, as we did a portion of the north end; and as the admiral was the commanding officer, his orders were most important, as they directed the movements of both sea and land forces.

On July 10, 1863, soon after General Gillmore had secured possession of a portion of Morris Island, an attack was made on Battery Wagner, which was easily repulsed. On July 18 intercepted dispatches sent from the fleet showed that after a terrific bombardment by the fleet during the day at sunset the firing would cease, which would be the signal for a desperate assault on Battery Wagner. With this valuable information, our men protected themselves in the bomb-proofs while the bombardment was going on and as soon as it ceased prepared themselves for the attack, which was made as anticipated and during which Colonel Shaw's 54th Massachusetts Negro Regiment, which was placed in front, was practically annihilated, and the Federals were compelled to withdraw in a panic with a loss said at the time of 1,800 of the enemy killed and wounded to 110 on our side, or, as reported by a Northern writer, of 2,000 killed, wounded, and missing, with a loss to us of 175 killed and wounded. During the terrific bombardment of Battery Wagner Lieut. Iredell Jones took the intercepted dispatches to the battery without injury. Some years after, in conversation with a friend from the North in regard to the monument at Boston to Colonel

Shaw's regiment, he said it was a shame that those negroes were put in front in the attack.

Each squad of three men of the Signal Corps was apportioned to one week's service on Morris Island. So on September 1, 1863, it came the turn of W. A. Clark, Edward Legare, and R. deT. Lawrence to spend a week at the front, and, as it happened, the last week on Morris Island before its evacuation by us. An intercepted dispatch gave us information in advance of a plan to attack Battery Gregg. Having failed to take Battery Wagner by assault, it was planned to capture it from the rear, for Battery Gregg was located on the north end of the island a short distance from Wagner. Two small cannon and a detachment were sent from Charleston after dark and placed in position where, as anticipated, the enemy attempted to land. The boats with their loads arrived just before daybreak, as predicted by Mr. Legare; but we were so well advised in advance of their coming that, without allowing them to land, after a few shots from our two small pieces the enemy left without firing a gun. While awaiting the attack (for, of course, no one slept till it was made and repulsed) the writer stepped to the beach, a few yards off, where he met the sentinel, who declared that he preferred to be back in Virginia, as he could stand the Minié balls better than the cannon balls and shells; but he was assured that he was as safe on the beach for that night as if we were by the fireside at his home. An intercepted dispatch had informed us that the guns from the fleet would be trained on Sullivan's Island and Fort Sumter, but not a shot would be directed toward Morris Island during the night.

Some two weeks after an article from a correspondent of the New York *Herald* told that the attack had been planned for the night before it was made; but the attacking party having fired at a boat taking a wounded officer to the city, it was feared this might have notified us of the proposed attack, which was postponed till the following night. The captured crew, to their credit, all Irishmen, preferred imprisonment to taking the oath of allegiance.

Again an intercepted message notified us in advance of an attack on Fort Sumter with marines from the fleet. Coming quietly, intending a surprise, the enemy found the men, who had burrowed under the debris of the fort, awaiting them and standing in the dust and broken bricks, with Minié balls and brickbats drove off the boats with their crews. A friend to whom I told the condition of the fort at this time was in doubt until some years after the war a picture in the London *Strand* of the east, or sea, side of the fort showed that the best protection we had was made by the enemy in the amount of iron lodged on the brick dust.

While under incessant shelling the three signalmen, the last to leave the island, suffered no injury except a slight wound from a fragment of shell, which did more harm to the gray jacket of the writer than it did to his person, and a severe burn suffered by Mr. Clark from the turpentine used in the signal torch.

I will add that after the battle of Secessionville, on James Island, in which the enemy's loss to ours was fifteen to one and in which the writer escaped with three dead, including the second lieutenant, lying immediately around him, no further attempt was made to capture Charleston from the land side. So after their experience on Morris Island and at Fort Sumter attacks from the sea side ended, and Charleston was entered by the enemy only when Sherman's march through South Carolina necessitated our giving up the city.



*THE RAID INTO PENNSYLVANIA—THE FIRST  
ARMORED TRAIN.*

BY THE LATE ROBERT R. ZELL, OF BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

In June, 1864, General Early was ordered by General Lee to move his corps to the Valley of Virginia from the eastern part of the State. At this time Col. Bradley Johnson was promoted to brigadier general and assigned to command the brigade of cavalry previously commanded by Gen. William E. Jones, who had been killed at New Hope, Va. At this time also Harry Gilmor, colonel of the 2d Maryland Cavalry, was ordered to report to General Johnson and assume command of the 1st and 2d Maryland Cavalry Regiments.

For some time General Lee had contemplated sending an expedition of cavalry to release the Confederate prisoners at Point Lookout, Md., a Federal prison located on a point in Southern Maryland at the mouth of the Potomac River below Washington City, where they had large pens full of Confederates. General Early instructed General Johnson to prepare his men for the work of releasing these 25,000 to 30,000 Confederate prisoners. Johnson's Brigade was composed of both Virginia and Maryland regiments of cavalry and the Baltimore Light Artillery.

About the 6th of July, 1864, General Early crossed the Potomac River into Maryland and moved toward the Monocacy River. Johnson, having been instructed to cover Early's left flank, proceeded to Frederick, Md., from which point he was to ride around Baltimore and on to Point Lookout, Md. When he received the order to make this raid he told General Early he would try to carry out his orders, but that his horses were not in condition to make a 400-mile ride. Nevertheless, he started from Frederick City (his old home in Maryland) at daylight on the morning of July 9 and covered Early's left in the battle of the Monocacy, where Early whipped Lew Wallace to a finish. Johnson then struck out for Cockeysville, Md., where he burned the bridge on the Northern Central Railroad between Baltimore and Harrisburg, Pa. He sent Colonel Gilmor with the Maryland regiments to burn the bridge over the Gunpowder River between Baltimore and Philadelphia on the "Phil., Wil.," and Baltimore Railroad, all of which was done, thus cutting off the Federals from sending troops from the North. In the meantime Early was pushing on to Washington to attract the Federals' attention so Johnson could have a free hand to take Point Lookout. General Grant, having been notified that Early was threatening Washington, sent two corps from his army to that city. Upon learning this Early ordered Johnson to abandon the raid to Point Lookout.

Johnson returned to Early's command at Rockville, Md., near Washington, and they recrossed into Virginia. In the meantime General Lee issued orders to General McCausland to join with Johnson's Brigade in a raid into Maryland and Pennsylvania and to levy on the town of Chambersburg, Pa., for a hundred thousand dollars in gold in retaliation for the destruction done by General Hunter in the Valley of Virginia.

McCausland's Brigade of Virginia Cavalry, with Johnson's Brigade, made a force of not over fifteen hundred men. It was after Johnson had returned from his trip with Early that I joined the 1st Maryland Cavalry and was appointed a courier on Johnson's staff.

We started on this raid and crossed the Potomac River at McCoy's Ferry, near Clear Spring, Md., on July 29, 1864, and arrived at Chambersburg on the 30th of July. At Clear Spring we met four or five hundred Federal cavalry and after a sharp fight drove them off toward Hagerstown, Md.

We then moved to Mercersburg, where we arrived at 5 P.M. Major Sweeney, of the 36th Virginia Cavalry, had a skirmish with a body of the enemy here and captured a few of them.

We halted and fed ourselves and horses, and at 9 P.M. we again started marching toward Chambersburg, which we reached at about five o'clock in the morning. We were skirmishing all night with the enemy, who fired one shell at us on the outskirts of the town, which we captured at daylight. The 21st Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Peters, occupied the town, the rest of the command stopping outside. Capt. George Emack, of the 1st Maryland Cavalry, and I were the first two Confederates to ride into Chambersburg. General McCausland made a demand for the payment of the \$100,000, or he would burn the town. After remaining there about three hours and the payment being refused, we proceeded to burn it. The town was fired in a number of places, after which we withdrew and proceeded toward McConnellsburg, Pa., which place we reached at 5 P.M. and went into camp. The Maryland Brigade had been in the advance up to this time. Next morning (Sunday) at sunrise we saddled up and marched toward Hancock, Md., the Maryland Brigade in the rear. I mention the position of the Marylanders because General McCausland gave the Marylanders all the fighting to do during this raid.

We were now in constant contact with the enemy, who harassed our rear continuously. We learned from several prisoners we captured that General Averill, with a division of cavalry and battery of artillery, was after us with instructions to destroy us before we could recross the Potomac River into Virginia.

We were now moving rapidly in close order, as our scouts reported a second body of cavalry moving toward us from Cumberland, Md. We arrived in Hancock at noon of the 31st, and General McCausland ordered General Johnson to levy on the town for \$30,000 and 5,000 rations. To this the Marylanders made serious objection and refused to carry out the order, when McCausland ordered the officers under arrest and instructed his own command to carry out the order. General Johnson told him that if he did it would be over the dead bodies of the Maryland Brigade. Things looked very squally, and a fight between the Confederates seemed possible, when General Averill appeared on the outskirts of the town and dropped several shells into our midst, which gave us something else to think about. Averill's Cavalry charged our rear guard and drove it in, and the fight became general in the main street of Hancock. During this my horse was killed under me, and I was saved from capture by Lieut. Will Reed, of the 2d Maryland Cavalry, who let me get up behind him and ride out to the western part of town, where General Johnson let me have one of his led horses. McCausland and Johnson placed their batteries and drove the Federals back. We moved on toward Bevensville, Md., where we arrived at 3 A.M., unsaddled and fed our horses, and cooked something for ourselves, as we had secured plenty of rations from the surrounding country. After sunrise we saddled up and rode toward Cumberland, Md., with General McCausland in the advance. When nearing the forks of the road leading to Cumberland the generals held a council and decided that, as the enemy was in large force near Cumberland City, we would take the direct road to Oldtown, Md., on the Potomac River. This crossing over the river and Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was well guarded, and we knew we would have to cut our way through to get back to Virginia.

We reached this point about daylight on the morning of August 2 and found the Federals in force there. They had

burned the bridge over the canal and had taken a strong position in a blockhouse and on a hill opposite the ford in the river. They repulsed the charge of the dismounted 8th Virginia Cavalry, attached to the Maryland Brigade, owing to their having to swim the canal. We then brought up two more regiments, and they protected the bridge until we had constructed a temporary bridge on which to get our four pieces of artillery over. One gun of the Baltimore Light Artillery was placed in position and fired several shots, when we saw a train coming from toward Cumberland. It was an odd-looking train and set the boys to guessing, as no troops were in sight. This was the first ironclad, or armored, train of which I can find any record. The Federals had built it to use along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to protect it from raids of the Confederate cavalry. When it arrived in front of our position we saw that it was composed of a locomotive and six cars covered with railroad rails securely fastened. Two of the cars had rifled guns inside with holes to fire through, while the other cars had numerous holes for the infantry to use for firing. They began a rapid fire, and General Johnson had his horse killed under him by the explosion of a shell. He ordered Lieutenant McNulty, of the Baltimore Light Artillery, to put some shells into the armored train. Corporal McElwee sighted his gun, and the first shell hit the boiler of the locomotive at the smokestack, blowing up the boiler. This stopped the train. The second shot from the same gun went inside a porthole of one of the armored cars and exploded, killing three of the enemy; the rest of them crawled out on the opposite side. At the same time we landed two more shells into the cars containing the infantry, and they all left the train and took to the woods.

We then gave our attention to the blockhouse on the opposite side at the ford of the river. General Johnson sent a flag of truce asking them to surrender, which they refused; but after our shells hit the blockhouse twice they put out a white flag and surrendered.

The Federal infantry was commanded by Colonel Stough, of the 153d Ohio Infantry, who surrendered eight men, with colors and arms. We burned the blockhouse and the armored train by piling railroad ties under and around the cars and tore up the track for some distance, even over the river into Virginia. We marched up the south branch of the Potomac River to the Old Fields in Hardy County, now West Virginia, and went into camp. General Averill followed us into Virginia, and we expected him to attack us at Moorefield, as our scouts reported that he had gone up Patterson Creek Valley to head us off from crossing the mountains back into the Valley of Virginia. During this raid he attacked us in force but once, at Hancock, Md. In his official report I find that he said the Confederates were in such large force he did not think it advisable to fight them. Having been reinforced by both infantry and artillery from Cumberland, he advanced to give us battle, and at daylight the following morning he charged our camp while our men were still asleep. We had posted a strong picket in the gap below us, but a negro man piloted them over the mountain behind our pickets. They routed the 1st and 2d Maryland Cavalry and captured two guns of the Baltimore Light Artillery. We lost over three hundred men and horses. McCausland had moved to Moorefield and saved his command. General Johnson and most of his staff escaped capture. I had gone to a farm above Moorefield to get a horse I had there to remount myself. I secured him and turned General Johnson's horse over to him on South Fork.

## ARCHER'S BRIGADE AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY JOHN HURST, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

[From the "Records."]

Archer's Brigade, commanded by Brig. Gen. J. J. Archer, was one of the six brigades composing the division of Maj. Gen. A. P. Hill, of Jackson's 2d Corps, and during the activities attending the Chancellorsville campaign and battle, in the spring of 1863, consisted of the following subordinate organizations, commanded by the respective officers named in connection with each: 13th Alabama Regiment, Col. B. D. Fry; 5th Alabama Battalion, Capts. S. D. Stewart and A. N. Porter; 1st Tennessee (Provisional Army), Lieut. Col. N. J. George; 7th Tennessee, Lieut. Col. John A. Fite; 14th Tennessee, Col. William McComb and Capt. R. C. Wilson. ("Official Records," Vol. XXV., Part I., page 791.)

The brigade accompanied the division and corps Friday morning, May 1, 1863, when three divisions, commanded respectively by Rodes, A. P. Hill, and Colston, were led from the lines in the vicinity of Hamilton's Crossing toward Chancellorsville by Lieut. Gen. T. J. Jackson. When this force reached a point some four miles east of Chancellorsville about 8 A.M., it found Maj. Gen. R. H. Anderson fortifying against the advance of the Federal forces, when line of battle was formed, Rodes in advance, Hill supporting, and Colston in reserve. "The enemy was rapidly pushed back into Chancellorsville." (*Ibid.*, 885.) Here the enemy had assumed a position of great strength; and as darkness was approaching before the strength and extent of the position could be ascertained, the Confederate troops were halted and formed in line of battle in front of Chancellorsville, at right angles to the plank road, extending on the right to the mine road and to the left in the direction of Catherine Furnace (*Ibid.*, 797), and here the Confederate army bivouacked on the night of the 1st of May.

Next morning, Saturday, May 2, Archer's Brigade relieved Iverson's Brigade, of Rodes's Division, about ten o'clock. When Iverson moved he left his "skirmishers hotly engaged until they could be relieved." (*Ibid.*, 984.) An hour later Gen. A. P. Hill ordered Archer to withdraw from his advanced position on the plank road, which he did, leaving his pickets out to wait until relieved, and proceeded to follow the other brigades of the division, which, except Thomas's, had gone by the Welford Furnace road. When Archer had moved two miles beyond the furnace he received information which caused him to retrace his steps toward the furnace with his own and Thomas's Brigade (the latter was following Archer) to meet an attack on the trains which were passing at that point. When he arrived at the furnace he found that the enemy had been repulsed by Lieut. Col. J. Thompson Brown, of the artillery, and some infantry, among which were Companies L and H of the 14th Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Capt. W. S. Moore, and which had borne a conspicuous part. His brigade did not rejoin the division until late at night. (*Ibid.*, 924, 925.)

Captain Moore, with the companies under his command, had been left on picket in front of Chancellorsville until relieved by Major General Anderson's troops, when Archer's Brigade moved off. He was following the latter to overtake and rejoin it and had marched one and a half miles when he heard firing and discovered considerable confusion in the train behind. At the earnest solicitation of several officers who rode up and informed him of the danger threatening the train, though he was without orders from his superiors in



command, he immediately countermarched at a double-quick and reported to Colonel Brown, of the artillery, ordering a number of men whom he met with guns in their hands to fall in with his force. Forming line of battle with the 23d Georgia Regiment, which was on guard at that point and which he found in a confused condition and rallied, this force hotly contested with a large force of the enemy for at least twenty minutes. Moore's force remained long enough to give the train an hour and a half start. He left the Well-born Furnace about an hour by sun. With the resistance given by this force the train was able to get by with the exception of one caisson, which was broken down. "But one man was hurt." Captain Moore rejoined the regiment before it halted for the night. (*Ibid.*, 933, 934.)

Archer's Brigade bivouacked that night, May 2, on the plank road near the point at which the head of Jackson's column first entered it that evening, the 2d of May. Here it was halted to guard the approach of Averill's Cavalry, a body of at least 3,500, and which was known to be located on the north side of the Rapidan River near Germana and Ely's Fords. The brigade remained here until about twelve o'clock that night, when it was ordered "down the road about three miles to the point from which the enemy had been driven the evening previous. A log house stood on the right of the road (Melzi Chancellor's, Dowdall's Tavern). Here the brigade was filed to the right and moved perpendicularly to the road about six hundred yards, where it found General McGowan's brigade in line of battle extending east and west. Archer's Brigade was formed on the right of McGowan. This line was formed a short time before day (Sunday, May 3) and skirmishers thrown out in front extending about two hundred yards to the right." (*Ibid.*, 929, 930.)<sup>1</sup>

About sunrise on Sunday, May 3, Archer moved forward to the attack; and as the Federal 3d Army Corps, Maj. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles commanding, was evacuating its position at Hazel Grove, in his front, he pressed the retreating troops so closely that he made a capture of four pieces of artillery and about one hundred prisoners. Archer made two other separate assaults on heavy forces and strong positions and was each time forced to retire. Soon the Confederate artillery moved in and occupied the elevation at Hazel Grove, and three regiments of Doles's Brigade, under the command of Col. John T. Mercer, came up on Archer's left, and the troops of Maj. Gen. R. H. Anderson joined his right. Soon Gen. R. E. Lee rode up and directed Archer to move forward with his own brigade and the three regiments of Doles's Brigade. After he advanced four hundred or five hundred yards a short halt was made to distribute ammunition to the regiments of Doles's Brigade. Though he had received an order through a staff officer of General Stuart, then in command of Jackson's Corps, not to advance farther until he received orders from him, other troops coming up on Mercer's left and on Archer's right, the latter moved slowly forward and soon came to the ascending hill in front of Chancellorsville in full view and range of the enemy's cannon, which opened fire on the advancing line. During this advance General

Archer, on account of the denseness of the tangled thicket and the number of men of other brigades that had by this time joined the advance, lost sight of his own brigade and did not for some time find it, "and he feared that it had fallen back, but was gratified to find that all its little regiments had moved promptly forward and had driven the enemy from that part of the trenches farthest to the left and nearest to Chancellor's house." (*Ibid.*, 925.)

"As soon as Archer's Brigade began to move it became hotly engaged. He was compelled to conform his line of battle to that of the enemy. He charged the works in his front and without the least halt or hesitation carried them, driving the enemy before him, who outnumbered him five to one. He succeeded in capturing a battery of four guns. By his gallant attack he secured the key to the enemy's position, clearing a hill and open space in his front and thus gaining for our artillery a position from which they were enabled to silence the 29-gun battery of the enemy which had inflicted so much loss upon our lines. From this position our artillery had also a raking fire on the enemy's works on our right. After carrying the hill referred to Archer advanced beyond the open space and attacked the enemy on his right. He was joined by Major General Anderson." (Heth, commanding A. P. Hill's division in the Sunday's fight. *Ibid.*, 891, 892.)

Archer reported his loss at fourteen killed and three hundred and seventeen wounded; total, three hundred and fifty-eight. As he carried fourteen hundred men into battle that morning, this shows a loss of over twenty-five and a half per cent. The tabulated statement, however, varies slightly from this statement:

Fifth Alabama Battalion: 3 killed, 32 wounded, 1 missing; aggregate, 36. Officers killed, Capt. S. D. Stewart and Lieut. W. B. Hutton.

Thirteenth Alabama Regiment: 15 killed, 117 wounded, 8 missing; aggregate, 140. Officers killed, Maj. John T. Smith and Lieut. J. J. Pendergrass.

First Tennessee Regiment: 9 killed, 51 wounded, 1 missing; aggregate, 61.

Seventh Tennessee Regiment: 10 killed, 51 wounded, 3 missing; aggregate, 64. Officer killed, Lieut. Andrew F. Paul.

Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment: 7 killed, 56 wounded, 3 missing; aggregate, 66. Officer killed, Capt. W. W. Thompson.

Aggregate loss, including missing, 367.

Col. William McComb, commanding the 14th Tennessee, was severely wounded.

On Monday, May 4, there was no fighting except by the skirmishers at Chancellorsville, but Hill's Division fortified its position on the left of the plank road fronting the United States ford. Generals Hill, Heth, and Pender all having been wounded in the previous fighting, Archer was in command of the division on that date, and Col. B. D. Fry was in command of Archer's Brigade. General Heth, commanding the division on Sunday, May 3, said: "Generals Pender, Archer, and Thomas deserve for their successful attacks to be specially mentioned." (*Ibid.*, 892.)

<sup>1</sup>From this point, on Sunday morning, May 3, Archer's Brigade did its first real fighting. The Eleventh Federal Army Corps, commanded by Major General O. O. Howard, had been crushed and scattered six or eight hours before Archer's Brigade reached that part of the field. Jackson had been wounded several hours before its arrival and had been carried back to the field hospital, several miles west of Chancellorsville, where Dr. McGuire amputated his left arm at the shoulder soon after midnight.

JOHN PURIFOX.

We do accept thee, heavenly peace!

Albeit thou comest in a guise

Unlooked for, undesired, our eyes

Welcome through tears and sweet release,

For which we bless thee, blessed peace,

From war and woe and want—surcease.

—Margaret J. Preston.

## THE RAM ARKANSAS.

BY MARTHA GOODWIN, IN THE NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE.

In the fall of 1861 the Confederate government ordered the construction of two gunboats by Capt. John B. Shirley at Memphis, Tenn. Both vessels belonged to that formidable class of naval armament known as rams. One of them, the Arkansas, was destined by its exploits to gain a reputation that will last as long as the name of the Confederacy itself.

After the capture of Island No. 10 by General Pope on April 7, 1862, the Tennessee, consort of the Arkansas, was destroyed to prevent its falling into the hands of the Federals, who were then making ready to swoop down upon Memphis. Ordered by the government, the Arkansas, despite the unfinished condition of its hull, under the command of Capt. Charles H. McBlair, was towed down the great river, up the Yazoo, until it reached the only navy yard in Mississippi. This primitive yard, upon whose site now screams a prosaic sawmill, was situated upon the east bank of the Yazoo, about the southern boundary of the small city of the same name. Soon it resounded with the clang of forge and metal, for brawny workmen wielding heavy hammers made their mighty strokes ring out in unison with the pulse of their own resolute, hopeful hearts. Lieut. Isaac N. Brown, already with a distinguished record in the Confederate States navy to his credit, was appointed supervisory workmaster for completing and arming the boat. The patriotic planters of Yazoo furnished laborers, forges were sent in, and the hoisting engine of the steamboat Capitol was employed to drive drills. The logs that lined the inside were some forty to fifty feet long, hewed square to a dimension of one and a half to two feet thick. Her engines were taken from the Mississippi steamboat Natchez. The armor that plated her sides in rows of double thickness was of ordinary railroad iron, collected from all over the State. At the bow these iron plates were fashioned into a sharp point that meant murderous work when driven with force into the ribs of an enemy's vessel. One hundred feet in length, with a battery of ten big guns, manned principally by detailed navy men, but with a sprinkling of landsmen in her crew of two hundred and commanded by experienced officers from the old United States navy, she was indeed for those days a formidable warship. There were no curving lines of beauty about the Arkansas. Although the child of Confederate love and hope, it was an ugly, rough, sinister-looking craft that tumbled like an ungainly leviathan into the yellow waters of the Yazoo. The Arkansas was born of the need of the hour and was built not for grace, but for power and destruction.

From the fact that this famous gunboat was constructed of timber growing in the valley forests when first the work began, completed at its navy yard through the patriotic zeal of the farmers and carpenters of the county and of laborers furnished by the planters within five weeks after being brought up the Yazoo, with several pilots and part of her crew taken from the vicinity, it is only fair to call the historic ram a "Yazoo production."

It was due to Captain Brown's skill and intelligence that he was put in command of the Arkansas for its brief but glorious career of twenty days.

In the summer of 1862, after a day spent in organization and drill, Captain Brown started the ram on her race of fifty miles for beleaguered Vicksburg. That morning, the 15th, the sun rose in smiles and blessed the perilous cruise. Six miles from the mouth of the Yazoo River Ellet's small fleet, consisting of the ironclad Carondelet, Tyler, and Queen of

the West, kept steady watch. Instantly, as soon as met, like a shark running afoul a shoal of minnows, the Arkansas darted forward, steering directly for the Tyler. A running fight ensued. After chasing both the Tyler and Queen of the West into the Mississippi, she paid special attention to the Carondelet. A shot went so true to the vitals of the Federal boat with a stolen Southern name that she soon hauled down her colors, a few more brought out white flags at her ports, and shortly after the Carondelet sank. But victory was not without loss to the Arkansas. Captain Brown was knocked senseless for a time by a ball passing through the pilot house. Two pilots were killed. One was Shacklett, a Yazoo River pilot, who as they were carrying him below had the courage and devotion to exclaim with his dying breath: "Keep her in the middle of the river."

Buoyed and borne on by the strong, friendly current of the Mississippi, the heroic Arkansas, although with smoke-stack riddled by shot and shell and pumping a heavy stream of water, stubbornly kept on her way. The great Federal fleet, composed of Farragut's sea fleet and Flag Officer Davis's river fleet, like a forest of masts and smokestacks, barred her path. The Arkansas stopped not to ask the reason "why," but at once opened on the Hartford, afterwards the admiral's fateful flagship at New Orleans, and soon all her guns were in action. Now began the real race, a race that was full of danger, a race through shot and shell, a race through bomb and mortar, a race through an entire fleet. The brave vessel was in one of the most desperate fights any one ship ever sustained since ships were made. In addition to the fire of the fleet, she encountered strange rains and hails and showers from the Federal fortifications that lined each side of the river. There was no rest for the Arkansas. A target for a hundred guns, the heavy shot of the enemy pounded her armored sides like sledge hammers. The day was still, and heavy smoke clouds hung so close that it was only through the momentary blaze of a discharged gun that aim could be taken. But never did the musical guns of Groningen more harmoniously sing their fierce "ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la" than did the guns of the crippled Arkansas make ready and joyous response to the enemy through the flashes of flame. Nothing could stop her. Onward through the fire of death she boldly, unflinchingly fought her way.

Now through the smoke and above the din of shot and shriek of shell was heard a voice crying out that the colors of the Arkansas had been shot away. In an instant a young hero, Midshipman Dabney M. Scales, with a courage equal to that of the wild, intrepid beggars of the sea, scrambled up the ladder and, fearlessly treading the terrible path of death, swept by a hurricane of shot and shell, again raised the Stars and Bars aloft. Onward the irresistible queen of the waters swept her way victoriously, rushing through the deadly hail of iron hurled by two fleets of about forty vessels of war and emerging shattered, bleeding, weakened by heavy losses of her crew, but triumphant, to anchor safe under the protecting guns of Vicksburg.

On the hills above Generals Van Dorn and Breckinridge, with thousands of soldiers, eagerly watched the brave race. All hearts were anxious and sympathetic, but the hands that longed to help were powerless to aid. The heroic vessel plunged through the waters, firing in every direction, never refusing a challenge as each warship in turn tried to sink or disable her. It was as though the bold heart of the Confederacy beat under her iron ribs. On she pressed, unswerving in the path to her goal, until finally as she entered her



fair haven opposite the City Hall, with Southern colors still aloft, still streaming in the breeze, still gloriously defiant of the mighty men-of-war filling the river, a burst of enthusiastic cheering greeted her. It was an ovation to a conquering hero.

At night Farragut's seagoing fleet and Davis's ironclads passed down the river. They came by singly, and at their coming the Arkansas, sorely crippled, yet ever ready for a fight, dashed out and gave each a broadside as it dropped past. Admiral Farragut, deeply mortified at the success of the daring Rebel ram in running the fiery gauntlet of his two fleets, sent a last spiteful death-dealing shot as his flagship went by and killed and wounded many of her crew. A few days later her old enemy, the Queen of the West, also the powerful ironclad Essex, under Capt. D. D. Porter, tried to ram or capture her. But again the queen of the waters was triumphant. Both ships were not only beaten off, but disabled.

Captain Porter, the boastful, found the Rebel gunboat more than a match for his big Essex, and his next dispatch to Washington must have been less rosy than usual. But now the Arkansas, though lame and halt from her fierce fight and with a crew reduced to seventeen, was called to another field. She was born to fight, never to rest. Here came a telegram from General Breckinridge in Louisiana to General Van Dorn invoking the aid of her guns, and forthwith the Arkansas was sent, her blacksmiths making music with their hammers on repairs as she laboriously steamed down the river.

On the morning of the 5th of August the attack on Baton Rouge opened. All day long General Breckinridge listened eagerly for the roar of the guns of the Arkansas, but he was destined never to hear those guns again. The last hour of the veteran ram had been tolled by the battle clock. Born in Mississippi, she was destined to end her glorious career in Louisiana. Five miles off, already within hearing of the artillery of the Confederates, the engineer announced that her machinery was so broken it could not be repaired. Alas! the old engines of the Natchez were no longer equal to the work required. The heart of the Arkansas could no longer beat. Sternly resolved that the foot of an enemy should never tread her deck, with the deepest grief her officers fired her and left her. She was free to go where it pleased her, her guns all shotted, her colors waving in the breeze. One by one those guns as the flames reached them roared out, and so the last race of the Arkansas was run, not only without dishonor, but with a glory that will long be remembered on the shores of the great river.

#### THAT CHARGE.

BY J. W. HALLIBURTON, CARTHAGE, MO.

In the VETERAN for April is an extract from a report of Colonel Tyler as to the charge of unarmed men and expressing the hope that some survivor who participated would write it up. I was a member of Company F, Searcy's Regiment (one of the kids). Tyler's Brigade was composed of men recruited during Price's raid through Missouri in the fall of 1864. Very few of them had ever had any military training. A small per cent had served in the Confederate army from six months to three years, while another small per cent had during the summer of 1864 seen enforced service in the enrolled militia of Missouri, in which they had to serve, take to the brush, and try to escape south or join the guerrillas or go to prison. All were mounted on untrained

horses, with equipment of every kind that the country afforded. None were uniformed, but wore such clothes as they had or could procure around their homes. Probably one-third had not any kind of arms, and two-thirds carried muzzle-loading shotguns, muskets, squirrel rifles, and revolvers of various kinds and makes, from a navy to a six-inch Smith and Wesson, my gun being one of the latter. The most of these men came from Glasgow to Kansas City in squads, companies, and possibly battalions.

Searcy's Regiment was organized near Kansas City, and Tyler's Brigade must have been organized about the same place. The command was placed with the wagon train and traveled with it from near Kansas City until the day of that famous (?) charge. On that day soon after noon the command was resting on high ground south of where Generals Marmaduke and Cabell were captured, within hearing distance of the fighting, when a wounded man rode up from the rear and notified us of the capture of General Marmaduke. The command was placed in motion, and after a short march all the men who did not have anything to shoot with were separated and sent forward, while those with variegated arms were drawn up in line with their backs to the Federals, counted off, and the command given, "Fours right about, charge!" and away we went for a very short distance. When we were about fifty deep instead of in line, we were halted, re-formed, and again given the command, and we went into it on that charge, the boys shooting the best they could with the arms they had. We were engaged probably five or ten minutes, certainly not over fifteen minutes. I very much doubt that any Federals were hit from our fire. Our losses were slight. In my company one man was killed and three wounded, two or three horses killed and several wounded.

The effect of the charge of Tyler's Brigade was to hold the Federal command until the trained men could reorganize in our rear. Later in the afternoon Tyler's Brigade, armed and unarmed men, was drawn up in a line facing the Federals as a bluff and was subjected to artillery fire, but little or no damage was done.

That charge of Tyler's "critter-back men"—they could hardly be called cavalry—has always seemed to me, in looking back to it, as one of the funniest incidents of the war in Missouri, and to a military man watching it it would have been laughable but for the tragedy connected with it. In connection with that charge was one, to me, particular incident. It was a warm October afternoon. I had on a heavy jacket and shortly before going in pulled it off and tied it to the horn of my saddle. Looking around, I noticed the man to my right putting on a heavy overcoat and buttoning it up. I said: "Bill, what are you putting your overcoat on for this warm day?" He answered: "Anything to stop bullets." We had not gone far in our charge when a bullet struck him in the breast and went through him. He was laid up all winter from the wound, but finally recovered and was living a year or so ago.

That afternoon it looked for a short time very much as though the whole army was liable to be captured. The wagon train was burned that night, and the command was started south about 1 A.M. and traveled until midnight, camping just south of Newtonia, in Newton County, Mo., traveling some fifty miles. The next afternoon Shelby and Blount had a fight just south of Newtonia, where Shelby licked Blount and drove his command off the field. This was the last fight of Price's army.

## SOME AMERICAN HUNS.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

I don't believe there is much use in "airing our dirty clothes" or in digging up painful reminiscences. Still it is only fair, especially as everything in this article is taken from a government publication, that the descendants of Confederate veterans should know that some of our opponents, if not of Prussian blood, were certainly believers in Prussian methods of warfare. Everything I put down can be vouched for, and if any reader doubts any part of it I will be glad to cite incontrovertible authority on the subject. Everybody knows that General Grant told his subordinates to eat out Virginia so that crows flying over would have to carry their provender with them, and to remove provisions, stock, and negroes, so as to prevent planting, as he wanted the Shenandoah Valley to be a barren waste for the rest of the war. Gen. G. M. Dodge gave the inhabitants of Decatur, Ala., six days to abandon their homes, but allowed them the privilege of taking their belongings and of going anywhere they wanted to. General Custer hanged six of Mosby's men without trial of any kind; and while he was not the actual hangman, he was there to see the job well done.

Admiral Porter said that if they whipped the Rebels there was only one way to make war, and that was to use the most stringent means, even military executions, in order to preserve subordination among conquered people; that he hoped the new armies would give the Rebels a taste of devastation that would bring them to their senses; that the greatest mistake the Yankees had made was in acknowledging the Rebels as belligerents, for otherwise they could hang or shoot every one captured; and that if they sunk a Rebel boat it was not their duty to save the lives of those on board, but to fire turpentine balls into them, as it would make a fine finish to the sinking part. He also said that he had (presumably) enjoyed the sight of a lot of wretched-looking dead Rebels stinking in the sun at Milliken's Bend.

General Sherman sent a party to Randolph and burned the entire town, with the exception of one house, which was left to mark the place. He said he had made a swath of desolation fifty miles across the State of Mississippi that the present generation would not forget. He ordered the employees of the Roswell Mills, both male and female, to leave and foot it to Marietta and that they could take their children, provided they had the means of hauling them. He also said: "Let us destroy Atlanta and make it desolate. \* \* \* One thing certain, Atlanta will be a used-up commodity by the time we are done with it. \* \* \* If people raise a howl against my barbarity and cruelty, I will answer that war is war. \* \* \* I feel tempted to start for Savannah and absolutely destroy Georgia. \* \* \* I can make the march and make Georgia howl. \* \* \* I want to make a raid that will make the South feel the terrible character of our people. \* \* \* I am going into the very bowels of the Confederacy and propose leaving a trail that will be recognized fifty years hence. \* \* \* I will ruin Georgia and make a hole that will be hard to mend. \* \* \* I will demonstrate to the South that war and ruin are synonymous terms. \* \* \* I would not hesitate to burn Savannah, Charleston, and Wilmington if the garrisons were needed elsewhere."

General Wild was too much even for General (Spoons) Butler, who said that Wild had done his work with great thoroughness, but perhaps with too much stringency, as he had not only burned the property of the Rebel guerrilla of-

ficers, but had seized their wives and families as hostages. And of General Paine U. S. Grant said that he (Paine) must be removed from Paducah, as he was not fit to have a command where there was a solitary *female* within his reach; that he would only do to put in an entirely disloyal district as a scourge to the people, and even then it was doubtful as to whether he would stay within the bounds of civilized warfare.

Col. H. B. Sargent comes closer to modern Hunnish methods by saying that in Virginia "a policy of extermination alone could achieve the end wanted. Every man and horse must be brought within our lines, every house destroyed, every tree girdled and set on fire before we can approach security. Attila the Hun adopted the only method that can exterminate these citizen-soldiers. I can clear the country with fire and sword, and no mortal can do it in any other way. The attempt to discriminate nicely between the *just and unjust* is fatal to our safety."

And now we come to our Hun of Huns, Gen. David Hunter, who ordered that every house of Rebel sympathizers in Newton, Va., and also between that place and Middletown, be burned to the ground, and he was so handy with the torch that even General Halleck said such useless destroying of private property was barbarous and that he did not at all approve of such methods. But Hunter, by requesting the United States Secretary of War to be allowed to land at Brunswick, Ga., and with a force march through the heart of Georgia, arming all slaves, burning all houses, and destroying property of all slaveowners, as by doing this it would create such a commotion amongst the negroes that they themselves could be *left to do the rest of the work*, puts himself in a class alone, as far as the War between the States is concerned, and eminently qualifies himself for the "Hall of Fame" alongside the Hohenzollerns and their followers of to-day.

## BRAGG'S OPINION OF FORREST.

*A Golden Opportunity Lost.*—On August 9 General Forrest made an offer to the War Department which if they had accepted would, in my opinion, have materially changed the entire aspects of the situation and would have made Sherman's march to the sea almost impossible. Forrest said: "Give me the command of the forces on the Mississippi River from Cairo to Vicksburg, or, in other words, all the forces I may collect and organize between those points. I desire to take only four hundred men from my present command, selected entirely on account of their knowledge of the country in which I propose to operate. I have resided on the Mississippi River for over twenty years and know the territory perfectly and have officers on my staff who have rafted timber and know every foot of the ground from Commerce to Vicksburg. With the force proposed and the knowledge we possess I am confident that we could so harass and destroy boats on the river that only flats heavily protected by gunboats would be able to make the passage. In making this proposition I desire to state that I do so entirely for the good of the service. There are thousands of men where I propose to go that I am satisfied will join me and stay until all the country bordering on the Mississippi from Cairo down is retaken and permanently occupied by our forces." General Bragg put the finish to it by paying Forrest the compliment of saying: "I know of no other officer to whom I would rather assign the duty proposed, than which none is more important, but it would deprive this army of one of its greatest elements of strength to remove General Forrest."





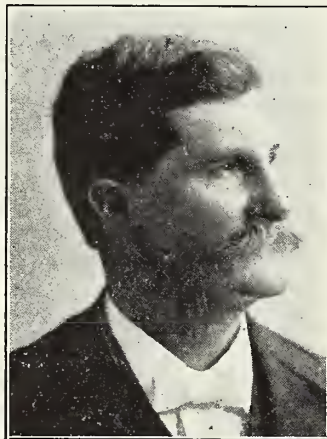
Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"I walk down the Valley of Silence—  
Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!  
And I hear not the fall of a footstep  
Around me save God's and my own,  
And the hush of my heart is as holy  
As hovers where angels have flown."

LIEUT. COL. LEWIS JOHNSON.

Comrade Lewis Johnson was born near Selma, Ala., in September, 1839. In 1860 he was married to Miss Sue Williams, of Orrville, Ala., who died many years ago. Later in life he married Miss Minnie Hines, who survives him.

He was for a long time a faithful member and deacon of Providence Baptist Church. He was one of the best citizens Dallas County ever had, loved and honored by all who knew him. In later years he came into possession of large means, which he dealt out with a liberal hand. Many are left behind who will mourn his death and remember his liberality. One of his last acts was to sign a pledge card for \$10,000 to the \$75,000,000 campaign for Southern Baptists, also \$3,500 for Howard and Judson Colleges. On December 16, 1919, he passed peacefully away after an illness of several weeks.



LIEUT. COL. LEWIS JOHNSON.

Comrade Johnson joined Company H, 5th Alabama Battalion, in 1861. At the reorganization of this command it was made the 58th Alabama Regiment, and Lewis Johnson was elected first lieutenant of his old company. He commanded the company in the battle of Chickamauga. He was wounded in that battle, left on the field all night, and brought in the next morning and recovered. He afterwards returned to his command and served to the close of the war.

Three years ago, when I was made Commander of the Second Brigade, Alabama Division, U. C. V., he was appointed Adjutant and Chief of Staff, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, which position he was holding at the time of his death. I served in the same command with Comrade Johnson in the Confederate army; we were messmates and slept together. He was then, as he has been since, one of the truest, best men I ever knew. I never lost a friend that I will miss as much. I loved him like a brother.

[B. F. Ellis, Orrville, Ala.]

HON. EDMUND MCCOLLAM.

On April 12, 1920, at his residence, Ellendale, Terrebonne Parish, La., there passed from earth to the great beyond the soul of Hon. Edmund McCollam, a beloved relative, a true friend, a gallant soldier, a worthy and honored citizen, and an honest man.

Mr. McCollam was born in Ascension Parish on February 18, 1845, and at five years of age went with his father to the paternal estate, Ellendale, where he grew up amid surroundings customary on Southern plantations. When the flames of war burst forth he was a student at Centenary College, Louisiana. With its close came the enlistment of the entire body of students with commands raised near their homes. Edmund McCollam enlisted in a company of cavalry which became a part of Col. Albert Cage's regiment of Wirt Adams's famous brigade. With this command he did gallant service until the fall of Vicksburg, where he was taken prisoner. After being paroled he returned to his home until exchanged. He then became a member of the St. Mary Cannoneers, with which battery he served until the close of the war.

Taking a lively interest in the political welfare of his State, he was an active participant in the overthrow of the carpet-bag misrule of the State, and as a member of the legislature for two terms he gave material aid to the administration of Governor Nicholls. He was a member of the Democratic State Central Committee for more than forty years, during which time he was for several terms Vice Chairman of that body. For forty years he was a member of the Democratic Parish Committee and a delegate to the convention which nominated Cleveland for President the first term.

At the time of his death he was Commander of Braxton Bragg Camp, No. 196, U. C. V., of Thibodeaux, La. With his passing there has gone from our midst a man universally loved and respected, whose place it will be difficult to fill.

[J. B. Sims.]

R. A. SMITH CAMP, MACON, GA.

The following members of R. A. Smith Camp, U. C. V., at Macon, Ga., died during the past year, as reported by Commander J. A. Jarrell. An appropriate memorial service was held for them recently:

John G. Avant, Company B, 28th Georgia Regiment.  
R. J. Anderson, Company A, 20th Georgia Regiment.  
William Parker, Company B, 10th Georgia Battalion.  
L. C. Ricks, Company J, 61st Georgia Regiment.  
James Callaway, Company B, 3d Georgia Regiment.  
George W. Sims, Company J, 61st Georgia Regiment.  
W. A. Poe, Blount's Battalion.  
William Able, Massenburg's Battery.  
William Bedinfield, Company C, 2d Georgia Regiment.

REV. JEROME HARALSON.

Rev. Jerome Harolson, D.D., a member and Chaplain of Camp No. 1555, U. C. V., of Jacksonville, Tex., died on May 30, 1920. Comrade Harolson enlisted at the beginning of hostilities in 1861 in the 1st Arkansas Infantry and served until the end of the war. He is survived by his wife, to whom he was married in October, 1869. In the year 1881-83 he was President of Quitman College, Arkansas. He was a member of the Northwest Texas Conference for many years. A true type of the Southern gentleman of the Old South, high-toned and dignified in all the walks of life, his comrades of this Camp will miss him greatly.

[J. A. Templeton, Adjutant.]



GEN. JONATHAN KELLOGG, U. C. V.

Gen. Jonathan Kellogg, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of Lieut. Gen. V. Y. Cook, Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., died at his home, in Little Rock, Ark., May 20, 1920, aged eighty years.

Jonathan Kellogg enlisted as a private in the Capital City Guards, which later became Company A, 6th Arkansas Infantry, in January, 1861, serving four years and four months, surrendering at Greensboro, N. C., with his command on April 26, 1865.

He never held a civil office, but had held many high offices in the Confederate Veterans' organization, being Past Commander of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V.

He was a man of letters and an author and was always distinguished for his sobriety, affability, and usefulness. His friends were legion.

He was born in Pulaski County, Ark., a few miles north of Little Rock, and never lived anywhere else. He was not possessed of many earthly chattels, but he was possessed of that glorious heritage which characterized that class of Confederate soldiers who enlisted at the very incipency of the war and remained until the last echo of the battle field had died away.

He was great in his simplicity and greater in his deportment as a Christian gentleman, whose comradeship was without alloy. May his soul rest in peace!

[V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.]

PRESTON CLARK.

The death of Preston Clark, at Union, W. Va., on May 11, 1920, brought sorrow to his many friends in Monroe County. He had been a resident of Princeton for twenty years, but still kept his connection with his native county. He had reached the age of seventy-six years in January last.

Comrade Clark was a Confederate soldier during the War between the States, serving bravely in Bryan's Battery. He was a good citizen and companionable man. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Julie Ballard, and one daughter, also by two sisters, who are the last of his immediate family.

GEORGE L. ROGERS.

George L. Rogers died in North Alderson, W. Va., on May 8, 1920, at the age of eighty-one. He was born at Covington, Va., and was buried there. He was a veteran of the Confederacy and had never married. One sister survives him.

JEROME DERRICK CROMER.

On the 28th of October, 1919, Jerome Derrick Cromer, one of the oldest and most widely known citizens of Franklin County, Ga., passed suddenly into the spirit land. His death was by accident, a flying rock from a blast striking him on the head. He was laid to rest in the family burying ground at Old Trinity Church, near the old home where he was born and had lived during the years of his long and useful life.

At the age of sixteen Comrade Cromer joined the struggling army in gray and did his part as a soldier to the end. He was in several battles of the last year of war, one of which was the battle of Atlanta, and it was his pride in declining years to feel that he had not shirked his duty to his native land. He loved the Confederacy with an undying love and held General Lee as the idol of his heart, yet he loved his country and was proud that he had a boy in the United States marines to do his share in the great World War.

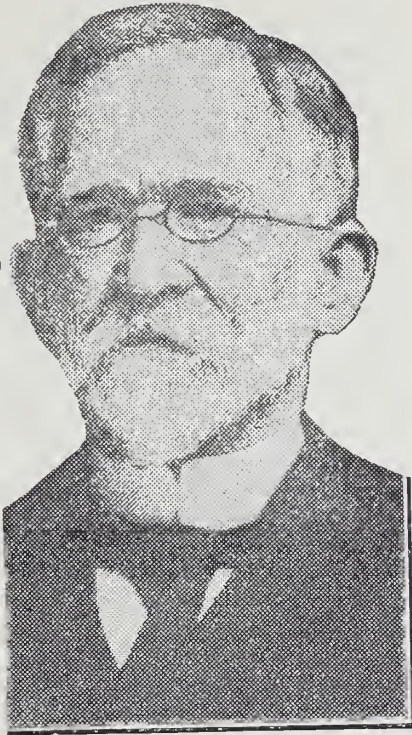
Comrade Cromer was of a cheerful disposition and kept a smiling face to the world. He had nearly finished his seventy-two years of life, but was active and vigorous, going about his farm daily and taking active interest in the work. Though having but a limited education, few men were as well informed in matters of Church and State as he, for he was a ceaseless reader. His Church had benefited by his ministrations as steward for more than thirty-five years, and as a Christian he stood boldly for his convictions. His wife died in 1915, and he is survived by four daughters and two sons, also one brother, who, with a host of other relatives and friends, mourn the passing of this good man.

WILBER FISK CLAUGHTON.

Death came to Wilber Fisk Claughton, of Verbena, Ala., on March 11, 1920, as the result of a railroad accident. He was a much-beloved citizen of Verbena, where he had lived since 1868, and his untimely end was deeply regretted. His native home was Dallas County, Ala., where he was born seventy-eight years ago.

Comrade Claughton was a member of the Jeff Davis Artillery, serving with distinction in the Virginia Army of the Confederate States. This command was mustered in at Montgomery, Ala., on the 27th of July, 1861, and reached Richmond, Va., about September 1, receiving its arms and equipment about a month later. Early in April, 1862, it was in the intrenchment about Yorktown and received some of the benefits of McClellan's siege firing. When the army fell back toward Richmond, the battery formed a part of the rear guard on the retreat. Later it took part in the skirmishes and fighting at Seven Pines, firing, as there is good reason to believe, the first and last guns in that battle. It was also at Mechanicsville and Cold Harbor, suffering much damage as well as inflicting much, and Comrade Claughton was severely wounded on the 27th of June. The battery was so severely crippled that it was withdrawn and sent back to camp to refit, later giving a good account of itself in other important engagements.

Comrade Claughton had been a Mason for some forty years; he was a charter member of the Lodge at Verbena, which he also served as secretary for a number of years. He was buried with Masonic honors. He served as treasurer of the county for a number of years and held other positions of trust in the State.



GEN. JONATHAN KELLOGG, U. C. V.



## CAPT. WILLIAM INGLES.

Widespread sorrow was caused by the passing of Capt. William Ingles on April 14, 1920, at Radford, Va. He and his brother Andrew were born February 16, 1846, at the home on the original Ingles tract of twenty-six hundred acres in what is now Montgomery and Pulaski Counties. Surviving Captain Ingles are an elder brother, Elijah M. Ingles, Commander of the G. C. Wharton Camp, U. C. V., and his twin brother Andrew.

William Ingles and his brothers served in the War between the States, "Captain Billy," as he was lovingly called, being with Company E, 25th Virginia Cavalry. He served in the mountains of East Tennessee and Kentucky until the spring of 1864, when his command was ordered to guard the salt works in Washington County, Va., against Crook and Averill. Later he was engaged in skirmishes and battles with Sheridan in the Valley and was in various raids in Pennsylvania. He was first under Gen. William E. Jones and later under Bradley T. Johnson. His command acted as rear guard for Early back from Washington. Captain Ingles was captured at Woodstock, his horse being shot from under him, and he was confined in Point Lookout for the rest of the war.

On December 20, 1888, Captain Ingles was married to Miss Minnie M. Snow, and their beautiful home, La Rivier, is noted for its delightful hospitality.

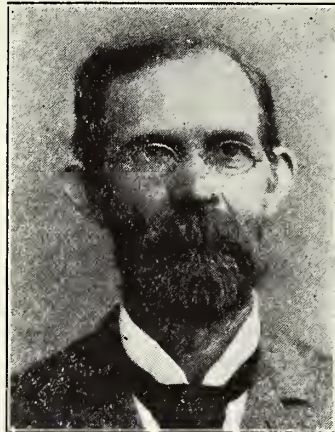
In the death of Captain Ingles one of the staunchest and most progressive of the citizens of Radford has been lost, one who was always ready with time and money to give for the good of the city. After the war he continued his studies at Washington College and graduated in civil engineering. He was a member of the board of that institution for many years and also had served as trustee of Stonewall Jackson College, at Abingdon. As an engineer he was engaged on railroads and bridges in that section of country, and his good work stands as a monument to his skill. He was a devoted member of the Radford Presbyterian Church, a ruling elder and its stated clerk for many years. For months he had fought the greatest battle of his life, and his suffering was borne with soldierlike fortitude.

Honor to this splendid soldier forever!

PETER CARR.

Peter Carr, a veteran of the Army of Tennessee, died at Odessa, Mo., on June 9. He had been a resident of the county since the close of the War between the States. He was a quiet, dignified soldier, a member of the 2d Tennessee Infantry, and was made a cripple for life in the battle of Shiloh from a severe wound received there. He loved the cause he fought for and was devoted to his comrades. Peace to the ashes of one I loved and respected for his many fine traits!

[C. Y. Ford.]



CAPT. WILLIAM INGLES.

## JOHN D. McROHAN.

John D. McRohan was born in Ireland in 1837 and came to this country as a small boy. When fifteen years of age, in rescuing a child from a burning building, his left foot was badly burned, leaving him a cripple. He began life as a shoemaker in the little village of Clintonville, Ky., and was known for his honest work far and wide. He ever regarded a "good name rather to be chosen than great riches."

John McRohan was no ordinary man. Not having the advantages of an early education, the talent God gave him was used for his country and his home. Crippled as he was, he enlisted in the Confederate army in 1862 as a member of Company D, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's command. From the beginning of his soldier life he had the confidence of line and field officers. Although maimed in limb, he was never recreant to any duty, whether in camp or on the field of battle. He was often detailed on secret service by General Morgan on account of his bravery and discretion. He could relate many thrilling experiences, but did so only when in the company of friends and never boastingly.

As a father he was devoted to his children, and they were ever kind and considerate of him. He has gone to his grave as "a shock of corn cometh in its season," and his children are ready to rise up and called him blessed. On January 30 as he sat in his chair to rest after performing some chores about his home complete rest and peace came to him, and from that chair his spirit went to the God who gave it. He leaves a wife and six children to mourn their loss.

[H. M. Taylor.]

## HENRY M. BUGG.

Henry M. Bugg was born and reared at Lynnville, Tenn., and spent most of his life in Giles County. He died at Brick Church, in that county, on December 7, 1919, after a brief illness. He was a son of Hon. R. M. Bugg, one of Giles County's most prominent citizens and in 1853 a Congressman from the Seventh Congressional District.

Henry Bugg was in business at Memphis when the tocsin of war was sounded in 1861. He was ready to fight, bleed, and die for what he believed to be the right. With the manhood of the South he showed the world a noble example of self-sacrificing devotion to duty—an example of conviction that was willing to die rather than to surrender a principle of conscience. He enlisted with the Southern Guards, the first company organized at Memphis, which became a part of the old 154th Tennessee Regiment, and was sworn into service at Randolph, Tenn., on April 21, 1861. He was in the battle of Belmont, Mo.; his company refused to surrender in the battle of Island No. 10 and escaped; he was in the memorable siege of Vicksburg and again at Fort Morgan, Ala., where, after a bombardment of eighteen or twenty days by both land and sea forces, they surrendered and were sent to prison in New Orleans, from there to Governor's Island, New York City, thence to Elmira. They were sent to Richmond for exchange; but there being no exchange, they were furloughed and were in Virginia when our great chieftain surrendered.

Henry Bugg married Miss Annie Gordon, of Brick Church, and their wedded life of over fifty-two years was ideal. A more cordial welcome or kinder treatment was never extended to guests anywhere than under the hospitable roof at beautiful Gordonhurst. No children were born of this union, but five of their nieces and nephews were taken into

their home at different times and found happiness in a mother's love and a father's counsel. Mr. Bugg was for many years a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church at Brick Church, never missing a service unless providentially hindered. Upright and honorable in his dealings with his fellow men, he left many friends to regret his passing. He was laid to rest at Lynnwood.

## W. H. OGILVIE.

In the death of W. H. Ogilvie, one of the most prominent and progressive citizens of Williamson County, Tenn., his community and State have sustained a distinct loss. He was one of the leading farmers of that section, cultivating a large acreage most successfully.

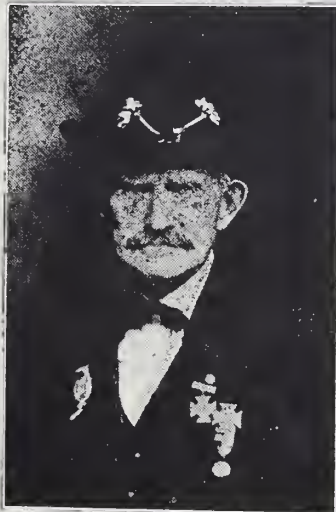
Comrade Ogilvie was born in Marshall County, Tenn., December 24, 1841, and served as a soldier of the Confederacy throughout the War between the States with the 20th and 45th Regiments of Tennessee Infantry and was twice wounded. For twenty years his surviving comrades of Company A, 45th Tennessee, gathered in annual reunion at his home at Allisona to feast on the good things provided for them and to retell the story of their days of war. These reunions were eagerly looked forward to each year, and each year saw the number of comrades sadly fewer; only three of them survive him.

After a long and painful illness, his sufferings patiently borne, he passed away on the 28th of February, 1920, into that heavenly reunion with those who had gone before. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Annie Lou Ogilvie, two daughters, Mrs. Robert Wade and Mrs. John Blackburn, and a son, Walter Ogilvie.

## JOHN WILEY POWELL.

John Wiley Powell first saw the light of day in Butler County, Ala., August 29, 1837. His early life was spent on the farm. After reaching his majority he entered the mercantile business at Georgiana, Ala., where he did a thriving business till the dark period of 1861-65 settled upon the Southland, when he promptly volunteered for service in the Confederate army. He saw service at Pensacola, Fla., under Gen. Braxton Bragg, and his regiment, the 33d Alabama Infantry, took a prominent part in the battle of Shiloh. In the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., in December, 1862, he was severely wounded, but remained with his regiment, taking part in all successive engagements.

At the expiration of hostilities he resumed business at the same place he had left four years previously and where he married Miss Emma Mullins in October, 1866. From this union were born three sons and four daughters. Comrade Powell joined the Missionary Baptist Church in early life and lived a consistent Christian. He joined the Masonic Lodge in 1859, his membership being kept up until his death.



J. W. POWELL.

He passed away on February 29, 1920. He leaves his wife, three sons, three daughters, twenty-eight grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren to mourn.

## WILLIAM B. WEST.

William B. West, who died at Hamilton, Tex., on February 23, 1920, was born near Carrollton, Ala., December 12, 1839. He went to Texas in his early days and was one of the oldest members of the Baptist Church at Hamilton, which he had served as deacon for many years. He is survived by his wife, four sons, two daughters, and twenty-three grandchildren. His pallbearers were his four sons and two grandsons, and following them were eight other grandsons. Comrades of the gray attended the funeral services, and at the grave Capt. A. H. Watson told of the life of W. B. West as a Confederate soldier, in which service he was also a soldier of Christ, seeking to relieve the wounded enemy by giving him water from his own canteen. A special honor to him as color bearer of Camp Sidney Johnston, U. C. V., was in placing a beautiful silken Confederate flag on the casket, and it was buried with him.

"Uncle Billy," as he was generally known, was a broad-minded man, noted for looking on the bright side of everything. The world is all the better for the example of his life.

William West responded to the call of the South when the war came on in the sixties, serving with Company H, 5th Alabama Regiment, Battle's Brigade, Rodes's Division, Stonewall Jackson Corps, A. N. V. He took part in many hard-fought battles, serving his beloved Southland with all the valor and might of his young manhood. In 1870 he was married to Miss Mary A. Powell, of Columbus, Miss., with whom he lived happily until the end. Seven children were born to them, to whom he was an affectionate father. The happiest memories of the family are of him in the home. He was a member of the Baptist Church, serving for many years as deacon.

## STERLING PRICE CAMP, DALLAS, TEX.

[Annual memorial services were held on April 25, 1920, by the Sterling Price Camp at Dallas, Tex., at which the roll call of the dead during the past year was given. This list was sent by T. H. Craddock, who has been Chairman of the Relief Committee for more than twenty years, and he says it is the smallest list they have ever had.]

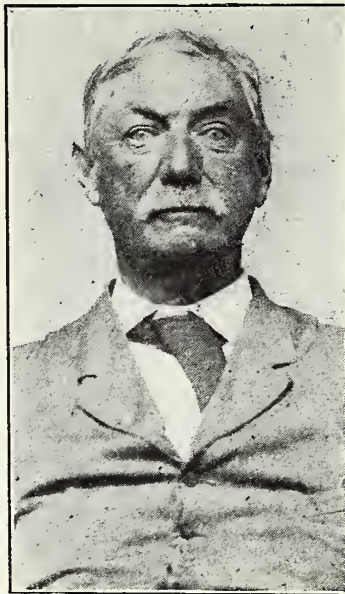
J. R. Daniels, Company A, 5th Alabama Cavalry.  
John W. Davis, Company A, 31st Texas Cavalry.  
J. H. Lampkins, Company F, 4th Tennessee Cavalry.  
A. J. Stovall, Company K, 18th Mississippi.  
J. B. Wynn, Company A, 14th Mississippi Infantry.  
W. T. Jamison, Company F, 3d Missouri Cavalry.  
John C. Persinger, Company A, 8th Alabama Infantry.  
L. F. Smallwood, Company C, Crutcher's Battalion.  
D. Evans Allen, Company C, 54th Alabama Infantry.  
Capt. W. A. Summers, 32d Tennessee Infantry.  
Robert C. Wallace, Company B, 5th Texas Infantry.  
John T. Carter, Company B, 52d Georgia Infantry.  
Joseph Chenoweth, Company E, 18th Texas Cavalry.  
George W. Randall, Company D, 8th Texas Cavalry.  
R. M. Strange, Company G, 20th Mississippi Infantry.  
J. W. Boone, Company B, 2d Louisiana Infantry.  
Frank Delbrell, Texas Confederate Navy.  
W. L. Crawford, colonel 19th Texas Infantry.  
James M. Sloan, Company F, 1st North Carolina Infantry.  
W. G. Bryan, Company I, 3d Texas Cavalry.  
J. E. Griffin, Company I, 7th Kentucky Regiment.



## A. M. CHANDLER.

Another brave spirit has passed in the death of Andrew Martin Chandler, of West Point, Miss., on May 7, 1920. After a long life of pain from wounds received in the War between the States he was laid to rest in his uniform of gray.

A. M. Chandler was born at Palo Alto, Chickasaw County, Miss., April 3, 1844, and enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of seventeen, becoming a member of D. F. Coopwood's company on the 8th of August, 1861. His command was attached to A. K. Blythe's Mississippi Regiment of Volunteer Infantry and was engaged in the battles at Belmont, Mo., Shiloh, Tenn., Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga, where he was wounded on Sunday, September 20, 1863. He was made second sergeant for distinguished gallantry on the field of Murfreesboro and for uniform good conduct in camp and on the march.



A. M. CHANDLER.

At Shiloh he was left on the field and from there taken to Camp Chase, Ohio, from which prison he was released in September, 1862. He was paroled at Columbus, Miss., on June 20, 1865.

Faithful to the last to the cause for which he had fought, his comrades will miss the handclasp and kindly smile of him who held them ever in the bonds of brotherhood.

## CAPT. S. H. WOOLFOLK.

Capt. S. H. Woolfolk answered "Here" to the last roll call on June 4, 1920, at his home, in Coats, Kans., where he lived as a retired farmer during the last and happiest years of his life.

Captain Woolfolk was a cheerful comrade, a faithful friend, a noble neighbor, courteous to all, and an ideal husband and father. He was in love with life and nature. He loved good society and pure politics and despised shams and fraud and graft. He watched with keen interest the progress of the world and delighted in the arts and inventions designed for the profit and pleasure of mankind. He was a live wire, and no one could be around him without feeling his magnetic presence. His boyhood days were spent near his birthplace, at Madisonville, Ky.

When twenty-four years of age the War between the States came on, and "Hick" Woolfolk was among the first to give his services to the Southern cause as captain of Company I, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, Confederate Volunteers. At the close of the war he took up the practice of law, serving his county as attorney, and also served two terms in the State Legislature.

On every subject—social, political, and religious—Captain Woolfolk had positive convictions and zealously defended them. He will be missed in many ways in city and county and State, and his home is desolate.

## REV. ALLEN T. SEARS.

Rev. Allen Timothy Sears, who died on January 21, 1920, at his home, in Griffin, Ga., was born in Webster County, Ga., August 18, 1833. In 1862 he volunteered as a member of Company F, 46th Georgia Regiment, and served faithfully until the surrender of Johnston's army in April, 1865. He then returned to his native State, where he lived an exemplary life to the end. He was twice married and is survived by the second wife, who was Mrs. Nannie Futral Biles.

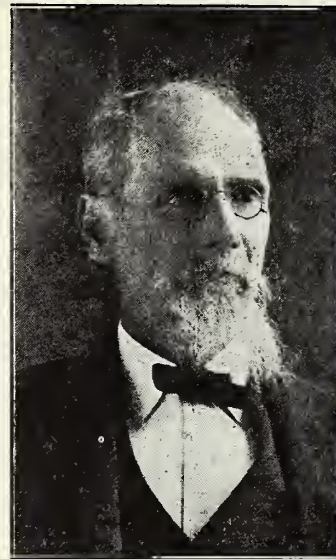
In 1849 he joined the Baptist Church, and in the early seventies he was ordained as a minister of that Church and was a faithful minister unto death. In the funeral service his pastor said of him: "He was not what is called a great preacher, but he was a good preacher, and great good has resulted from his ministry." He was an active member of Spalding County Camp, U. C. V., and at one time its Commander; for several years he had served as Chaplain of the Camp. He was a brave soldier, an exemplary citizen, a Christian gentleman, and leaves a worthy record of life well spent, work well done.

## THOMAS C. CRAWFORD.

Thomas C. Crawford, who died in Nashville, Tenn., on June 12, 1920, was born in Hamilton County, Tenn., May 11, 1832. In early life he located in Maury County, where he

was known as a fine mechanic, especially proficient in making edged tools. His body was taken back to Columbia and laid to rest beside his wife. Two daughters and a son survive him. He was a member of the Baptist Church.

Thomas Crawford fought throughout the War between the States, his service being with the 14th Tennessee Infantry, and his command had part in some of the fiercest fighting in the Army of Northern Virginia, surrendering at Appomattox. One of his pleasures in old age was to talk of the war and his former comrades, who



T. C. CRAWFORD.

gave youth and ambition to the cause of the South.

The Southern poet, Will T. Hale, who knew and admired this veteran's sterling qualities, pays tribute to his memory in verse, which may also be a tribute to all those who fought by his side four years for right and self-determination:

*The Dead Confederate.*

"His hands are now folded forever,  
The weary heart pulseless for aye;  
When the death angel came to dis sever,  
Did he pass but from night unto day?"

I've never a doubt, for my trust is,  
As his body's consigned to the sod,  
The heroes who risked all for justice  
Shall ne'er be forgotten of God."

REV. JAMES CHALMERS COWAN, D.D.

On the 23d of April, 1920, Rev. Dr. J. C. Cowan, a faithful soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ and an honored veteran soldier of the Confederate States, passed over the river to join his comrades in the world of everlasting peace.

He was born January 13, 1848, in East Tennessee, and, leaving school when sixteen years of age, he entered the Confederate army in the cavalry service under General Wheeler. In the arduous campaigns of the cavalry through Georgia and into South Carolina and North Carolina in 1864-65 the young soldier, with all the enthusiasm of youth, bore his full share of hardship and danger until the end came in the final surrender.

After the war he finished his studies, and after graduating from King College, Tennessee, and the Union Theological Seminary, of Virginia, he became a minister of the gospel in the Southern Presbyterian Church. He served various Churches in Tennessee and Kentucky, serving for several years as pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Nashville, Tenn. His last charge was a Church near Knoxville, Tenn., and in returning to his home after preaching he was stricken with paralysis and was taken to Florida for rest, but soon passed to the blessed reward of a faithful soldier.

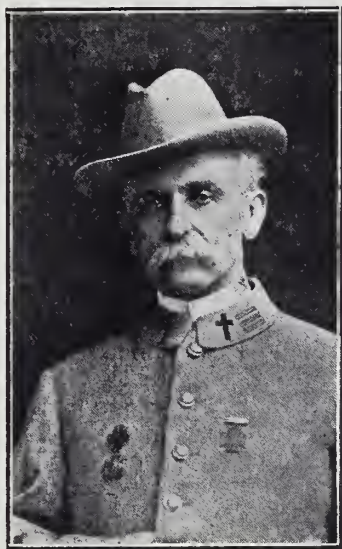
During his residence in Nashville he was Chaplain of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac and won the deep love of his comrades, who bore him to his grave. Dr. Cowan's life as soldier, citizen, and Christian was characterized by indomitable loyalty to duty, to principle, to his cause, to his comrades. He was intelligently devoted to those great principles for which the Confederacy contended and ever cherished with pride the memory of the glorious fight she made for truth and righteousness. He was always ready to do his part, first a man, then a Christian, then a preacher, and in no relationship of life was he ever a shirker. His funeral was from the Second Presbyterian Church, Nashville, his comrades of Cheatham Bivouac acting as pallbearers and with the impressive ritual of the Bivouac.

He is survived by his wife, his loving and helpful companion for forty-five years, and by his five sons, all doing their bit in the life of the world.

DICK DOWLING CAMP, U. C. V.

The following members of Dick Dowling Camp, at Houston, Tex., have passed away during the year:

S. S. Ash, H. T. Sapp, M. K. Holston, J. A. Dupey, James W. Cook, A. F. Amerman, J. H. McGill, J. M. Palmer, J. H. Townsend, H. C. Tilson, J. W. Towell, J. H. Ferguson, S. P. Norwood, W. M. McDowell, A. Shilling, J. H. Hamlet, E. A. Lothridge, C. L. Kelley, Mike Dwyer, Charles Hume, Willis R. McFerrin, N. B. Fuller, — Black, A. B. Rosala, Capt. S. K. Longnecker.



REV. J. C. COWAN, D.D.

DR. JAMES T. SEARCY.

Dr. James T. Searcy, the most beloved man in Tuscaloosa, Ala., died there at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Henry A. Snow, on April 6, 1920. He was the son of Dr. Reuben Searcy, born in Tuscaloosa December 10, 1839. He was an honor graduate from the University of Alabama in 1859, donned the gray in 1861, and for four years he fought the battles of his beloved Southland, laying down his arms only when the Confederate flag was furled at Appomattox.

Right after the war young Searcy began to prepare himself for his life calling, that of a physician, and graduated in medicine from the University of New York in 1867. Returning to Tuscaloosa, he began the practice of medicine with his distinguished father, at once taking a foremost position, and for many years he was the leading doctor of Tuscaloosa. He also became an alienist of national reputation. For many years he had been Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Alabama Insane Hospital, and upon the death of Dr. Peter Brice, in 1892, he succeeded to the responsible position of superintendent of the institution and held it until May, 1919, when he gave up active practice.

Dr. Searcy had been a member of the Presbyterian Church since early youth and was senior elder in the First Church at Tuscaloosa. His home life was beautiful and tender. In 1867 he was married to Miss Annie Rebecca Ross, of Greene County, Ala., daughter of Col. Walter Ross, of Virginia, and to them were born twelve children.

Dr. Searcy was known to every one in Tuscaloosa. He was one of the most approachable of men, genial, kind-hearted, and generous. He was everybody's friend, and during his long years of practice he did an immense amount of good.

WILLIAM A. FAIN.

On February 5, 1920, William Alexander Fain, scion of one of Tennessee's oldest families, passed away at his home, in Dandridge, Tenn. He died in the home which has been in the family for over a century, in the very room in which he was born, August 29, 1843.

At the beginning of the War between the States he volunteered his services and served in Company K, 1st East Tennessee Cavalry. After fourteen months of service his company was detached from the regiment for escort and courier duty, first for Generals Pegram, Davidson, and Hume, then for Generals Hood and Beauregard. Although so young, he was soon made a noncommissioned officer, serving faithfully in various capacities until the surrender of his last commander, General Wheeler, at Charlotte, N. C.

Loving the ways of peace, when the great strife was ended he gladly returned to his home to live on in quiet and placid content the life of a simple farmer. A consistent member of the Baptist Church, he was superintendent and teacher in the same school for over forty years.

Miss Elizabeth Smith, of Oak Grove, Tenn., was his first wife, and to them were born six children, four of whom survive him. He was married to Miss Darthula Woods, of Morristown, in 1880, and three of their five children also survive him.

A good and brave man, a true Southerner, faithful to the cause for which he so gallantly fought, now lies silent; and though silent his voice, his spirit lives on and helps clothe the men and women of to-day with immortality.

[Jenny S. C. Felknor.]



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*  
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga. .... *First Vice President General*  
MRS. GEORGE CUNNINGHAM, Little Rock, Ark. .... *Second Vice President General*  
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. .... *Third Vice President General*  
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C. .... *Recording Secretary General*  
MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. .... *Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla. .... *Treasurer General*  
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va. .... *Historian General*  
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. .... *Registrar General*  
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. .... *Custodian of Crosses*  
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. .... *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Summer days are here, and the danger of letting things wait "until cooler weather" confronts all of us. There is no time to wait, dear Daughters. Our work is far too important for delays, and I beg you to remember how rapidly the days are flying toward the date of our convention at Asheville. There are some things we *must* finish before the convention, and during the last few days your President General has given much time and thought to the unfinished tasks undertaken by the organization.

*Confederate Reunion.*—The Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, Nathan Bedford Forrest, has informed the President General of the coming Reunion. The city of Houston, Tex., has opened its doors to the veterans, and the Reunion will be held in that city October 6, 7, 8. Let the Daughters attend this meeting and assist in making the occasion a happy time for the men we love to honor. The Commander in Chief U. C. V., Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, has honored your President General with the appointment of matron of honor on the sponsorial staff, which she has accepted with pleasure.

*Southern Women in War Times.*—The Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, New York, through the efforts of its founder, Mrs. Livingstone Rowe Schuyler, has made possible the immediate publication of the book. A generous check sufficient to meet present demands was sent by the Chapter, and the editor, Matthew Page Andrews, expects to have the finished work at Asheville. Write Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Chairman of the committee, for further instructions.

*Jefferson Davis Monument at His Birthplace in Kentucky.*—The Florida Division is the first to report the 25 cents *per capita* oversubscribed and paid to the Treasurer, Maj. John H. Leathers, Louisville, Ky. This is an important pledge. It was made to a group of Confederate veterans striving to erect a monument to their leader. Do not delay the fulfillment of your promise to these men. Pay your pledge made at Tampa and thereby give them the privilege of enjoying the unveiling next June.

*Matthew Fontaine Maury Prize.*—Mrs. William C. Flournoy, Chairman of the Committee to Honor Commodore Maury, arranged for the presentation of your prize offered students at Annapolis Naval Academy at dress parade on June 1.

*Necrology.*—The President General has been notified of the death of Judge Harrison, of Tampa, Fla., father of Mrs. Amos H. Norris, Treasurer General U. D. C. Judge Harrison was an honored Confederate veteran. Col. William Gordon McCabe, President of the Virginia Historical Society, whose record as a Confederate soldier endears him to

the U. D. C., has passed to the great beyond. The death of Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, of Richmond, Va., first Historian General, will be a sorrow to her many friends in the U. D. C. She served our cause faithfully, and we will miss her comradeship.

Space will not permit me to tell you in full of my visit to the convention of the Tennessee Division held in Jackson May 11-14. It was indeed a pleasure to represent you officially on this occasion, where the work of this organization was so capably handled, where zeal and devotion to our interests were felt by every one and Tennessee hospitality made visitors welcome.

Cordially,

MAY M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

## THE HERO FUND.

REPORT FOR MAY, 1920.

Florida Division .....	\$ 101 33
Philadelphia Chapter .....	10 00
Baltimore Chapter .....	5 00
California Division .....	210 25
Tennessee Division, General Cheatham Chapter.....	5 00
Georgia Division, Atlanta Chapter.....	25 00
Georgia Division, Savannah Chapter.....	25 00
Georgia Division, Lavonia Chapter.....	1 00
Mrs. S. G. Lang, personal.....	1 00
Total .....	\$ 383 58
Previously reported .....	1,229 53

Grand total .....\$1,613 11

MRS. J. T. BEAL, *Treasurer.*

## U. D. C. NOTES.

Every Division is requested to send to Mrs. Alexander B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn., the name and address of the Division reporter of U. D. C. items. The list will be published in the *VETERAN* for the month following.

*Education.*—The twelfth annual circular has been issued by the Education Committee, which this year consists of Miss Armida Moses, Chairman, Sumter, S. C.; Mrs. J. T. Beal, Vice Chairman and Treasurer of the Hero Fund, 1701 Center Street, Little Rock, Ark.; Miss Ida Powell, 1447 East Marquette Road, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Hugh L. Quinn, West Point, Miss.; Mrs. W. T. Davis, 940 Russell Street, Nashville, Tenn. Sixty scholarships were reported in possession of the General Division. Seventeen have been filled for the session 1920-21.

Scholarships vacant for 1920-21: One each at Army and Navy Preparatory School, Washington, D. C., value \$400;

Centenary College, Cleveland, Tenn., value \$65; Thomas Martin Memorial Scholarship, Martin College, Pulaski, Tenn., value \$100; Marion Institute, Marion, Ala., value \$150; Presbyterian Preparatory College, Anniston, Ala., value \$50; Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, Va., value \$100; Southern Methodist University of Dallas, value \$75; Southwestern Presbyterian College, Clarksville, Tenn., value \$50; Springside School, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, value \$300; St. Mary's School, Memphis, Tenn., value \$100; University of Alabama, University, Ala., value \$60; University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla., value \$100; University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa., value \$200. Two each at Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Ga., value \$198; Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala., value \$50 Eastern College, Manassas, Va., value \$75; Harriman College, Harriman, Tenn., value \$100; Meridian College Conservatory, Meridian, Miss., value \$50; Trinity College, Durham, N. C., value \$50. Sixteen vacant at the University of Virginia, value \$95 each, one each for Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Texas, Washington.

For the first time scholarships from the Hero Fund, "to honor the men of the South who served their country wherever needed in 1917-18," are to be bestowed for use in September by descendants of Confederate veterans who served in the World War. Something over a thousand dollars is available for these hero scholarships at present.

## DIVISION REPORTS.

*Alabama.*—The twenty-fourth annual convention of the Alabama Division was held in Decatur May 4 to 7. All business sessions were presided over by Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw, whose administration as President has been very successful. Her report showed an increase in membership, much work for the veterans at the Confederate Home, many courtesies to the various Camps of Veterans, and two new scholarships secured through her efforts. An endowed scholarship, the Lizzie Crenshaw Memorial, was given by Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw to the Division as a memorial to their daughter. The \$1,250 was turned over to the State of Alabama and will draw eight per cent interest for all time to come. In order that the scholarship might be available this year they gave an additional one hundred dollars.



MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW.

The Scholarship Committee reported a magnificent work, Alabama ranking second in the General Division as to value and number of scholarships. The Legislative Committee secured from the last legislature an appropriation of \$1,000 toward endowment of the

by the State of Alabama to the Division for this purpose. A resolution was passed instructing the President to take at least one thousand insignias for the World War veterans if the proposed medal was adopted. The editor reported new subscriptions to the VETERAN and secured several from the Chapters present.

The Children's Chapter program, under the Director, Mrs. A. W. Argo, assisted by the local Chapter, was very interesting and instructive. Six prizes were awarded.

Historical Evening, presided over by the State Historian, Mrs. J. M. Hicks, was unusually interesting. Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw and Mrs. J. A. Rountree reviewed what Alabama Division and women have done for the veterans' monuments and various other Confederate works. All prizes were presented at the conclusion of the program.

Memorial services for the departed included special tributes to the memory of Mrs. W. T. Northington, Alabama Corresponding Secretary; Gen. C. W. Hooper, Commander Alabama Confederate Veterans; United States Senator J. H. Bankhead, Gen. William E. Mickle, and Dr. Thomas M. Owen, head of the Alabama Department of Archives and History and ex-Commander of Alabama Sons of Veterans, who did more for the preservation of Alabama history than any other individual.

The social features of the convention were three luncheons, a reception at the home of Mrs. Frank Brown by the Joe Wheeler Chapter, and an automobile ride over the twin cities, Albany-Decatur, conducted by Mr. Seneca Burr.

Decatur was an ideal hostess and the 1920 convention a pleasure to all present.

The newly elected officers of the Division are: President, Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw, Montgomery; First Vice President, Mrs. W. S. Pugh, Mobile; Second Vice President, Miss Mary Lou Dancy, Decatur; Recording Secretary, Mrs. C. B. Forman, Attalla; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. H. Samford, Montgomery; Treasurer, Mrs. Julius Jaffe, Birmingham; Historian, Miss Allie Garner, Ozark; Registrar, Mrs. W. C. McMahon, Livingston; Recorder of Crosses, responding Secretary, Mrs. J. P. Ivy, Historian; Mrs. A. W. Argo, Talladega; Chaplain, Mrs. N. D. Denson, Opelika.

*Arizona.*—The United Daughters of the Confederacy of Robert E. Lee Chapter, Phoenix, Ariz., met on May 14, 1920, at East Lake Park and elected their officers for the year, as follows: Mrs. H. H. Lacy, President; Mrs. W. T. Crawford, First Vice President; Mrs. Lee Holzworth, Second Vice President; Mrs. W. H. Bayless, Third Vice President; Mrs. F. C. Cotton, Recording Secretary; Mrs. George Olney, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. J. P. Ivy, Historian; Mrs. A. H. Williams, Registrar; Mrs. F. C. Morris, Custodian.

*Florida.*—The J. J. Finley Chapter and the Kirby Smith Chapter were joint hostesses at the convention of the Florida Division held in Gainesville, Fla., May 4-7. The officers elected are as follows: President, Mrs. Frank D. Tracy, Pensacola; First Vice President, Mrs. F. M. Hudson, Miami; Second Vice President, Mrs. J. D. Stringfellow, Gainesville; Third Vice President, Mrs. R. F. Pierce, Marianna; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. F. L. Ezell, Leesburg; Recording Secretary, Miss Jessie Wauchope, Tampa; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. S. A. Moreno, Pensacola; Treasurer, Mrs. W. A. Bates, Jacksonville; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. C. H. Davis, Bradentown. Three officers who hold office for another year are: Registrar, Mrs. J. M. Alvarez, Starke; Director of C. of C., Miss Mary Branham, Orlando; Historian, Mrs. Emma Gayle McFadden, Jacksonville.

Alabama Room at Richmond, making a total of \$2,000 given



Mrs. Tracy is President of the Pensacola Chapter, which won the President's flag offered for the greatest increase in membership, growing in one year from seventy-one to one hundred and forty-six, an increase of over one hundred per cent. The Children of the Confederacy Chapter in Pensacola, organized in the same year, has one hundred members, and one of the number, William Fisher, Jr., won the State C. of C. medal for the best essay on a Southern historical subject.

The Division established another scholarship, to be known as the Florida Hero Scholarship, in the University of Gainesville.

The next convention will be held in Pensacola.

*Louisiana.*—The twenty-first annual convention of the Louisiana Division was held in the beautiful little city of Natchitoches on May 11, 1920. The members were entertained in the homes of the citizens, and excellent work for the year was reported, especially along educational lines and in assistance for our old veterans of the sixties.

The following were elected to office: President, Mrs. Arthur Weber, New Orleans; First Vice President, Miss Mattie McGrath, Baton Rouge; Second Vice President, Mrs. J. P. Scott, Shreveport; Third Vice President, Mrs. W. P. Smart, Bunkie; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. A. G. Grant, Baton Rouge; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Fred C. Kolman, New Orleans; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Rudolph Krause, Lake Charles; Treasurer, Mrs. L. S. Cohen, New Orleans; Registrar, Mrs. E. L. Rugg, New Orleans; Historian, Miss Bessie Russell, Natchitoches; Custodian, Mrs. J. H. Page, New Orleans; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. J. M. Pagaud, New Orleans; Organizer, Mrs. F. W. Frommann, New Orleans; Director of Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. D. W. Breazeale, Natchitoches; Honorary President, Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, New Orleans; Director of War Work, Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, New Orleans.

*Maryland.*—The past year has been a busy one for the Baltimore Chapter, No. 8. The members feel that much work has been done, but the year has closed in sorrow and the opening year begins without the aid and advice of two well-loved officers.

Mrs. David G. McIntosh, born Virginia Pegram, the First Vice President, departed this life on April 18, 1920. She was not only a valued and efficient officer, but a beloved collaborator with standards high and aims pure. This Chapter feels that her loss is irreparable. Mrs. McIntosh was a typical Virginia gentlewoman, born and bred in the South, living in Richmond during her childhood and youth and during the War between the States, having three hero brothers, two giving their lives for the Confederate cause, and her husband was one of South Carolina's most gallant and distinguished soldiers.

Mrs. John P. Poe, for sixteen years the President of the Baltimore Chapter, at the annual meeting on May 3 was unanimously made Honorary President for life.

The Maryland Memorial Room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond has been established and the endowment of \$3,000 paid in full. Contributions have also been made to the Jefferson Davis, Arlington, Shiloh, and Wirz monuments and to the Confederate woman's monument in this city. Inspired by the monument erected to the Confederate women of Maryland, Mrs. Thomas Baxter Gresham at the October (1919) meeting offered a prize of \$100 for the best essay on "The Services of the Women of Maryland to the Confederate States." The contest for this prize was open to all Marylanders by birth or adoption. The judges named were

Mrs. William Reed and Messrs. Edgar Allan Poe and Matthew Page Andrews. Miss Laura Lee Davidson was awarded the prize.

The Baltimore Chapter also placed in the Maryland Room, Richmond Museum, a tablet to Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, the only memorial by any Chapter to this martyred woman.

During the great World War \$1,200 was raised as an endowment fund for a bed in the American hospital in Neuilly, France, in honor of the boys of 1861-65, the ancestors of boys fighting for liberty and right in France. In addition to those lasting memorials, the Charity Fund has been kept up.

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## Historical Department, U. D. C.

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Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

*My Dear Daughters of the Confederacy:* Let me remind you that a complete list of rules for historical contests and subjects of essays is given in the *VETERAN* for February, 1920. Note that all essays and data must come to me through State Historians of Divisions, except where Chapters are not in Divisions. I hope most sincerely that two essays will be submitted from each Division and two from Chapters not in Divisions for each of the four prizes offered for essays, the Rose loving cup, Anna Robinson Andrews medal, Hyde medal, and the soldier's prize. Essays must reach me September 1.

All reports of historical work must reach me not later than October 1. The Raines banner and Mildred Rutherford medal, and the soldier's prize. Essays must reach me by September 1.

The Youree prize of \$50, divided into two prizes of \$25 each, is placed with the War Records Committee, Mrs. J. A. Rountree, Chairman.

All of the Children of the Confederacy prizes are in charge of the Third Vice President, Mrs. R. P. Holt.

With best wishes for your success in our historical work, sincerely,  
SUSIE S. CAMPBELL.

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### U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR AUGUST, 1920.

#### THE RENAISSANCE IN SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

The short story related in dialect. Mention a few which have become classics in American literature and give a sketch of the authors.

The authorities for this topic are numerous, but the one indispensable book for every Daughter of the Confederacy contains a concise chapter on this subject, "The South in History and Literature," by Miss Mildred Rutherford. Our former gifted Historian General has placed the entire South under a debt of gratitude for this book. "The Library of Southern Literature," in sixteen volumes, published by Martin & Hoyt, of Atlanta, is the most complete work on this subject and is an invaluable source of accurate information.

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### C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR AUGUST, 1920.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE MERRIMAC AND THE MONITOR.

Describe both ships and mention the change made in naval warfare after this battle.

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*  
Seale, Ala.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*  
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.  
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



## VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson  
GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer  
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

## JUNIOR MEMORIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

*My Dear Coworkers:* As the summer season is upon us and many other responsibilities are for the season laid aside, while the children have vacation from school and can easily be reached, let me again suggest calling them together to form Junior Memorial Associations. The great necessity for informing the youthful minds of the truths of history was never more vital than the present time, when schools are having forced upon them histories and traditions untrue and disloyal to the South. When the stainless character of our beloved leaders, Lee and Jackson, are viciously attacked and publicly assailed in the House of Congress; when the animus of Northern leaders manifested itself so clearly in the omission from the splendid new amphitheater recently dedicated to our country's heroes of every Southern name, not even Lee or Jackson, whom the world honors as heroes and lauds as wonderful military leaders—surely with such wonderful history as the South has we must awaken to our responsibility and see to it that our children are taught the truth. You have a priceless heritage in your Memorial work; it is your birthright; hold it sacred and preserve your Memorial Associations. We are pledged to work for the dead, to see that their graves are kept green and their headstones in good condition and their history properly written and preserved. No higher call can come to you than the appeal of those silent mounds, each a mute record of valiant service and sacrifice for us and our beloved Southland.

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The little gold bar of honor has been glorified in beautiful ceremonies which have been planned for its presentation, and its story has traveled far and wide. No less than thirteen States have searched out and sent in the names of dear Confederate mothers with living veteran sons, and the thirteenth bar of honor has been presented during the last week. The letters and newspaper clippings that have come expressing gratification and appreciation have made the work a real joy.

Another voluntary contribution to the purchase fund for the bar of honor has come. Miss Sallie Eugenia Brown, daughter of the War Governor of Georgia, has sent a check for five dollars, which we gratefully acknowledge.

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With much pleasure we announce the organization of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Lagrange, Ga., with Mrs. Roy Dallas as President.

MRS. A. McD. WILSON,  
*President General C. S. M. A.*

## ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY MRS. LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

It is unfortunate that there still live men who can look into the bleeding heart of the world and still hold bitterness in their souls, as do a few who have recently been spreading political propaganda about the South. It is to be regretted. And were these rabid men of a sort to be considered seriously, we of the South who have for so many years stood with our hands outstretched toward our brother of the North, bidding him welcome to our generous land, would feel the sting; but we know too well that these few men are political climbers and are working for a place in the spot light. They have come out of their holes (God forbid that I should write "shell hole," for I doubt if any one of them ever saw a shell hole or had a son to bleed and die in one!) to malign the very people who have fed them. It is like the snake one took to his fireside. *Harper's Magazine* has been carrying a series of stories by one Graham telling from a prejudiced viewpoint of the march of Sherman to the sea. Throughout the story is a slap in the face of the South. Mr. Graham has gathered his data where he found it in accord with his own opinion. He did not mention the innumerable stories of personal wrong done by Sherman's men, one of which happened to a woman in Atlanta whose brother was ill of typhoid fever, and she was providing for her family by cooking biscuit and meat and selling them to the soldiers in the camps. One day several of Sherman's men entered the little home and, lifting the stove off the floor, carried it, filled with fire and baking bread, to a wagon and drove off with it. That is one of the things this man did not include in his "Marching Through Georgia" story. The thing to do is to let *Harper's Magazine* alone. There are other and even better magazines published; then buy and read this one.

\* \* \*

Other Confederate mothers continue to be reported for enrollment, and Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, your President General, has added several more to her list. Among those recently added to the list are: Mrs. Sallie K. Jameson, Russellville, Ark.; Mrs. Sarah Jane Harden, Franklin, Ga.; Mrs. Eurethia Harvey, Mathison, Miss.; Mrs. Birdie M. White, Wedowee, Ala.; and Mrs. Olivia Law Pooser, of Orangeburg, S. C. This is becoming one of the most interesting works of the C. S. M. A. and will make an important record for the future generations of Memorial women and the South at large.



## IN MEMORIAM.

On Sunday morning, May 23, 1920, at her residence, in Richmond, Va., Mrs. J. Enders Robinson was called suddenly to answer the summons: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Possessed of unusual mental attainments, a prominent figure in patriotic work, Mrs. Robinson had been from the formation of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society most intimately associated with its work, having held many offices in the Society.

As Corresponding Secretary, which office she had filled for many years, her unfailing attention to duty, her love for the Confederacy, her well-stocked mind, her jealous watchfulness of all that concerned the Confederate Museum made her valued counsel most helpful to those associated with her in the work.

Her devotion to her children was beautiful. This will be to them a precious heritage. Therefore be it

*Resolved:* 1. That in the death of Mrs. J. Enders Robinson the Confederate Memorial Literary Society has lost a loyal and devoted officer, whose death the Society most deeply deploras and whose earnest work will be greatly missed.

2. That the sincere sympathy of the Society be extended to the children of Mrs. Robinson.

3. That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society and that a copy of them be sent to the family of Mrs. Robinson.

[Sally Archer Anderson, President C. M. L. S.; Mrs. John Mason, Lucy T. Munford.]

## MAJOR WIRZ AT ANDERSONVILLE.

The following letter was written by Mrs. Cora Wirz Perin, a daughter of Major Wirz, to Miss Mildred Rutherford in response to an inquiry about the gift of a watch by the prisoners at Andersonville to Major Wirz in appreciation of his kindness to them:

"NATCHEZ, MISS., April 13, 1920.

"My Dear Miss Rutherford: Yes, I did tell you that my father received numerous tokens of the kind feelings and appreciation of all he tried to do for those prisoners at Andersonville, among them a gold watch. Often he came out of the stockade with different trinkets the prisoners had made for him with only their pocketknives. These trinkets were made of bone—crosses, books, rings, thimbles, etc.

"I distinctly remember a bone Bible, a tiny thing that father brought to me and said a prisoner told him to give this to his baby. It was carved out of bone and looked like a closed book. The word "Bible" was carved on one side, and on the other a small diamond shape had been cut in deep and filled with red sealing wax. It had a hole drilled in one end, and I put a cord through the hole and wore it around my neck with intense and sincere childish pride. Many rings were given him—not expensive ones—but the watch was a gold one and sent to him by a number of the prisoners. When he was arrested and taken prisoner and put in the Old Capitol Prison, it was stolen from him.

"Some of the best friends we had were some of the paroled prisoners that father had given work around the house and fed from our kitchen. He used to say to us when he had to leave home, 'These,' calling them by name, 'will protect and care for you while I am away,' and they did.

"I have no more testimonials because our old Kentucky home

burned down ten years after the war, and we lost everything, as all of the family were away from home, and only negroes were on the place. We lost all the things father had brought mother that belonged to his family when he went to Europe the second year of the war—his passport, his picture, and all the letters from him and all the history of his trial and murder, for, Miss Rutherford, he was murdered by the United States government. What I have written you is as true as God's own word. I could tell you so much to prove to you that my father was loved and trusted by so many, many, very many prisoners, but it would take a long time.

"During a short illness some other officer had to go to the stockade—father went every day—so the prison key had to be sent to this officer. There was a drummer boy about sixteen or seventeen years old who stayed in our home. He was perfectly devoted to us, especially to father. We had no use for his services, but father had him paroled because he was so sorry for him. Father asked him if he could trust him to take the prison key to the Confederate officer. He said: 'Yes, I will deliver the key to him or bring it back to you.' Now, he could just as easily have given that key to some paroled Yankee who could have managed to let out all of those thousands of prisoners on that handful of people at Andersonville. We lived four or five miles from Andersonville, and that drummer boy rode the old gray mare that father always rode, and he delivered that key to the proper one. Was not that devotion? Another time he risked his life to save my life when we were caught out in a storm, and I was riding my pony.

"I must close. I could not exhaust memory were I to write all day about these things."

## MRS. SEPTIMA RUTLEDGE MIDDLETON FORNEY.

Entered into eternal sleep on the morning of March 26, 1920, Mrs. Septima Rutledge Middleton Forney, widow of Maj. Gen. John H. Forney, whom she married on February 5, 1862. Mrs. Forney was born in Talladega County, Ala., on February 3, 1836, and was a great-granddaughter of Edward Rutledge and Arthur Middleton, signers of the Declaration of Independence. She is survived by four daughters, Mrs. M. A. Stevenson, Mrs. C. W. Daugette, and Misses Emma Rutledge and Mary C. Forney. Devoted to the Confederate cause, which she knew to be right, she instilled its principles into the minds and hearts of her children and grandchildren. Mrs. Forney was a regular subscriber for many years to the *VETERAN*, and the perusal of its pages gave her a great deal of pleasure. This sainted woman was a devout member of the Episcopal Church, rarely accomplished and the embodiment of culture and purity. She was a most devoted and affectionate mother and was greatly beloved by her family and other relatives and friends.

[H. L. Stevenson, Jacksonville, Ala.]

## ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Camp Tige Anderson, No. 1455, U. C. V., Atlanta, Ga., elected the following officers for the ensuing year, 1920: Joseph S. Alford, Commander; A. G. Aderhold, First Lieutenant; C. W. Stephens, Second Lieutenant; W. A. Copeland, Third Lieutenant; S. R. McGregor, Adjutant; M. J. Priscock, Treasurer; J. M. Northcutt, Ensign; M. J. Coppedge, Chaplain; Dan I. Walden, Commissary.

## SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1919-20.

Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest  
Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton  
Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.  
[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]

### NEWS AND NOTES.

In connection with the omission of the names of Southern heroes from the Amphitheater at Arlington, Va., Secretaries Baker and Daniels should be reminded that our distinctions do not lie in places we occupy, but in the grace and dignity with which we fill them.

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Among the names of the "justly famous" to be considered by the "Hall of Fame Committee" of the New York University is that of Daniel Decatur Emmett, the composer of "Dixie." Next fall the electors will select twenty from a list of two hundred and twenty-five whose names are to occupy a place in the Hall of Fame. The last election was in 1915. Every name has been proposed by the public and received hundreds of public nominations.

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Gen. William C. Gorgas, a member of Washington Camp, No. 305, S. C. V., has been made a Knight of the Order of St. Michael and St. George by King George of England. General Gorgas is a patient in Queen Alexander's Nursing Home for Senior Officers. During a visit to the hospital King George bestowed on General Gorgas the insignia of Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George in recognition of his services to the British Empire and the rest of the world. General Gorgas is the man who completed the work on the Panama Canal.

\* \* \*

A monument to Col. John S. Mosby was unveiled June 19 at Warrenton, Va., with veterans of Mosby's command as honor guests. Miss Pauline Mosby Coleman, of Washington, D. C., granddaughter of Colonel Mosby, pulled the cord which unveiled the monument. The granite shaft is twenty-five feet high. Near the base is a bronze medallion in bas-relief depicting Colonel Mosby, while inscriptions are on the other three sides. The monument is located on the green at the side of the courthouse.

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Mr. J. Edward Beale, Commandant of the Black Horse Camp, S. C. V., has completed arrangements for the annual picnic to be held by the Camp on August 20, 1920, at Fauquier Springs, Va. Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Historian in Chief S. C. V., will be the chief orator on this occasion. Mrs. W. H. Robertson, Chairman of the Committee on Transportation, will provide conveyance for all visitors to and from the springs. At a meeting of the Camp on May 29 F. D. Gaskins, Adjutant, reported a collection of \$10 for the Gray Book fund.

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Dr. S. M. Johnson, Director General of the Lee Highway Association, was the guest of Washington Camp, No. 305, S. C. V., June 8, when he addressed an audience composed of Veterans and Sons of Veterans in relation to the objects and purposes of the Association. The work of this Association

is the building of a national highway to be known as the Robert E. Lee Highway, which will extend from New York to San Francisco by way of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Bristol, Tenn., New Orleans, Houston, Santa Fe, and San Diego. A magnificent bridge, to be known as the Lee Memorial Bridge, will be built over the Potomac at Washington by the Association. Washington Camp, No. 305, went on record as being the first Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans to join the Association by the payment of twenty-five cents *per capita* of membership. It is believed that many other Camps of the organization of Sons will likewise become members.

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### CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL EXERCISES AT ARLINGTON.

The Confederate memorial exercises were held at Arlington Cemetery on June 6. The Confederate veterans, clad in uniforms of Confederate gray, stood with bowed heads at the graves of their comrades. Thousands joined them in the annual memorial exercises. Representative R. Walton Moore, a member of Washington Camp, S. C. V., made the principal address. "We Southerners," said Representative Moore, "offer no apology for the men and women who were identified with the Southern cause, and we shall never forget the remarkable courage and fortitude, the unflinching resolution and utter self-sacrifice that distinguished the civil government and military operations of the Confederacy and marked the conduct of the people who followed the leadership of Davis and Lee." The speaker called attention to Senator Lodge's "Life of Webster" as admitting that none of the early statesmen denied the right of secession or what would now be called self-determination. "While all now adhere to the Constitution and government as modified by the Civil War, no intelligent and truthful man could think or speak of Jefferson Davis and his associates and followers as traitors," declared Representative Moore.

The Memorial Amphitheater was not used on this occasion. The ceremonies centered about the Confederate monument, a majestic shaft, marking the section of Arlington Cemetery set aside for the burial of the Confederate dead.

At the base of the monument was the Southern Cross, a reproduction of the Stars and Bars done in flowers. This floral tribute, presented by Washington Camp, S. C. V., was unveiled by Miss Grace Roper, sponsor, and Miss Ethel Brockman, acting maid of honor, assisted by Miss Ruth Bell and Miss Elsa Howell.

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### GENERAL OFFICERS.

The officers of the general organization for the current year are: John Ashley Jones, Atlanta, Ga., Quartermaster in Chief; R. Henry Lake, Memphis, Tenn., Inspector in Chief; Charles P. Rowland, Savannah, Ga., Commissary in Chief; A. L. Gaston, Chester, S. C., Judge Advocate in Chief; Dr. W. C. Galloway, Wilmington, N. C., Surgeon in Chief; Rev. Henry W. Battle, Charlottesville, Va., Chaplain in Chief; E. W. R. Ewing, Washington, D. C., Historian in Chief.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.—N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss., *ex officio* Chairman; Judge Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.; W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.; J. W. McWilliams, Monroe, La.; J. Roy Price, Washington, D. C.; Carl Hinton, Denver, Colo.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE.—Dr. Clarence J. Owens, Washington, D. C., Chairman; Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.; Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.; W. W. Old, Jr., Norfolk, Va.;



J. P. Norfleet, Memphis, Tenn.; W. M. Brandon, Little Rock, Ark.; R. B. Houghton, St. Louis, Mo.; J. W. Apperson, Biloxi, Miss.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.—James F. Tatem, Norfolk, Va., Army of Northern Virginia Department; B. A. Lincoln, Columbus, Miss., Army of Tennessee Department; S. H. King, Jr., Tulsa, Okla., Trans-Mississippi Department.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.—Dr. W. E. Quin, Alabama; A. D. Pope, Arkansas; H. W. Lowry, Colorado; A. S. Parry, District of Columbia; S. L. Lowry, Florida; Walter P. Andrews, Georgia; R. E. Johnston, Kentucky; Hy. Hollyday, Jr., Maryland; D. M. Featherstone, Mississippi; Todd M. George, Missouri; George M. Coble, North Carolina; Tate Brady, Oklahoma; Weller Rottrock, South Carolina; D. S. Etheridge, Tennessee; C. A. Wright, Texas; S. L. Adams, Virginia; Ralph Darden, West Virginia.

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In General Order No. 1 B. A. Lincoln, Commander of the Tennessee Department, S. C. V., calls upon the members of his department to rally to the cause of "a safe, sound, and sane government," citing the example of the Confederate soldiers after the war who fought the enemies of good government and won that cause. "Let us," he says, "fight and forever kill the doctrines of those insidious foes who are striving to destroy this great country." He also appeals to the Camps of his department to recruit their membership and to organize new Camps to help carry on the great work that lies before us. "Let us show by our deeds what we stand for," he concludes.

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#### SPECIAL OFFER.

About a hundred volumes of the "Hayes-Tilden Contest" and of the "Dred Scott Decision," by E. W. R. Ewing, A.M., LL.B., LL.D., will be given as a premium to those subscribing to the VETERAN on the following conditions: The VETERAN will be sent to you one year and also the "Hayes-Tilden Contest" upon receipt of \$1.50; or if you prefer the "Dred Scott Decision" send \$2, which will likewise include a year's subscription to the VETERAN. Major Ewing, Historian in Chief S. C. V., and a Southern writer, perhaps without an equal, has generously donated these books. The amount charged in excess of the subscription price of the VETERAN will be used for postage to mail the books and incidental expense. The subscription should be sent through the editor in chief of the Sons' Department.

PROUD OF HIS FATHER'S RECORD.—John W. Jennings, of Chicago, Ill., in sending renewal of his subscription to the VETERAN, writes: "My father, F. E. P. Jennings, now deceased, and three brothers lived near Lebanon, Tenn., and were 'Forrest's men.' I once showed my father a large painting, in a museum here, of Generals Lee and Grant. He looked at it earnestly and then said: 'Well, son, they must have been great men, but they couldn't come up to old Bedford.' He said that one cold morning during the war when drawn up in line of battle just before a fight he climbed upon a large rock to look at the Yankees, who were shooting at Forrest's men. He felt a pull on the back of his jacket, and a voice said: 'Get down from there! Don't you know the Yankees will shoot you?' He look around and promptly climbed down, and General Forrest climbed up. I read with interest the incidents of the war as related by the veterans and am proud to be the son of a Confederate soldier."

#### CHAPLAINCY OF THE 24TH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

STATEMENT BY REV. H. D. HOGAN, ROSEDALE, KANS.

On April 29, 1861, I celebrated my twenty-first birthday by casting my lot with the destiny of my State. Rev. J. W. Cullom, a traveling preacher of the Tennessee Conference, and I, a local preacher, enlisted at the same time in Company B, 24th Tennessee Regiment. At the organization Rev. J. W. Cullom was elected chaplain of the regiment, which office he faithfully filled until his resignation, some two years later. After his resignation it devolved on me to look after the spiritual interests of the regiment. I was exempt from military service and could have returned home, but the "love of Christ constrained me" to remain with those with whom I had cast my lot.

A number of strange and sad coincidences followed me. Colonel Bratton, who fell mortally wounded at Murfreesboro and whom I assisted off the field of battle, implored me not to leave him. He died in peace; "he found the Christ." Assisted by several of my captors, we buried him with his head to the east against that old snarled maple at the south door of the old Methodist church. I was made prisoner and sent to Camp Morton. When released the following April I found my command south of Murfreesboro. I held a most wonderful meeting; scores of souls were brought to Christ. In speaking of this meeting Mrs. Snyder's "History of the Civil War" says: "Rev. H. D. Hogan, a private soldier, held a fine revival in his regiment, the 24th Tennessee."

The following April we commenced and held over a great revival till in May; scores were converted. Colonel Wilson in that charge of the enemy's works on the 22d of July right off Atlanta was wounded seriously. I saw him through a rain of shot and shell to a place of safety. In that fearful charge of the enemy's second line of works at Franklin on November 30, 1864, Colonel Shannon and Captain Herbert fell desperately wounded. I remained with them that long November night, administering to their several wants, supplying blankets, water, etc. Early the next morning, December 1, 1864, I assisted in removing them to the Carter house, where they received temporary emergency treatment.

At the Reunion in Nashville soon after the war I was elected Chaplain of the 24th Regiment. I have honored my appointment by looking after my charge by correspondence and otherwise.

Now, I modestly make the above statements in vindication of my right to the honors of the chaplaincy of the 24th Tennessee Regiment as a historical fact and append the following in corroboration:

"BOWIE, TEX., July 18, 1919.

"This is to certify that the 24th Tennessee Regiment being without a chaplain after the resignation of Rev. J. W. Cullom, the Rev. H. D. Hogan, a private of Company B, was the only recognized chaplain till the close of the war, then having no legal successor to Rev. J. W. Cullom. He also carried me off the field of battle at Atlanta, Ga., on the 22d of July, 1864; hence it is due to him that I survive.

JOHN A. WILSON,  
Colonel 24th Tennessee Infantry Regiment."

"Touching the above statement of the chaplaincy of Rev. H. D. Hogan, of the 24th Tennessee Regiment, it is correct.

S. E. SHANNON,  
Lieutenant Colonel 24th Tennessee Regiment."



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Mrs. N. R. Maclean, 4138 Clarendon Avenue, Chicago, Ill., is trying to find some buttons similar to those on the uniform of her father-in-law, Col. Lauchlan Maclean, who served in a Missouri regiment, C. S. A., and as adjutant to General Price. He was killed just at the close of the war. The buttons were cut from his uniform and sent home, and in the passing years four of them have been lost. These were large brass buttons, and on each was the seal of a Southern State. Those missing are Florida, Georgia, Missouri, North Carolina, and Tennessee. Any one knowing of such buttons that can be purchased will confer a great favor by communicating with Mrs. Maclean, who is anxious to have the set complete.

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**C. E. Brooks, 2396 State St., Marshall, Mich.**

### ARMENIA.

Had I the eyes of all the years  
Since tears began to flow,  
I could not shed them fast enough  
To rightly speak her woe.

O little harried garden land,  
O Eden of man's birth,  
O tortured, stricken country,  
Her grief thrills all the earth!

She stretches out her bleeding hands,  
Let them not cry in vain!  
O give and give and give once more  
To ease Armenia's pain!

—Amy Sherman Bridgman.

Dr. A. B. Gardner, of Greenville, Tex., asks that any one who knew John W. Fike, a member of the 13th Missouri Battery, C. S. A., who joined the command at West Plains, Mo., write to him in the interest of the widow, who is in need of a pension.

E. L. Yelton, of Claude, Tex. (Box 24), seeks information of his father's service as a Confederate soldier. James Lowery Yelton was reared at Cookeville, Tenn., and it is thought that he was in the cavalry, but nothing is known of his record. Any surviving comrades are requested to write to his son at the above address.

Capt. J. J. Bradford, who served in the 3d Mississippi Infantry, Featherston's Brigade, would be thankful to any survivor of Sharpener's Battery for information in regard to Lieutenant Goodman, who commanded ten pieces of artillery temporarily attached to Bradford's company during Johnston's eight days' occupancy of Jackson, Miss., in July, 1863. Address Captain Bradford at Biltmore, N. C.

Inquiry is made for friends or the family of Mark Fuller, who served with Company I ("Virginia Blues"), 7th Louisiana Infantry, Hays's Brigade. He was severely wounded at Fredericksburg and is thought to have settled in Texas after the war; or of Isaiah D. Fuller, also of New Orleans, and Robert Mott, of Richmond, Va., later of New Orleans; or of William Watson, who died in Richmond on receiving news of General Lee's surrender. There are family heirlooms to be distributed, and information of the above or their connections will be appreciated. Address the VETERAN (No. 5), Nashville, Tenn.

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Any one having copies of John Esten Cooke's works for sale will oblige by communicating with the VETERAN.

FOR SALE.—Copies of "The Confederate Mail Carrier," by Bradley. \$1.15. Send orders to G. N. Ratliff, Moberly, Mo.

WANTED.—A copy of "A Southern Girl in 1861," by Mrs. D. Giraud Wright. Any one having a copy for sale will kindly communicate with the VETERAN, stating condition and price.

R. C. Langford, of Fort Meade, Fla., would like to learn something of the fate of his brother, Madison Langford (called Mat), who was missing after the battle of Nashville. He belonged to Company A (Captain York), 7th Florida Regiment.

Theo Hartman writes from Little Rock, Ark.: "As long as I can see to read it I want the VETERAN. Why is it that it has not kept step with H. C. L. and his bloodhounds, the profiteers? You have missed your opportunity. Now 'mark time, march!'"

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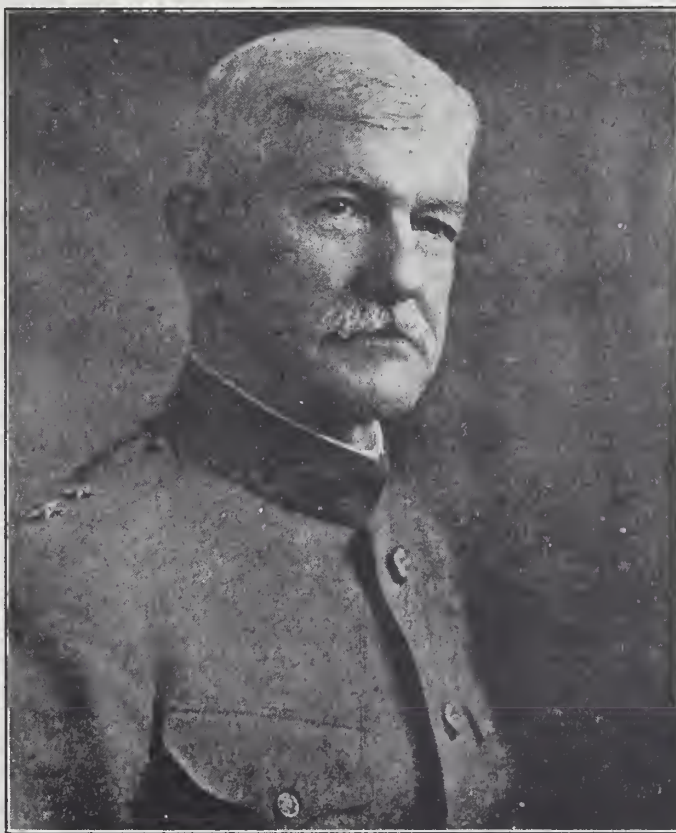


# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXVIII.

AUGUST, 1920

NO. 8



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MAJ. GEN. WILLIAM C. GORGAS, U. S. A.



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The *Times-Picayune*, of New Orleans, La., recently printed an inquiry for the owner of an old Confederate cavalry saber picked up on a battle field by the father of Mrs. A. M. Crittenden, of Minneapolis, Minn. (2641 Garfield Avenue). She is anxious to restore it to the rightful owner or his heirs. The inscription on the hilt is: "Presented to Capt. W. W. Jackson by his friends in the commissary department."

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Though men deserve, they may not win, success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1920.

No. 8. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
FOUNDER.

## MAJ. GEN. WILLIAM C. GORGAS.

The death of Gen. William C. Gorgas, in London, England, on the 3d of July, took from the world a great benefactor of his race. It is possible only to touch on his great accomplishments in this limited space, but that he could be referred to as "Doctor to the world, medical consultant of the nations" shows the great extent of his work.

When the young Dr. Gorgas went to Cuba with the rank of major during the Spanish-American War, he entered upon a field of endeavor which proved of greatest benefit to the peoples of the world. His work was in the field, as well as the hospital. After the war was over, he remained in Cuba as sanitary officer of the island, and he put Havana in such a state of sanitation as to effectually rid that city of the yellow fever infection, by which the plague had been scattered. It is a noteworthy fact that not a case of the fever has been known in Havana since that time.

His next great work was at Panama, which he made habitable by his sanitary measures, and thus made possible the building of the great canal. His work is recognized as of equal importance to that of the engineers who overcame such stupendous obstacles. During the last few years his services were given to the eradication of plagues in many parts of the world, notably his work in South Africa for the British government, by which he established a better health rate among the negro laborers in the Rand mines, where pneumonia was incessantly epidemic. As surgeon general of the United States army during the World War, he organized the extensive system devised for the reconstruction of crippled soldiers, and this included the establishment of orthopaedic hospitals behind the firing lines in France, reconstruction hospitals in the great centers of America, and the treatment of crippled men, so they could be sufficiently restored to resume their former occupations or trained for other work.

When the war was over, he retired from government service; but his humanitarian work was not given up, for in 1919 he was made head of the yellow fever commission organized by the Rockefeller Foundation, and in that capacity he made an extensive tour of Central and South America for the purpose of directing the work toward the eradication

of the yellow fever from some of its breeding centers in those countries. And he was on another mission of the kind to South Africa when taken ill in London on May 30.

Not without honor in his own country, other honors were heaped upon him by the countries he had served. He was decorated by the French government and made a commander of the Legion of Honor, while the king of England conferred upon him the decoration of Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and on his visit to Belgium just before his last illness he was decorated by King Albert. But no honors, however great, could change the simplicity of his nature, and we think of him as being proudest of the service he rendered rather than of the recognition of that service.

William Crawford Gorgas was of Southern lineage, born in Mobile, Ala., October 3, 1854, the son of Gen. Josiah Gorgas, chief of ordnance, C. S. A., who was in later years Chancellor of the University of the South, then President of the University of Alabama. His mother was Miss Amelia Gayle, daughter of the war Governor of Alabama, famed for her beauty and brilliancy of mind. She lived to a good old age, dying in 1913 in Tuscaloosa, where she had for years been librarian of the university. His paternal grandfather was of the early governors of Alabama.

After receiving his education at the University of the South, young Gorgas went to the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, now a part of New York University, where he received his degree in 1879. After another year at Bellevue as interne, he was appointed surgeon in the United States army, serving both in field and hospital. In 1903 he was made colonel and assistant surgeon general in recognition of his work in Cuba; in 1914 he became surgeon general with the rank of brigadier general; and he retired in 1919 as major general, U. S. A.

General Gorgas was a member of Washington Camp, No. 305, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Washington City, ever loyal to the principles for which the South had struggled. He was a patron of the VETERAN for many years, and never failed to include with his renewal order some subscriptions for old veterans unable to pay. It is in the little things of life that greatness of soul is revealed.



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

## THE IMMORTALS.

The VETERAN notes with sorrow the passing of our veterans, each monthly record showing the loss of many good friends. To the record this month must be added the names of two widely known and loved. Col. William Gordon McCabe, of Virginia, known not alone for his valiant service to the South in war, for his pen has been no less loyal in her defense in the years of peace. As one of our gifted writers, Colonel McCabe has added much to Southern literature, and his name and fame are secure in his prose and verse. A sketch of him will appear in the VETERAN for September.

In that number will also be given a sketch of Dr. Randolph H. McKim, another veteran of the Confederacy whose pen has continued the service he gave as a soldier. He was pastor of the Church of the Epiphany in Washington, D. C., for thirty-one years.

## BACK TO STATES' RIGHTS.

Sometimes chided with fogymism for her undimmed loyalty to States' rights, the South can now take cheer from the fact that British statesmanship is turning to that very principle as a solvent for certain grave problems of the United Kingdom. Mr. Asquith, the former Premier, recently declared that his experience of thirty years as a Scottish member of the House of Commons has taught him how utterly impossible it is for the central government efficiently to administer the affairs of Scotland, and how essential it is for the good of the kingdom as a whole, as well as for that of its several units, that a larger, freer measure of local self-government be provided.

With this judgment there appears to be general concurrence. The tasks of government have grown at once so tremendous and so intricate that Parliament cannot handle them with justice to either imperial or provincial affairs. Hence there has developed in the British Isles in recent years a well-nigh unanimous sentiment for the establishment of some sort of legislative and executive machinery for handling matters of domestic concern in the different parts of the kingdom—Wales, Scotland, and England, as well as Ireland—leaving Parliament free for imperial business.

On this side of the water we started out with that method, not so much as a matter of practical necessity as of principle, for each State of the original Union was considered a sovereign with inviolable rights. We have kept the form through a long age and have found it most expedient. But have we kept the spirit as well? If the centralizing tendency continues another fifty years at the pace it has gained during the fifty just passed, will the fathers of the republic, revisiting by chance "these glimpses of the moon," ever recognize their handiwork? Assuredly there must come a reaction, if not to their precise principles, at least away from excesses of federalization. For as our population, already well above a hundred million, multiplies and multiplies in its continent-

wide sweep and almost infinite variety of interests, the point will be reached where governmental efficiency itself, now urged as an argument for centralizing, will demand decentralization.—*Atlanta Journal*.

## POET LAUREATE FOR TENNESSEE S. C. V.

A notable honor has come to the venerable Mrs. Augusta Evans Inge, of Corinth, Miss., in the appointment as poet laureate for the Sons of Confederate Veterans of Tennessee, conferred especially in appreciation of her ode on the unveiling of the Confederate monument at Shiloh National Park. Another poem, "Memory Bells of the Battle of Shiloh," was read at a recent meeting of the Sons of West Tennessee.

Mrs. Inge reached the age of eighty-six on the 11th of June, but age does not check her activity, and she continues her literary work with the same enthusiasm and ability as in her earlier years. She is a namesake of her relative, the noted writer, Augusta Evans, and the widow of Col. W. M. Inge, who was one of the leading lawyers of Mississippi. She holds the office of Honorary President of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., and many friends give her the name of "Mother of the Confederacy."

## INVITATION TO THE U. C. V.

A cordial invitation to members of the United Confederate Veterans' Association to visit Milwaukee, Wis., during the grand carnival of Elks to be held there during the week of September 4-10, comes from Tom L. Johnson, Chairman of the Blue and Gray Committee. One of the principal features of the week will be the assembling of veterans of the sixties, those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray, in a grand demonstration of good fellowship, thus instilling the spirit of true Americanism.

This carnival will be under the auspices of Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46, B. P. O. E., and will be the largest gathering of Elks ever assembled, and their entertainment of the veterans of the sixties will be the soul of hospitality. All those who can accept the invitation are asked to write to Mr. Johnson at once.

## U. C. V. RECORDS.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA., June 21, 1920.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 3.

The General commanding advises the Camps that notice has been filed by Henry St. Paul Camp, No. 16, to change "Section 2, Article VII, in General Headquarters," to read:

"Section 2. The Battle Abbey of the Louisiana State Museum, New Orleans, La., shall be the depository of all records, papers, and records of this Federation."

This amendment will be submitted to the Convention to meet at Houston, Tex., October 6-9, 1920.

By command of

K. M. VAN ZANDT,  
General Commanding.

A. B. BOOTH, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

ANNUAL MEETING OF MORGAN'S MEN.—Survivors of Morgan's command will hold their annual meeting in August. Write to H. M. Taylor, Carlisle, Ky., for place and date of meeting.

## DEDICATION OF MONUMENT AT BRISTOL.

"In commemoration of the valorous deeds of the men and women of the South" in the sixties, a handsome monument now stands on the Courthouse Square at Bristol, Va.-Tenn., the gift of Col. J. M. Barker to the Daughters of the Confederacy there and through them presented to the city. Impressive services marked its unveiling in the presence of some five thousand people on the 27th of May, beginning with the parade and closing with the address by Col. William A. Henderson, of Washington, D. C., a noted orator.

The speech of presentation was made by Colonel Barker, who gave it with the hope that it would "keep alive all noble feelings that characterized those living and acting in 1861-65." Mayor Rouse accepted the monument for both Tennessee and Virginia, and pledged that it and the things it stands for will be forever protected. In his address Dr. C. C. Carson said that the fame of the Confederate soldier is an immortal part of us; that the cause of the Confederacy was lost only in the sublimest exhibition of valorous soldiers the world has ever seen, and the transforming influence of their lives and deeds still lives.

Following his address, the monument was unveiled by Miss Margaret Barker, the beautiful young daughter of the donor, assisted by her maids of honor, Misses Pattie Hagan and Frances Baker.

Colonel Henderson's address was made to an interested audience. The venerable jurist, now eighty-three years of age, distinguished as soldier and citizen, spoke of the significance of the many memorials scattered over this country and dwelt upon the beauty of this at Bristol—that it commemorated no



THE MONUMENT AT BRISTOL.

"lost cause," but a gained cause, so strongly attested by conditions of the present day.

The monument is one of the handsomest in the country, being of Italian marble and twenty-five feet in height. It stands on the Virginia Courthouse Green, a perpetual reminder of those who gave their all for their country and of the generous comrade who made it possible to thus enshrine their memory.

## ARLINGTON.

BY CASSIE MONCURE LYNE.

O, dear old Arlington, on whose sacred breast  
Sleep hostile heads with names of foreign birth,  
We come to honor Confederates that here rest,  
Whose ashes mingle with Old Virginia earth.

Sons of the South who sought the holy grail,  
Gave all, asked naught, the followers of Lee,  
But "truth crushed to earth will yet prevail"  
As time unrolls her scroll for all to see.

These men who fought 'neath Southern Cross  
With Jackson, Johnston, Wheeler, and with Lee  
Were overwhelmed, not vanquished, nor is lost  
Their priceless heritage through all eternity.

They drew their sword oppression to repel;  
The principle for which they gave their lives,  
Like Belgium and like Serbia, so we proudly tell  
In Flanders fields and Argonne shades survives.

What if in yon marble temple\* jealousy deny  
A niche in that small new-built edifice, the space  
For genius, world-famed like Jackson and like Lee—  
Fame such as theirs no epitaph could trace.

Long as Shenandoah mingles with Potomac tide  
And together seek the boundless ocean's gray,  
They'll tell how Calvinist and Cavalier did ride  
At head of arms that held the world at bay.

If Jackson's ghost perchance returned to ranks,  
Would room be left for Fremont, Shields, and Banks?  
Forsooth a battle abbey! He needs none at all.  
Leave Bee. His fame forever solid stands Stonewall.

Ah! Arlington, majestic, grand old Arlington,  
Strange unknown gods have come to dwell in thee,  
Modeled like famous ancient Grecian Pantheon;  
Still the South burns incense to her idol—Lee!

When great-granddaughter of Washington he wed,  
Beneath these trees they walked in sweet content;  
And as of Wren in old St. Paul's, so be it said:  
"Look all around, behold, this is his monument!"

Just as mother bereft bows with submissive head,  
Old Arlington as sentinel still stands sublime  
And casts her benediction o'er Confederate dead,  
With watch words softly whispered, "These are mine."

\*The new amphitheater dedicated May 30 and supposed to be the Westminster of the nation.



## MEMORIAL DAY IN CHICAGO.

There's a green spot within the limits of the great city of Chicago which is very dear to the hearts of the Southern people who have made their homes in that metropolis, and every year they gather in that sacred place to pay tribute to the comrades who there found rest after enduring the sufferings of prisoners of war. Six thousand Confederate soldiers died in Camp Douglas Prison during the war, and to commemorate the nobility of their sacrifice a magnificent shaft rises above their resting place in Oakwood Cemetery.

The movement to erect this monument to their memory was inaugurated by Camp No 8, U. C. V., by which the little band of Confederate veterans of that city has been known since becoming a part of the great Confederate organization. Contributions from friends, both North and South, and the proceeds of lectures by eminent orators, among whom Gen. John B. Gordon deserves special mention, made up the requisite amount, and the splendid monument was dedicated on May 31, 1894, in the presence of a great multitude, several of our Confederate generals then living being present at the exercises.

Some years ago the United States War Department had the monument raised six feet and the surroundings otherwise improved. The grounds of this cemetery are owned by the government and are under its control, an annual appropriation being made for the maintenance of that part about the Confederate monument.

To this revered spot the Confederate Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Sons of Veterans resort on every Memorial Day, when impressive services are held in memory of those who gave their all for the South, and these occasions are marked by the fraternal sentiment displayed in decorating the graves of both gray and blue.

Death has made many inroads into the ranks of those who once made up the membership of Camp No. 8, and in recognition of the valuable aid, both personal and material, which the Daughters of the Confederacy of Chicago have rendered in behalf of the veterans a resolution was passed to admit the members of the Chapters as regular members of the Camp, and on these honored members devolves the duty of preparing for the Memorial Day exercises. To them Commander E. Rose, of Camp No. 8, makes due acknowledgment in recognition of their able services, their zeal and devotion.

The following poem was read as the closing part of the exercises of Memorial Day, May 31, 1920. It was written for the occasion by Col. W. C. Vaughn, who was

for several years Commander of Camp No. 8 and is now its Adjutant and is recognized as poet laureate for the Confederates living in Chicago:

## IN MEMORIAM.

Comrades of Southland, your marches are ended;  
Your dreams of victory and triumph are o'er.  
Death with the noon of your manhood was blended.  
Your country shall call you, the battle enthral you  
No more.

Furled is the banner you once waved so madly,  
Silent the drum and the cannon's fierce roar.  
Vain was the victory your hosts hailed so gladly.  
The commander shall call you, the battle enthral you  
No more.

Over the river, the dark, silent river,  
Your souls have passed on to eternity's shore,  
Led by the hand of the Glorified Giver.  
The drummer shall call you, the battle enthral you  
No more.

Here, where your mortal remains lie sleeping  
(We come in our hearts your deeds to adore),  
Comrades and daughters their vigil are keeping.  
Reveille shall call you, the battle enthral you  
No more.

Enshrined in our memory will linger forever  
The banner you waved and the gray that you wore,  
With enduring affection death only can sever;  
But Dixie shall call you, life's battle enthral you  
No more.



THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN CHICAGO.

## FACTS AND FANCIES.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

The individual who attempts to collate facts on Southern literature will doubtless consult Professor Trent and will promptly cull this thought from "The South in the Building of the Nation": "Neither the Old South nor the New South can fairly be said to have rivaled New England and the Middle States in contributing to the intellectual development of the nation, nor have they been discreetly zealous in making known what their section has actually accomplished." In a chastened mood this comment from Dr. Kirkland in the same volume may be pondered: "Much has been written of the barrenness of the Old South in the field of literature. Whatever the cause, the fact is undisputed, but the New South has done something to remove this reproach."

Of course the alleged cause is always the assertion that the genius of the South found its outlet in oratory and statesmanship. But the oratory of Daniel Webster did not silence Irving, Prescott, and Hawthorne; nor did the eloquence of Everett prevent the later group of Motley, Bancroft, and Fiske. Desiring to know the very worst about ourselves, the Encyclopedia Britannica is next called upon to testify. Recalling the remarks of the ninth edition on Southern literature, one has secret foreboding as to the result. An amateur detective, infinitely removed from Sherlock Holmes in either technique or subtlety, would at once divine that no Briton wrote the article, and, tracking the initials back to the pages where individual contributors are unmasked, one is not surprised to find that the author was born in Massachusetts and as a scholar, writer, editor, and professor of literature occupies a distinguished position.

Somewhat reassured to find that American literature was in the hands of a compatriot and certain that justice would be done at least to the New England group, one is grieved to discover a note of pessimism. It seems that there has been no product of ideas since Emerson, who was the sole originator of ideas we have ever possessed, and he still holds the patent on them. Then, to conceal nothing, here is the climax: "The imaginative life is feeble and when felt is crude; the poetic pulse is imperceptible."

There is one comforting assurance, albeit not intended as such: "America is in truth perhaps intellectually more remote from Europe than in its earlier days. The contact of its romanticism with that of Europe was, as has been seen, imperfect, but its touch with the later developments and reactions of the movement in Europe is far more imperfect. With Tolstoi, Ibsen, d'Annunzio, Zola, Nietzsche, Maeterlinck, Sudermann the American people can have no effectual touch; their social tradition and culture make them impenetrable to the present ideas of Europe as they are current in literary forms. Nor has anything been developed from within that is fertile in literature."

Personally, I consider this a compliment to our United States. We have lately discovered where the theories of Nietzsche culminated, and is the teaching of Ibsen and Tolstoi likely to develop qualities which make for happiness, usefulness, and final peace? Is Hedda Gabler the woman one would wish to resemble or "Resurrection" a book one cares to have around except in French, where its perusal will be limited to persons who are probably immune after a course in De Maupassant and a few other French writers, including Zola? As an indication of how very, very far we have strayed from literary art it is recorded with proper humiliation that a large audience enjoys the pietistic novel as per-

petrated by E. P. Roe, they being the intellectual heirs and assigns of the readers of Susan Warner's "The Wide, Wide World."

Let us turn next to Dr. Eliot, who ranks as one of the foremost scholars of America. In selecting the Harvard Classics, out of one hundred and fifty poets quoted just two are from the South, the same two who are placed by Mr. Stedman among the seven great poets of our land, Edgar Allan Poe and Sidney Lanier. They sleep together in Baltimore, one remembered for his marvelous mastery of the short story and the haunting melody of his verse, the other a being of light and beauty, who gave the exquisite definition, "Music is love in search of a word," and transcribed the rippling song of the Chattahoochee. In Dr. Eliot's list of essays, ranking from Cicero to Stevenson, Poe again rescues us from oblivion. Is there a Southern name to equal that of James Russell Lowell? And in the fiction of the romantic school to which John Esten Cooke, Marian Harland, Augusta Evans, Christian Reid, and Sims belonged is there one novel which will survive as a classic? Professor Mims states that the brilliant promise of the eighties, when Dr. Page, James Lane Allen, George W. Cable, and Joel Chandler Harris became well known writers, has not been fulfilled, but in Virginia one can hardly agree with this conclusion. Miss Johnston, Miss Glasgow, Henry Sydnor Harrison, and Mrs. Boshier have all written best sellers since then, and John Fox has skillfully depicted the mountaineer in the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and other books.

Most people read fiction for diversion when the serious pursuits which demand attention can be laid aside. To this great class—and it is more inclusive than is supposed—the early novels of Mary Johnston came like a breath of spring over a bank of violets.

We had led such dreadfully austere lives with Mary Wilkins and been held down to actualities so strictly by Howells and James that to revel untrammelled in the land of romance with soldiers, Indians, villains, pirates, and most lovely ladies was a delight. "Prisoners of Hope," "To Have and to Hold," and "Audrey" are all charming stories, historically accurate, and abounding in true pictures of colonial life. Then "Lewis Rand" introduces us to a later phase of Virginia society, weaving the trial of Aaron Burr into the plot. In artistic finish and literary grace this novel belongs in the front rank of American literature, although the final tragedy leaves one guessing as to whether this end was inevitable and regretting that another denouement could not have been found.

Ellen Glasgow takes up the theme in a different environment. Her penchant is for a realistic picture of the transition of Virginia from the old order to the new, with its broader opportunities for the development of universal manhood instead of the favored classes. Another Virginia writer of cosmopolitan range is Mrs. Burton Harrison, a belle of the sixties, who carried with her to New York the memory of the dear dead days of auld lang syne. To this brilliant group of novelists should be added a soldier, poet, classical student and writer, the foremost literary figure in Virginia, Col. William Gordon McCabe, whose brilliant and honored life drew to a peaceful and beautiful close in June.

The Southern Renaissance may be declining, just as the tides rise and fall, but the creative instinct is expressing itself in other ways. My fancy is that the South is on the threshold of a broader and greater intellectual life than it has ever known if it can stand firm against the deluge of materialism, lawlessness, and extravagance which menaces the entire world.



## PRINCE OF DARE-DEVILS.

BY COL. M. S. THOMPSON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Feeling satisfied that our people are ever ready to hear of the achievements of a comrade in our struggle of 1861-65, I am encouraged to relate the record (I regret to say a very incomplete one) of a private of Company A, White's Battalion of Cavalry, the command to which I had the honor to belong, that eclipses any of which I have ever heard. His name was John W. Mobberly.

When the war broke out Mobberly was a boy of fifteen working on a farm in Loudoun County, Va. Some Yankees soon came to the place and used very insulting language to the lady of the house, when Mobberly became so indignant that he swore he would avenge the insult. So he at once joined Company A, of White's Battalion. He was a powerful young fellow for his age, with handsome blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and always smiling. During his stay with the command I never heard of any remarkable achievement of his except in the battle of Brandy Station, June 9, 1863. His horse being killed under him, he sprang up behind a Yankee, shot him through the head, and rode his horse safely away.

It was out of the question to keep him with the command, and under military discipline he would have been court-martialed and shot as a deserter. However, the service he rendered the cause in his independent style eclipsed by far any he could have given with the command. Colonel White told me that had Mobberly been an educated man he would have proved one of the most valuable scouts in General Lee's army. The section of the country he operated in principally was that portion of Loudoun County in which the towns of Hillsboro, Waterford, and Lovettsville are situated, and it ends at Harper's Ferry. In a short while after he began his operations it was generally known as "Mobberly's Confederacy," although chiefly inhabited by strong Union citizens, many of them having sons and brothers in the Yankee army. He soon became the terror of that section, and one of the most remarkable features of his service was the manner he employed in the care of captured horses, arms, etc. I am sure it has no equal. He always left his plunder in the keeping of some of the Union farmers with the injunction that if they permitted the Yankees to take them he would kill them and burn their homes. And so thoroughly satisfied were they of his ability to enforce his threat and so terror-stricken were they that when visited by the Yankees their pleading prevailed, and nothing was disturbed.

His exploits were so daring and so successful that every device the enemy could employ was used to catch or kill him. When too heavy a force was out to catch him, he would take to the mountains and upon their return he would attack, kill, and capture some of their rear guard. He was a military genius. He could gauge the enemy's route of travel, lay in wait for them, and never let them rest.

It is a recognized fact that he killed more Yankees than any man in the Army of Northern Virginia. He damaged the enemy in the loss of property, troops, etc., more than any one of record, as is frankly stated by General Stevenson, who was in command of the Yankees at Harper's Ferry during the entire war, and officially reported by him to the Washington officials, in which he states that the government could easily afford to pay \$50,000 reward for him and then save the amount in six months of his operations—that is to say, the damage he inflicted on them was one hundred thousand dollars a year. That speaks pretty well for one Confederate private's services.

He was devoid of fear, and, riding at will about that section, he became the terror of the Union people. The government at Washington was repeatedly informed of his remarkable achievements. They seemed convinced that Mobberly must be an *officer* and *commanding quite a force*, when in reality he was never known to have more than three or four with him, and they were men of the regular service who were home on furlough. Most of those who joined him were killed. The last ones with him were Jim Riley, Tribbet, and Mocks. The former, Riley, was with him when he was murdered. Toward the last of the war it seemed almost certain death to those who joined him, for the risks he took were astounding. An Italian officer who came to this country to engage in the excitement, with no preference for either side, joined a regiment of cavalry at Harper's Ferry that was actively engaged in trying to catch or kill Mobberly. In a short while he became disgusted with their tactics, left them, and joined Mobberly, saying he admired Mobberly's strategy and dash. Unfortunately for him, he was killed in less than a week. Mobberly's reckless dash ended his career.

The rear guard of a column of Yankees had no peace. Mobberly was like a hornet, continually dashing at them, compelling the column to halt and prepare for a supposed attack, when he would suddenly disappear until they resumed their march, then at them he would dash again. It was said that General Stevenson reported the loss of at least a regiment of cavalry from worn-out and crippled horses trying to capture Mobberly. He seemed to have a charmed life, for many times they ambushed him, but he would escape unhurt.

When General Early retired from in front of Washington in August, 1864, Mobberly did not accompany him, but stayed back with the Yankee column, and before they passed through Loudoun County he killed a number of them. Mobberly and I were great friends, and he told me that if we did not succeed he hoped he would be killed the last day, and sure enough he was murdered two days before the surrender.

Whenever a cavalry command camped in the neighborhood he rode in and out at will, and if he saw a horse he wanted he was sure to get him. Often with a few men he would ride the entire picket posts, drive them in, and scatter terror and confusion among them.

The manner of his assassination was most atrocious. A man whom he considered a friend sent him word that he had a fine horse he would trade him; and as the end of the war was close at hand, it is supposed that Mobberly relaxed his vigilance and went, accompanied by Jim Riley. Mobberly, taking the lead, reached the barn first. Secreted in the loft were six or seven Yankees who, without warning or a demand to surrender, fired. Although but a few feet away, only one ball struck Mobberly, and that killed him instantly, while Riley was untouched and dashed off. The murderers got the \$1,000 reward offered by the government, and Mobberly's body was taken to Harper's Ferry and put on exhibition. Later it was turned over to friends for burial, and he now rests in a little cemetery on the road between Harper's Ferry and Hillsboro by the side of two of his comrades, who were killed in almost a similar manner. Their names were Douglas and Chamlin. A nice monument marks Mobberly's resting place.

It is unfortunate that a complete account of the achievements of this remarkable character is lost to us. With but one exception, those that followed him were all killed or

scattered. That one was Jim Riley, and he died only two years ago. I knew him well and shall ever regret not getting from him minute particulars covering the many daring deeds and miraculous escapes Mobberly experienced.

He was brave to rashness, and I have often thought no sane man would have risked his life as Mobberly did. Of course, in battle we took those chances willingly, but in his independent method he could use his own pleasure regarding an attack or retreat. But he attacked first, and if too big a job for him he would give them the road, and the devil could not catch him, as he was always superbly mounted. It was always a wonder to me that he was not killed long before he met his death, for he was reckless beyond reason and fearless of danger; in fact, he courted it.

As evidence of the estimate of the notoriety he attained with the Yankees, I will give a few official reports from the several prominent generals made to the War Department at Washington regarding him. They include Generals Phil Sheridan, Hancock, Stephenson, Devins, Wilson, Forsythe, and others of less rank.

From T. Gibson, major 4th Pennsylvania Cavalry, to captain and adjutant general, Washington:

"April 24, 1863.

"I camped at Waterford awaiting the arrival of Captain Hall, who was sent to catch Mobberly, the guerrilla, but he was not found."

From General Sheridan to General Angur at Washington:

"September 10, 1864.

"Within the last ten days Crooks' men killed five of Mobberly's men and captured forty of his horses and seventy-five revolvers."

From General Devins to General Forsythe:

"September 12, 1864.

"Make arrangements for the capture of Mobberly and such other of Mosby's gang that infest the country along the Shenandoah and beyond. Not less than twenty men should compose the party."

From Colonel Crowninshield to Captain Dana, assistant adjutant general 2d Massachusetts Cavalry:

"CHARLESTOWN, W. VA., November 11, 1864.

"On the 10th inst I sent two wagons of the 2d United States Cavalry to Harper's Ferry with a guard of one sergeant and ten men. Captain Mobberly, with twenty-five men in our uniform, attacked them, killing the sergeant and capturing five of the men and all of the mules. Three hundred cavalry were sent in pursuit."

From General Devins to General Forsythe:

"February 8, 1865.

"I sent out a scouting party who chased Mobberly, but he got off."

From General Devins to Major Russell, adjutant general cavalry corps:

"February 15, 1865.

"I sent a party to Hillsboro and caught four of the 7th Virginia Cavalry and six fine horses. The object of this expedition was to capture Mobberly and his band. I will get them yet."

From General Stevenson to the Secretary of War:

"HARPER'S FERRY, W. VA., March 28, 1865.

"Loudoun County has been scoured by a band of guerrillas

under the lead of a man by the name of Mobberly. He is a desperate villain and has made destructive raids on the railroads in Maryland, etc."

From General Stevenson to Morgan, chief of staff, Washington:

"HARPER'S FERRY, April 1, 1865.

"There is a gang of murderers infesting Loudoun who have done incalculable service for the Rebels for the past four years. The leader of the band is named Mobberly and is one of Mosby's right-hand men. Some citizens of Loudoun have proposed to me that if I will arm them and give them means of living away from home they will kill or capture the band. The band consists of Mobberly, Riley, Mocks, and Tribbet. All of them have murdered our soldiers time and again. The band originally consisted of about fifteen men. During the last summer we have killed most of them, leaving these four men, who are the head devils of the concern. If we promise these men (citizens) a reward of \$1,000 for Mobberly and \$500 for each of the others dead or alive, we will clean out the concern. The government could readily afford to pay \$50,000 for them and then save the amount in six months' operation of the band."

From General Stevenson to the Secretary of War:

"HARPER'S FERRY, April 5, 1865.

"I sent out Monday a small party to wipe out the notorious guerrilla Mobberly and his band. They returned to-day with the body of Mobberly and in the fight mortally wounded Riley, his right-hand man."

From General Stevenson to General Morgan, chief of staff:

"HARPER'S FERRY, April 15, 1865.

"A scout sent into Loudoun to-day returned with one of Mobberly's gang. I think I shall secure the three remaining members of his gang this evening."

From General Stevenson to Colonel Mitchell, chief of staff, Washington:

"HARPER'S FERRY, April 19, 1865.

"I have the honor to report the Mobberly band all finally disposed of, the remaining men having surrendered their arms and been paroled."

From General Hancock's adjutant general to General Stevenson:

"April 20, 1865.

"The General wishes me to express his gratification that you have finished Mobberly and his gang."

From General Hancock to General Rawlins, chief of staff:

"WINCHESTER, April 20, 1865.

"The worst band of guerrillas in Loudoun County (Mobberly's) have all been killed or captured."

If a diary had been kept of this famous man's exploits and narrow escapes it, I am sure, would surpass for daring that of any yellow-back novel ever written, for no embellishment would be necessary. The actual truth would crown him the "Prince of Dare-devils." Peace to his ashes!

HENRY W. GRADY.—The citizen standing in the doorway of his home, contented in his threshold, his family gathered about his hearthstone, while the evening of a well-spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest—he shall save the republic when the drum tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted. (Inscription on his monument in Atlanta, Ga.)



## ROSS'S BRIGADE OF CAVALRY.

BY J. A. CREAGER, VERNON, TEX.

For years I have felt that some one should write up the service of Ross's Cavalry Brigade, a command that never failed to do its duty. There are thousands of incidents that should be recorded; but not being a writer myself, I have waited for some one else to do this. But I am now seventy-eight years old, and so far I have not seen anything in regard to the part taken by my old command in the War between the States. Ross's Brigade was made up of the 3d, 6th, 9th, and 27th Regiments of Texas Cavalry, with about 4,500 as fine-looking men as ever shouldered muskets. This brigade was under fire during Sherman's raid one hundred and nine days without missing a day.

There were six of us brothers in the army, five in Company D, 6th Texas Cavalry, and all returned home at the close of the war except George, who was killed at Corinth.

The following report by General Ross of our movements just before and after the battle at Franklin, Tenn., gives some idea of its activity in those last trying days:

"HEADQUARTERS ROSS'S BRIGADE, J. C. D.,  
CORINTH, MISS., Jan. 12, 1865

"Captain: I have the honor to submit the following report of the part performed by my brigade in the late campaign into Middle Tennessee:

"First, however, and by way of introduction, it is proper to premise that we bore a full share in the arduous duties required of the cavalry in the Georgia campaign and were particularly active during the operations of the army upon the enemy's line of communication.

"October 24, In compliance with orders from the division commander I withdrew from my position near Cave Springs, Ga., crossed the Coosa River at Gadsden the day following, and by rapid marches arrived in front of Decatur, Ala., on the evening of the 29th. I was here halted to observe the movements of the enemy while the army rested at Tusculum. On the morning of November 8 a strong reconnoitering party, consisting of three regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, coming out from Decatur on the Courtland road, was promptly met and, after a sharp skirmish, driven back with some loss. The next day, being relieved by a portion of General Roddy's command, we retired down the valley to Town Creek and rested until the 18th, when we were ordered across the river at Florence and, moving at once to the front of the army, took position with the other cavalry commands on Shoal Creek.

"November 21, all things being ready for the advance, we were ordered forward, following in the rear of Armstrong's Brigade. The effective fighting strength of my command at this time was as follows: Third Regiment of Texas Cavalry, 218; 6th Regiment of Texas Cavalry, 218; 9th Regiment of Texas Cavalry, 110; 27th Regiment of Texas Cavalry, 140—making a total of 686. With this small force we joined the advance into Tennessee strong in heart and resolved to make up in zeal and courage what was wanting in numbers. The day after crossing Shoal Creek General Armstrong, having still the advance, came up with Federal cavalry at Lawrenceburg. The fighting was chiefly with artillery, Captain Young's battery being freely used and to good effect. About sunset the enemy withdrew in the direction of Pulaski. Early the next morning I was ordered to take the advance and move out on the Pulaski road. About twelve miles from Lawrenceburg we came upon the Federal pickets and drove them in. The 3d Texas now dismounted and with

two squadrons from the 27th Texas moved forward and attacked the enemy, forcing him from his successive positions and following him up so vigorously as to compel the precipitate abandonment of his camps and all his forage. The next day, having still the advance, when within five miles of Pulaski, we changed direction to the left, following the route taken by the enemy in his retreat the evening before, and, arriving about noon in sight of the little village Campbellsville, I found a large force of cavalry, which proved to be Hatch's Division, drawn up to resist us. Lieutenant Colonel Boggess was ordered promptly to dismount his regiment, the 3d Texas, and move it to the front. Young's Battery was hurried up from the river, placed in position, and, supported by the 6th Texas (Col. Jack Wharton commanding), commenced shelling the enemy's lines. In the meanwhile the 9th Texas and the Legion were drawn up in column in the field to the right of the wood to be used as circumstances might require. These dispositions completed, I watched with interest the effect of the shelling from our battery and very soon discovered from the movements of the enemy an intention to withdraw, whereupon, believing this to be the proper movement, I ordered everything forward. Colonel Jones and Lieutenant Colonel Whitfield rushed forward at a gallop and, passing through the village, fell upon the enemy's moving squadrons with such irresistible force as to scatter them in every direction, pursuing and capturing numbers of prisoners, horses, equipment, small arms, accouterments, and four stands of colors. The enemy made no effort to regain the field from which he had been driven, but while endeavoring to withdraw his broken and discomfited squadrons was attacked vigorously in flank by a portion of General Armstrong's brigade and his rout made complete. The last of his forces, in full flight, disappeared in the direction of Lynnville about sunset, and we saw no more of them south of Duck River. Our loss in the fight at Campbellsville was only five men wounded, while our captures (I found upon investigation) summed up to be eighty-four prisoners and all their horses, equipment, and small arms, four stands of colors, and sixty-five beef cattle. Without further opposition we arrived the next day in front of Columbia and took the position assigned us on the Chapel Hill Pike.

"November 26, We remained in front of the enemy's works, skirmishing freely and keeping up a lively demonstration. On the morning of the 27th, being relieved by the infantry, we were ordered over to the Shelbyville Pike and camped the following night on Fountain Creek. Crossing Duck River the next morning at the mill, nine miles above Columbia, we were directed thence to the right (on the Shelbyville road), and when near the Lewisburg and Franklin Pike we again encountered the Federal cavalry. A spirited engagement ensued, begun by the 3d Texas, which, being detached to attack a train of wagons moving in the direction of Franklin, succeeded in reaching the pike, but was there met by a superior force of Yankees and driven back. Seeing this, I had Colonel Hawkins to hurry his regiment (the Legion) to the assistance of the 3d and ordered a charge, which was made in gallant style and resulted in forcing the Yankees from the field in confusion and with the loss of several prisoners and the colors of the 7th Ohio Cavalry. In the meanwhile Colonel Wharton, with the 6th Texas, charged into the pike to the right of where the 3d and the Legion were engaged, capturing an entire company of the 7th Ohio Cavalry, three stands of colors, several wagons loaded with ordnance, and a considerable number of horses with their equipment. The 9th Texas (Colonel Jones), having been

detached early in the evening to guard the road leading to our right, with the exception of a slight skirmish with the enemy's pickets, in which several prisoners were taken, was not otherwise engaged during the evening. It was now after night and very dark. The enemy had disappeared from our front in the direction of Franklin, but before establishing camps it was thought prudent to ascertain if any force had been cut off and yet remained between us and the river. Colonel Hawkins was therefore ordered up the pike with his regiment to reconnoiter and had proceeded but a short distance before he was met by a brigade of Federal cavalry. An exciting fight ensued, lasting about half an hour, when the enemy, having much the larger force, succeeded in passing by us, receiving as he did so a severe fire in his flanks. This ceased the operations for the day, and we were allowed to bivouac, well pleased with the prospect of rest after so much fatiguing exercise.

"At Hunt's Crossroads the next day, when the other commands of cavalry took the left and moved upon Spring Hill, my brigade was advanced upon the road to Franklin. Afterwards, in obedience to orders of the division commander, we turned toward Thompson's Station, being now in the rear of the Federal army, which still held its position on Rutherford's Creek. The Yankee cavalry, completely whipped, had disappeared in the direction of Franklin and did not again show itself that day. When near Thompson's Station I discovered a few wagons moving on the pike and sent Colonel Jones, with the 9th and the Legion, to intercept and capture them. At the same time the 6th and 3d Texas were drawn up in line and a squadron from the latter dispatched to destroy the depot. Colonel Jones was partially successful, capturing and destroying one wagon and securing the team. He then charged a train of cars which came up from the direction of Franklin, when the engineer, becoming frightened, cut the engine loose and ran off southward. The train thus freed began to retrograde and, in spite of the obstructions thrown in its way and the efforts of the men to stop it, rolled back under the guns of a blockhouse and was saved. The guard, however, and all the men on the train were forced to jump off and became our prisoners. I now had the railroad bridge destroyed, in consequence of which the engine that escaped from us and another became the prizes of our army the next day. In the meantime the enemy at the depot, observing the approach of the squadron from the 3d Texas, set fire to all of his valuables, including a train of cars loaded with ordnance, and evacuated the place. Having accomplished all that could be effected in the station, we withdrew late in the evening, dropping back to the left of Spring Hill, and halted until I could communicate with the division commander. About midnight I received the order directing me to again 'strike the pike' and attack the enemy's train, then in full retreat to Franklin. I moved out at once to obey the order, guided by an officer of General Forrest's staff who knew the country. When within half a mile of the pike I dismounted three of my regiments, leaving the 9th Texas mounted to guard their horses, and, cautiously advancing on foot, got within one hundred yards of the enemy's train without being discovered. The Legion (Colonel Hawkins commanding), having the advance, fronted into line, fired a well-directed volley, killing several Yankees and mules, and rushed forward with a yell, producing among the teamsters and wagon guards a perfect stampede. The Yankees lost thirty-nine wagons, some of which were destroyed and others abandoned for the want of the teams, which we brought off. Remaining in possession of the pike for half an hour, we

withdrew upon the approach of several bodies of infantry, which, coming up in opposite directions, by mistake got to shooting into each other and fired several volleys before finding out their error. Having remounted our horses, we remained on the hill overlooking the pike until daylight and saw the Yankee army in full retreat. While this was passing, a regiment of cavalry appearing in the open field in our front was charged by the 6th Texas, completely routed, and driven to his infantry column. Soon after this we again pushed forward, keeping parallel with the pike, upon which our infantry was moving, and crossed Harpeth River in the evening about three miles above Franklin, only a small force of the enemy appearing to dispute the passage. Half a mile from the river we came upon a regiment of Yankee cavalry drawn up in line. This the 9th Texas at once charged and routed, but was met by a larger force and in turn compelled to give back, the enemy following in close pursuit. The 3d Texas now rushed forward, checked the advancing squadrons of the Yankees, and then hurled them back, broken and discouraged, capturing several prisoners and driving the others back upon their heavier lines. The gallant bearing of the men and officers of the 3d and 9th Texas on this occasion is deserving of special commendation, and it affords me much gratification to record to the honor of these noble regiments that charges made by them at Harpeth River have never been and cannot be surpassed by cavalry of any nation. By the charge of the 3d Texas we gained possession of an eminence overlooking the enemy's position and held it until late in the evening, when, discovering an intention on the part of the Yankee commander to advance his entire force, and being without any support, I withdrew to the south side of the river again. Very soon the enemy advanced his whole line, but, finding we had recrossed the river again, retreated and during the night withdrew from our front. The next day we moved forward, arrived in front of Nashville December 3, and took position on the Nolensville Pike three miles from the city. Just in our front was a line of works, and, wishing to ascertain what force occupied them, I had two squadrons of the 6th Texas to dismount, deploy as skirmishers, and advance. We found the works held by only the enemy's skirmishers, who withdrew upon our approach. After this, being relieved by our infantry, we returned to the rear with orders to cook up rations. On the morning of December 5 the brigade was ordered to Laverne. We found there a small force of infantry, which took refuge inside the fort, and after a slight resistance surrendered upon demand of the division commander. We moved thence to Murfreesboro where within a few miles of the city the enemy's pickets were encountered and after a stubborn resistance driven back by the 6th and 3d Texas, dismounted. A few days after this Major General Forrest invested Murfreesboro with his cavalry and one division of infantry. The duty assigned my brigade being to guard all the approaches to the city, from the Salem to the Woodbury Pike inclusive, it was very severe for so small a force, and almost every day there was heavy skirmishing on some portion of our line.

"December 15, a train of cars from Stevenson heavily laden with supplies for the garrison at Murfreesboro was attacked about seven miles south of the city; and although guarded by a regiment of infantry two hundred strong, it was captured and burned. The train was loaded with sugar, coffee, hard bread, and bacon, and carried full two hundred thousand rations. The men guarding it fought desperately for about an hour, having a strong position in a cut of the



railroad, but were finally routed by a most gallant charge of the 6th Texas, supported by the 3d Texas, and one hundred and fifty of them captured. The others escaped to block-houses near by. The next day, in consequence of the reverses of our arms at Nashville, we were withdrawn from the front of Murfreesboro, ordered across to Triana, and thence to Columbia, crossing Duck River in the evening of the 18th.

"December 24, while being in the rear of our army the enemy charged my rear guard at Lynnville with a heavy force and threatened to break over all opposition, when the 6th Texas, hastily forming, met and hurled them back, administering a most wholesome check to their ardor. At the moment this occurred our columns were all in motion, and it was of the utmost importance to break the charge of the enemy on our rear. Too much credit, therefore, cannot be given the 6th Texas for gallant bearing on this occasion. Had it failed to check the enemy, my brigade and probably the entire division, taken at disadvantage might have suffered severely. At Richland Creek, when the cavalry took position later in the day, I was assigned a position on the right of the railroad and in front of the creek. Soon afterwards, however, the enemy moving as if to cross the bridge, I was withdrawn to the south side of the creek and took position on the hill near the railroad, skirmishing with the enemy in my front, holding him in check until our forces had all crossed the creek. We were then ordered to withdraw and, passing through Pulaski, again crossed Richland Creek and camped near Mr. Carter's for the night. The next day my brigade, alternating with General Armstrong in bringing up the rear, had frequent skirmishes with the enemy's advance. Nine miles from Pulaski, when the infantry halted and formed, I was ordered on the right. Soon after this the enemy made a strong effort to turn our right flank, but failed and was driven back. About the same time the infantry charged and captured his artillery, administering such an effectual check that he did not again show himself that day.

"This done, we retired leisurely and after night bivouacked on Sugar Creek. Early the following morning the Yankees, still not satisfied, made their appearance, and our infantry again made dispositions to receive them. Reynolds's and Ector's Brigades took position, and immediately in their rear I had the Legion and 9th Texas drawn up in column of fours to charge if an opportunity should occur. The fog was very dense, and the enemy therefore approached very cautiously. When near enough to be seen, the infantry fired a volley and charged. At the same time the Legion and 9th Texas were ordered forward and, passing through our infantry, crossed the creek in the face of a terrible fire, overthrew all opposition on the farther side, and pursued the thoroughly routed foe nearly a mile, capturing twelve prisoners and as many horses, besides killing numbers of others. The force opposed to us here completely whipped proved from the statements of the prisoners to be Hammond's Brigade of Cavalry. After this the Yankees did not again show themselves, and without further interruption we recrossed the Tennessee River at Bainbridge on the evening of the 27th of December. Our entire loss during the campaign sums up as follows:

"Third Texas Cavalry, two killed, three officers and twenty-two men wounded, one officer and two men captured.

"Sixth Texas Cavalry, six men killed, three officers and nineteen men wounded, one captured.

"Ninth Texas Cavalry, four killed, seventeen wounded, one captured.

"Texas Legion, six wounded. Total loss, 87.

"We captured on the trip and brought off five hundred and fifty prisoners as shown by the records of my provost marshal, nine stands of colors, several hundred horses and their equipment, and overcoats and blankets sufficient to supply my command. We destroyed, besides, two trains of cars loaded one with ordnance and the other with commissary stores, forty or fifty wagons and mules, and much other valuable property belonging to the Federal army. My brigade returned from Tennessee with horses very much jaded, but otherwise in no worse condition than when it started, its morale not in the least affected nor impaired by the evident demoralization which prevailed to a considerable extent throughout the larger portion of the army.

"Before closing my report I desire to record an acknowledgment of grateful obligations to the gallant officers and brave men whom I have the honor to command. Entering upon the campaign poorly clad and illy prepared for undergoing its hardships, these worthy votaries of freedom nevertheless bore themselves bravely, and I did not hear a murmur nor witness the least reluctance in the discharge of duty, however unpleasant. All did well, and to this I attribute in great measure the unparalleled success which attended all our efforts during the campaign.

To Col. D. W. Jones, Col. E. R. Hawkins, Col. Jack Wharton, Lieut. Col. J. S. Boggess (who commanded their respective regiments), Lieut. Col. P. F. Ross, Maj. S. B. Wilson (6th Texas), Lieut. Col. J. T. Whitfield, Maj. B. H. Nosworthy (of the Legion), Maj. A. B. Stone (3d Texas), Maj. H. C. Dial (9th Texas), Captains Gurly, Plummer, Killough, and Preston, Lieutenants Alexander and Sykes, and members of my staff I feel especially indebted for earnest, zealous, and efficient cooperation. These officers upon many trying occasions acquitted themselves with honor, and it affords me pleasure to be able to commend them to the favorable notice of the brigadier general commanding.

"I have the honor to be, Captain, very respectfully your obedient servant,

L. S. Ross,

*Brigadier General J. C.*

"Official: A. A. G. '59."

#### *BLEDSON'S BATTERY.*

William H. Matson, of Matson, Mo., calls attention to the short article "From the Other Side" on page 237 of the June VETERAN, saying: "I was a member of Bledsoe's famous battery from start to finish. When General Price crossed the river at Memphis old "Sacramento" was exchanged for another gun on account of its bore having gotten too large for the ammunition from being fired so much. Then we were attached to service with the 7th Texas, commanded by General Moore. We were never captured during the war, and we were surrendered at Augusta, Ga. We were in all of the engagements around Corinth, Holly Springs, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, from Dalton to Atlanta; then we were at Franklin, which was the hardest-fought battle of which we have any history since the world began. I was exceedingly lucky. I was never captured, never in hospital a day during the war, and never wounded. Mr. Catron, Watt Anderson, and Rice Wood were lieutenants in our battery, and if alive they will back me up in all I say. Your Yankee contributor is mistaken all the way through. . . . I am almost eighty years old and will continue taking the VETERAN as long as I live, but I won't read a Yankee history."

## SEMPER FIDELIS.

[Some years ago Judge George L. Christian, of Richmond, Va., when master of ceremonies at the annual memorial ceremonies of the Hollywood Memorial Association, read the following poem which he had composed after hearing a friend who had been too young to be a Confederate soldier say that he was "glad the Confederate cause was a failure." The poem was written in a spirit of rebuke to those who might thoughtlessly give voice to similar expressions.]

### IN MEMORY OF OUR HEROES.

Once more the time of spring and flowers  
 Stirs woman's heart to come again  
 And stand beneath these sacred bowers  
 With bowed head and tears like rain;  
 She comes where glory guards her brave  
 And keeps them safe from pen and tongue,  
 To place a flower on every grave  
 And sing again of deeds oft sung.

Full forty years have come and gone—  
 Years filled with trials, toil, and pain—  
 Since on that dreadful April morn  
 On fateful Appomattox's plain  
 The men in gray, as oft before,  
 Obedient still to Lee's command,  
 Were told the conflict now was o'er  
 And duty bade them there disband.

With forms now gaunt from lack of bread  
 Those heroes of a cause called "lost,"  
 With streaming eyes and lowly head,  
 Forgetting sacrifice and cost,  
 Faced homeward, if a home remained,  
 To meet once more their loved ones dear,  
 With naught but honor left unstained  
 And duty done, their hearts to cheer.

Their dream was past, their country dead,  
 Their vision could not penetrate  
 The frowning clouds; no light was shed  
 To gild the darkness of their fate.  
 And four long years, more frightful still  
 In all that mars and blights true life,  
 Hung like a pall their cups to fill  
 E'en when they'd stacked their arms from strife.

Those years of torture and misrule  
 We would not picture if we could,  
 But name them only here to school  
 The children of our loins and blood;  
 Ne'er once to chide their fathers dead,  
 Who sleep perchance beneath this sod,  
 Or living, now with frosted head,  
 So soon to answer to their God  
 For aught they did those trying days,  
 Defending homes and hearths and State,  
 But give them all unstinted praise  
 And for their vindication wait.

Another thought I'd fain impress  
 On those too young to understand  
 And who now glibly make their guess  
 That it was best for this fair land

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The conflict ended as it did  
 And freedom's cause receive a blow,  
 The force of which remains yet hid  
 To finite dwellers here below.

Remember, youth, that forty years  
 May not a nation's fate disclose,  
 And what so brightly now appears  
 May prove the Iliad of its woes;  
 Remember too that myriad tears  
 Were for that cause of freedom shed,  
 Remember all the sorrows, scars,  
 And that great host of sheeted dead.  
 Let thoughts like these fore'er restrain  
 Your guessing, trusting all to Him  
 Whose ways to all our human train  
 E'en to the wisest are but dim.

A brilliant writer has proclaimed  
 A maxim true as Holy Writ,  
 That a posterity ashamed  
 Of noble deeds, of splendid grit,  
 Performed on forum or in field  
 By ancestry of just renown,  
 Will ne'er in any calling yield  
 A deed that's worth the handing down.

Soon every man who bared his breast  
 In that great war will quit this frame  
 And, like these comrades, be at rest,  
 Beyond the reach of care or blame.  
 Ere then his fervent prayer will be  
 That those for whom he fought, though failed,  
 Will learn the truth of history  
 And keep his motives unassailed.  
 The forty years which now have sped  
 Since Appomattox's fateful day  
 Have on our cause such luster shed  
 That many foemen now do say  
 That law and right were on our side  
 And that the contest made for State,  
 In which so many heroes died,  
 Was worthy of a better fate.

The deeds and principles of right,  
 With all our splendid roll of fame,  
 Our chieftain's conduct of the fight,  
 His treatment since, the nation's shame,  
 Have now a guardian safe and sure,  
 One strong in purpose, patience, love,  
 With strength that can all things endure  
 Because 'tis given from above.  
 That strength came forth e'en when this land  
 Lay prostrate at the conqueror's feet,  
 When satraps ruled with iron hand  
 More galling than our late defeat.  
 She to that trust her heart hath given  
 And holds with firm but tender grasp  
 So strong that only "bolts of heaven"  
 Can ever loose it from that clasp.  
 Man may forget, belie, betray  
 The principles he once held right,  
 But woman's heart once set will stay,  
 Defying all the powers of might.



JOHN R. THOMPSON.<sup>1</sup>

BORN IN RICHMOND OCTOBER 23, 1823; DIED IN NEW YORK  
APRIL 30, 1873.

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, MACON, GA.

In a scintillating rhapsody on Poe by a writer of European culture<sup>2</sup> is this appraisal: "Edgar Allan Poe was beautiful in mind and body. His gentle voice sounded like music. \* \* \* He was a gentleman from top to toe. \* \* \* He was a scholar who possessed an almost universal education. To see him was as great a pleasure as to listen to him. So few of all those on whom he lavished his rich gifts understood or appreciated him. A few beautiful women—understood him? No; but they sensed his nobility of soul instinctively, as women always do. Three persons who lived in his time had the ability to comprehend him completely, Baudelaire and the two Brownings."

If Poe's "intellectual kinsman" of Germany had known the literature of the Old South, the name of John R. Thompson would have been given with that of Baudelaire—Thompson, the poet-editor, a name long neglected and of whom that beautiful-souled woman, Margaret J. Preston, wrote:

"Think of the thousand mellow rhymes,  
The pure idyllic passion flowers,  
Wherewith in far-gone happier times  
He garlanded this South of ours!  
Provençal-like, he wandered long  
And sang at many a stranger's board,  
Yet 'twas Virginia's name that poured  
The tenderest pathos through his song.  
We owe the poet praise and tears,  
Whose ringing ballads sends the brave,  
Bold Ashby riding down the years.  
What have we given him? Just a grave."

At last these "thousand mellow rhymes" have been, with laborious research, rescued from oblivion by the scholarly librarian of the University of Virginia and published with an adequate biographical sketch in which is given the reason for the long neglect that has obscured for a later generation one whose gifts and culture nobly represented the age in which he lived and who did more than any other during his thirteen years of editorship of the *Southern Literary Messenger* in "creating a literary spirit and a literary class in the South." Why his name came to be a lost tradition to be known to the young South only through tender and stirring lyrics as "Music in the Camp," "Lce to the Rear," "Ashby," "Burial of Latané," found in the collections of "Southern War Poetry," is briefly explained in the preface to this volume: "Thompson twice assembled his poems for publication—in 1863, when he and Henry Timrod put their verses together for joint publication, and again a short time before his death. The poems of this last collection were committed to the keeping of his literary executor, who never accounted for them and some prose manuscripts that he received at the same time. The war-time collection was intrusted to a blockade runner to be printed in London and was never heard of again."

Thompson's literary executor was Richard H. Stoddard, of New York, who delivered the poet's library to Banks, Merwen & Co., 656 Broadway,

which was offered for sale on July 19 and 20, 1873. The manuscripts were not included. On later inquiry by the family, seeking to recover, Stoddard "did not remember having received any." A gentleman of better memory, Colonel McCabe, averred in a letter to the editor that Thompson left complete copies of his poems "exquisitely done," tied up in packages, and "indorsed with his own beautiful handwriting."

The name of Poe is at last written in the National Hall of Fame after the most disgraceful defamation dating from the cabals formed and disseminated by the Griswold-Lowell-Willis combination of calumniators—calumniators bitter with the envy of mediocrity for genius, who in their boasted Concord Circle of poets could only represent "narrow corners instead of great spaces in American life and will remain to the end of their vogue provincial poets of intellectual biases."

In the volume containing the critical writings of Poe (to be found in some old libraries), in which the poetical works of Lowell, Willis, Longfellow, Bryant were calmly dissected and labeled by a master of letters, lies the reason for the defamation of the good name of a "gentleman from top to toe." Fortunately, his literary fame was beyond cavil, for



(BY COURTESY OF CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.)

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

From an ambrotype made at the beginning of his editorship of the *Southern Literary Messenger*.

his published works went abroad, and "exquisitely done" manuscripts were not left with a literary executor.

To subscribe to the reigning school, known as the Concord Circle, was the oath of allegiance necessary to recognition by a press powerful in propaganda of the so-called "American" literature. Poe refused to take this oath, hence the cabal and the long-neglected grave at Baltimore. At a later day, when the literary remains of Thompson were intrusted to Stoddard, another oath of allegiance was in force, the one that was never taken by Robert E. Lee; and in senseless injustice such allegiance was extended to the realm of letters, robbing and defaming through the ruling press, coldly and unscrupulously, the fame of those worthy of laurels who bore proud loyalty to the Southern Confederacy. The allegiance of John R. Thompson was succinctly stated in a letter written in May, 1861, dated at Richmond, declining a position on the Baltimore *American*, which would have meant competence and comfort, in these words: "Our town is threatened with invasion by Lincoln's armies. My parents, my widowed sister, my home are here; every consideration of filial and patriotic duty would oblige me to remain and share the fate of my native Virginia apart from any convictions I might entertain of the original folly of secession."<sup>3</sup>

Having cast his fortunes with his native State, there could have been no hope for even decent respect and preservation for his literary remains at that sad date in 1873, which fell during the carpetbag régime when property was being lawlessly confiscated and every human right ignored. The "unaccounted" manuscript of the poet suggests the sacrilege of robbing the dead, of which invading armies have been guilty.

The revival of the memory of John R. Thompson is valuable to history, tinged as it is with tragedy and romance. If in the late World War the German army had invaded England, and Ludendorf had laid the country in waste, as Sherman did Georgia and Carolina, and if such a censorship of the press had been put over literature by ungenerous conquerors, as the North put over the South after the War between the States, then if, after being robbed of such typical poetic expression of valor and beauty as inspired verse, like that of Leslie Coulson, Edward Shillito, Rupert Brooke, and Geoffrey Howard (and it should somehow be restored to literature fifty years hence), how great would be the boon to young England of the future!

Here in Thompson, poet of the South in war, is a treasure store for the young South. This volume holds the spirit of a past civilization; sons of Confederate veterans may here learn the story of why their fathers fought and died with nobility on their shield; old veterans may glory again in the stirring lines: "Richmond, a Hard Road to Travel"; or "The New Jordan," as sung with enthusiastic applause in Northern theaters, respectfully dedicated to Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside; or "On to Richmond (after Southey's "March to Moscow"); or "Coercion," comparable in patriotic fire to Timrod's "Carolina"; or "The Devil's Delight" (on Brownlow of Tennessee), as clever in rhyme as Poe's "Monsieur Bon-Bon" is in prose. Aside from the war topics, there are verses to claim the attention of the young South. The rollicking collegian, if such survives the era of prohibition, would find the spirit of youth and festivity in "Virginia in Our Flowing Bowls" or will recognize true poetry in "Unwritten Music" and in the "Sonnets." In that most difficult form of verse Thompson's achievement is notable. Students in Southern colleges should study this collection along with the best English poems.

Students of European literature will be interested in the translation from Beranger, Heine, Nadaud so neatly done.

One phase of John R. Thompson's life was the years spent in London. This is very interesting when we recall the association of those years at 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, when Mr. Thompson, of Virginia, called and talked with Thomas and Jane Carlyle, the center of intellectual Europe at that time. Our poet-editor was also friend and intimate of Thackeray's home, a charming raconteur and welcomed guest. He also was contributor to the London press and to *Blackwood's* and *Cornhill's*, worthily presenting the Southern cause, as did James D. Bulloch, distinguished uncle of Theodore Roosevelt, James M. Mason, the Confederate government's accredited representative, L. Q. C. Lamar, and others: The personnel of these representatives was of the type of Poe, "gentlemen from top to toe." Of Thompson his friend, John Esten Cooke, wrote: "What impressed you most in him was a charming personality, the easy and graceful commingling of the *litterateur* and man of society. In Paris he would have taken his place, as of right, among the attractions of the literary salons and became famous among the wits of the wittiest city of Europe."

In person he was small and slender, fastidious in dress, with steady blue eye and voice low, correct, and brisk, and in later years wore full whiskers, like Sidney Lanier.

In social grace and personal comeliness and gift of wit Thompson resembled his illustrious compatriot James McNeill Whistler, known in the Chelsea circle as "The Confederate." Though unlike the mild poet, Whistler, the master in art, was militant in spirit and eccentric, as belongs to genius—a genius to paint the famous Carlyle portrait and to write the English language with the mastery that makes his "Ten O'Clock" the sacred screed on art.

The last phase of the poet's life after the return to his native land, now bereft and desolated by war, with its hopeless sadness, had yet the warmth of unfailing friendship to lighten the gloom and in the individual generosity accorded him in New York. This episode is fairly stated by Thompson's biographer: "William Gilmore Simms or Edmund Clarence Stedman and some other friend of the Virginian took some of his reviews to William Cullen Bryant, of the New York *Evening Post*. Their excellence recommended him, and he was given work, and after a short probation he was assigned to the important position of literary editor. The *Evening Post* was firmly 'anti-South,' but Thompson did not compromise in order to be allowed to earn his daily bread. He frankly avowed his unchanged convictions and was met with equal manliness on the part of his employers, who assured him that nothing but the quality of his service would be scrutinized."

John R. Thompson, Nestor of American literature, who during his thirteen years of editorship of the leading literary periodical of the continent had introduced to the reading public Frank R. Stockton, Donald G. Mitchell, G. P. R. James, Thomas Dunn English, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, John P. Kennedy, Francis O. Ticknor, Moncure D. Conway, and many others, was with rare favor allowed to earn his daily bread by the "quality of his service." But our minstrel, "provençal-like," had wandered long, and for nine years his life had been shadowed by the "untiring enemy" consumption, and the time of exile was now brief. His last written words were in praise of the "exquisite poems" of his friend Henry Timrod: "Here the pen fell from the failing hand. \* \* \*



What pathos in the silence that fell upon the poet while his hand was lifted to place a sprig of laurel upon the grave of his brother!"

We are grateful for the patience and probity expended in making this collection and restoring to literature the writings of John R. Thompson.

"Poems of John R. Thompson," edited with Biographical Introduction by John S. Patton (Librarian of the University of Virginia), University Edition (Alfred Henry Byrd Gift). Publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Poe," by Hanns Heinz Ewers (translated by Adele Lewi-son). Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York.

"Page 35, "Biography of Thompson," by John S. Patton, Librarian of the University of Virginia.

### RELIGION AND RECONSTRUCTION.

BY DR. JAMES H. M'NEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

While most of the ministers of the Nashville Presbytery were in the Southern army, three out of five of those who remained in the city voted to carry the Presbytery into the Northern Church. When the Southern men returned they determined to undo the action of the rump Presbytery, but they had to be careful; for if a handful of members in any Church could be induced to claim that they were the true Church, the courts would be disposed to recognize them and give them the property, although the general government did not encourage such a course. The Presbytery had been represented in the General Assembly of 1865 at Pittsburgh. I was not present at the first meeting after the return of our men, but one of the members reported to me what occurred. The venerable Dr. R. A. Lapsley was Moderator. He had been a chaplain in hospitals. The clerk was one of those who voted to go into the Northern Church, and he had been a member of the 1865 Assembly. The Northern ministers and elders were present, but very largely in the minority. The motion to transfer the Presbytery back to the Southern Assembly was hotly discussed, the minority seeking to postpone action. Two of our ministers, Boude and Rosser, had been cavalry officers and were quite aggressive in the debate. It required all of Dr. Lapsley's tact and wisdom to keep order, so that the civil or military authorities should not be called in. Again and again as the temper of the brethren would threaten an explosion he would wave his hand gently and say in bland tones, "Order, brethren; keep order," or "Be quiet, brethren; remember we are in the Lord's house." But the two cavalymen were springing up and propounding fierce questions so often that at last the old gentleman's patience gave way, and in tones of thunder, as if giving command on the field of battle, he cried out: "The cavalry will keep to the rear! I command this shebang!" This restored good humor for a while.

When the vote was taken transferring the body to the Southern Church, the Northern members withdrew, and the clerk took up the record book and started down the aisle to the door. That meant they would claim to be the legitimate Presbytery and that the others were seceders. For a moment no one moved to oppose, but about midway of the aisle Rev. H. B. Boude, a cavalry captain and an athlete, sprang in front of the clerk with the ringing command: "Hand me that book!" The clerk stopped and began to argue the case, while all were on their feet intently watching. Boude put an end to it by saying: "The time for argument is past. You have no right to that book. Give it to me at once." The clerk tried to push by, when the word came in no gentle tone:

"Hand that book to me. There are not enough of your kind to take it out of this house." It was given up.

One of the effects of Reconstruction was to destroy the old-time religious ties that bound the white and black races together in the same Churches. The statement has been made and industriously circulated in professed histories that the Southern white people did practically nothing for the religious training of the negroes. The fact is that every denomination of Christians recognized the obligation to carry the gospel to the slaves, and some of the ablest Southern ministers gave their whole time to this work. As a result nearly half a million negroes were communicants in the Methodist and Baptist Churches, and the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches gathered large numbers into their folds. One-seventh of the slaves were communicants in some Church. As soon as the war was over the Northern Churches sent missionaries to the freedmen as if they had never heard the gospel. They took the negroes out of those Churches in which they were gathered and formed them into separate organizations. In 1865 I saw the report of one of these missionaries. He told of his wonderful work in a certain district in South Carolina and how eagerly the poor creatures welcomed the gospel, so long withheld from them.

It happened that I had preached in that district to the negroes, hundreds of whom were Church members, who were taught in a large Sunday school by white people. The missionary formed four Churches of them. A few years ago the work was a failure.

No doubt the Northern Churches were sincere in their belief of our neglect and in their desire to evangelize the negro, and many of the missionaries were honest and pious men. But there were also adventurers who used the religious need of the negroes as a cloak to cover up political schemes, and they organized leagues in secret, professedly for religious ends, but really to keep carpetbaggers in power and to loot the treasuries of the Southern States.

Let me tell the story of how one of our ministers worked the religious traditions of the negroes to thwart these political schemes.

The Rev. Dr. R. K. Smoot was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Bowling Green, Ky. He had preached frequently to the negroes. One night he called on an aged brother to pray after the sermon, and the prayer was: "O Lord, send your richest blessing on dis pure young brother what has dispensed wid de gospel to us dis night." But he had great influence with them, and they came to him for advice. About the time the Baptist revision of the New Testament was published a very bright negro preacher came from Louisville ostensibly to introduce the new version, but really, as Dr. Smoot found out, he was organizing political clubs. Some of the old brethren had come to the Doctor for advice about the new Bible. He got them to appoint a meeting for the Louisville man to explain the value of the new version, and Dr. Smoot would be there to hear before he could advise. There was a big crowd. The preacher ridiculed the old Book, pointing out its errors and boosting the new. Then their white friend was called on. He praised the old Bible, which had shown them the way to heaven, by which their fathers and mothers had lived and died. When they were thoroughly aroused Dr. Smoot paused a moment and looked at the new preacher, then said: "But here comes a smart Aleck from Louisville to take your old Bible from you and put this newfangled thing in its place. What will you do with him?" They yelled: "Take him out! He ought to be killed!" The darky preacher went out of a back window and didn't stop till he got to Louisville.

During the months of July, August, and September, 1865, I spent a good deal of my time in Nashville. There were a great many Confederate soldiers in the city seeking positions or engaged in work of any honorable kind to make a living. My memory is that the metropolitan police was charged with keeping order and that this force was made up of appointees of the Governor and of course violent partisans of his administration. I heard frequent complaints of inefficiency, corruption, and tyranny exercised against our Southern sympathizers. Both in Nashville and Memphis I heard charges that this body were law breakers instead of law enforcers.

At the time there were various entertainments gotten up by the ladies to raise money for the destitute or disabled Confederates. And I was told to be careful in my talk at or about these entertainments, for there were spies ready to report all disloyal utterances, and the police would interfere on any pretext.

Now, I don't know whether the dread was of Governor Brownlow or of the Federal authorities. I know that the Governor was considered very vindictive, and it was said on the streets that if a man was convicted in the courts and sentenced to the penitentiary, if his crime was against a Confederate, he was met with a pardon at the door of the prison. Let me say, on the other hand, that I heard much kind talk about a son of the Governor who had been a colonel in the Union army. He was active and helpful in the entertainments for the relief of the Confederates.

For two or three weeks I was assisting the Rev. E. C. Trimble, pastor of the Edgefield Presbyterian Church, in a series of services. I was entertained in the homes of Col. William B. A. Ramsey and Mr. Robert S. Hollins, Sr., elders in that Church. I was indignant at things that I heard, petty tyrannies inflicted upon the people, and I was enthusiastic in my love for our cause, and in conversation among the friends gathered I was quick to express my sentiments. While I always felt respect for every sincere Union man, I spoke freely my contempt for Yankees, whether Northern or home-bred, who stayed at home when war was going on and showed their patriotism by acting as spies and informers on Southern men and by stirring up the petty persecutions rife in the community.

I noticed that Mr. Hollins, himself a warm friend of the South, was quite uneasy when I indulged in this bitter talk and would change the subject or suggest that I ought to give up my harsh feelings, now that it would do no good. But as I did not heed his advice, he spoke to me very plainly on the subject. He said in substance: "Your talk is very imprudent and under our present conditions can bring no benefit, but only trouble. There are spies prowling about our homes at all hours ready to catch up and report every word that can be twisted into disloyalty. These spies lurk in all kinds of hiding places. It is possible that one is now under this gallery listening to you, and if you were reported you would be arrested and your friends would be subject to annoyance." It was the twilight of a summer evening, and several of us were sitting on the gallery, raised two or three feet from the ground. Of course I was careful after that as to what and where I spoke of Yankees.

In a few days I had a chance to have practical demonstration of the system of espionage and persecution. Whether it was by the Federal authorities or by order of Governor Brownlow, as the family believed, I do not know. I give the facts as I knew them in part and as I got them from members of Colonel Ramsey's family. I was staying at Colonel Ramsey's, and his nephew, Maj. Crozier Ramsey, of Knoxville,

and I roomed together. He found that it would be dangerous for him to return to Knoxville after he was paroled, and he had secured some temporary position in Nashville. He went to work pretty early and returned for supper. One evening he failed to appear, and his uncle seemed very uneasy about him. He said that Crozier had hoped to live quietly in Nashville, unnoticed by those who were so bitter against him, until conditions in Knoxville became settled and it would be safe for him to return to his home. But his friends knew that spies were on his track to find something that would subject him to arrest. It was three or four days before it was found that he had been arrested at his place of business, and no chance was given him even to change his clothes. He was put on a flat car, and in his shirt sleeves at night he traveled to Chattanooga and Knoxville. It was not very long afterwards that the family heard of his death from pneumonia contracted in that night ride.

It will not be out of place for me to tell of other annoyances and persecutions which Nashville Confederates had to endure from the activities of these busybodies. The system was inaugurated during the war, and the specimen here related was told me by a lady who was in the city at the time.

It seems that the girls, in a spirit of bravado probably, would combine the Confederate colors—red, white, and red—in the trimmings of their dresses, and they were kept under close observation by detectives, so as to find excuse for banishing them beyond the Yankee lines. One of these girls wore rather flashy stockings of the obnoxious colors, and on one rainy day in crossing the muddy street she lifted her skirts above her shoes, and the awfully treasonable footwear was revealed. A spy who had made the dreadful discovery hastened to General Rousseau, who, I think, was then in command of the department, and reported the girl. The General was a Kentuckian, and he had no patience with such contemptible business. His reply was: "Well, if the United States government is in danger from a girl wearing red stockings, the infernal thing ought to fall—the quicker, the better." I understood that it was darkly hinted in loyal circles that General Rousseau was a traitor, in sympathy with the Rebels.

The whole incident, ridiculous as it may seem, was in thorough keeping with the boast of Secretary Gerrard about his little bell which by a ring of its little clapper could consign a man to prison without ever letting him know the charge against him, and the actual charges were often as trivial as this one. Surely no government claiming to be enlightened and Christian ever did such cruel things in such pitifully little ways. Picayune Butler in New Orleans was a correct type of the whole class.

During the summer I had occasion to go to Clarksville on some matter of business, now forgotten. A steamboat was going down the river, and, leaving Nashville late in the afternoon, I took passage. The boat was crowded, and I did not know a soul aboard. There was an air of constraint generally among the passengers. They seemed to be strangers to each other. Spies were suspected, who might report any disloyal utterance. There was a noticeable evidence of war talk. I was desirous of talking with some of them, for I was looking for a place where I could settle permanently as a minister, and I knew very little of the needs of the country. The question was to find out if the crowd was one that would sympathize with me. I found out by a simple expedient. There was a band of negro musicians on the boat. Their outfit was nothing extraordinary—a violin, guitar or banjo, a flute or clarinet, and a big cello. I am not strong in my



knowledge of music nor of the names of instruments. But this band made up for any lack of art by immense enthusiasm as they played the old-fashioned tunes. So as the leader passed his hat for collections I asked if they could play "Dixie." He said they could, and I said: "I will give you half a dollar to play it good and strong." My finances were limited, but that investment paid. The band struck up in full blast. In a minute such a shout went up, and was repeated over and over, that there could be no further doubt as to their sympathies. The rest of my journey was enlivened with pleasant talk with men and women of my own kind.

There were compensations for even the evils of Reconstruction. In those first days after we got home, though defeated, ragged, penniless, and mulattos in complexion, yet we were all heroes in the eyes of our own people. And especially did the girls glorify us, and if one of us had a scar or went on crutches the admiration was so touched with pity that he was a kind of double hero.

The picture lingers in my memory of a scene very common in those early days. A young fellow sitting in the midst of a group of girls, one of whom, "nearer still and dearer yet than all others," was prompter for the story, and as they

"Questioned him the story of his life  
From year to year—the battles, sieges, fortunes  
That he had passed—he ran it through  
To the very moment that they bade him tell it;  
Wherein he spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hairbreadth escapes i'th' imminent deadly breach."

And as "with greedy ear they devoured his discourse," it was enacting over again the story of Othello and Desdemona; and no wonder that weddings were numerous, for the Moor of Venice did not press his suit more ardently than did these sun-burned veterans of the war. One of the most amusing things was to note how, if Othello hesitated from either modesty or conscience to make the most of his exploits, Desdemona with "sweet compulsion" brought it out. And it was a tacit understanding that no one of these youthful veterans should discount the story of another, and each could make it as vivid as he pleased without fear of contradiction, and each one of those girls was convinced that if all the soldiers had been as heroic as her own particular hero, then the Yankee army would have been whipped world without end and our independence won.

The women of the South not only took the returned soldiers to their hearts, but they did everything they could to secure places and employment for them. And they furnished them largely with decent outfits to take the place of the battered uniforms in which they came home.

I was peculiarly fortunate in this respect. In my war reminiscences I have told of the suit of clothes presented to me by a Church in Mobile at a cost of twenty-five hundred dollars in Confederate money. That suit, while it was of fine material, was woefully out of fashion. I also told of my handsome uniform of Confederate gray, presented to me by an Alabama regiment. But it was sure proof of disloyalty for me to wear that in public life before Yankees. My expensive suit was beginning to show the effects of constant wear when I became the recipient of so many good clothes that I was the best dressed of Rebel preachers in Nashville.

While I was preaching in the Edgefield Church an old lady who attended the services sent for me and in the most delicate way provided for me a more up-to-date outfit. Her son, a young man of about my age and size, had died a short time

before, leaving a fine suit of clothes which he had worn but once before his fatal illness. His mother asked me as a favor to accept and wear the suit. She wished it to be of use to some one who had stood for the cause of the South. I accepted it with sincere thanks, both for the gift and the manner of the giving. That lady became one of the dearest friends I ever had, and for years I was her pastor. I violate no proprieties in mentioning her name, for she was known and loved by many of Nashville's best citizens of the older time. She was Mrs. Jackson, the grandmother of Miss Alicia Dyas, Miss Alicia Gibson, and Mrs. Jo B. Morgan, of this city. She was also a near relative of Mr. John Kirkman, and she was one of the noblest, brightest, most accomplished women I ever knew. Besides this, the ladies of the Edgefield Church found that I expected to be married as soon as I could secure a permanent charge, and they at once set out to provide for that interesting event. Their Presbyterian and Confederate sentiments combined on me, and they presented me with the finest suit of clothes that they could get in the city. Thus I was owner of four complete suits at one time—my handsome gray uniform, my twenty-five-hundred-dollar suit, my suit given by my old friend, and this bridal suit. Outwardly, at least, I was thoroughly reconstructed, and no one could have recognized the tramp of a few months before in ragged jacket and trousers, osnaberg shirt, brogan shoes, and brown jeans hat. But underneath all the finery there beat a heart as devoted to the Confederate cause as ever; and if that was rebellion, then I was still a Rebel, and the political reconstruction did not make me loyal to the government.

In mingling with those who had been devoted to the cause of the Confederacy, both citizens and soldiers, I was impressed with the spirit in which they accepted the results of the war. They felt that the cause was a righteous one and that they had done all that brave men could do to maintain it. Now, as that cause was overwhelmed, they accepted it as the will of Providence to be submitted to in good faith; and while they still believed they had contended for their rights under the Constitution, and while they gloried in the fight they had made, yet they were ready with cheerful courage to repair the desolations of war and as good citizens of the United States to join in making this the greatest country and the best government on earth.

It was the terrible mistake of the Reconstruction policy that the Southern States were treated as conquered provinces, where people were ready to rise up in rebellion at the first opportunity. Their good faith was denied, and everything was done to goad them into resistance, and I can but believe that it was done to give excuse for taking possession of their property by greedy adventurers or to gratify the malice and hatred of the fanatical leaders of abolitionism.

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NOT EMBARRASSED BY RANK.—The ready wit of a Confederate soldier rose to the height of any possible emergency. Upon a certain occasion, which has become historic, General Magruder found himself at the same table with a humble, manly Confederate, a private in the ranks. Turning upon his companion with the utmost pomposity of manner and vehemence of language, the General thundered: "Sir, do you know with whom you are eating?" To which the response came instantaneous and unabashed: "No, I don't; and since I went into the army I ain't particular who I eat with if the vittles is clean." There runs no record of reply upon the part of General Magruder.—"*Life of Gen. R. E. Lee*," by Dr. Shepherd.

## HOW I TOOK A LEAN ON A YANKEE GENERAL.

BY MISS KINNIE E. SMITH, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Encouraged by the reception of my story of "A Sassy Little Rebel," I send an account of my experience with the first and last Yankee general I ever met, Gen. O. B. Willcox, the first general the Rebs captured.

Time came for me to go home to Western Virginia after a charming visit to Maryland, always my refuge when my dear old Dr. Clark prescribed a visit instead of medicine for my "vitality exceeding my strength."

What lovely times I had, being spoiled to my heart's content! We entertained company, rode, drove, danced, went to church at Beetsville and Bladensburg, and sang Southern songs on our long midnight driving parties.

How I enjoyed riding Lieut. George Emach's gray horse "on a furlough"—I mean the horse was recuperating on a furlough! My hostess was terror-stricken when I determined that I must ride the beautiful gray mare to perfect my earthly bliss. I knew the boys would not let me ride a dangerous animal and that she was so perfectly trained that I had naught to fear. One of the boys had ridden her with his sister's skirt to accustom her to it, and of course I rode with a side saddle and not like a Comanche. Before I mounted I looked her in the eyes and said: "Honey, we're not afraid of each other, are we? I know I'm not afraid of you." I pressed my cheek to hers and patted her. She nickered intelligently, and we were dear friends immediately. Never once did she fail me; and though she knew as well as I that I was not a fine horsewoman, I was perfectly fearless. It would have delighted my soul to ride standing up on her bare back. I hope there's a heaven for horses, dogs, and cows.

Now, all this was very delightful, and my strength increased; but naturally I enjoyed the various entertainments till I was completely tired out, going on to Baltimore to visit my cousin, Mr. Charlie Goodwin.

After a hearty dinner in Baltimore I left there at 11 P.M. via Harrisburg, Pa., and Wheeling in "the restored State of Virginia." In those days young girls seldom traveled alone, and especially in Pullmans, so as it was late I sat up all night; and as my cousin had put me in the care of the conductor, he giving me a seat to myself, I felt very secure.

The car soon filled up with Yankee soldiers. I had put my bag and lunch on the seat next to the aisle, while I leaned my cheek upon my hand *a la* Juliet, congratulating myself that I wasn't in a stuffy old sleeper and was wooing "nature's sweet restorer," being in love with my good luck and the whole world, exclusive of Yankees. I was just losing consciousness even of them when I heard a pleasant voice say: "I beg your pardon. May I sit here? Every seat is taken."

Reader, do you believe in being "fey"? I do. I never was supremely happy that something didn't occur. Well, I sleepily answered "Yes, sir," out loud and to myself said: "Doggone the old Yank!" Now, "doggone" is not a swear word, but we women use it instead of one. It's perfectly good Anglo-Saxon, Shakespearean English; so I frequently use it, though not claiming to be a classical scholar, but it lets the mad out just as well as if I were.

The Yank proved to be a very handsome, elegant man, stately, dignified, bearing the mark of the old-fashioned United States soldier "before the war." Thanking me, he took the seat. I turned my head the other way, trying in vain to go to sleep again, but I was so mad that I had to sit by a Yankee that it was some time before I could do so. How-

ever, after nodding and nodding, I finally went into as sound a sleep as a healthy schoolgirl could.

The train moved smoothly and swiftly on for hours, when in the early morning there was a sudden shock which caused me to open my eyes, and O, horrors! my unfortunate, foolish head rested comfortably on the broad shoulder of my seat-mate, while my relaxed body leaned comfortably against him. O, ye heavenly deities and juvenile aquatic productions, how shocked, angry, and disgusted I was! I straightened up in haste, hoping the old Yank was asleep and didn't know how I'd disgraced myself, when he spoke very gently: "Put your head down again; you are so tired, child." "No, I thank you," I replied, I expect haughtily, for I was too mad to cry. He said nothing more, and I pretended to go to sleep again.

I was much relieved when my "deadly foe," as I dubbed him, went out to breakfast, for it gave me a chance to make my toilet and eat my Maryland breakfast. I tell you I bathed my face with the coldest water I could get, especially the cheek that had lain on the old blue I once loved so well, but which was now desecrated in fighting the gray when we were simply following the Constitution.

Presently in came my Yank on whom I'd taken a short lean, who tipped his hat, saying he was sorry there was no other vacant seat, and he would like to retain the one he had occupied if I'd allow him, and of course I had to say "Certainly." Gradually he drew me into conversation, introducing himself. I promptly informed him I was a Rebel and gave him a dissertation on what the South had done for the Union, and I did not introduce myself. Of course he led me on, and I finally got him to agree that it was a cruel and uncalled-for war, and he hoped it would soon be over. I gave my opinion of President Lincoln's course (*vide* "The Real Lincoln," by Minor) and no doubt amused him very much. He told me he was the first Union general captured by the Rebels. I said, "You mean Yankee general," upon which he answered, "Have it your way." I knew then he was married, because all the fathers of my girl friends said that to the mothers when the latter got the best of them.

General Willcox was wounded, sick, and in prison in South Carolina when, to use his own expression, a dear little woman in deep mourning went several times a week to read the Bible and other books to him, to pray for him, and to take him cool drinks, jellies, and other dainties so acceptable to the sick. Upon his expressing surprise at a Southern woman's extending such courtesy to one invading her country she said it was not for love of her enemy or his cause, but because Christ had commanded her to love her enemies and to do good to those who despitefully use and persecute; and while she could not pretend to love him, she was sorry for his pain and for Christ's sake would do all she could to alleviate it, which she did till he was exchanged.

He said earnestly: "When this cruel and unnecessary war is over and if I am spared, my first aim will be to go south and hunt up that dear little Christian woman and see how I can aid her." I modestly advised him that he could not do too much, to which he unanimously agreed, as Irvin Cobb would say.

I reminded him that we were fighting for States' rights, that constitutionally we had a right to secede, as several of the Northern States had threatened. He informed me that he'd like to have me on his staff in any capacity I'd prefer, whereupon he took out a paper, saying he'd write me a commission as scout; and he suddenly startled me by asking what name he should place on the commission and for me to



write it. Thinks I to myself, "Yes, you old Yank, you want my name and signature to get me arrested again"; so I said: "O, yes, you have to have my name. You write it, Bessie Green." With a twinkle in the eye, showing he knew that was a misnomer, he wrote it down and handed it to me. Then he informed me he'd be in Parkersburg on "official business" within ten days, and he'd like to hunt up his little Rebel scout and see if he couldn't convert her. I told him the whole United States, including the imported foreigners, could not convert me, but he could hunt up "Bessie Green," everybody knew me. Golly! I was scared, for I thought immediately that the "official business" would get me in trouble.

He left the train at Pittsburgh and offered to shake hands, but I put mine behind me and said, "The Rebel squaw no shake," whereupon he laughed, bowed, and said: "Good-by, Miss Bessie; I'll see you shortly." I smiled and bowed politely, but did not say "Good-by," for that means "God be with you," and I did not want God to be with him at all.

The General would have been revenged had he known how closely I stayed at home for the next two weeks, how I wore my white dresses with pink and blue sashes—no red, white, and red except at night—and how I imagined I heard whispers of "Bessie Green" on the air. I even had a friend, sworn to secrecy, to inquire if there was a Gen. O. B. Willcox and if he'd ever been or was expected in Parkersburg and was told that he was in the army before the war, but had not been nor was expected there.

So I was at ease, and "Bessie Green" died a natural death singing "All ye green things of the earth, bless ye the Lord."

I made inquiries and read the papers to see what I could learn of this polished gentleman Yankee and was really shocked when I read that he had been killed in battle. Strange as it may seem, my Rebel eyes filled with tears, for I could not help feeling sorry for the general on whom I had taken a short lean.

#### THE MYSTERY OF GENERAL MORGAN'S DEATH.

BY H. M. TAYLOR, CARLISLE, KY.

The mission of the *VETERAN* is to correct the history of the years 1861 to 1865, in part at least, and to clear up mysteries and misstatements of facts during those years. With that in view I am sending you one of the "Morgan mysteries," appearing in a daily paper of Louisville, as follows: "Historians seeking an interesting field for research might do well to devote time and energy to the task of settling beyond all question the mystery attached to the death of Gen. John H. Morgan, the great Confederate cavalryman. History does say emphatically that John Morgan was killed in a surprise attack at Greeneville, Tenn. Gen. Basil Duke tells of the Morgan killing in his history of Morgan's Cavalry, but, unfortunately, left to inference the explanation of his statement in this connection. His fate, however, is still involved in mystery. Presumably this refers to the great circumstances under which death occurred, but it has been seized upon to support a story current for years after the Civil War that General Morgan, taken prisoner, escaped with the aid of a secret order, went to Texas, where he married and lived under an assumed name. Recently the *New York Sun* revived the story and stated that at a reunion four years ago a Mrs. L. F. LaRue made a speech in which she claimed to be the daughter of General Morgan by a Kansas wife and that the General was known as Dr. J. M. Cole."

In order that the Morgan "mystery" may be cleared up, and I trust forever, I send with the above statement the affidavit of Maj. Charles A. Withers, assistant adjutant general of Morgan's Division, who is at present a resident of Cincinnati, Ohio, his address being the Emory Hotel:

"STATE OF OHIO, COUNTY OF HAMILTON.

"In brief, the General, my chief lieutenant, and myself, unarmed and in our shirt sleeves, were crouching under a small clot of grapevines when a woman in a second-story window kept pointing toward us, saying: 'There's Morgan hiding in the grapevine.' As we might be more conspicuous together, the General advised a separation. I had not crawled over ten feet when I heard the General call out: 'Don't shoot; I surrender.' Looking over my shoulder, I saw the General standing with arms outstretched, and on the outside of a perpendicular plank fence a man, showing only his body, replied, 'Surrender and be —! I know you,' and fired his carbine. The General fell forward on his face. A man, shouting, 'I have killed the — horse thief!' began pulling off planks, aided by his comrades. They dragged the General's body to the street, and, throwing it on the horse in front of the man, he galloped off shouting the news. Knowing that all was lost, I made my way to the house and was captured in the hall. Thanks to a lieutenant colonel of the Federal army, I was given an ambulance and escort to recover the body, which I found in a ditch, covered with mud and water, surrounded by a crowd of half drunken soldiers. But for the escort I could not have gotten the body. Returning to the former hotel, the Williams House, with the assistance of Capt. Jim Rogers, now of South Carolina, we washed and dressed the body. Thanks to this officer, who years after verified my account, those of the staff were given an ambulance to take us to Bull's Gap.

CHARLES ALBERT WITHERS."

"STATE OF OHIO, COUNTY OF HAMILTON.

"On January 27, 1920, personally appeared before me, A. S. Bowling, a notary public in and for said county and State, Charles Albert Withers, who, being duly sworn, deposeth and sayeth that the statements in the attached letter to Capt. Horace Taylor, Carlisle, Ky., are true to the best of his knowledge.

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this the 27th day of January, 1920.

A. S. BOWLING, Notary Public."

#### SIDE LIGHTS ON THE CHARACTER OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

COMPILED BY MRS. M. H. HOUSTON, MERIDIAN, MISS.

##### HIS FIRST MARRIAGE.

Cadet Jefferson Davis graduated from West Point in July, 1828, receiving the usual brevet of second lieutenant of infantry. He went for a short visit to his home in Mississippi and then reported for duty at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis. Very soon after he was sent up to Fort Crawford, on the site of what is now Prairie du Chien, Wis. The fort was in an unfinished condition, and Lieutenant Davis aided in building a larger and stronger fortification. He remained on the frontier in the military service of the United States for seven years. He wrote of this: "In 1832 Zachary Taylor became colonel of the 1st Infantry, with headquarters at Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien." Colonel Taylor had with him his wife, three daughters, and his son. The second daughter, Miss Sarah Knox Taylor, became the wife of Jefferson Davis in 1835.

Mrs. McRee, the widow of the officer mentioned below, gave the following account of Lieutenant Davis's relations with Colonel Taylor and his daughter, Miss Sarah Knox Taylor: "With Colonel Taylor at the fort were Lieutenant Davis, Maj. Thomas F. Smith, a fiery, gay officer of the old army, and Captain McRee, afterwards Taylor's and then Scott's paymaster-general in Mexico. Lieutenant Davis and Miss Knox Taylor became very much in love and were to be married with her father's consent."

When young Davis proposed for the hand of Miss Taylor, Colonel Taylor said that, while he had nothing but the kindest feeling and warmest admiration for Lieutenant Davis, he was in a general way opposed to having his daughter marry a soldier. His own wife and daughters complained so bitterly of his almost constant absence from home and of their own torturing anxiety for his safety that he had once resolved that his daughter should never marry a soldier with his approval. Aside from this, there was no reason why the proposal of Lieutenant Davis should not meet with his ready consent.

Some time after this a court-martial was held composed of Colonel Taylor, Major Smith, Lieutenant Davis, and an officer whose name Mrs. McRee had forgotten. There was an angry feud between Taylor and Smith. By the rules of the army each officer sitting on such a court was bound to appear in full uniform. Lieutenant — had left his uniform at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis. He asked the court to excuse him from wearing it. Taylor voted no, Smith voted aye, and Davis voted with Smith. Colonel Taylor became highly incensed. One thing led to another until he swore that the man who voted with Tom Smith should never marry his daughter. He forbade Davis entering his quarters and repudiated him utterly.

For the next two years or more Lieutenant Davis was active in all efforts made for the protection of white settlers coming into that region. He took a prominent part in the Black Hawk War and received the surrender of Black Hawk, the great Sac Indian chief. General Taylor's feelings toward Lieutenant Davis did not seem mollified, and Miss Knox Taylor said to her father that she had waited two years, and as he had not alleged anything against Davis's character or honor, she would marry him. A boat arrived at the fort, and Captain McRee, with the knowledge of her family, engaged a stateroom and escorted Miss Taylor to it. She again asked her father's consent to her marriage, but he refused, knowing, as he did, that she was going to Kentucky to the home of his sister, who was in warm sympathy with the lovers. Mr. Davis writes of this: "In 1835 I resigned from the army, and Miss Taylor being in Kentucky with her aunt, the eldest sister of General Taylor, I went thither, and we were married in the house of her aunt in the presence of General Taylor's two sisters, of his oldest brother, his son-in-law, and many others of the Taylor family."

The young couple went immediately to the home of the groom, near Vicksburg, Miss. In the following September, while they were visiting Mr. Davis's sister in Bayou Sara, La., the young wife died of malarial fever. The estrangement between Taylor and Davis was not healed during Mrs. Davis's life. Ten years later Mr. Davis was on a boat going to Natchez for his second marriage when he met General Taylor, who made overtures for reconciliation, and they became warm friends, Mr. Davis fighting with him in Mexico.

FROM THE MEMORIAL VOLUME BY DR. J. WILLIAM JONES.

The following letters convey views of Mr. Davis's character and public service that are not always understood:

"T. K. Oglesby, Esq.—*My Dear Sir*: The set of Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography which you ordered sent to my address has been received. I am not the less thankful to you for your kind attention because I cannot give the work more than a partial approval. I very naturally turned to the article which I contributed upon Zachary Taylor and which I had been compelled to compress to bring it within the prescribed limit; but I found the article had been expanded by the addition of matter in regard to his family which was so inaccurate that I was sorry to have it annexed to what I had written, my consolation being that no member of the Taylor family would believe me to be the author of the addition.

"My next examination was on the article, 'Davis, Jefferson.' Here I found the baseless scandal of a romantic elopement revived and reprinted, and all along through the article flowed the misrepresentations current in Northern prints and attributing to me things I never said, of which I am quite sure, because they were things I never thought.

"There is no fitness in my writing to you a full criticism of a work which seems to me guided and inspired by narrow sectionalism, but you will allow me to add, for your kind attention, I am, and shall remain, very gratefully yours,

JEFFERSON DAVIS."

"UNITED STATES SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
January 10, 1890.

"Rev. J. William Jones—*My Dear Sir*: I send you herewith a copy of my brief address at Alexandria, Va., on the death of Mr. Davis. I regret that I have not time to prepare something more acceptable in the way of reminiscence.

"I will mention a single incident illustrative of the deeply religious character of Mr. Davis's mind. After we arrived together as prisoners at Hampton Roads, Mr. Stephens, the Vice President of the Confederacy, and myself were ordered on another vessel to be taken to Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. On my taking leave of Mr. Davis and his family and of the Hon. C. C. Clay and his wife—and it was a very sad leave-taking—Mr. Davis requested me to read often the twenty-sixth Psalm. He said it gave him consolation to read it. I loved him as I have never loved any other man.

"Very truly and respectfully,  
JOHN H. REAGAN."

Mr. Reagan had been Postmaster-General of the Confederate States and was then Senator from Texas.

Mr. Jones gives this incident: "A prominent Confederate had abused Mr. Davis roundly in my presence, making numerous statements which I knew to be incorrect—and I wrote to Mr. Davis for a refutation of them. He very promptly replied with a complete and triumphant vindication of himself, but marked the letter 'Strictly confidential,' saying that he did not wish, even in his own vindication, to injure any one who had been a true Confederate."

Note from the Dubuque *Herald*, as given in Mr. Davis's "Memoir": "When the news came to Dubuque of the victory over Santa Anna by old Zach through the tact, skill, and bravery of Col. Jefferson Davis, who was reported mortally wounded, there was such an enthusiastic celebration and glorification, chiefly on Davis's account, as has never since taken place; and the Iowa Legislature passed resolutions complimentary to Colonel Davis upon the gallantry displayed by himself and his brave Mississippi riflemen in the battle of Buena Vista."



THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, OCTOBER, 1860,  
TO APRIL, 1861.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

My life at the University of Virginia extended over a period less than one scholastic year. A week after the secession of Virginia (April 17, 1861), I withdrew from the institution, "stopping over" in Richmond for a day and reaching my home at Fayetteville on the morning of the 27th. I visited the Fair Grounds, then used as an encampment. The battalion of cadets from the Military Institute at Lexington was engaged in training the raw recruits, and Col. T. J. Jackson was the officer in command. I witnessed the dress parade and was profoundly impressed by the almost perfect excellence displayed in the company drill as well as the manual of arms. Among those whom I recall during this day rich in incidents were W. Gordon McCabe, who has won enviable fame in scholarship, as in the profession of teaching; Richard M. Venable, whom I was destined to meet ten years later in Baltimore; and W. R. Berkeley, regarded as one of the most accomplished debaters in the Philanthropic Society.

It is in no sense the purpose contemplated in this chapter to trace the origin and development of the University of Virginia nor to portray the far-reaching influence it has exercised in determining the intellectual life and character of the South in every phase and sphere of noble and exalted achievement. The high function of historian has been assumed in a number of instances with rare and admirable success as its outcome. Among these the faithful and devoted labors of the late Dr. James M. Garnett and of Dr. D. M. R. Culbreth are worthy of especial commendation and regard.

My rôle is not that of chronicler or recorder of the past in so far as it involves the rôle played or the part sustained by my *Alma Mater*. The sole aim is to describe as adequately as is consistent with clearness and conciseness the effect of my single year in the molding or determining of my own moral and scholarly future; in other words, to answer the question, To what degree and in what specific form has the University entered as a factor or agency in the shaping of my individual life? A principal element that induced me in 1860 to select the institution in preference to all others was the freedom of choice and the scope rendered possible for the exercise of personal tastes or tendencies by reason of its elective system, which was one of the most notable and distinctive features impressed by Mr. Jefferson upon the greatest creation of his versatile genius. The system of elective studies has been carried to an unwise extreme during a period succeeding that of which I write, above all in the culture centers of New England. Yet in the day contemplated by this narrative it made it possible for me to cast off the thralldom of mathematics and concentrate every energy and faculty upon my all-absorbing passion, languages, literature, history. It would imply presumption and suggest ignorance if I ventured to express any positive judgment in reference to the mathematical or scientific phases of university instruction as they were conducted or administered in 1860-61. Still, even with the fear of criticism from the oracles of modern science before my eyes, I cannot forbear a humble tribute of appreciation to Prof. "Frank" Smith, who, save Mr. Gildersleeve, is the sole survivor of the academic staff as it was constituted during this historic and heroic day. Time and again I heard Tyndall and once at least was brought into personal contact with him apart from his professional sphere; yet in charm of style, in lucidity of demonstration, and in

graceful skill in experimentation our Virginia professor loses no laurels when placed in comparison with the world-famed interpreter of conservation and correlation of energy. The nature of the course of study which I had marked out for myself brought me into constant relation with the professors in charge of the subjects pursued. Latin, Greek, history, and literature, or, in other words, with Mr. Coleman, Mr. Dudley, Mr. Gildersleeve, and Mr. Holmes; of the four, only one is still with us (1918). In addition to my regular courses, I attended Dr. McGuffey's Sunday morning lectures on the Psalms and frequently found Mr. Gildersleeve in the class following the Doctor's comments with his Hebrew version of the Psalter in hand. Time and again I "dropped in" to hear Mr. Schle de Vere lecture upon French literature, Mr. Minor's instruction in the common law, and Mr. Holcombe's exposition of the constitutional issues involved in the great war drama impending over us.

Mr. Lincoln's election occurred a month after my university course had begun. A feeling of deep gloom followed the direful event, and during my one year the sense of unrest and "the distant thunder's hum" were ever marshaling the gathering storm. Yet with all the conditions that tended to divert and distract I was completely absorbed in the work prescribed. Social recreation I had none. The thought of cultivating friendships rarely entered my mind. Long and lonely strolls in the direction of Monticello afforded me physical exercise. I was a member of the Sigma Chi Fraternity and the Washington Literary Society, but my range of acquaintance was narrow and restricted, and I made no effort to enlarge or extend my circle. With the exception of Mr. Holmes, my relation to the teachers whose classes I attended was purely formal or mechanical; the human element had no part. To Mr. Holmes I had brought letters of introduction from his friend, Rev. Adam Gilchrist, a native of Charleston and our honored pastor in Fayetteville for a period of twenty years—1841-61. Mr. Holmes during his early manhood had lived for a time in South Carolina and had been brought into contact with Mr. Gilchrist, than whom a more gentle, gracious, and ideal spirit never found a resting place in the tabernacle of the flesh. Many happy evenings I passed under his roof. He lavished his rich and varied learning upon a crude lad whom he was kindly leading into a consciousness of the intellectual darkness which shrouded him, one who was longing for the light, though densely enveloped by the encircling gloom. I was never placed in relation with Dr. Albert T. Bledsoe, as I was not a student of the mathematical department. Even then, however, I had begun to regard him as a marked intellectual power. In later years I was an assiduous reader of his *Review*, especially such articles as revealed the authorship of Mr. Holmes or Mr. Gildersleeve.

Seldom has it been my fortune to read a review more pervasive in its logic and more annihilating in its results than his reply to the strictures of I. D. McCabe, Jr., upon the administration of Mr. Davis as President of the Confederate States. In his estimate of the Confederate executive his views were in harmony with those of General Lee and in the intensest acceptance of language antagonistic to those of McCabe and E. A. Pollard. Bledsoe's "Is Davis a Traitor?" has never elicited a rejoinder worthy of the name, for the palpable reason that the attitude of the author is unassailable from a constitutional point of view. Even in Northern circles the stream of political tendency is setting in the direction of truth, and the scales are at last falling from their eyes. On the occasion of his recent birthday, June 3, 1916, Mr. Davis

was heartily eulogized in the House of Representatives. Note the contrast at the time of his death, December, 1889, and recall the official indignity to which his memory was subjected.

Dr. John Starge Davis was the single member of the medical faculty of whom I retain a distinct or definite impression. I had developed an acute cold while attending the first inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, March 4, 1861, and, being regarded as in danger of diphtheria, he was summoned to my aid. His urbane and kindly bearing soon reassured me, and the delusion in reference to diphtheria vanished under his genial and gentle attitude. My fear was in large measure inspired by the novelty of the term, for I had never heard it until the malady was supposed to be descending upon myself.

The influence of language upon the imagination may suggest an explanation of the terror inspired by the coming into our vocabulary of the unheralded stranger. I trust to the amiable spirit of the reader to pardon these digressory and excursive flights. My eagerness to reproduce and portray the real life of a student in the leading university of the South during the period which preluded the most critical of revolutions may be accepted as in some sense a justification. I turn now to a more minute contemplation of the several professors to whose hands I was intrusted during my *annus mirabilis* in the school created by Thomas Jefferson. Not long in advance of my entrance to the university Dr. Gessner Harrison had retired from the chair of Latin and was succeeded in 1859 by Prof. Lewis Minor Coleman, who died of wounds received at Fredericksburg in March, 1863. In October, 1856, Mr. B. L. Gildersleeve, at the time not twenty-five years of age, became professor of Greek, dividing the labors of the classical department with Dr. Harrison, who retained the chair of Latin until the accession of Mr. Coleman. Mr. T. U. Dudley was associate in the department of Latin. In later years he became a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and at the time of his death he was bishop of Kentucky. Mr. Holmes died in November, 1897. In September, 1876, Mr. Gildersleeve became professor of Greek in the Johns Hopkins University; and although he has withdrawn from active professional functions after a career nearly as long as the reign of Victoria, he devotes himself to his chosen sphere of research with unabating zeal and vigor, a choice spirit finely touched, whom age cannot wither.

Dr. Socrates Maupin was Chairman of the Faculty, and the time at which a president of the university became even a subject of serious contemplation was still in the remote future. I was not a student in the department of chemistry and rarely came into contact with the Doctor. His attitude was marked by unvarying courtesy and consideration to all with whom the nature of his official position brought him into relation. Prof. Chapman Maupin, his son, who was for many years associated with the educational life in Baltimore, dying in 1900, I regarded as one of the most accomplished types of pure classical scholarship ever produced by the University of Virginia, blending exact and critical acquirement with a discriminating literary sense such as rarely reveals or asserts itself among the representative graduates of our modern universities, above all among those whose type has been molded and fashioned in accordance with the exclusive philological ideals derived from Germany and accepted with unquestioning faith in our systems of higher linguistic training.

When I entered upon my course in the school of Latin, I was assigned to the study of authors that I had read three years before in the academy at Fayetteville, or during my

brief season at Davidson College under the guidance of Mr. Rockwell. In Greek Mr. Gildersleeve introduced his junior class, numbering sixty crude and self-appreciative lads, to the seventh book of the "Anabasis." The earlier books I had traversed in company with Mr. Fishburne at Davidson College. The "Memorabilia" of Socrates was also prescribed, probably as parallel or collateral reading. In the department of English and history the texts assigned were Spalding's "English Literature," Jamison's Rhetoric, Campbell's "Philosophy of Rhetoric," Shaw's "English Literature," Schmitz's "Manual of Ancient History," the "Student's Gibbon," Guizot's "History of Civilization in Europe," Taylor's "Manual of Modern History," and Blair's "Chronological Tables." In the department of Latin and Greek Browne's "Manuals of Ancient Literature," Dr. Gessner Harrison's "Laws of the Latin Language," Arnold's "Latin Prose Composition," Madvig's "Latin Grammar," and Hadley's "Greek Grammar" based upon the work of Curtius were the standard authorities.

In the retrospect of more than half a century and in the broader light of a varied educational experience I turn at times to several of these guides and oracles of my university days with a sense of increasing appreciation and regard. No textbook of a similar character, the product of our own age, has surpassed the modest work of Spalding in purity of literary perception and discernment, nor that of Campbell in lucidity of statement and effectiveness in presentation. With the growth of years this judgment more deeply impresses me: How large a proportion of the best work—literary, critical, theological—is still the product of the Scottish intellect. Among the oracles of our own time, in England or in Germany, who has excelled in their respective spheres such Scottish masters as Caird, of Glasgow, or Tulloch and Shairp, of St. Andrews? In this select company their predecessors, Campbell and Spalding, assume their rightful place. The instruction which I received in Latin was in every sense faithful, exact, minute, laborious. Mr. Dudley and Mr. Coleman, despite their crowded classes, were unflagging in zeal, unfailing in earnestness. Yet even to my fledgling apprehension the language seemed to be contemplated from a mechanical point of view. Explanations and comments were in the main derived from Dr. Harrison's work and were restricted to verbal distinctions or refinements which were imposed upon the author and were never conceived or created by his shaping spirit of imagination. Vergil, the most ethereal of Roman singers, was reduced to a form of *corpus vile* for the purpose of experimentation. Had not my early training at Fayetteville stood me in good stead as a counter-acting agency, all his "chosen coin of fancy" would have been to my youthful intelligence as "motes in a sunbeam." Is it "a wild surmise" to assert that if the science of comparative philology had been developed during the sixteenth century instead of the nineteenth the Renaissance, at least in its literary aspect, would have been a historical impossibility? The conception of Vergil as portrayed by Dante was in hopeless antithesis to that which prevailed during my student days at the University of Virginia. This comprehensive indictment holds good of the instruction in Latin in each of its several stages and in every era or type of the literature it embodies.

When I went out from my *Alma Mater* in April, 1861, a lad scarce seventeen, I had a more critical acquaintance with the language contemplated in its formal character than when I entered its walls in the preceding October. There had been, however, no rending of the veil and no glimpse of that mys-



tic, unpathed world which lies beyond the range of conjugation and declension of Zumpt's Grammar and Ramshorn's Synonyms. In this regard I carried away only what I had brought, and even this, although not effaced or paralyzed, was in no degree quickened into active or expanding life by my university training. In the school of Greek I was in the hands of Mr. Gildersleeve and was assigned to his junior class. It was composed of seventy lads, the greater number of whom were unprepared for the work upon which they were entering and in no measure equal to the appreciation of the youthful but gifted teacher who was to guide their tottering feet into the untraversed realms of Hellenic genius even as it revealed its charm in the "Anabasis," the creation of "a military dandy," for such was the epithet he applied to Xenophon in the first lecture I heard him deliver. So great was the size of the class that weeks might pass over the individual student without an opportunity to render a passage or determine a construction, a condition in no wise stimulating to diligence; but perhaps fortunate for the good name of those whom it tended to shield and protect, at least for a season, until the day of reckoning was at hand, and the examination in February or June set up a wall of partition between the Greeks and the Trojans.

Mr. Gildersleeve had come to the University in 1856 with the luster of three famed German schools resting upon him. I had at that early period never been in contact with German culture, and to my immature intellect it seemed to be endowed with a resistless charm or fascination. Our professor of Greek was the first revelation to my eyes of its fruits in concrete form. The war fell upon us, and fifteen years later (1876) he entered upon his novel sphere of labor in connection with the Johns Hopkins University.

It is only in rare and isolated instances that a pupil is enabled to contemplate two distinct and widely separated phases in the intellectual development of those who have been the teachers of his crude and callow boyhood. The relation, terminating with the academic period, becomes merely a memory. Seldom does the broken continuity reassert itself or the new order change, yielding place to the old. Nearly a score of years had passed over me between 1860-61 and 1876-77, at which later time Mr. Gildersleeve became established in Baltimore. During my years in the University his mode of instruction was in large measure conditioned or determined in accordance with his philological training received in the famed centers of Germany, Bonn, Gottingen, Berlin; yet it never descended to the plane of "a sad mechanic exercise," the "electrical tingles" were seldom wanting, and his flashes of merriment in many notable examples seem as vivid in the lapse of five decades as when they fell in their freshness upon the ears of the Greeklings and set the huge class "on a roar." Trench and his "Study of Words" was one of his cherished antipathies. I never turn to Dr. Fitzedward Hall's annihilating strictures upon the archbishop that Mr. Gildersleeve's comments do not peer through the past by an act of voluntary or spontaneous reproduction. The philological attitude was supreme in his teaching, but it had not superseded or effaced the æsthetic instinct and the possibility of rich development in the sphere of literature. His potentialities in this regard revealed themselves in his renderings into English from the Greek dramatists. These, however, were above the range of a novice, and for me they were one of the dreams of unaccomplished years. For Kuhner's Greek Grammar Mr. Gildersleeve seemed to cherish an invincible aversion, a fact that gains in distinctness of impression from my recollection

of a pompous and self-appreciative student from Kentucky who was disposed on every occasion to cite the proscribed author, the dual aim being to indulge his pedantic fancies and to annoy the Professor by the display of his own perversity of temperament.

When Mr. Gildersleeve's removal to Baltimore rendered him accessible to me, I attended his public lectures upon every possible occasion and in more than one instance was bold enough to assume a humble seat in his advanced, or special, class in Greek, what might be described as his esoteric circle. In my "Representative Maryland Authors" I have traced with minuteness his career from its earliest phases and have assigned him a foremost place in the annals of classical scholarship as one of its epoch-making agents and influences.

Mr. Holmes alone remains to be estimated. He died in November, 1897, having become associated with the University in 1857. A North Englishman in origin, his last audible word was "England," and his last quotation from the poets, as the shadows were gathering around him, were transformed into disciplined soldiers ere the summer of 1860 heralded the first and the last holiday recorded in the annals of the new educational foundation. A year later they were engaged in the capacity of drillmasters at every camp of instruction in Virginia, and no inconsiderable part of the peerless army commanded by Lee was prepared by them for effective military service. Their record embraces every field from Bethel to Appomattox, and from first to last no taint of dishonor ever rested upon it.

My one session at Charlotte (1859-60) still abides with me as a charming memory which the flight of more than half a century has in no degree effaced or withered. The cordial and gracious attitude and the bounteous hospitality of the community extended to a body of youthful strangers representing nearly every Southern State from the Carolinas to Texas stood in marked contrast to my manner of life in other educational centers in which my lot was cast at a later period. The course of instruction was in accordance with that which prevailed at West Point, the mathematical sciences constituting its distinctive and essential characteristic. Despite the unsurpassed training we received from Major Hill, my progress was limited and my acquirement imperfect, for the mathematical curriculum was to me the *Via Dolorosa* of my student life. I had the good fortune to receive special instruction in Latin and Greek from Mr. Charles P. Estill, a Master of Arts of the University of Virginia, and read under his scholarly guidance the "Agricola of Tacitus" and several books of Herodotus. My health was improved in an eminent degree by the daily drill in infantry tactics, which was conducted in strict conformity to Hardee's Manual by Lieutenants Lee, Lane, Edgar, and McKenny, all of whom won honorable fame in the service of the South, the first and last falling in the forefront of the battle—1862. The session drew to its close with the coming of July. I delivered one of the commencement addresses, selecting Tennyson's pathetic and appealing note:

"O for the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

Mr. Holmes was a most kindly and loving spirit, and his genial nature drew the hearts of his students to him, for he seemed to regard them from the human standpoint and not in a merely formal or mechanical light. His acquirements in early and medieval history were far-ranging, minute, varied; in metaphysics and philosophy he had grappled with the subtlest phases of those transcendental problems which

hold research and investigation forever at bay. I never grow weary of his correspondence with Dr. James H. Thornwell, the supreme theological genius produced by the South. In English literature he was master above all of the Arthurian romances and the age of Elizabeth. In his conception of the holy Roman empire he had anticipated the views at a later time elaborated by Edward A. Freeman and James (Lord) Bryce. In his attitude toward the survival of Roman influence in Britain and its perpetuation in English legal and political development, he was thoroughly in accord with the theories of Brewer and Pearson and utterly at variance with the teachings of Freeman. His manner was desultory, but rich in suggestion, and when the theme appealed strongly to his sympathies or his sensibilities he was aglow with fervor and became a most eloquent, impressive lecturer. I recall my year in his department with a sense of increasing pleasure and appreciation, tempered by the reflection that learning so rare and exuberant and a power to stimulate and shape to nobler ends seldom surpassed in the annals of modern culture should have involved in large measure a mere dissipation of energy, an unavailing expenditure of superb intellectual force. My affectionate relation to him was sundered only by his death in 1897, and at the request of his daughter, Mrs. Isabel Holmes Perkinson, I contributed to "The Library of Southern Literature" an outline of his life and labors which, if it lacked in discernment and critical appreciation, was at least an expression of grateful and invincible devotion.

I carried away from the University in April, 1861, nobler and wider conceptions, loftier ideals, an expanded capacity for active, continuous effort. In its fidelity, thoroughness, singleness of aim its rank at that time was unique among institutions of higher culture in America. The future of my *Alma Mater* is behind the cloud. In the days that are dead her glory lay in her intellectual purity, the chastity of her life in a world dominated by the worship of the sensuous and the visible. My fervent prayer is that the abomination of scholarly desolation may never be seen standing in the holy places of the University of Virginia.

## GLEANINGS FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

### ORATORY FROM BOTH SIDES.

On May 5, 1861, Gen. Philip St. George Cocke, of the Virginia State forces, issued the following to his command: "The North has not openly and according to the usage of civilized nations declared war on us. We make no war on them; but should Virginia soil be polluted by the tread of a single man in arms from north of the Potomac, it will cause open war. Men of the Potomac border, to arms! Your country calls you to her defense. Already in spirit you have responded. You await but the order to march, to rendezvous, to organize, to defend your State, your liberties, and your homes. Women of Virginia, cast from your arms all cowards and breathe the pure and holy, the high and glowing inspiration of your natures into the hearts and souls of lover, husband, brother, father, friend. Almighty God, Author and Governor of the world, thou source of all light, life, truth, justice, and power, be thou our God. Be thou with us. Then shall we fear not a world against us."

On May 26, 1861, Gen. G. B. McClellan, of the United States army, said: "Soldiers, you are ordered to cross the

frontier and enter upon the soil of Virginia. Your mission is to restore peace and confidence, to protect the majesty of the law, and to rescue our brethren from the grasp of armed traitors. If you are called upon to overcome armed opposition, I know that your courage is equal to the task; but remember that your only foes are the armed traitors and show mercy even to them when they are in your power, for many of them are misguided. When under your protection the loyal men have been able to organize, they can protect themselves, and you can return to your homes with the proud satisfaction of having preserved a gallant people from destruction."

On May 30 Col. C. Q. Tompkins, of the Virginia Volunteers, came back at McClellan with the following: "Men of Virginia, men of Kanawah, to arms! The enemy has invaded your soil and threatens to overrun your country *under the pretext of protection*. You cannot serve two masters. Rise and strike for your firesides and altars. Come to the aid of your fathers, brothers, and comrades, who are protecting your mothers, wives, and sisters. Let every man who would uphold his rights turn out and drive the invader back."

On June 3 Maj. Gen. Robert Patterson, of the United States army, wrote:

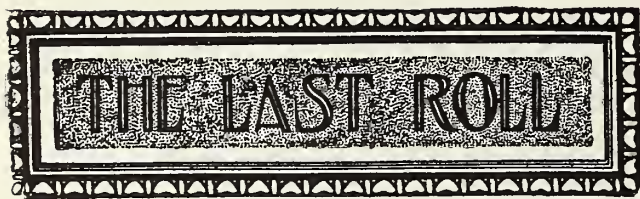
"*To the United States Troops of This Department:* The restraint which has necessarily been imposed upon you, impatient to overcome those who have raised parricidal hands against our country, is about to be removed. You will soon meet the insurgent. You are not the aggressor. A turbulent faction, misled by ambitious rulers, in a time of profound peace and national prosperity have occupied your forts and turned the guns against you. They have invaded a loyal State and intrenched themselves in defiance of the constituted authorities. You are going on American soil to retake that which is unlawfully held. Success will crown your efforts. A grateful country and a happy people will reward you."

On June 5 Gen. G. T. Beauregard, of the Confederate States army, countered on him with:

"*To the Good People of Virginia:* A reckless and unprincipled tyrant has invaded your soil. Abraham Lincoln, regardless of all moral, legal, and constitutional restraints, has thrown his abolition hosts among you, who are murdering and imprisoning your citizens, confiscating and destroying your property, and committing other acts of violence and outrage too shocking and revolting to humanity to be enumerated. All rules of civilized war are abandoned, and they proclaim by their acts, if not on their banner, that their war cry is, 'Beauty and Booty.' All that is dear to man, your honor and that of your wives and daughters, your fortunes and your lives are involved in this momentous contest. In behalf of civilization and humanity I do make this my proclamation and invite and enjoin you by every consideration dear to the hearts of freemen and patriots, by the name and memory of your Revolutionary forefathers, to rally to the standard of your State and by every means in your power compatible with honorary warfare to drive back and expel the invaders from your land."

CONFEDERATE MONEY.—General Hooker wrote thus: "The Confederate prisoners tell me that their money is good for nothing except to gamble with. A year's pay will not buy them a pair of boots, and it is to the worthlessness of their money, not the scarcity of food, that their high prices must be ascribed." True enough. If they had had gold, even the Yankees would have sold them supplies.





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"Through all our lives we pray for rest,  
Nor find it anywhere;  
Then comes the night, with balmy breast,  
And soothes us unaware.  
I wonder much, 'And is it death  
Or but an answered prayer?'"

CAPT. C. C. SCOTT.

Once more the angel of death has come with a message to one of our tried and true Confederate veterans—the wonderful message, "Come, thou blessed of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Capt. C. C. Scott, of Arkadelphia, Ark., fell asleep at his home June 26, 1920, after a short illness. The end came peacefully to a long and busy life, a life of most unselfish devotion to duty, a life of marvelous sweetness and beauty.

He was born in Gainesville, Ala., on March 12, 1839, the third son of Judge C. C. Scott. In the year 1844 the Scott family removed to Camden, Ark., where Captain Scott was reared. In 1861 he enlisted in the Camden Knights, the first company from that section to take up arms in defense of the South, serving under General Fagan for one year in the Virginia campaign. He participated in the battles of Manassas and Corinth and was also at Hatchie Bridge, where for his bravery he was known to his comrades and to Southern historians as "the hero of Hatchie Bridge." The following year he assisted in organizing the Appeal Battery and was elected lieutenant, serving with distinction until the death of his captain during the siege of Vicksburg, when he succeeded in command. After the exchange of prisoners following the capture of Vicksburg, Captain Scott was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department, where his battery was incorporated into the 5th Arkansas Battalion, which finally surrendered in Marshall, Tex.

Returning to his home in Camden, Captain Scott took up the practice of law, but later decided to embark in the mercantile business, removing to Arkadelphia in 1869. From that year until within a week of his passing he was a member of the Smoker Mercantile Company, for many years the business manager. His whole life was one of remarkable fidelity in his business, in his family life, and in his citizenship. His friends were numbered by the hundreds, and to one and all he was a help and inspiration. In addition to many noble qualities of mind and heart, he possessed an unflinching fund of humor, which made him a charming companion for old and young alike. Young boys and girls felt at home with him, and little children instinctively held out their arms for his embrace. He was a devout communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church, broad in his sympathy with all movements for the uplift of humanity.

To the surviving members of his family, his wife, children,

and grandchildren, we tender sincere condolence, and as we stand by his new-made grave let us lift up our hearts in thanksgiving for his good example and for the faith which assures us of his safe-keeping in the paradise of God. Let our song be:

"Warm summer sun,  
Shine brightly here;  
Warm Southern wind,  
Blow lightly here;  
Green sod above, lie light, lie light.  
Good night, dear heart, good night, good night."

JAMES CALLAWAY.

The VETERAN of June contained merely the brief announcement of the death on April 10 at Macon, Ga., of James Callaway. For a man to whom the entire South is so largely indebted for keeping the record straight such a brief announcement is insufficient. For his manly defense of the truth of history, so far as relates to the South, the Confederate soldier, and to the immortal Davis, Lee, Jackson, and other chieftains under the Stars and Bars, and his homage to the women of the South he deserves a monument to his memory.

James Callaway was born in Washington, Wilkes County, Ga., on January 1, 1847, his parents being Merrill P. and Mary Irvine Callaway. His maternal grandfather was Christopher Irvine, of Bedford County, Va., who married Louisa Tucker, daughter of Isaiah Tucker, of Amherst County, in that State, and who enlisted in the 5th Virginia Regiment on February 15, 1776, and became a captain in the regiment. Christopher Irvine moved to Washington, Ga., in 1794, and the old plantation on which he lived is still in the Irvine family. An early ancestor, Christopher Irvine, M.D., was physician general and historiographer for Scotland and held the same position for King Charles II, while an earlier ancestor fell in the battle of Flodden Field in 1513.

Mr. Callaway's unquestioned patriotism and literary ability were inherited traits. After preparation for a college course at LaGrange he entered Mercer University when that institution was at Penfield in the year 1862. The following year, when he was sixteen years of age, he left college to enlist in the 3d Georgia Reserves, Col. Charles Jenkins Harris, the commander of his company being Capt. Dunwoody Jones. His first service was as a guard at Andersonville Prison, and from there he was transferred to Charleston, S. C., where he was quartermaster sergeant. Contracting typhoid fever, he was sent home to recuperate.

The close of the war found him ambitious to complete his education, and to this end he reentered Mercer and graduated in the class of 1868, studying under such able teachers as Dr. J. J. Brantley, Dr. Shelton P. Sanford, Dr. Joseph E. Willet, and President N. M. Crawford. After graduating he read law in Americus, and it was in that city that he married, on November 1, 1871, Miss Viera Flewellen Furlow, daughter of Timothy Mathews and Margaret Holt Furlow.

At one time he gave up the study of law to engage in farming, at which he was successful, utilizing his spare hours in writing and study. When the health of his wife necessitated a change he gave up the farm and began editorial work on the Albany *News and Advertiser*. Later he accepted a position on the Macon *Daily Telegraph* to do editorial work. In later years he conducted a column on that paper under the head of "Observation and Comment," a column read and enjoyed daily with interest wherever that paper circulated. His range of information was remarkable, as was his inti-

mate acquaintance with the brainiest men of the day. Few men had such a list of able and brilliant correspondents or as many friends. His scrapbook was a treasure and his letter file an inexhaustible mine of information making history.

Those who worked with him and about him in the *Telegraph* office, from proprietor to printer, loved him as a father. Always courteous, never without a kind word and pleasant greeting for everybody, there was gloom in the office when it became known that in January last his health was such as to force him to leave Macon for Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore, where he died in April.

The thousands of readers of his popular column will miss his brave words for the Confederacy and those who fought for it and for all that stands for truth.

[Bridges Smith.]

A. C. SWINBURNE.

A. C. Swinburne, pioneer building contractor of Vernon, Tex., died at his home there on May 11, aged seventy-four years. He was born in Salem, Ill., on November 15, 1845, and went with his parents to Texas when a child. He served in the Confederate army under Captain Hancock, Polignac's Division, and served with honor and distinction during the four years of war. He took part in the battle of Manassas and other major engagements of his command. It is told of him that on the battle field he once gave a wounded enemy, supposedly in a dying condition, his canteen of water, and years after this man advertised in the *Dallas News* to find him.

In 1869 Comrade Swinburne was married to Miss Elizabeth Gilbert, of Nacogdoches, with whom he lived happily until his death. To them were born six children, two sons and two daughters surviving him.

In 1884 he and his eldest son installed the first brickyard in Vernon, and from the first brick produced the first jail was erected in 1885; and as a contractor and builder he erected some of the most important buildings of the town in the years following, also filling large contracts with the railroads for bridges, etc.

He was laid to rest in Eastview Cemetery, his old comrades of Camp Cabell, U. C. V., acting as honorary pallbearers.

THOMAS C. NORMAN.

Thomas C. Norman was born July 15, 1846, and died on the 4th of December, 1919, at his home, in Perry, Mo. In August, 1867, he was married to Miss Mary A. Crawford, and two dear children, a son and a daughter, came into the home to fill their lives with sunshine and joy, shadowed only by the death of the son in early manhood.

Comrade Norman was a soldier of the Confederacy, having served in Company E, Pindle's Battalion of Sharpshooters. He loved to mingle with his comrades of the sixties and attended as many of the reunions of Missouri Confederates as possible, his heart being gladdened by this association with his comrades and friends. He was a devoted friend of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, of which he had been a patron for many years, and anxiously awaited its coming every month.

Thomas Norman was a true friend and always stood for truth and right. He was a deacon in the Baptist Church for over forty years and superintendent of the Sunday school for many years. Always a great lover of children, as he came and went in his daily walk of life they hailed him from

all sides, calling him "Uncle Tommie," as he loved for them to call him.

He is survived by his companion of fifty-two years, his daughter, three grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren; also by many loving friends and relatives.

COL. JAMES M. DOCKERY.

The sudden death of Col. James Marshall Dockery was a great shock to his legion of friends in Memphis, Tenn., and the Tri-States, for he enjoyed a large acquaintance throughout this entire section. His genial disposition endeared him to all who knew him.

James M. Dockery was the son of Gen. Alfred Dockery, of Rockingham, Richmond County, N. C. He was the youngest of a large and prominent family and the last one to die. He enlisted in a company of the 32d Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers in July, 1862, served in the Virginia Army, and was in several engagements. He was captured on retreat from Gettysburg in July, 1863, and was not released from prison until July, 1865.

In 1868 he moved from North Carolina to a plantation at Cutlake, Miss. About 1873 he married Miss Terrel Oliver, the daughter of Capt. Dave Oliver, who was killed at Franklin. There were four children by this union. His second wife was Mrs. Ida Stewart, and the one son of this marriage, James Marshall Dockery, Jr., served in France as first lieutenant in the 166th Regiment Machine Guns, Rainbow Division.

Colonel Dockery was a prosperous merchant at Hernando, Miss., for several years. About 1889 he came to Memphis and engaged in the cotton business. Being a man of fine business capacity, he prospered until the business of the firm of Dockery & Donelson was a leading firm of the city.

He was a loyal Confederate soldier, a member of the Confederate Historical Association of Memphis. He was on the staff of the Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans and always enjoyed the Reunions. His demise is a very great loss to the city and a host of admiring friends. He was a prominent member of the Central Baptist Church and one of its largest contributors. He was a director in the Union and Planters' and First National Banks. He will be greatly missed by many who were recipients of his benefactions. There was never a man more loyal to his friends than Colonel Dockery.

[Committee: R. E. Bullington, Chairman; R. P. Lake, William A. Collier.]

N. W. LEACHE.

Ninian Willett Leache was born on July 3, 1849, at Wood Park, near Warrenton, Fauquier County, Va., son of Dr. Jesse Leache and Jane Roberts Hurton, and entered into his eternal rest on June 18, 1920. He was a mere boy during the war, but enlisted as soon as possible in Company D, 43d Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, Mosby's command, and made a brave soldier.

In 1872 he married Miss Lavona Raines, of a fine family of Union, S. C., an estimable, faithful wife and mother of his children. For the past thirty-eight years he had been holding a responsible position with the Radford Iron Company and was located in Pulaski County, Va. A man of the soundest integrity, upright, square, honest, and honorable in all his dealings, he spoke ill of no one, hated a lie or anything false; a man without enemies, "one who feared God and eschewed evil." He has gone to his home in the "land of the blessed." He was a staunch Democrat, true to his party, as to



everything else. He was a member of the James Breathed Camp of Confederate Veterans. He was generous, conscientious, and a loyal citizen, a devoted, faithful husband and father. His influence will be felt for great good in his community, and he will be sadly missed.

W. T. WEAVER.

Comrade W. T. Weaver died at his home, in Rogersville, Ala., on the 7th of January, 1920, in his eighty-third year. He was born on December 15, 1838, in Rogersville and had lived there all his long and useful life except during the four years he gave so willingly and gallantly to the Confederate cause. No braver man followed Lee and Jackson. He died among a host of true friends, who sadly miss his genial presence.

In 1861 W. T. Weaver enlisted in the 27th Alabama Infantry, and his first battle was at Fort Donelson. With the remnant of the command which escaped capture there, he was assigned duty with the 3d Mississippi Battalion. After the battle of Shiloh it was placed with another battalion, merged with the 33d Mississippi Regiment, and with this regiment went with Bragg's army into Tennessee, later participating in the battle of Perryville, where he displayed conspicuous bravery. He was in the battle of Murfreesboro, or Stones River, and January following was transferred to the 9th Alabama Cavalry (Malone's). In April he was captured at Bradyville, Tenn., was exchanged during the summer, and rejoined the regiment. After the battle of Chickamauga he went with Longstreet into Tennessee, then in January he was assigned to the secret service, operating in North Alabama and Tennessee until the close of the war.

Returning to Rogersville, Ala., after the war, Comrade Weaver engaged in farming and merchandising and at the time of his death was President of the Bank of Rogersville. He was very successful and amassed a competency, and "Tom" was ever ready to respond to the call of distress.

Comrade Weaver was married three times, his first wife, Miss Laura Lester, being my sister; she died in 1864, leaving two daughters. His last wife survives him, with one daughter of the first marriage.

Ever loyal to the cause for which he gave four of the best years of his life, one of his greatest enjoyments was in attending the reunions of his comrades and recounting the stirring events of the sixties. A devoted husband, an indulgent parent, an obliging neighbor, a true and tried friend, a loyal Confederate has passed to his reward.

[John H. Lester.]

W. R. MURPHY.

W. R. Murphy, who died at Athens, Tex., on September 13, 1919, at the age of eighty-five years, was born in Adams County, Ohio, September 3, 1834. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861 at Vicksburg, Miss., as a member of Company G, 1st Mississippi Light Artillery, Featherston's Brigade, Loring's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. His first captain was James J. Cowan, and W. T. Withers was his first colonel. He was captured at Vicksburg, exchanged and sent to Resaca, Ga., to Johnston's army, and was under fire for ninety-six days. He went with Hood to Franklin and Nashville and was under Cheatham in covering the retreat to Columbus, Miss.; was then sent to Mobile, Ala. He was in the battles of Snyder's Bluff, Chickasaw Bayou, Champion Hill, Siege of Vicksburg, Resaca, Franklin, Allatoona, Chattahoochee River, Peachtree Creek, New

Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, Lost Mountain, and Decatur. He walked from Tennessee to Mississippi barefooted.

At the close of the war he received his honorable discharge. He went to Texas about the year 1867 and there married Miss Nannie L. Richardson in 1873. Three children were born to them and, with the faithful wife, survive him.

RICHARD CARTER LIPSEY.

Richard C. Lipsey, a member of Holmes County Camp, No. 398, U. C. V., of Lexington, Miss., died there on March 26, 1920. He was born in that county on March 10, 1841, and while attending the Mississippi State University he volunteered in the Confederate army, becoming a member of Company A, 11th Mississippi Infantry. He served faithfully as a soldier until the battle of Sharpsburg, Md., where he lost a leg. After the war he made a splendid citizen and served the county as a member of the board of supervisors and treasurer for a total of twenty years. He was a true friend, a Christian gentleman, a loving, tender husband and father.

[Committee: Baxter Wilson, F. A. Howell, J. W. Whittington.]

JOHN W. GREEN.

The Confederate Association of Kentucky (George B. Eastin Camp, No. 803, U. C. V., Louisville) in resolution deeply regrets the death of its honored and highly esteemed member, Sergt. Maj. John W. Green, who departed to the paradise of God on June 13, 1920.

"Death, the old mystery dim,  
Midnight to us, morning to him."

He was born October 8, 1841, near Henderson, Ky. He came to Louisville in childhood, graduated from the high school at sixteen, and began a brilliant business career. The war came, and at nineteen he enlisted in the 9th Kentucky Infantry of the Orphan Brigade, C. S. A., and served with singular success. He was wounded twice and at first would not leave the battle field. He became sergeant major of his regiment in April, 1863.

When peace came he returned to Louisville, entered the banking business, and was an efficient, faithful worker in the financial field for more than fifty years. With most polished manners went his high intellectual honesty, and in that high honor he never fell back from his conscientious connections, and his heart was the happy home of desire to help humanity and to honor God. When reverses came he heroically overcame them. Fine manhood is helped by disaster.

He was a beloved associate in Confederate affairs, serving on the staffs of Generals Gordon, Lee, Harrison, and others; he was also Adjutant of the Third Brigade and Treasurer of the Orphan Brigade, in every service giving supreme satisfaction.

His death leaves a great gap in the ranks of the gray. The world lost a hero, the State a good citizen, the Church a faithful follower of the Captain of our salvation, who said: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." We will cherish his memory.

To his sorrowing loved ones, the greatest losers, we tender our sincerest sympathy and commend them to the consolation of the God of love.

[Committee: Thomas D. Osborne, John H. Leathers, E. Polk Johnson.]

## DR. FRANK FLETCHER.

Dr. Frank Fletcher was born at Jenkins's Bridge, Accomack County, Va., on the 1st of January, 1846, and died on the 23d of February, 1920. His primary education was received at private schools of his native county, and the call to arms in 1861 found him a student at Hampden-Sidney College.

At this time the schools of the State were practically closed, the students returning to their homes or enlisting in the army of the Confederate States in defense of their country. Frank Fletcher did not return to his home; but, without seeing home or friends, he hurried to Norfolk, and there enlisted in the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues, an ante-bellum military organization, the pride of the city. This company went at once into active service and was with the Army of Northern Virginia in all its campaigns from the Peninsula campaign to the furling of the flag at Appomattox, participating in all the battles of these campaigns. Frank Fletcher was with his company in all its fights, shirking no duty, but courting every danger, subjecting himself



DR. FRANK FLETCHER.

to every hardship necessary to the faithful performance of duty. The bugle call to battle brought no tremor to the hand nor feeling of fear to the heart of this brave young soldier. On the contrary, it has been said of him that he seemed really to enjoy the "wild rapture of battle" in the performance of his duty.

At the close of the war he devoted himself to the study of medicine at the University of Virginia and later at the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia and began the practice of his profession at his old home and among his old neighbors. During this time his transcendent qualities, both as a man and physician, enabled him to win and hold the esteem and love of all those with whom he became associated.

Soon after the close of the war the old soldiers took steps to organize a Camp of Confederate Veterans for the "Eastern Shore" of Virginia. The position of Commander of this Camp was tendered to Dr. Fletcher. From the date of its organization to the day of his death he retained this position to the entire satisfaction of the Camp.

Dr. Fletcher at one time during the seventies represented his district in the Senate of Virginia, but after two terms his love for his home, his people, and his profession actuated him to decline a reelection. He would never accept any other political position.

When Dr. Fletcher was called home there "crossed over the river" to meet his Great Commander while here on earth a spirit as noble as any who has preceded him; when the grave claimed him there sank into its embrace a man in

whom was confined in a very great degree the qualities that go to make up the kind neighbor, the genial companion, the truthful, honest citizen, and the noble, warm-hearted Christian gentleman.

Soon after he entered upon the practice of his profession Dr. Fletcher married Miss Emma Hudgin, of Matthews County, Va., who survives him with their three sons—Ashton, Dr. Richard, and Donald.

## COMRADES OF LAWSON BALL CAMP, U. C. V.

The loss of two members of the Lawson Ball Camp of Confederate Veterans has been reported by Mrs. L. G. Connelley, of Bertrand, Va., Historian of the Lancaster County Chapter, U. D. C.:

William A. Saunders answered the last roll call in May, 1920, at his home, near Millenbeck, in Lancaster County, Va. When the clouds of war darkened over the South, Comrade Saunders volunteered in defense of the Southern Confederacy and on April 21, 1861, was mustered into service as a member of the Middlesex Artillery, Fleet's Battery, of which he was made third corporal. The winter of that year was spent in picketing the Rappahannock River, but when the spring opened the command moved on to Meadow Bridge and again did picket duty during the Seven Days' fighting around Richmond. At Cold Harbor and Fauquier Springs Corporal Saunders distinguished himself for bravery. He was with General Lee when arms were laid down at Appomattox, and he was ever ready to tell of the sorrow of the great commander over the surrender. Shortly after the war Mr. Saunders moved to Millenbeck, in Lancaster County, where he spent the rest of his life. He was affectionately known as "Cousin Billy" and was loved by all who knew him. He was a member of the Baptist Church and a charter member of the Lawson Ball Camp of Confederate Veterans; year after year he was sent as one of its delegates to the general Reunions. Amid the beautiful floral offerings the flag which he fought under and loved so well was unfurled on his grave.

Dr. R. C. Smith, another appreciated member of the Lawson Ball Camp, also passed away in May. He was a resident of White Stone, in Lancaster County, having located at that place some twelve years ago, and since that time he had been a member of the Camp. He was popular with the young people as well as with the "boys of the sixties," possessing a bright, genial disposition which carried cheer and happiness wherever he went. Dr. Smith was born and reared in Gates County, N. C., and from 1861 to 1865 he served in Company B, 5th Regiment North Carolina Infantry, taking part in all the battles of his regiment. His war record, like that of his after life, was filled with brave and kindly deeds.

## COMRADES AT CHICAGO.

Camp No. 8, U. C. V., located at Chicago, Ill., has suffered many losses in the past year. Never a large band, it is yet intensely loyal to its Southern ideals and traditions, and by the unswerving patriotism and high sense of honor of its members it has won the respect and admiration of the Northern friends among whom they are located. Within six months the following comrades have been called to the "great beyond":

James D. Wallace, Morgan's Cavalry, died December 11, 1919; Ramsey H. Stewart, 12th Mississippi Infantry, December 16, 1919; Charles F. Gunther, Marines, Hinman's Brigade, February 10, 1920; John C. Slaughter, Morgan's Cavalry, March 30, 1920; Timothy J. Murphy, 30th Virginia Infantry, May 9, 1920.



## DR. WILLIAM BUCHANAN CONWAY.

Dr. William Buchanan Conway was born January 3, 1845, at Ellerslie, Madison County, Va., and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. William Capers Mizelle, College Park, Ga., on July 6, 1920. He was the son of Battaile Fitzhugh Taliaferro Conway and Cornelia Buchanan Conway and was connected with some of the most famous families of Virginia, including the Washingtons, Fitzhughs, and Lees. His mother, the daughter of Dr. William Buchanan, of Fredericksburg, Va., was a kinsman of President Buchanan. His grandfather, Catlett Conway, married a niece of President Zachary Taylor, and a more remote ancestor, Col. Edwin Conway, was married in 1704 to Anna Ball, a half sister to the mother of George Washington.

In 1870 Dr. Conway was married to Julia Ellen Thomas, daughter of Col. William Thomas, of Blacksburg, Va. She died in 1916, and in 1918 he was married to Mrs. Lee DuBose Armstrong, of Rome, Ga., who died at Blacksburg in December, 1919. The children of the first marriage were: Daisy, who married Dean Harvey L. Price, Blacksburg, Va.; Alfred Taliaferro, who married Bessie LeRoy Hart, Baltimore; William Battaile, who died in infancy; Arch Moncure, who married Frances Smith, Atlanta; Mamie Greer, who married William Capers Mizelle, College Park, Ga.

Dr. Conway was reared in his native county in Virginia, and when hostilities began in 1861 was a student at the Virginia Military Institute. Though only sixteen years of age, he enlisted as a private in Company C, 4th Virginia Cavalry, a gallant command, which had for its colonels at different times Gens. Beverly Robertson, W. C. Wickham, William H. Payne, and Woolridge. He served as a private and corporal under J. E. B. Stuart and Fitzhugh Lee through nearly all the campaigns of the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, making a splendid record as a soldier. For a time he acted as courier attached to the headquarters of General Wickham. His battles were many in number, including practically all those of his regiment and brigade. Notable among them in his own experience were: Kelly's Ford, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Winchester, and those of the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley.

At Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 9, 1864, he was wounded in a hand-to-hand fight. With several of his company, he had charged through the ranks of the enemy, and on returning they were met by six Yankee cavalymen. He killed one of them, and the rest gave way, so that he passed through them; but in a few minutes he reeled and fell from his horse unconscious, having received a saber cut on the hand and a lick from a carbine on the knee cap, which latter caused him to faint. When he regained consciousness General Wickham was riding by, leading the rest of the regiment in a headlong charge. He asked: "Conway, are you hurt?" And after being assured that it was nothing serious, he called to his men: "Give 'em h—, boys, give 'em h—!"



DR. W. B. CONWAY.

He was courier for General Wickham a few months in the fall of 1863. In the winter of 1863-64 he was elected corporal by his company. While in winter quarters in front of Montpelier, President Madison's old home, he was invited to a dance given by the officers of his regiment and had the pleasure of being on the floor with the gay Stuart, Fitz Lee, General Wickham, and other distinguished guests.

Just before the surrender at Appomattox he, with others of his company, was detailed to transmit dispatches to Col. John S. Mosby, who was then in Fauquier and Loudoun Counties, Va., and so he was not at the surrender.

After the war Dr. Conway studied medicine under Dr. Alfred Taliaferro, of Culpeper Courthouse. He then entered the medical department of Washington University, Baltimore, Md., from which he graduated in 1869. For a short while he practiced medicine at Mount Vernon Iron Works, in Rockingham County, Va. He then became surgeon for the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College, now the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, at Blacksburg, which position he held for fifteen years.

On account of failing health he moved in 1891 to Athens, Ga., where he practiced medicine until four years before his death, when he retired.

Dr. Conway was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church at Blacksburg, Va., and also in the First Presbyterian Church at Athens, Ga. He said that the things in his life of which he was proud were as follows:

That he was a Presbyterian in faith.

That he was of pure Anglo-Saxon stock.

That he was a Southerner.

That he was a Democrat.

That he was an old Confederate veteran of the C. S. A.

That he represented the regular medical profession.

That he was a native Virginian and a Georgian by adoption.

Those who knew him might add that he had the right to be proud that he was a man greatly beloved by his family and friends and highly esteemed by all who knew him. He belonged to the old order that is passing—a courteous, kindly gentleman, sympathetic and considerate of others, cherishing spiritual values, and leaving a memory worthy of emulation and love.

## F. W. AHLDAY.

F. W. Ahlday died at Wharton, Tex., on February 3, 1920, at the age of seventy-nine years. He was a gallant Confederate soldier, enlisting among the first in Company I, 4th Texas Cavalry, Riley's Regiment, Tom Green's brigade. He removed to Wharton, Tex., in 1869 and engaged in the mercantile business, and for many years was the leading merchant of the city. He held the office of county treasurer for twelve years, and was county commissioner for twelve years, voluntarily retiring from both offices. He was a neighbor and friend of mine for forty-five years, and I know he always had and maintained the respect and confidence of every one who knew him. He is survived by his second wife and a son of the first marriage. [W. J. Croom.]

## ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON CAMP.

Three members have been lost to the membership of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, U. C. V., at Paris, Tex., in the deaths of Capt. H. O. Brown, William Huddle, and Monroe Henderson, all of them octogenarians.

JOHN O. JOHNSTON.

John O. Johnston, city clerk of Austin, Tex., and friend of every man in Austin and Texas, died at his home in that city on February 5, 1920, at the age of seventy-eight years.

Everybody in Austin knew "John O." His long service with the city made for him many friends, who held him high in their esteem. The poor and lowly were afforded exactly the same treatment, kindly fellowship, and painstaking courtesy as were those of wealth and station.

John O. Johnston was a man of sterling character and splendid capacity. He had handled the city's business since September 16, 1895, and none knew better than he about the city's affairs, and none was more obliging and courteous.

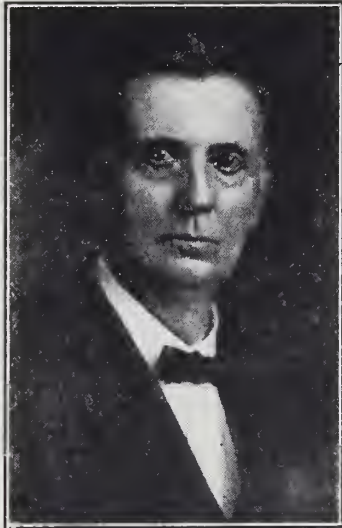
He held high rank in Masonic orders and had been awarded the highest gifts at the hands of the Masons. His Masonic activities date back before 1866. In December of that year he was chosen Master of Austin Lodge, No. 12, A. F. and A. M.; in 1877 he was made a Royal Arch Mason in the Lone Star Chapter, R. A. M. Other important positions held were as follows: A Knight Templar in the Colorado Commandery, January 4, 1878, and a Shriner in the Ben Hur Temple September 21, 1891. He served as a Master Mason of the Lodge, High Priest of the Chapter, Commander of the Commandery, and Grand Commander Knights Templar of the State of Texas.

In 1873 he was appointed warrant clerk in the comptroller's office and served in this position until April, 1876, when he was elected tax collector of Travis County and served in that position until 1880. In 1883 he was appointed quartermaster of the frontier battalion (State Rangers), serving until 1885, when he was appointed postmaster of Austin, holding that position four years.

Mr. Johnston was born on January 21, 1841, in Giles County, Tenn. He grew up a hardy woodsman, but left Tennessee in January, 1860, and landed in Austin, Tex., the latter part of that month. He was clerk in a dry goods store until March, 1862, when he joined Company G, 16th Texas Infantry, serving until the close of the war. His discharge rests heroically in a frame, which is on the desk he used at the city hall.

After the close of the war Mr. Johnston drove stock to Tennessee and Kansas. In November, 1867, he married Miss Elizabeth I. Thomson, of Burleson County, Tex. She survives him, with a daughter and two sons. A brother, Judge Matt M. Johnston, of Austin, and a sister, Mrs. B. D. Orgain, of Bastrop, also survive him.

THE VETERAN'S EPITAPH.—What better can be said of a Confederate veteran than that "he fought the good fight, finished his course, and kept the faith"?



JOHN O. JOHNSTON.

MRS. AGNES GOODRIDGE SIMMONS.

From memorial resolutions passed by Camp No. 770, U. C. V., of Los Angeles, Cal., in tribute to Mrs. Agnes Goodridge Simmons, beloved wife of Comrade S. S. Simmons, Commander of the Camp, the following is taken:

"Mrs. Agnes Goodridge Simmons, daughter of Col. Charles Ruffner, was born at Charleston on Kanawha, W. Va., on March 20, 1851, and died May 5, 1920. She married Sampson Saunders Simmons, of Cabell County, W. Va., in February, 1870, and their golden wedding anniversary was celebrated on February 13, 1920. She was the mother of ten children, four of whom died in infancy. Three daughters and three sons survive her: Mrs. George T. Klipstun, of Alexandria, Va.; Mrs. William P. Mahood and Mrs. John W. Platt, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Bennett E. Simmons, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Goodridge Kilgore Simmons, of Holtsville, Cal.; C. Ruffner Simmons, of Phoenix, Ariz. The youngest son served in France in the Aero Squadron, A. E. F.

"Mrs. Simmons united with the Church at about fifteen years of age and all through life was more or less active in the work of the Church, and she was an active worker in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in her West Virginia home town. Her family, a large one, in her native county is among the oldest of the Virginians and devoted its entire strength to the cause of the Confederacy during the War between the States. Her father, too old for military duty at the time, maintained a hospital for the Confederate soldiers near the border of Virginia and became the object of the bitterest persecution by the invading army because of his influence and activities in behalf of the South. Her husband, Sampson S. Simmons, was a member of Company E, 8th Virginia Cavalry, known as the 'Border Rangers,' commanded by the gallant Albert Gallatin Jenkins. The family have made their home in Los Angeles since 1908.

"Resolved, That the members of this Camp cherish the memory of Mrs. Simmons as that of one who was loyal to the ideals and principles for which we strive, helpful to us in our work, and an ever ready friend to us, one and all."

THOMAS F. ADAMS.

Thomas F. Adams died in Richmond, Va., on May 18, in his eighty-sixth year, and was buried in Hollywood Cemetery with military honor. He was a Confederate veteran, joining Company K, 6th Virginia Cavalry, at Leesburg, under Captain Ball and Lieutenant Giddins, at the outbreak of the War between the States. He participated in both battles of Manassas and in the battles of Seven Pines and the Wilderness, below Richmond, and many other engagements until the war ended.

Mr. Adams was born in Loudoun County, near Leesburg, on December 29, 1834. He was the youngest of a family of three children.

JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON CAMP, No. 267, U. C. V.

Report of deaths in Joseph E. Johnston Camp at Greenville, Tex., comes from T. J. Milner, Adjutant:

Henry Brigham, Company K, 9th Texas Cavalry; N. O. Blades, lieutenant Company D, Stephens's Texas Regiment; S. R. Etter, Company H, 11th Texas Cavalry; L. W. Harkey, Company B, 7th Texas Infantry; R. G. Horsley, Missouri Troops; Sam Hawkins, Company E, 18th Texas Infantry; J. H. Maddox, Company C, 9th Texas Cavalry.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*  
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga. .... *First Vice President General*  
MRS. GEORGE CUNNINGHAM, Little Rock, Ark. .... *Second Vice President General*  
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. .... *Third Vice President General*  
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C. .... *Recording Secretary General*  
MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. .... *Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla. .... *Treasurer General*  
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va. .... *Historian General*  
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. .... *Registrar General*  
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. .... *Custodian of Crosses*  
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. .... *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: This is a Hero Fund letter, written in the hope of pointing a way to the completion of the fund by October 1. Such accomplishment would place a glorious star in our crown, and I beg you to begin now to do the necessary work. Accepting as a guide the report of the Credential Committee, page 28, Tampa Minutes, the following plan for paying in full the balance due the Hero Fund has been evolved. Some active Chapters are omitted from this report every year, and this difference has been conservatively covered by adding enough to give "round numbers" on which to figure. The War Relief Committee reports during the war show large numbers of government bonds bought by the Chapters. What greater work can we do with these resources than the completion of the Hero Fund, this great working memorial we are erecting to men who served in the World War? The rules governing the Hero Fund provide for the entire amount to be invested in United States government bonds. I am, therefore, asking the Chapters to present the bonds in hand to the fund on the *per capita* basis herewith submitted:

Alabama: 2,600 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$2,990, or thirty \$100 liberty bonds.

Arkansas: 2,000 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$2,300, or twenty-three \$100 liberty bonds.

California: 1,500 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$1,725, or seventeen \$100 liberty bonds plus one \$50 liberty bond.

Colorado: 200 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$230, or two \$100 liberty bonds plus one \$50 liberty bond.

District of Columbia: 800 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$920, or nine \$100 liberty bonds plus one \$50 liberty bond.

Florida: 2,000 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$2,300, or twenty-three \$100 liberty bonds.

Georgia: 5,000 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$5,750, or fifty-seven \$100 liberty bonds plus one \$50 liberty bond.

Illinois: 120 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$138, or one \$100 liberty bond plus one \$50 liberty bond.

Kentucky: 2,000 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$2,300, or twenty-three \$100 liberty bonds.

Louisiana: 1,500 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$1,725, or seventeen \$100 liberty bonds plus one \$50 liberty bond.

Maryland: 800 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$920, or nine \$100 liberty bonds plus one \$50 liberty bond.

Massachusetts: 45 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$51.75, or one \$50 liberty bond.

Minnesota: 36 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$41.40, or one \$50 liberty bond.

Mississippi: 1,000 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$1,150, or eleven \$100 liberty bonds plus one \$50 liberty bond.

Missouri: 2,500 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$2,875, or twenty-nine \$100 liberty bonds.

New York: 500 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$575, or six \$100 liberty bonds.

North Carolina: 4,000 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$4,600, or forty-six \$100 liberty bonds.

Ohio: 200 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$230, or two \$100 liberty bonds plus one \$50 liberty bond.

Oklahoma: 600 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$690, or seven \$100 liberty bonds.

South Carolina: 4,000 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$4,600, or forty-six \$100 liberty bonds.

Tennessee: 2,500 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$2,875, or twenty-nine \$100 liberty bonds.

Texas: 2,500 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$2,875, or twenty-nine \$100 liberty bonds.

Virginia: 6,400 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$7,360, or seventy-four \$100 liberty bonds.

Washington: 88 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$101.20, or one \$100 liberty bond.

West Virginia: 1,200 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$1,380, or fourteen \$100 liberty bonds.

Arizona: 25 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$28.75, or one \$50 liberty bond.

Indiana: 50 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$57.50, or one \$50 liberty bond.

Kansas: 20 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$23, or one \$50 liberty bond.

Oregon: 50 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$57.50, or one \$50 liberty bond.

Philadelphia: 135 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$155.25, or two \$100 liberty bonds.

Pittsburgh: 40 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$46, or one \$50 liberty bond.

Utah: 15 members at \$1.15 *per capita* equals \$16.25, or one \$50 liberty bond.

By the time this letter is published Philadelphia Chapter will have paid into the treasury more than \$9 *per capita* toward this fund; the plan here presented asks for only \$1.15 *per capita*. Where the Chapters are small and have not invested in bonds, it is hoped the quota will be accepted and the cash contributed. It is possible, if real coöperation is given the movement, to make the memorial much more valuable than first anticipated. To do so we must put our hearts into the effort and work with a zeal that will make it possible for every Division President to write the President General a *victory letter* dated October 1, 1920. All bonds should be sent to the Division Chairman of Education unless she instructs Chapters to send them to the State Treasurer, who will turn them over to Mrs. J. T. Beal, 1701 Center Street, Little Rock, Ark., Treasurer U. D. C. Hero Fund. The Treasurer will notify each Division of the exact amount

already paid in; deduct this credit from the indebtedness as herein itemized and send at once. By so doing you will finish the U. D. C.'s greatest monument.

*Officers of California Division.*—The roster in the Tampa Minutes has an incorrect list of the officers of the California Division. The following official roll is printed with the request that Chapters make corrections in accordance with this list, that mistakes may be avoided and mail delivered promptly:

President, Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Douglass, Bryson Apartments, Los Angeles.

First Vice President, Mrs. Luella G. Smith, 482 South Second Street, San Jose.

Second Vice President, Mrs. Enola A. Scott, 1436 East Fourth Street, Long Beach.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. Marvin Johnson, 3114 Manitou Avenue, Los Angeles.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. B. A. Davis, 1128 Logan Street, Los Angeles.

Treasurer, Mrs. Frank McM. Sawyer, 6118 Selma Avenue, Los Angeles.

Registrar, Mrs. Josie M. Price, 427 East Twentieth Street, Long Beach.

Historian, Mrs. H. W. Merkley, 516 Evans Place, San Diego.

Recorder of Crosses, Miss Callic Brooke, 2337 Harrison Boulevard, Oakland.

Custodian of Flags, Mrs. Ray Stedman, 1683 Valencia Street, Santa Ana.

Parliamentarian, Mrs. Matthew S. Robertson, 2316 West Tenth Street, Los Angeles.

*Price of U. D. C. Badge.*—It has been necessary to advance the prices of the U. D. C. badges to meet the increased cost of production. The future price of badge *with bar* will be \$5.50; *without bar*, \$4.50.

With my heart set upon finishing the Hero Fund by giving of our assets now in hand, I look to each member of the U. D. C. for help in the accomplishment of this great purpose. I hope many Divisions will be "over the top" by October 1.

Cordially, MAY M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

## THE HERO FUND.

REPORT FOR JUNE, 1920.

Arkansas Division, Mrs. J. T. Beal.....	\$ 35 00
Ohio Division, R. E. Lee Chapter.....	10 00
Florida: Mrs. J. M. Albarey, W. J. Marks Chapter, Starke, \$5; Mrs. J. M. Blocker, Dixie Chapter, St. Petersburg, \$5; Mrs. Eliza McLenden, Southern Cross Chapter, Miami, \$5.....	15 00
Florida Division, \$10; Francis I. Barton, Chapter, Waycross, \$10 .....	20 00
South Carolina Division, \$58; Calvin Crozier Chap- ter, Newberry, \$100; interest on third liberty loan bond (\$50), \$3.92; third liberty loan bond, Ridge District, \$50 .....	211 92
Previously reported .....	1,613 11
Total .....	\$1,905 03
MRS. J. T. BEAL, Treasurer.	

## THE NEW ROSE LOVING CUP.

Mr. S. Clifton Rose, of Mississippi, has renewed the Rose loving cup, as all space left for names of winners on the original cup has been filled. This cup was presented the U. D. C. in 1913 by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, President of the Mississippi Division, afterwards Historian General, to encourage research work by the Daughters. It was the first trophy for individual work bestowed in the general organization and has been the forerunner of various prizes and medals.

The new cup is very handsome indeed, gracefully proportioned, and beautifully engraved. It stands fourteen inches above the pedestal and is a reproduction in shape and design of a Grecian urn. The bowl is finished with a band of laurel leaves, and the neck is engraved with a rose as the symbol of the donor. The inscription reads:

"Presented to the  
U. D. C.  
by

Clifton Rose, of Mississippi,  
In Loving Memory of His Mother,  
Mrs. S. E. F. Rose.

This Cup to Be  
Competed for Annually  
And Awarded According to  
Rules of Contest."

On the reverse side a space of seven inches has been left for the names of winners.

This cup was to have been presented at the Tampa Convention, but a delay at the factory prevented this. The original cup has been sent for preservation in the Solid South Room of the Confederate Museum at Richmond. The names it bears are:

Marie Louise Ayer Vandiver, South Carolina, 1913.

Eleanor Malloy Gillespie, Tennessee, 1914.

Dora Thomson Sifford, Arkansas, 1915.

Louella Styles Vincent, Texas, 1916.

Maud Russell Porter, Missouri, 1917.

Charlotte Osborne Woodbury, Kentucky, 1918.

The new cup was won in 1919 by Miss Armida Moses, of South Carolina, so oddly enough each cup has at the head of its list the name of a South Carolinian.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Think of this: Is there any history of this country that we can place in the hands of Southern children and say to them, "This is the true history of your native land, believe it"?

Mississippi was the first State of the Union to collect and classify its archives. The State Department of Archives and History collected from American and European sources all transcripts of documents relating to the State, and these, with the original collections, make an almost complete documentary history of the State.

The Tennessee Capitol Association has inaugurated a movement for the preservation of the State Capitol and acquiring by the State of sufficient adjacent property to safeguard forever its environment. This movement should have the support of every Tennessean and be a matter of pride to preserve the historic Capitol and own the land all about Capitol Hill because of its historic interest and value, camps and meeting places of the early settlers, and homes of men and women prominent in the history of Tennessee.

The prize essay on "The Services of the Women of Mary-



land to the Confederate States," by Miss Laura Lee Davidson, is very interesting and illuminating and worth reading.

U. D. C. CORRESPONDENTS.—Alabama, Miss Allie Garner; North Carolina, Miss Lila Ripley Barnwell, Hendersonville.

#### DIVISION NOTES.

*Kentucky.*—During the past month Mrs. James L. Stunston, President of the Division, has visited the Chapters at Louisville, Frankfort, Nicholasville, and Lexington.

Ballyheuch, the beautiful home of Mrs. George R. Mastin at Lexington, was on June 15 the scene of a large gathering of Daughters of the Confederacy, Confederate veterans, members of the D. A. R. and other patriotic organizations, and many friends to honor the memory of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy. Over the arches connecting the rooms of the lower floor were hung battle flags of the Confederacy, while on the wide verandas a battle flag and the Stars and Bars in full size were hung. The house was fragrant with masses of roses and June blossoms, and in the center of the dining table were the cut-glass rose jar and the silver pitcher and tray belonging to the Maj. Otis S. Tenney Chapter. Mrs. Mastin presided over the informal meeting and presented the State Historian, Miss Anna Belle Fogg, who spoke of the necessity of having true history taught in the public schools, of the elimination of popular myths, and of remedying sins of omission in teaching children, the history of Kentucky. Mrs. Stunston, President, spoke feelingly of the service of Jefferson Davis to the South and to the world. Captain Stone, of Frankfort, Confederate Pension Commissioner for Kentucky and Commander of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., made a most interesting address on the stirring events of the sixties and on the life of the man who accepted the destiny of the South as his destiny and dedicated himself wholly to the cause.

Among the several out-of-town visitors at this meeting was Mrs. Shearer, of Cincinnati.

Two prominent members of the Kentucky U. D. C., Mrs. Lucian G. Maltby, of Maysville, and Mrs. Harry McCarty, of Nicholasville, are suffering from serious injuries received in recent accidents.

*Massachusetts.*—The annual report of Boston Chapter shows appropriations during the year as follows: Cunningham Memorial, \$15; general relief work, \$35; Gen. Stand Watie monument fund, \$15; Ann Carter Lee Home, \$25; Confederate Museum, \$10; subscriptions to VETERAN for veterans, \$4; general endowment fund for Confederate Museum, \$10.

Six orders for the volume, "Southern Women in War Times," have been sent to the chairman in charge of its distribution.

The Robert E. Lee birthday celebration was observed with the usual impressive and inspiring program, at which two distinguished personages delivered addresses.

Three books were forwarded to the Chairman for the Bodleian Library collection. The twenty-five cents *per capita* tax money for the Jefferson Davis monument fund was sent in January.

The Chapter observed a historical program in March, at which interesting papers entitled "The Hermitage" and "Arlington" were contributed.

Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, President General, honored Boston Chapter with a visit in April. Many entertainments were planned for her, including a luncheon and reception. Mrs. McKinney's address aroused the members of the Chapter to renewed interest in all U. D. C. work, particularly her appeal

along educational lines and the scholarship fund, to which she gave much attention.

On Memorial Day for the second time a Confederate flag waved side by side with the Stars and Stripes on Massachusetts soil. The Southern colors were placed by Boston Chapter over the grave of a Confederate naval officer who died here while a prisoner of war. The May meeting hereafter will be a memorial to the heroes of 1861-65 and 1917-18.

During the past year meetings were held in the homes of members of the Chapter and were most enjoyable.

At the annual meeting officers elected for the ensuing year were at follows: President, Mrs. William Ledyard; Vice Presidents, Mrs. A. C. Schmelzer and Mrs. J. M. Head; Secretary, Mrs. E. W. Lincoln; Treasurer, Mrs. R. D. Collier; Historian, Mrs. H. H. Nance; Registrar, Mrs. E. W. Ware.

*Missouri.*—The Capt. Robert McCulloch Chapter, of St. Louis, a new Chapter of young ladies, and the officers of the Missouri Division were the honor guests at a reception given at the home of Mrs. Robert Brooks, St. Louis, on April 9 by the Confederate Dames Chapter.

The Emmett McDonald Chapter, of Sedalia, and the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Blackwater have given a scholarship in the Central Business College of Sedalia valued at \$140.

The Emmett McDonald Chapter, of Sedalia, has given a scholarship valued at \$100, the college to be determined later.

A full scholarship valued at \$200 will be given in Missouri State University in memory of and named for P. G. Walker. Rev. P. G. Walker was the father of Mrs. George Baker Longan, of Sedalia, Educational Chairman of the Missouri Division.

*North Carolina.*—At a recent meeting of the Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, U. D. C., in Hendersonville, N. C., the afternoon was devoted to historical reminiscences of Confederate days which took the form of romances, prison experiences, battles, camp life, and numerous adventures in connection with war. In addition to these stirring and instructive accounts, souvenirs of the sixties were shown—a gun captured from a Northern picket, a button from Stonewall Jackson's uniform presented to the donor by General Jackson's sister-in-law, Mrs. D. H. Hill, a Bible which a Confederate soldier read during a long prison experience, and a pardon to a loyal Confederate from President Johnson.

This Chapter is particularly stressing the collection of historical information and its proper instruction in our schools.

On June 1-3 Fayetteville for the first time was hostess city for the annual State reunion of Confederate veterans, and royally were the soldiers in gray entertained. More veterans, despite their advanced age, were present than had attended a reunion in ten years, and this made the grand parade of at least two battalions marching in close order, headed by Gen. James I. Metts, Division Commander, uncommonly impressive. An enjoyable reception was held at the Woman's Confederate Home, the first time the veterans had seen this haven of rest for needy Confederate women. There are sixty rooms, each room being maintained by a U. D. C. Chapter of North Carolina. One day the veterans spent at Camp Bragg, guests of the commander, Colonel McNair. The round of pleasure reached a climax with a grand open-air ball on Hay Street participated in by all and especially enjoyed by two veterans, one an expert dancer and the other a fiddler.

*Pennsylvania.*—During the past year the Pittsburgh Chapter has been quite active in spite of the "let down" from the "high tension" of war work. Monthly meetings were held at the home of the President, where a social hour followed Chapter business.

From the proceeds of a rummage sale substantial gifts were made to local charities and \$50 sent to the Confederate Home at Beauvoir, Miss., to give the dear veterans a little pleasure.

On Decoration Day, May 30, the Pittsburgh Chapter, following its usual custom, placed a wreath on the Union soldiers' monument in Allegheny Cemetery, an act that is much appreciated by the G. A. R. Post. The presentation was by Mrs. Fannie Loney Hooff, who was introduced to the Post by Col. James M. Schoonmaker, who endeared himself to the people of Virginia by saving the library of the V. M. I. during the War between the States. Mrs. Hooff is not only a charter member, but the oldest member of the Pittsburgh Chapter.

The scholarship maintained at the University of Pittsburgh is filled for 1920-21 by a daughter of one of the members of the Chapter.

*South Carolina.*—Mrs. E. E. Cloud reports the Division expecting to accomplish great things under the leadership of their capable and efficient President, Mrs. St. J. A. Lawton, especially as the whole State holds dear the principles of the Confederacy and the men and women who upheld them. The Division is divided into four districts under the supervision of a Vice President. All report that the veterans and their wives and their comfort are their first consideration and that every district shows great interest in the education of the youth of Confederate ancestry. All are interested in the important work—its importance grows with every passing year—of collecting and preserving historical data, but not to the extent needed or hoped for.

Memorial Day was generally observed by the Chapters of the Division. Governor Cooper proclaimed May 10 as Memorial Day for veterans of the World War, calling upon them to coöperate with the U. D. C. and observe the day with the Confederate veterans. At Rock Hill Major Humphries, a World War veteran, made a fine address, stating that the men of the sixties were the inspiration of our boys who went overseas to fight. Dr. Martin addressed his remarks to the Confederate veterans present and told them that no soldiers were ever braver or fought against greater odds than the Confederate soldiers.

*Tennessee.*—Mrs. Jonathan Tipton, of Knoxville, is the newly appointed Regent of the Tennessee Room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond. Under her leadership it is expected that Tennessee will complete her endowment fund of \$2,000 for the maintenance of this room and its valuable relics.

*Virginia.*—On June 3, the birthday of President Jefferson Davis, the Jubal A. Early Chapter, of Rocky Mount, entertained the Franklin County veterans in the grove of Judge E. W. Saunders with an interesting program. The Daughters made coffee on an open fire, camp style, and after the delicious lunch tobacco was given to the veterans present, while the absent were remembered with tobacco, a Confederate flag, and a note sent to each.

After the lunch interesting addresses were made on the life and character of President Davis, and throughout the entertainment there was music by the Rocky Mount band and special selections on the violin, guitar, and banjo.

All veterans present and absent were registered with their addresses, so they can be remembered and looked after.

*Virginia.*—The William Watts Junior U. D. C. gave in May an opera at the Academy of Music in Roanoke which realized a handsome sum for the relief work.

District meetings have been the order of the day during April and May. The first district met the last week in May at Wytheville, the second met at Clifton Forge, the third at Boydton April 29, and the sixth held a most enthusiastic meeting at Hampton April 20, with many of the Division notables present. This district has led all others in enthusiasm, attendance, and response to Mrs. Norman Randolph's appeals for relief work.

*West Virginia.*—Just now, at the close of an active year of work and play, all Chapters in the West Virginia Division have turned their thoughts to the somber side of our sacred work and celebrated the Southland's hallowed Memorial Day by openly paying and bespeaking tribute to the memory of those whose glorious examples of the highest types of womanhood and manhood have led us on to the noble achievements of the Daughters of the Confederacy and shall ever through the years to come lead on to bigger and higher things.

One of the most notable and successful social affairs given this spring by the Daughters of West Virginia was the silver tea by the Alderson Chapter, when the President, Miss Emma C. Alderson, welcomed the guests in the spacious and hospitable home of Mr. J. M. Alderson. Southern airs were played and sung during the afternoon, and a very generous silver offering added to the material success of the tea. The Daughters of Alderson Chapter will be hostesses to the West Virginia Division at the next State Convention.

Through the generosity of Mr. Meade Pritchard, of Charleston the beautiful monument to Stonewall Jackson in the State Capitol grounds has been preserved by a gift of the replacement stone in honor of one of West Virginia's most illustrious sons and Confederate heroes, the late Samuel S. Green, brigadier general C. S. A. The base of the monument was beginning to disintegrate, and its restoration is a source of joy and profound appreciation not alone to the members of Charleston Chapter nor yet to the daughters of West Virginia alone, but to all sons and daughters of the Southland, for the beautiful monument to one of our most beloved heroes is a part of that heritage of inspiring work left us by our own Sir Moses Ezekiel.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1920.

THE RENAISSANCE IN SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

The novelists, depicting every phase of Southern life—Creole, colonial, cracker, and mountaineer. Discuss the most popular of these books and vote on which are the ones most likely to have a permanent place in literature.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1920.

Raphael Semmes and the cruise of the Alabama.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*  
Seale, Ala.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*  
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.  
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



## VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson  
GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer  
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

## CONVENTION CALL FOR 1920.

Official information has been sent out that the invitation of Houston, Tex., for the Reunion—October 5, 6, 7, 8—has been accepted by Gen. Van Zandt, Commander in Chief U. C. V., and in accordance with the constitution and by-laws of the C. S. M. A., that "the time and place of the annual meeting of this Association shall be the same as that of the annual meeting of the U. C. V.," you are hereby called to meet in Houston, Tex., in convention beginning October 5 and lasting through the 8th. Headquarters will be established at the Rice Hotel, and you are urged to send representatives from every Association, as many matters of vital importance to our work will be considered. A greatly reduced railroad rate will be granted, making the trip a very inexpensive one, and many splendid hotels in Houston insure ample place for entertainment. Be sure to apply in time for certificates entitling you to the reduced railroad rates, as this concession is only granted upon the certificate plan. Looking forward with pleasure to a real reunion of Memorial women, I am,

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON,  
*President General C. S. M. A.*

## ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, has paid the following beautiful tribute to the memory of Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, of Richmond, Va., who held at the time of her passing the high office of Corresponding Secretary General C. S. M. A. and whose death came suddenly in the morning of May 23: "Hers was a life filled with devotion and loyalty, vibrant with enthusiastic energy for every duty and service and intelligent appreciation of every duty of work undertaken. She was responsive to every demand on time or strength, whole-souled, generous, and true to every trust. This lovely woman has passed from our earthly sphere, and her passing makes a gap in the rank and file of workers to be deplored. Hers was a type rarely met with, a combination of all that makes woman mean so much to the world, and yet so thoroughly *en rapport* with the demands of the present-day activity. The death of Mrs. Robinson is a great loss, not only to the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, but to every Southern patriotic organization. We shall meet, but we shall miss her inspiring and uplifting presence, and our only comfort is that she was spared long suffering. We tender our deepest sympathy to the bereaved family.

"Do we grieve when another star  
Looks out from the evening sky?  
Or the voice of war is hushed  
Or the storm of conflicts die?  
Then why should your soul be sad  
And your heart be sorely riven  
For another gem in the Saviour's crown  
And another soul in heaven?"

\* \* \*

A thriving, enthusiastic Junior Memorial Association has been organized in Atlanta, Ga. The children, both boys and girls, assembled at the home of Mrs. William A. Wright, President of the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association, and made a permanent Association with Miss Willie Fort Williams as Director. Miss Williams is the young daughter of the first Vice President of the Ladies' Memorial Association and is a capable head for the new Memorial Association. The officers elected are: Miss Allie Stephens, President; Miss Sarah Douglas, Vice President; Miss Janice Morgan, Secretary; Miss Luticia Johnston, Treasurer. Miss Stephens is the grand-niece of Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice President of the Confederacy, and Miss Douglas, Miss Morgan, and Miss Johnston are descendants of Confederate officers. The Junior Memorial Association will take up a sustained course of study and will hold meetings each month at the home of Mrs. Wright. Essays will be written and read from time to time, and a prize essay contest will be held annually by the members. The object of the Association will be to keep the youth of the South informed as to the true facts and the correct history of the South and the part it has played in the great events of the United States, by which it has been a strong factor for the development of the higher ideals of mankind.

It is the very earnest desire of the President General of the C. S. M. A., Mrs. Wilson, to have many Junior Memorial Associations organized. Recently so many untruths and misstatements have been promulgated by biased and bitter writers and politicians that it seems necessary if we are to preserve the facts of our side of the South, and the Confederacy especially, to organize these Associations and keep alive the truth in the minds of the young people who are to take our places in the future in maintaining our sentiments and sacred trusts.

Not long ago two little girls came to me and asked: "What is this Memorial Day they are talking about?" I told them what it meant and was amazed to have one of the children ask, "But who are the Confederate heroes?" Now, these children are the children of thoroughly Southern parentage and are in school (being eight years old), and yet they have

never been informed about the South and the beautiful heroism of our soldiers and the day of all days when we remember them with loving tribute of words and flowers. Then, unless you would have your work of over half a century avail you naught, organize Junior Memorials everywhere and teach your children the things they should know of the South and its sacred dead.

Gratifying reports continue to come in from far and near giving notice of Confederate mothers who are entitled to the bar of honor. To the present time thirty-three pins have been presented, representing twelve States. Applications for several more bars are on file. The following Confederate mothers have received bars of honor since the last report: Mrs. Matilda Hardin Holmes, Barnesville, Ga.; Mrs. Sallie K. Jamison, Russellville, Ark.; Mrs. Sarah Jane Hardin, Franklin, Ga.; Mrs. Evellina Harney, Mathison, Miss.; Mrs. Biddie M. White, Wedowee, Ala.; Mrs. Olivia Law Pooser, Orangeburg, S. C.; Mrs. Mary C. Solomon, Forrest City, Ark.; Mrs. Easter Hudgins, Greenville, S. C.; and Mrs. Elizabeth Robinson, Naylor, Ga.

\* \* \*

We are gratified and congratulate Florida upon the election of Mrs. Frank D. Tracy as State President of the C. S. M. A. Mrs. Tracy has been our most efficient chairman for locating Confederate mothers entitled to the C. S. M. A. bar of honor.

## FIGHTING IN THE SUNFLOWER COUNTRY.

BY CAPT. WILLIAM L. RITTER, REISTERSTOWN, MD.

In January, 1863, General Pemberton sent a six-gun battery of light artillery and a company of cavalry to the Sunflower country above Vicksburg, Miss., to fire into transports laden with Federal troops then passing down the Mississippi River from Memphis, Tenn. The battery consisted of two guns from a Mississippi battery, two guns from Bledsoe's Missouri Battery, one gun from the 3d Maryland Battery, and one gun from Corput's Georgia Battery. The cavalry was from Mississippi.

These troops were doing good work along the Mississippi River when the Federal government conceived the idea of sending a division of infantry, a battery of artillery, and a company of cavalry to drive the Confederates out of the Sunflower country. So the contest opened, and the little band of Confederates could not stand up against such an array of veteran troops; so they began to fall back, fighting as they retreated down the Deer Creek road. A number of miles below Greenville the road made a detour around a large plantation, which had to be followed by the artillery. Lieutenant Wood, commanding the artillery, took the precaution to send his caissons and wagons ahead to a schoolhouse green, so they would not interfere with his guns in action. The Mississippi cavalry did not follow the artillery around the plantation, but cut across the fields to the schoolhouse, then down the Deer Creek road, followed by the Federal cavalry, which soon put the Mississippi cavalry *hors de combat*.

Lieutenant Wood saw the Federal cavalry cross the fields, so he halted and called a council of war to determine what should be done to escape capture. The first proposition was to cut the horses loose from the carriages and swim Deer Creek. Upon investigation it was found that that idea was not feasible, because the water was too deep and the opposite bank too high for the horses to recover when leaving the water. Lieutenant Maugh, of the Missouri battery, said: "Let us charge them." So all the men were ordered to mount,

raise the Rebel yell to the highest pitch, move down the road at a fast trot, and frighten the Yanks away, which they did to good effect. The guns were wheeled into line as they entered the schoolhouse green and opened a deadly fire on the retreating enemy. The men decided to stick to the guns and fight to the death in the retreat—no support. Lieutenant Wood asked Lieutenant Bates to cover the rear, which he did by unlimbering the howitzer and trailed by prolonge in the mud, thus keeping up a running fight for twelve miles.

When the Federals gave up the chase the Confederates returned to Rolling Fork, their base of operations. It may seem a little singular to persons not acquainted with the character and conditions of the country around Rolling Fork that the Federals did not move down and take possession of the Confederate base. They made several efforts to accomplish that very thing, but always failed. The water and swamps covered about three-quarters of the surrounding land, and the other quarter was covered by an impenetrable canebrake except one roadway that could be defended by a few men.

The escape of Wood's Artillery from capture was a remarkable achievement, considering the conditions in which it was placed: the Federal cavalry in front and in rear, charging for twelve miles, time and again being beaten off with shell and canister, as the brave cannoneers had determined to escape or die in the effort.

## SCHOOLBOOKS FAIR TO THE SOUTH.

MISSISSIPPI LEADS.

Gen. C. I. Walker, Chairman of the "Committee to Disseminate the Truths of Southern History," writes:

"The Mississippi Textbook Commission has by its recent patriotic action set the pace for all other Southern State Book Adoption Boards in adopting histories from which the young will be taught the truths of Confederate history. At its annual meeting it adopted books fair to the South and would not even consider the books condemned by the Rutherford Committee. The Rutherford Committee, U. C. V. and S. C. V., presented a strong appeal for such action by an influential deputation of veterans, Sons, and other sympathizers.

"The work should be carried on, but it cannot be without funds. The necessary expenses must be met."

Miss Mildred Rutherford, author of "Truths of History" and "Measuring Rod for Textbooks," makes this appeal:

"Will not loyal Confederates who are able to aid send to the committee of Veterans and Sons who are urging the adoption of correct textbooks in our schools a liberal sum to carry on this good work? Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Chairman of the committee, is doing all he can, and largely through his efforts the unjust textbooks in Mississippi have been rejected. In a short time other States will have to decide this question. General Walker is hampered for lack of funds. Will you not aid him and his comrades in this much-needed work?

"Wake up, Confederates! We have nearly slept over our rights."

The U. C. V. Committee is composed of Gen. C. I. Walker, Chairman, Mount Pleasant, S. C.; Gen. J. S. Carr, Durham, N. C.; Gen. C. B. Vance, Batesville, Miss.; Gen. V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.

S. C. V. Committee: Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, Chairman, Danville, Va.; Dr. John W. Hooper, Roanoke, Ala.; W. C. Chandler, Memphis, Tenn.; W. S. Lemley, Temple, Tex.; J. J. Slaughter, Muskogee, Okla.



# SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1919-20.

Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest  
Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton  
Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.  
[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]

## CONFEDERATION NEWS AND NOTES.

Mr. J. Edward Beale, Commandant of the Black Horse Camp, S. C. V., Warrenton, Va., announces the appointment of Messrs. E. S. Turner, W. H. Robertson, G. L. Fletcher, and J. B. Grayson as delegates to the State Reunion of Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans to be held at Culpeper, Va., in the early fall.

\* \* \*

The John Tyler Camp, S. C. V., Charles City, Va., will appoint its delegates, sponsor, and maids of honor for the Houston Reunion at its regular August meeting. The officers and members of the Camp and the Daughters of the Confederacy will entertain the Harrison-Harwood Camp, Confederate Veterans, August 25.

\* \* \*

The Rev. W. W. Page, Confederate veteran and a relative of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and rector of St. Paul's Church, Cornwall, N. Y., died in a hospital there June 14, 1920. He was eighty years old and was at one time religious editor of the New York *Herald*.

\* \* \*

Mr. George T. Rawlins, Commandant of Washington Camp, S. C. V., and a volunteer in the U. S. N. R. F., has been called into active service for the purpose of taking the cruise to Antwerp, Belgium, on the United States steamship Frederick to be present at the Olympic games. The Frederick sailed from Newport, R. I., on July 25.

\* \* \*

Dr. S. M. Johnson, General Director of the Lee Highway Association, Roanoke, Va., requests a complete list with addresses of all Camps of Sons of Confederate Veterans. The Association desires to place all the Camps of the Confederation upon its mailing list, to secure their coöperation, and to report regularly the progress in its work.

\* \* \*

The Commander in Chief, S. C. V., announces that he has been officially informed that the twenty-ninth annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans will be held in the city of Houston, Tex., Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, October 6-8, 1920; therefore in accordance with Section 59, Article IX, of the general constitution, which provides that "there shall be held annually a Reunion of the Confederation at the place selected by the United Confederate Veterans," the several Camps of the Sons of Confederate Veterans will hold their twenty-fifth annual Reunion Convention at Houston, Tex., Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, October 5, 6, 7, and 8, 1920. The Reunion Convention will be composed of delegates from Camps, and also the Commander in Chief, Department, Division, and Brigade Commanders and their Adjutants as *ex-officio* members, visiting comrades who are not delegates, as well as all Veterans and Daughters, are privileged to attend all the sessions, and an earnest invitation is extended to them to do so.

## S. C. V. REUNION HEADQUARTERS.

The headquarters of the Commander in Chief and staff and for the official sponsors and maids of honor, as well as the officers of the Confederation and visiting Sons, will be at the Rice Hotel. All comrades are commanded to report to headquarters immediately upon arrival. Full detailed announcements will be made later concerning hotel rates, official ladies' certificates, and all matters in connection with the Sons' part.

\* \* \*

Without reference to politics, the remarks made by Mr. Allen McCurdy in his keynote speech at the convention of the third party held at Chicago July 10 will be resented by the people of the South. Mr. McCurdy says: "Our platform is single minded in its purpose. It seeks to accomplish not all things or even many things, but goes straight to the accomplishment of a task which it considers of supreme importance at this time. Through it we declare that just as in 1860 the paramount issue in American life was the abolition of the special privilege of chattel slavery, so the paramount issue of 1920 is the abolition of economic privilege, which has grown more powerful than slavery ever became."

It appears that this new party has come into the world stillborn. Its corner stone is injustice. It is built upon lies, cemented by hypocrisy and instilled with ignorance. They seem to have persuaded themselves that by much shouting and prostrating of themselves they can raise it from the dead. Any party that does not proudly avow the truth without flinching or turning away from the straight path for reasons of political expediency is doomed to certain death.

## TRIBUTE TO DR. WILLIAM B. CONWAY.

A. L. Lancaster, Adjutant of the Evans-Ronalds Camp, S. C. V., and Assistant Commissary in Chief, Blacksburg, Va., writes: "A friend of the Sons of Confederate Veterans has passed away. Dr. William B. Conway, a former resident of Blacksburg, but who had spent the last twenty years in Athens and Atlanta, Ga., died at the home of his daughter in College Park, Ga., on July 6. Dr. Conway was not a man of great stature, but one could feel his goodness and greatness in being with him. He was always courteous, gentle, big-hearted, and accommodating, the last to his detriment in many cases. Dr. Conway was instrumental in forming the Evans-Ronalds Camp, S. C. V., and I do not believe I ever saw him so happy as when the formation was completed. I knew him for forty-six years and always found him ready to help the boys. To know him was to love him, and we miss him now, though realizing that he has gone to his reward for having earnestly and faithfully performed his duties. A sketch of Dr. Conway will be found in the Last Roll of this number."

W. L. Jameson, of Magnolia, Ark., renews for himself and sends a new subscription, with which he writes: "I have been a subscriber to the *VETERAN* for a number of years, and I expect to take it the remainder of my life. I cannot understand why the educated, intelligent young manhood of the South is not anxious to support the only periodical of the kind in the United States, the only one seeking to teach the history of the South to the rising generation as it really is and as it was made by their fathers."

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More folks in the country raisin' feed,  
A heap more foodstuff's got to be  
made—

There's too many of us in the shade.

There ain't no music in Old Beck's  
bray;

We'd rather hear the brass band play;  
No charm in the cackle of the hen  
that's laid—

There's too many of us in the shade.

We don't like the sun's hot rays;  
We'd rather see the movie plays;  
Collars won't melt, shirts won't fade—  
There's too many of us in the shade.

When we get hungry, when food gives  
out,

Then you'll see us hustlin' about;  
Folks in the cities will be dismayed—  
There's too many of us in the shade.

—Eli Haggard.

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At the present time the public should remember that the war burdens are still with us and have to be carried some little distance in the future, and that they must do their share in this.

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We are the most prosperous country in the world. We can pay our debts, and the government has the right to tax each and every citizen to pay those debts.

## FATHER WAS SAFE.

"Two men got into a fight in front of the bank to-day," said a man at the family tea table, "and I tell you it looked pretty bad for one of them. The bigger one seized a huge stick and brandished it. I felt that he was going to knock the other's brains out, and I jumped in between them."

The family had listened with rapt attention, and as he paused in his narrative the young heir, whose respect for his father's bravery is immeasurable, proudly remarked: "He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"  
—*Boston Post.*

An inquiry comes from the friends or family of Mark Fuller, of the Virginia Blues, 7th Louisiana Infantry, Hays's Brigade, who was wounded at Fredericksburg; was supposed to have settled in Texas after the war. Also of Isaiah D. Fuller, of New Orleans, and Robert Mott, of Richmond, later of New Orleans, or of William Watson, who died in Richmond. There are family heirlooms to be distributed. Send replies to the VETERAN.

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John J. Austin, of Palmetto, Ga. (Route 3), is anxious to get in communication with some of his old comrades and asks that any survivors of Company A, Light Artillery, Smith's Regiment, Hoxton's Battalion, Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps, will write to him. He was paroled at Meridian, Miss.

**WANTED.**—Any one having a copy of "Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee," by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee, or of "The Life of Lee," by Miss Emily Mason, published about 1872, will confer a favor by writing the VETERAN, giving condition of books and price wanted.

Who knows of a "Life of Gen. R. E. Lee," by Marshall? Information of such a work is wanted by the VETERAN.

Copies of Mrs. Pryor's "Reminiscences of Peace and War" are also wanted.



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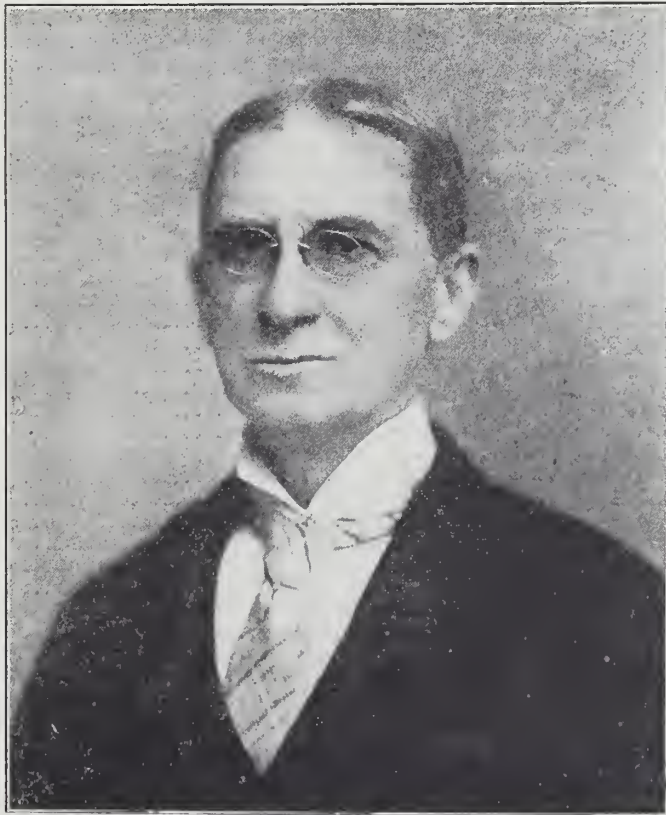
**The Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.**

# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXVIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1920

NO. 9



**COL. WILLIAM GORDON McCABE, OF VIRGINIA**  
Soldier, Scholar, Teacher, Author, and Historian  
(See page 325)



# New Uniforms for the Reunion

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## LEVY BROS.

Market at Third, Louisville, Ky.



J. M. Adams, of Monroe, Ga., wants a copy of "The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences" and "Why the Solid South." Any one having those books for disposal will kindly write to him, giving condition and price of books.

John W. Gay, of Jacksonville, Tex., Route No. 1, would like to hear from any surviving member of Company C, 9th Georgia Battalion of Artillery. He is now seventy-nine years old and wants to get a pension.

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### SPONSORIAL STAFF COMMANDER IN CHIEF U. C. V.

Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans, has announced the following staff appointments for the Reunion in Houston, Tex.: Matron of Honor, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Paducah, Ky.; Chaperon, Mrs. C. M. Richard, Lake Charles, La.; Sponsor, Miss Sadie Ruth Arledge, El Paso, Tex.; Maids of Honor—Miss Lois Moseley, Batesville, Miss.; Miss Augusta Shepherd Little, Wadesboro, N. C.; Miss Theresa Corey, Birmingham, Ala.; Miss Alma Arledge, Nashville, Tenn.

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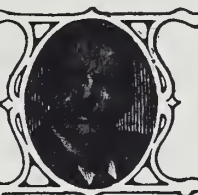
# Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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## OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXVIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1920.

No. 9. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

## BEQUEATHED.

BY VINCENT COSTELLO, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

A sparkle shone in his eyes when he  
Talked of Lee,  
And his voice grew tense and his words rang clear  
And drew me near.

I was a child when I heard the tale  
Of Sherman's trail  
And Mosby's raid and Jackson's sword  
The Yanks abhorred.

To-day he is dust, but on my stand,  
Always at hand,  
His fame shall lie in its mold of bronze  
Till my day dawns.

New Market's medal—the charge they made,  
Boys unafraid,  
And all the golden tales that he  
Told of Lee!

I have in this little ribboned thing,  
Made for a king,  
All that he knew or I may see  
Of him or Lee.

## INCREASE IN SUBSCRIPTION RATE.

Encouraging responses have been made to a late notice in regard to increasing the subscription rate of the VETERAN, the necessity for which comes from the increased cost of getting out the VETERAN. The following came from Judge L. B. McFarland, of Memphis, Tenn., with remittance of "two dollars for one year, not two": "Notwithstanding H. C. L., the VETERAN should raise its subscription to two dollars, as it is well worth that, and I raise mine now, wishing it continued prosperity and well-doing."

Other letters have come with remittances of from two to five dollars on subscription account and encouraging words for the publication. In sending his five-dollar check to re-

new for five years Charles F. McKenna writes from Pittsburgh, Pa.: "It is well on to twenty years since I opened a subscription for the VETERAN. Its contents, especially its historical contributions and touching obituaries of comrades who have been summoned to the 'great beyond,' have always been read with profit and interest, having as a youth of seventeen enlisted as a private in the Union army and served continuously in the field with my company in all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac from Antietam to Appomattox. Your journal in publishing and preserving the war records so fully and affectionately of the brave men of the Southern armies has performed a great and patriotic duty which cannot avoid being admired and appreciated by their late adversaries who wore the blue. Your August number in the well-deserved tributes to the late General Gorgas and Dr. William B. Conway, lately deceased, were especially interesting articles for my reading, as I knew both."

AN APOLOGY.—A very unfortunate mix-up occurred in the article on the University of Virginia by Dr. Henry E. Shepherd in the VETERAN for August. On page 304, beginning on the nineteenth line of the second column and extending to the quotation from Tennyson near the bottom of the column, part of another article was inserted. How it happened to get in with this article is a mystery, but that it doesn't belong there is very evident to the reader; and it mars the article considerably. The printer very obligingly omitted one word just before the quotation, which should have followed that nineteenth line, and this made connection according to his way of thinking. Our humble apologies are extended to Dr. Shepherd.

Another error was referred to by an interested patron in the following: "I noticed on page 297 of the August number in Dr. McNeilly's article on 'Religion and Reconstruction' the reference to 'Secretary Gerrard and his little bell.' Of course your printer intended to refer to that sneak and liar, Secretary Seward, and what he said to Lord Lyons about his 'little bell.'"



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

### TREATMENT OF THE SOUTH BY THE NORTH.

[This article appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* as a contribution from Dr. William E. Dodd, professor of American History in the University of Chicago, in reply to the statement of the French Minister of Finance.]

"The *Tribune* has given some publicity to the protest of the French Minister of Finance against Secretary Houston's statement that the South at the close of the American Civil War was subjected to terms quite as severe as those to which the recent great war has subjected any country of Europe.

"This raises an important question which all groups of our people ought to consider at this time. At the close of the American Civil War the whole State of Virginia lay prostrate, and its great granary, the Shenandoah Valley, a larger region than devastated France, had undergone a destructive invasion that took from it all horses, cattle, and hogs that could be seized. Almost every barn had been burned. The mills were all destroyed. Grain that could not be taken away was burned. The people were left without food for themselves.

"One has only to read General Sheridan's report to the War Department to learn that his own statement that a crow which would fly over the great valley of Virginia must take provisions with him was true. And for many years after the close of the war it was a common boast of army officers that Sheridan had utterly laid waste the richest region of Virginia. Is there any section of Europe that could tell a worse tale?

"All the way from Atlanta to Middle North Carolina, a distance of five hundred miles, there was a burned-over and broken area, where naked chimneys stood as mute reminders of the work of General Sherman. It was a strip ranging from twenty to sixty miles in width, the very region where the great plantations had flourished for half a century. There can be no doubt or question of the nature of the devastation and ruin that was wrought upon the South or of the intent of the work. The *Chicago Tribune* itself said: 'If the Mississippians did not submit to the will of the North, that whole State should be converted into a frog pond.'

"To illustrate the genuineness of Sherman's march through North Carolina, I shall cite three or four facts from my own family's experiences. My father, a boy of sixteen, drove the neighborhood horses into a vast and intricate swamp in Eastern North Carolina and kept them there for weeks to prevent their being taken. He was successful. The swamp was unknown to the invaders, and they did not undertake to penetrate it.

"At the house of my great-grandmother Johnston there was a small crop of wheat stored in the parlor. Sherman's troops took some barrels of home-made molasses and emptied them into the parlor with the wheat. My great-grandfather Horne was a slave owner and had a rather pretentious home near Clayton, N. C. Sherman's troops went through every drawer and cupboard in the house, looking for valuables. They then went to the wood pile, removed the wood, and

drove deep into the ground long steel spikes to see whether any valuables were buried there.

"When one of the divisions of Sherman's army entered Raleigh, N. C., a native of the city made some resistance, and, and upon the order of General Kilpatrick, he was promptly hanged to the limb of a great oak that still stands near the Capitol. Many a time have the boys of the city had this oak and the deed that distinguished it pointed out to them.

"These are but a few of the experiences of members of my own family. I have no reason in the world to doubt that the account of them is true.

"Was the lot of the South as hard and cruel as that of France or Germany? Let a few of the facts of our own history speak. The South was devastated as effectively as the wit of man could contrive. Her total wealth in 1860 was about \$6,000,000,000. She spent \$2,000,000,000 fighting the North. She lost \$2,000,000,000 by the freeing of the slaves. She perhaps had a third as much wealth in 1865 as she had in 1860.

"The Federal government laid an export tax upon cotton, the only great industry the South had. It was a ten-per-cent tax, I believe. It required the debt contracted during the war, due to the more well-to-do Southerners, to be repudiated. That and the emancipation of the slaves put all classes upon an economic level. All were poor and substantially equal. Has that been done to any of the peoples of Europe except by the Russian Bolsheviks of their own motion?

"Moreover, the South was compelled to take upon itself the payment of about one-third of the Federal debt incurred in their own suppression. Germany has not yet been called on to pay the debts of France and England. Besides, the Southerners were compelled to pay about a third of the cost of the pensions, most lavishly granted to Union soldiers. The treaty, which Mr. Keynes thinks unprecedented for its harshness, does undertake to compel the Germans to pay some of the cost of the French pensions. But how modest is a French pension!

"At the close of the American Civil War the Southern white people were compelled by military power to turn over their public affairs to their former slaves. Legislatures, colleges, and local governments were placed under the control of groups in each State, nine-tenths of whose members knew absolutely nothing of government, of history, or even of the rudiments of education. They heaped upon the South somewhat more than a hundred millions of debts, for which there was no equivalent in goods or services of any kind rendered.

"For ten years after the close of the Civil War troops were maintained in the South to enforce these conditions, and the South was compelled against her will to have her electoral votes counted for her political opponents. It may indeed be doubted whether any other people of modern times has been subjected to harsher terms than were those of the South from 1865 to 1876.

"Secretary Houston is a historian of high standing, although he has written only one historical work. He has stated a fact very moderately. A French Minister of Finance ought really to hesitate to contradict him. He has not said nearly as much as ought to be said by way of reminding our own people of their own past. Not that we need now renew our sectional grievances, but that we may judge the world problems a little more thoughtfully at a time when our judgments might do so much to alleviate the ills of war and to warn other nations that cruel terms fixed upon beaten peoples do not convert them from their errors of opinion."

## COL. WILLIAM GORDON McCABE.

"More than a brilliant life ends with W. Gordon McCabe. An era passes. Some survive who saw as much as he of the 'red front of battle,' and a few remain who enjoyed with him the high fellowship of great captains. But he was the last to combine in one person the genius and the blood, the chivalry and the courage, the poetry and the passion, the scholarly culture and the social charm of that Virginia immortalized in the War between the States. He was the last of the Cavaliers." (*News Leader*, Richmond.)

The above was taken from the tribute of one who knew him through long and intimate association and truly portrays the high character of Col. William Gordon McCabe, whose death at Richmond, Va., on June 1 removed one whose life was a noble contribution to his country in war and in peace. His great spirit rose above the wreck of war, and in his chosen work of teaching the youth of the State he helped to make the great commonwealth rich in her men of worth, and in his contributions to literature he recorded her history and romance.

William Gordon McCabe was the son of a minister, Rev. John Collins McCabe, an ardent Southerner, who gave up his parish in Maryland at the outbreak of the War between the States, ran the blockade, and became chaplain of the 32d Virginia Regiment, and later he was chaplain general of the Richmond prisons; his grandfather was that gallant James McCabe, an officer of the Revolution, "into whose arms Montgomery fell at Quebec," and his mother was Miss Sophia Gordon Taylor, a great-granddaughter of George Taylor, a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

The early education of young McCabe was at Smithfield and Hampton, where his father had Churches, and he entered the University of Virginia in 1860. The students there were among the first to respond to the call of the South, and on the night of the day that Virginia seceded, April 17, 1861, the student company, known as the "Southern Guard," was on the march for Harper's Ferry, and young McCabe remained a soldier of the Confederacy until the surrender at Appomattox. He served as a private in the third company of the Richmond Howitzers during the peninsular campaign of 1861; in 1862 he was commissioned a first lieutenant of artillery, and as such served in the Seven Days' Battle around Richmond; later he became adjutant of Atkinson's Heavy Artillery Battalion and then of Lightfoot's Light Artillery Battalion, with which he served in the campaign of Chancellorsville; in June, 1863, he was assigned to duty as assistant adjutant general at Charleston, S. C., and was in Fort Sumter and Battery Wagner during much heavy fighting. His gallant service received the commendation of Generals Beauregard and Ripley for promotion, but on his own application he was returned to Virginia, where he was for a time on the staff of General Stevens, then chief engineer of the Army of Northern Virginia. His last assignment was as adjutant of Pegram's Light Artillery, participating in the battles of the Wilderness and Five Forks and in the retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox. Early in 1865 he was made captain of artillery, on Colonel Pegram's recommendation, and after Appomattox, with a number of other young officers, he joined the forces of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston near Greensboro, N. C. He was paroled at Richmond in May, 1865.

In October, 1865, Colonel McCabe founded McCabe's University School at Petersburg, which he conducted successfully through many years. The school was removed to Richmond in 1895 and continued until 1901, when he retired to devote

himself to literary pursuits. He had contributed to many leading periodicals in America and England, where his articles were gladly accepted. He was an intimate friend of Lord Tennyson, whom he had visited, and numbered among other English friends and acquaintances Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley.

Many honors came to him from colleges and societies, patriotic and literary. For many years he was President of the Virginia Historical Society, and in late years he was on the Executive Committee of the Southern Historical Society in Richmond and edited its papers. His collection of books and manuscripts was one of the finest in the South.

Colonel McCabe was twice married, his first wife being Miss Jane Pleasants Harrison Osborne, and there were three sons of this union, two surviving him. It was a proud day for him when the news came that his youngest son, Col. E. Warner McCabe, commanded the regiment which marched first into the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein and raised the flag of our country. The second marriage was to Miss Gillie Cary, in 1915, and she also survives him.

The following tribute is from Maj. Giles B. Cooke, who served on General Lee's staff:

"Many abler pens than mine have written, and will write, beautiful tributes to the life and wonderful powers of mind, heart, and will of Capt. W. Gordon McCabe. I will give, therefore, only my estimate of the dear old captain as soldier and friend.

"With brilliant intellect, high purpose, and aflame with patriotic love for his native State, Virginia, he championed the constitutional cause of the Southern Confederacy and entered her service at the breaking out of the war in 1861 with the enthusiasm of youth.

"From a private, enduring all the dangers and hardships of this post of honor, he rose to the position of captain and adjutant of Pegram's Battalion of Artillery, emulating in bravery and efficiency the examples of those noble soldiers, Pegram, Pelham, and Latimer.

"Captain McCabe fought with unusual gallantry from the beginning of the great war, in 1861, through all the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, to its close at the surrender on the 9th of April, 1865.

"After the war he took the deepest interest through the rest of his life in the cause of the Confederacy. He had the highest regard for a Confederate soldier and considered it an honor to do him a service. As a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, he kept posted regarding the movements of the United Confederate Veterans, and at many of our Reunions he made most eloquent addresses on the heroic conduct of the Confederate soldier, the justice of our sacred cause, and in memory of our deceased comrades. He was a charter member of the A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans, and as Past Commander he was buried in the uniform he dearly loved.

"As an able historian he has left a record for the benefit of posterity, a just and accurate account of the part that Virginia and the other Southern States took in the struggle for their rights as guaranteed by the Constitution.

"Captain McCabe's address on the siege of Petersburg, Va., is probably the ablest of the many addresses that has been made of that memorable siege. His great speech before the New England Society at New York City on the 22d of December, 1899, is said by the best of critics to have been the most eloquent and wisest summing up of the present relations of the two great sections into which the Civil War di-



vided our country that has ever come from the lips of a representative Southern man.'

"As a friend, what more can I say than that for about fifty-five years his friendship for the writer of this tribute—a humble minister of the gospel—was somewhat like the friendship of Jonathan for David—so pure, so disinterested, so helpful, and so affectionate! His circle of friends, beginning with his schoolboy days, from the end of the war to the close of his valuable and eventful life at Richmond, Va., on the 1st of June, 1920, aged seventy-eight years, widened and widened until it embraced the humblest and most exalted, at home and abroad—such friends as Lord Tennyson, Field Marshal Evelyn Wood, Lord Wolseley, the great and good Gen. Robert E. Lee, and many others.

"Good-by, dear friend and comrade, until we meet again in that beautiful land where we shall part no more."

#### SOUTHERN LITERATURE—WRITERS OF THE WAR.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

A wonderful literature has been developed in the South around the War between the States. Now that probably the last book has been written, the final word spoken by those who took part in the great struggle, it is fascinating to compare the different views presented, tragic to realize how bitter were the animosities among those who had a common cause to hold them together, and infinitely sad to see the slow unfolding of the inevitable denouement when nine million people, including three and a half million slaves, attempted to make good their escape from twenty-one million who are determined to retain them by force in a union which no longer represented the ideals of the young republic which gave it birth. For in the last analysis this was what the question resolved itself into—the right of a minority to withdraw from a compact which was unscrupulously violated by the other party.

There are three totally different histories of the Confederacy. The first, and from its authorship the most commanding, was "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by Jefferson Davis. The Vice President of the Confederate government, Alexander H. Stephens, wrote "A Constitutional View of the Late War between the States," which is a masterpiece of lucid reasoning, and Dr. J. L. M. Curry followed with "The Civil History of the Confederacy." It would be difficult to find in any land three contemporaries who surpass these writers in mental vigor or in devotion to a cause which the world deemed lost.

It would seem that the surviving generals of the Confederacy were willing to test the saying that the pen is mightier than the sword. Beauregard, Longstreet, Hood, Gordon, Taylor, Early, Joseph E. Johnston, all contributed to the sum total. Some wrote to refute an injustice, real or fancied, done them by some other writer, others from a desire perhaps to live again in memory the splendid and sorrowful years of the sixties, when Southern manhood touched the loftiest heights of heroism and sacrifice.

The greatest of them all, Robert E. Lee, kept a noble silence; but the world, and especially the South, was eager to know more of the man who was the idol of the Confederate armies, and so Miss Emily V. Mason published in 1871 the "Popular Life of Gen. R. E. Lee." Col. Walter Taylor wrote "Four Years with General Lee," Gen. A. L. Long published in 1886 his "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee," and in 1894

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee wrote "General Lee" for the "Great Commanders" series. On this book the casual reader will ever dwell lovingly because of its charm, simplicity, and delightful humor, pervaded by a profound admiration for the character and genius of Lee. The "Recollections and Letters," by Capt. R. E. Lee, youngest son of General Lee, quite a large volume, supplements the other biographies and reveals more intimately the exquisite tenderness of the great soldier in his domestic relations.

Probably this generation will be surprised to know that in 1866 Prof. R. L. Dabney published the "Life and Campaigns of Lieut. Gen. Thomas J. Jackson" (Stonewall Jackson). It was certainly a bold deed, considering the contents of the chapter on "Secession," but Dr. Dabney carefully explains in the preface that his oath of allegiance to the United States did not bind him to think or say the principles on which he had acted were erroneous, but to abstain in the future from asserting them by force of arms. With this proviso the Doctor simply revels in unreconstructed logic and emphatic declarations that the people of the South went to war for the doctrine of State sovereignty and were only convinced by main force that they were unable to save that doctrine. One sentence can well be quoted: "It is to me simply incredible that a people so shrewd and practical as those of the United States should expect us to have discarded through the logic of the sword merely the convictions of a lifetime or that they could be deceived by us should we be base enough to assert it of ourselves."

This splendid and satisfying biography was followed by one from a professional soldier, Lieutenant Colonel Henderson, of the British army. Impelled by the admiration which Englishmen have always manifested for the military genius of Jackson, he visited the battle fields of Virginia, studied carefully the strategy of each campaign, and the result is given in a book which is a textbook for English officers as well as one of the most interesting and sympathetic biographies of the war. Mrs. Jackson's "Memoirs" of her famous husband are a revelation of the tenderness of the stern warrior in the domestic relations.

These are records of the fighting on land. The premier sailor of the South, Admiral Raphael Semmes, was a scholar and student as well as a brilliant naval officer. He possessed a literary style as trenchant as his blade, and in "Memoirs of Service Afloat" he has left a classic which is unsurpassed in the annals of the sea.

These few great names are mentioned because they command priority in Southern historical literature. A later article will consider some of the long and varied list of reminiscences which have contributed so greatly to an understanding of the South prior to and during the crucial period of her history. One fact must be emphasized. Some of these books are already out of print, many will gradually become so, and it is our duty as Daughters of the Confederacy to try to place them in libraries where they will be accessible to future students. One of the best ways to accomplish this object is to ask private owners to donate them to a permanent library, properly safeguarded as to lending them out. Each State should have a complete file of the books written by its own authors, as in this way local incidents are preserved and every phase of the struggle becomes available, with all the interesting side lights created by different points of view and changed perspectives.

This is important work for State and Chapter Historians and should receive their attention.

## THE MEMORY NOT TRUSTWORTHY.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

The 128 books embracing 138,579 pages, accompanied by an atlas containing 1,006 maps and sketches, labeled "War of the Rebellion, Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," printed and distributed by the United States government, furnish perhaps as nearly a complete and full record of the war of 1861-65 as it is possible to produce. Thousands of other works have been written whose facts are based partly or wholly on the facts contained in these official records.

The Congress of the United States initiated the project of collecting for publication the official records of the war as early as May, 1864. The work, however, was prosecuted spasmodically and with but little progress until December 1, 1877. At that date forty-seven volumes (thirty-seven relating to Union and ten to Confederate operations) had been completed and put in type and thirty copies of each had been printed. The first compilations were not regarded as satisfactory by the actors in that great tragedy, as it required the investigator to consult six different volumes to find all the matter pertaining to any event.

About this date, December 1, 1877, Capt. Robert N. Scott, 3d United States Artillery (subsequently major and lieutenant colonel of the same regiment), was detailed and put in charge of the work. It is to his efficient direction that this country and the world are indebted for the excellent arrangement of the official records which were printed and distributed.

The first Confederate records that came into the hands of the government were procured by Maj. Gen. H. W. Halleck, of the United States army, when he visited Richmond shortly after the city fell into the hands of the Federal army, and he wrote the Secretary of War on May 11, 1865, reporting that he had shipped over ninety large boxes of Confederate records to Washington.

There was a great deficiency of Confederate records from the beginning. The reports of Confederate officers during the last year of the war were meager and very deficient. Toward the end of the war many papers of great historical value were intentionally destroyed, and still a great number were concealed. Others were burned with public buildings or carried off by relic hunters, and in various ways the Confederate files were depleted.

Considerable distrust naturally characterized the former Confederates, and they were loth to give up such records as remained in their possession. This condition was overcome to some extent when Brig. Gen. Marcus J. Wright, of the Confederate army, was appointed agent for the collection of Confederate records. The efforts of General Wright improved the confidence of the former Confederates, and many records were brought forth from their places of concealment and forwarded to the department as gifts or deposited as loans. Purchases of such records to the extent of \$22,000 were made, then abandoned on account of the expense. This, however, did not prevent the subsequent securing of additional valuable collections of war papers from Confederate as well as Union officers.

As the fact of these donations became generally known and confidence in the impartiality of the publication increased, numerous and constantly increasing contributions from all parts of the country followed. President Davis during his life time and his widow after his death gave the government access to his papers relating to the war, and from this source were obtained copies of records of great historical value.

General Lee and a number of other Confederate generals donated valuable collections.

At an early date a question arose as to the admissibility of papers prepared after the close of the war. Several requests were made by former officers, whose duty it had been to make reports of certain events, but whose reports if made could not be found, for permission to prepare and submit reports in lieu of the missing ones for publication. All such requests were denied on the ground that the act of Congress approved June 23, 1874, provided that only official documents or authenticated copies thereof could be embraced in the publication.

On the 19th of June, 1882, but seventeen years after the war ended, a bill was introduced in the first session of the Forty-Seventh Congress authorizing the Secretary of War to receive for the period of one year from the passage of the act from the late commanding officers of the United States troops serving in the war or from the senior officer now living who participated in the actions or in the campaigns of said troops reports of their respective campaigns, also from those officers who wished to correct errors in their original reports or who could furnish additional information by more complete and detailed reports.

In its report to Congress upon this bill on December 7, 1882, the War Department invited attention to an inclosed report from Lieutenant Colonel Scott which pointed out the confusion and controversies to which such legislation would lead. He said: "The experience of this office has demonstrated the utter unreliability of recollections of the war. I had a Union colonel apply for permission to retract a statement never made in his report of Ball's Bluff. A general officer has complained that his report of Shiloh was garbled, but when shown his original report he acknowledged that it was correctly printed. Again, a Confederate major general denied ever having made a report that he saw noted in our catalogue, and on inspection it was found to be in his own handwriting, and he so acknowledged. As another instance I would mention that an attempt to ascertain who commanded a certain Confederate brigade in the Gettysburg campaign has developed two claimants for the position."

The bill was not enacted, and the Department, regarding this as an indorsement of its course, continued its previous policy of excluding post-bellum matter.

I have had an extensive experience along the same line. Not knowing of the existence of rolls and other original documents in connection with the company in which I served as a Confederate soldier, I attempted to establish a roll of the company by appealing to thirty or forty survivors to aid me with their memories. We, after fifteen or more years of spasmodic effort, succeeded in agreeing upon a roll embracing one hundred and seventy-three names purporting to be names of the enlisted men and officers. Many survivors, after scanning it closely and repeatedly, pronounced it perfect. I afterwards obtained copies of nineteen original rolls and the original "muster in roll" on file in the archives department connected with the War Department at Washington. A complete and consolidated roll was made from these. I found that three names on the roll prepared from memory were of men who were never enlisted in the company and consequently had never performed any service with it. The completed roll showed two hundred and sixty-six names, showing that ninety-six names of enlistments had entirely escaped not the memory of one survivor but of at least thirty survivors.



I have in my possession scores, perhaps hundreds, of other instances which will show that the memory is unreliable after a lapse of years. In my efforts to procure data to enable me to prepare a sketch of the company to file in the Department of Archives and History of this State I prepared and mailed to survivors scores of questions, the answers to which I proposed to sift and use in the preparation of my sketch. In the thirty or forty replies received to the same questions there was no more system, order, or uniformity than is shown in the arrangement of the pieces covering a crazy quilt. To give them would but add cumulative evidence tending to prove that the memory is untrustworthy after the lapse of time.

The memory is the faculty of the human mind which enables it to retain the impressions of thoughts and events, the power by which past impressions are reproduced. When such impressions assume form through words written or spoken they become reminiscences, the historical value of which depends upon their correctness and agreement with established versions bearing on the subject. Value also attaches to the statement of the person whose position or opportunity has brought him in contact with the persons or events concerning which the reminiscences are made; hence the great necessity of refreshing the memory from the best available sources of recorded evidence on the subject of which it is proposed to prepare a reminiscence.

#### *HARD SERVICE WITH ROSS'S BRIGADE.*

BY W. A. CALLAWAY, ATLANTA, GA.

It is getting late in the day for us old Confederates to be writing about the incidents of the War between the States, which started nearly sixty years ago; but the two intervening wars have not obliterated or dimmed our memory of the experiences of the few of us who are left, and, as Bill Arp used to say, we love to "ruminate" about those days of the sixties when we were fighting for what we believed then, and still believe, were the rights guaranteed to us by the Constitution of our fathers. Our ranks are very thin, but we have outlived the time allotted to us by the builders of the Soldiers' Home in Atlanta, who when they built it took a lease on the ground to expire in 1921. There are one hundred of the boys still occupying the Home, and the present legislature has renewed the lease for another ten years, thus setting a new time limit for the old Confederates. This will doubtless tell the tale, and after that we will only be a memory—a blessed memory—to our descendants who love the South and the cause for which so many suffered and died.

I started this article to tell about an expedition of Ross's Texas Brigade of Cavalry, with two pieces of Young's Battery, of Columbus, Ga., which was attached to that brigade. We were doing service in Mississippi at the time of which I write, and in January, 1864, we were ordered to take a wagon train with five thousand muskets and put them over to the Trans-Mississippi Department, as they were short of arms, at a point near Greenville. It was said that this was the coldest and wettest month ever recorded in that country—raining, sleeting, or snowing for several weeks. In order to get to the river we had to pass some forty or fifty miles through the Mississippi swamp, and, being perfectly level, water and ice averaged about knee-deep to the horses, with numerous bayous to cross, which were almost of swimming depth. There were also two small rivers in the route, the

Sunflower and Bogue Folio, which were both out of their banks.

Of course it was not possible to get the wagons far into this marsh before they had to be abandoned, stuck in the mud, but by prizing and pushing we managed to get one piece of the artillery through. It seemed for a while that the expedition would have to be abandoned, but General Ross was not made of that kind of stuff, so he ordered each cavalryman to take six guns across his horse; and as our brigade numbered around seven hundred or eight hundred men, this would take the five thousand muskets. We could make only a few miles each day, so we were in this predicament for about a week—every man as wet as water could make him. On arriving at the two rivers we found only one flat boat at each, so we put our one piece of artillery and such baggage as we had on these boats, while horses and many of the men swam ashore. It was a great sight to see horses following one another across the stream. In taking the boat across it was only necessary to lead one horse behind the boat, then all the other horses followed directly in line with him. The men who swam were either holding to the horses' necks or to their tails. It is a mystery why all did not freeze; but huge log fires were started as quickly as possible, and this partially dried their clothing. We did lots of hard service, but this surpassed anything I ever experienced.

Finally arriving at the Father of Waters, which was guarded by Yankee gunboats, we went into camp not far from the banks, and, hidden from view by thick undergrowth of cane and trees, we searched the banks of the river for a mile or two and found a few small boats. In these we put the guns across the river at night, taking three nights to finish the job. The river was nearly a mile wide, and the biting wind froze the hands and feet of many of our men who did the work. I failed to get to the river myself, being stuck in the mud with my piece of artillery several miles away, only one piece getting through. We started with two pieces.

Just as the command was ready to start back on the morning after getting all the guns across a gunboat was seen coming slowly down the river on the opposite side, and it was so tempting that General Ross ordered the artillery to open fire with solid shot. After the third round the vessel, being only of wood, began to sink, and our men retraced their steps and were not afraid of being followed through the dense swamps.

The piece of artillery which did the work above narrated was the same gun which later on saved the day for General Forrest in the battle of Murfreesboro in December, 1864, when by a sudden flank movement the Yankees charged our left wing and completely stampeded the command. I will state, however, that the troops which gave way under this charge were not of General Forrest's regular command, but had been sent to him as reinforcements. This stampede on our left was about to cause the command to be cut in two and many of us captured; but General Forrest, ever equal to emergencies, rode up and down the line, wildly ordering his men to rally, "For God's sake, men, rally!" at the same time ordering our piece of artillery to "halt and give 'em double charges of grape and canister," which we did at the crucial moment and with the deadly aim of our gunner, John Latimer, the coolest man I ever saw in battle. We struck their vulnerable point, causing a slow-up in their charge and aiding Forrest to rally his men. The situation was soon reversed, and in a few moments our men counter-charged, driving the enemy completely from the field and into their breastworks.

In this *mêlée* Forrest attempted to halt a color bearer who was "beating it" to the rear. I was within a few feet of him and plainly heard the third command from General Forrest to "halt with those colors," to which no attention was paid, and then I saw the shot from Forrest's pistol which broke the arm of the fleeing man. The colors were handed to General Forrest, who was on his horse, and he galloped up and down the line, waving them frantically, with the beseeching appeal to his men to rally. This they soon heeded, as the artillery was getting in deadly work. The cannoneers who manned this gun were all from Lagrange, Ga. They were J. M. Latimer, J. P. Thornton, Horace Pease, George Latimer, James Screven, and the writer. Captain Young was also present, urging the boys to "shoot to kill." Strange not a man of my company was hit; but since then these comrades have "crossed over," and "I, only I, am left," and my seventy-fifth birthday will have passed ere this is published.

The above occurred while Hood's army was at Nashville, after the slaughter at Franklin. History records the repulse at Nashville and the falling back out of Tennessee across the river. My brigade, Ross's Cavalry, was Hood's advance guard going into Tennessee and the rear guard coming out, so we were fighting more or less for about forty-five days.

In some way Dr. John A. Wyeth, when writing his "Life of Forrest," learned that I was an eyewitness to the shooting of the color bearer, and he asked me for a detailed account of the incident, which I furnished, and he published it in his book.

#### INCIDENTS OF SAILOR'S CREEK.

[This article is part of a letter written to a friend by J. S. McNeily, a brother of the Captain McNeily referred to.]

While there was subsequent fighting in the next three days, the last listed battle in Virginia was that of Sailor's Creek. Here Lee's rear guard, Ewell's Corps, composed of the two skeleton divisions of Kershaw and Custis Lee, of little if any more than three thousand men—worn down by marching day and night, harassed by the enemy's cavalry, without scrap or crumb of rations since a scanty breakfast of blue beef and no bread the morning of the 5th—were brought to bay in the evening of the 6th of April at Sailor's Creek. After a thorough shelling, to which we had no artillery to reply and no cover except a scanty fringe of small timber, the Union infantry in heavy column advanced on our thin line. We punished them severely and stood our ground until so close that an officer who rushed to clutch our colors was killed by Private Smith, of Company E. In falling back we moved away from the road, thinking the cavalry would pursue down it, not knowing, though our commanders did, that they had already guns around and formed across the road behind us. In this way, every man looking out for himself, we became scattered, but all drifting to the bag of the net.

I had been delayed just after our line gave way by responding to a call to tie up the shattered wrist of Capt. George Wall, of Company C, and had to run to get away from the Yankees and overtake my comrades. As I reached the top of a wooded ridge an interesting sight was presented. Just ahead of me Capt. W. P. McNeily, the commander of the regiment, and Color Bearer A. A. Trescott were being held up by a lone horseman at the point of a pistol under command to surrender and give up the flag. The appearance of this man, who was evidently a staff officer of the day, coming from the opposite direction, was mistaken

by them for a Confederate who wanted the flag to rally our men upon. He was, in fact, from the enemy's cavalry, not yet in our sight, but moving up to take us in. Seeing our flag from his advanced line, he had raced ahead to get it. As the flag was handed him he looked up and saw me taking in the situation. For an instant he was puzzled. Knowing he would risk a bullet if he rode away, he decided to try on a bluff. He presented an impressive figure. With a broad red sash around his waist, hip boots, and jangling spurs, splendidly mounted and a fine horseman, with the colors in his bridle hand, brandishing his pistol in the other, he dashed toward me with the command: "Throw down your gun, you d—n Rebel, and surrender."

Standing on terra firma, with a loaded gun, feeling a complete master of the situation against a man with a pistol on a prancing horse, I replied: "My gun is loaded, you d—n fool." With his bluff called, shouting "Don't shoot," he wheeled his horse around, applied the spur, at the same time throwing himself flat on his horse's back. At the first jump I fired. The jump saved him. The shot that would have lodged in the rider's back struck the horse, killing him as instantly as a lightning stroke.

As the horse came down the rider kicked his feet free from the stirrups and kept on over the horse's head, his speed helped along by a shot from Lieut. Tom Adams, commanding Company H (Warren Volunteers), who had joined me. The captured colors were dropped, picked up by Color Bearer Trescott, and we all resumed the retreat which was destined to a quick end. We had not gone a hundred yards before the cavalry, coming from the direction we were going, were on or, rather, all around us. The last fighting of the day was by a little band just before sunset in a clump of scrub pines on a hillside. We were holding them off all right when Major Coston, of General Kershaw's staff, rode up and called on us to cease firing; that General Kershaw had surrendered the division. The last shot fired at us severely wounded Captain McNeily. Here we were captured, but I was not yet done with the flag incident.

After Lieutenant Adams and I had assisted my brother to the field hospital, we were taken to the "bull pen," where the captives of the day were corraled. I was almost paralyzed when I found my comrades being inspected and interrogated by the red sash officer, saying he was "looking for the Rebel who had shot at him and killed his horse after he (the Rebel) had surrendered," and "that he was going to take him out and have him shot." While his assertion was utterly false, I perceived that the time and his temper were unpromising for an argument of the question. So I remained out of the light of the camp fire and quietly backed away, before I could be identified, into the deeper darkness, watching this kindly intentioned Yankee depart, leaving behind him a string of cuss words.

I learned afterwards, and I mention it in his excuse, that in losing our colors he forfeited a claim to a ninety-day furlough. The end then came to the flag that had waved over the regiment at Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Knoxville, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Hanover, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Berryville, Cedar Creek, and Sailor's Creek. In the sight of a group of the regiment, silently and mournfully Color Bearer Trescott produced it from his bosom, where he had hidden it before being captured, and burned it.

I cannot close this letter without quoting what War Correspondent Swinton in his history of the Army of the Potomac, which he was chosen to write by officers of it, said



of Lee's retreat: "The misery of the famished troops passed all experience of military anguish since the retreat from the Beresina. Toward evening of the 5th and all day of the 6th hundreds dropped from exhaustion. \* \* \* Thus pressed upon, with blazing wagons in front and rear, amid hunger, fatigue, and sleeplessness, they fared toward the setting sun." Following with the description of Sailor's Creek, Swinton said: "But even while thus environed these men showed they could exact a price before yielding. And when our advance was made by a part of the 6th Corps, they delivered so deadly a fire that a portion of that veteran line bent and broke under it. But the numbers were too unequal and overwhelming."

#### CONCERNING THE TRENT.

[Continuation of the story by Dr. W. R. Inge Dalton, now of Seattle, Wash., appearing in the VETERAN for June, 1918, page 249. He and his companions were young officers of the Confederate States navy being sent over to Europe to take charge of vessels that the Confederacy was having built.]

After our harrowing experience of shipwreck on the Margaret and Jessie we stayed in Havana three weeks and enjoyed the sights of that old Spanish town to the fullest extent. One bull fight was all I attended; such cruel sport was not at all to my liking.

Leaving Havana, we boarded the steamship Trent, the same English craft which Captain Wilkes, of the United States navy, overhauled and took therefrom on the high seas by force our Confederate Commissioners, Mason and Slidell, who were to be appointed Ministers to England and France respectively. The capture came very near precipitating war between England and the United States. War would have been inevitably declared but for the prompt release of those gentlemen and a humble apology on the part of the United States. Upon such slight threads hangs the destiny of nations. The scales of peace or war were then trembling in the balance, and at that time we on the Confederate side ardently hoped that war would ensue. Such a terrible calamity was averted, and, viewing all of the circumstances which arose at the time and casting aside all the bitter prejudices which animated us while that tremendous struggle was raging, it is a matter of congratulation that war was averted. The Federal authorities were wise in this conciliatory action.

From St. Thomas we sailed to Martinique Island, where at St. Pierre, since utterly destroyed by the eruption of Mont Pelee, we had a delightful stay of a few days. From there we went on to Southampton, England, after a stormy voyage.

In the shipwreck of the Margaret and Jessie we had lost all of our baggage, so when we landed in England we presented a sorry plight. Some of us had on blanket trousers, which had shrunk tremendously. Lieut. Bob Foute (who died fifteen years ago while rector of Grace Church in San Francisco) had on an old pair which reached only a short distance below his knees; and as he was considerably over six feet high, you may imagine what a spectacle he presented as we walked boldly up to the desk to register at one of the finest hotels in London, the Grosvenor. The lady clerk at first refused to permit us to sign our names, but upon our emptying our pockets of about \$1,000 in gold each upon the silver platter on the desk she changed her mind and laughingly said: "O, I see you gentleman have been on a lark. Please to register?"

By the next morning we had had made by the tailors an outfit *de pied à cap*, all made during the night, a feat which

American tailors never accomplished; so we took breakfast the next morning dressed in fashionable attire of the prevailing style.

After we had a few days of sight-seeing, Commodore Maury ordered us to go over the Channel to Paris, France. We were quite agreeably surprised when the customhouse officials in Calais allowed our baggage to pass without an examination; and when we expressed our astonishment at such liberal courtesy, they said: "O, we know who you gentlemen are. We are aware of the fact that you are lieutenants in the Confederate States navy, and an inspection is not required." The same thing occurred in Paris. They appeared to know all about us, although we left London at an hour's notice and had not told a living soul of our contemplated destination. Their detective system appeared to be perfect. As I had been to France several times and spoke the language fluently, my party elected me to be spokesman, and I probably acquitted myself creditably, as they were loud in their expressions of thankfulness and gratitude. I may as well state here that I had been bearer of dispatches several times from Richmond to London and to Paris, of which experience I will write later.

Mr. Slidell thought it best to order us away from the gay capital of France, as we had been rather too conspicuously in evidence at the places of amusement. So some of us departed for Metz, where we remained for months, and were afterwards ordered to Orleans, that beautiful city on the banks of the Loire.

I must explain that we had been sent over to Europe from the Confederate States of America. We had some iron-clad men of war built on the Thames, the Mersey and the Tweed in England, and also some nearly completed in France. We were sent over to be officers on them, indulging in the hope that we could sail to New York and Boston and capture those cities or lay them in ashes; but the hope was altogether in vain, for, owing to the watchfulness of Minister Adams, of the United States, who was then Minister to England, we failed to get a single one of them.

It was at Orleans that we met those charming ladies, Mrs. Kearney, wife of Gen. Phil. Kearney, of the United States army, Mrs. Pelton, and Mrs. Sweeny, an Irish lady of exquisite refinement, and the highly cultivated young ladies, their lovely daughters, nine of them exactly, and we nine boys all became engaged to be married. We each chose our lady love and swore by Cupid that we would return after the war, and then we would live happily ever afterwards. But alas for the cruel, relentless fate which overtook all of us. Then we knew not what poverty meant; after the war we were all impoverished, and only two of that gloriously happy party realized their dreams. The others had to go to work hard to make a decent living, and we scattered to all points of the compass.

We were gay youngsters, little realizing the awful experiences which we were to encounter during the ensuing four years of "hell." Alas! of all that merry crew, I am the only one left this side of eternity's shore. Why? God only knows. Among that crew of officers were several who achieved promotion by gallant conduct upon many a gory field or bloody sea.

There was C. W. Reed, from Mississippi, who sailed into the harbor of Portland, Maine, upon the Tacoma and captured a revenue cutter. He would have succeeded in going out to sea had he not run out of ammunition. Having used up all the iron shots, shells, and shrapnel, he rammed into the guns such things as marlin spikes, nails, and other iron imple-

nments which could be found on the craft and kept up a hot fight on the gunboat, which finally intercepted and captured him. They put him into prison at Fort Lafayette, from where he emerged two years later a broken down, prematurely old man. I was with him when we captured Ship Island, in the Gulf of Mexico, where I first smelt gunpowder in earnest and heard the wild screeching of bursting shells and the wisplike whizzing of Minié balls, and with him I served in the battle of New Orleans.

There too was Captain Clayborne, of Louisiana, with whom I was shipwrecked near the Island of Eleuthera, one of the Great Bahamas, while on the blockade runner Margaret and Jessie, and we were together in Orleans when we first met those charming ladies, the Misses Kearney, daughters of Gen. Phil Kearney. Mrs. Kearney was a strong Southern sympathizer. She was separated from the Général, who remained in the Union army and was killed in battle in Virginia. She used to call me her "boy lieutenant." There also was R. R. Foute, a typical sailor of the old school, who swore like a trooper from Flanders. He died a short time ago in San Francisco while occupying the pulpit of Grace Church, a consecrated, earnest Christian gentleman. *Tempora mutantur*. He married a niece of Mrs. Kearney's, one of the most charming ladies I ever met in all my life. It was at Castle Kearney in Orleans, on the banks of the Loire, that we enjoyed such delightful society, studied music, French, fencing, swordsmanship, and devilment while not otherwise engaged. Several of our party became engaged to be married ere we returned to our native land. I, however, was rather young, but became enamored with one of the lovely fair ones. Nevertheless, Mrs. Kearney said it was "puppy dog love." Well, I "let it go at that." Commodore Maury ordered us to get out of Paris, as we were making ourselves too "conspicuous" there, which accounted for our sojourn for nearly a year. Our Minister, Mr. Slidell, who, with Mr. Mason, had been captured by Captain Wilkes on the English steamer Trent, was then negotiating with Napoleon for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy.

By the way, I came near gaining that devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation myself by accident when I picked up the little prince imperial, who had fallen down upon the ice while skating on the Bois de Boulogne. At the time I did not know that he was anything but an ordinary "kid," but was made cognizant of his rank in a few moments by an Englishman, who told me the empress desired to see me. Blushing with the honors heaped upon me so unexpectedly, I accompanied the equerry to where the empress was skating and was presented to her majesty. She was graciousness itself and invited me to be in attendance at court in the Tuilleries the following evening, which invitation I immediately accepted. After the "presentation," she said: "Now what can I do for you to make your stay in Paris agreeable and pleasant, captain?" (I was only a lieutenant.) I instantly responded: "Your majesty the emperor will grant any request you ask. Please ask him to recognize the independence of the Southern Confederacy." My reply elicited broad smiles from those who heard the audacious request, and the empress laughed heartily. The empéror, hearing her gay laugh, turned and inquired the cause of the merriment, and when informed he smiled grimly with a saturnine air, saying to Mr. Slidell: "Voici, Monsieur, il y a un autre impressé avocat dans votre service, n'est ce pas?" ("Here, Monsieur, is another ardent pleader of your cause, is it not so?")

The emperor was extremely kind to me and several times

complimented me on my skill when we engaged in bouts of fencing with the foils. Once, walking out to St. Cloud in his company and that of Mr. Slidell, I remember how democratic he appeared while talking to the workmen. How surprised I was to see the transformation of change in the expression of his eyes; from a dull, sleepy look they would light up and shine brightly with excitement. Ah, "how hath the mighty fallen!" He, the august emperor of France, so soon to die in exile in a foreign land at Chiselhurst, England, discrowned and friendless! "But yesterday he might have stood against the world, now none so poor to do him reverence."

The same prince imperial gave up his life at the hands of a Zulu savage while fighting for the glory of England, and she, the exquisitely lovely Eugénie, an old, old woman, just recently joined her loved ones in the land of shadows.

#### SERGEANT BALL AND THE YANKEE BOOTS.

BY CAPT. WILLIAM L. RITTER, REISTERSTOWN, MD.

On a morning early in April, 1863, above Rolling Fork, Miss., in the Sunflower country, Sergeant Ball, of Bledsoe's Missouri Battery, came into camp with a pair of new boots. I said: "Sergeant Ball, where did you get those boots?" "Why," said he, "I borrowed them from General Steele, the commander of the Yankee troops up the creek." I examined them and found them to be the finest pair of boots I ever saw.

General Steele's division of about eight thousand men, one battery of light artillery, and one company of cavalry, had drawn up in close proximity to the little band of Confederates, consisting of one small regiment of infantry, one battery of light artillery, and one company of cavalry, all told scarcely one thousand men. The night was dark, with a light fog around the horizon presenting a weird appearance. All was still; not a whisper or a sound could be heard anywhere. Midnight had passed. Sergeant Ball, always on the alert to add new trophies to his already remarkable achievements, conceived the idea of visiting General Steele's headquarters and appropriating such articles as could be found lying around in his large Sibley tent. His experience in similar raids gave him a useful knowledge of the *modus operandi* of procedure. He dressed to suit the occasion and moved cautiously by even stages, stopping frequently to listen to the sentries' slow and measured tread as they walked to and fro on their several beats.

When he arrived in the neighborhood of the General's tent, a dim light in front enabled him to see a sentry sitting on an improvised seat, his head bent forward as though he were asleep, but farther on in front of the tent two sentries were walking, facing each other, so they could see any moving object in front or rear of them. By means of his field glass Sergeant Ball took in the entire situation and the peril in which his enterprise placed him. To be caught meant death as a spy; therefore the greatest caution had to be observed to avoid being seen by the sentries walking in front of the tent. For ventilation the rear of the tent was up about one foot, so the cot upon which General Steele was sleeping was in full view, also his boots at the head of it. As the cot shaded Ball from the eyes of the sentries in front, he crawled beneath the tent wall, grabbed the boots, then slowly and carefully backed out, keeping his eyes to the front to see if the sentries observed his presence.

In a little while the Sergeant was back in camp with prob-



ably the finest pair of boots in the Confederacy. Imagine the scene when General Steele awoke in the morning and found that his boots had mysteriously taken their departure! Of course the guards were called in and questioned as to their knowledge of how the boots disappeared.

Sargeant Ball visited the enemy's camps many times. He was a brave boy and was in many battles, but at last he fell a victim to a sharpshooter's unerring aim.

#### A FALSE ALARM.

BY W. E. PRESTON, COLUMBUS, GA.

The Dale County Grays, Company B, 33d Alabama Regiment, Wood-Lowry Brigade, Buckner-Cleburne Division, was in Fort McRee, Pensacola, Fla., in March and April, 1862. It was about a mile below the lighthouse and connected with the mainland by an irregular low strip of sand, in places fifty feet or less in width at high tide, which we guarded at night, with orders to shoot if occasion required. We also guarded sand batteries covered with turf below the fort, which was of brick, the heavier siege guns in lower casements, the lighter guns in upper casements, field guns on the parapets, and a furnace for heating hot shot. We drilled by the manual of arms, company and battalion drill; also drilled with big guns. In the daytime we dismounted a big gun in the fort, carried it at night under a wagon with thirty-six mules by the lighthouse to the four-mile bridge across the bayou, and put it on a barge, and the next night it was carried to Pensacola. We dismounted guns in sand batteries at night, replacing them with plank guns painted black; two or three hundred of us pulled by a long rope in front of the mules across sand dunes to the fort, then the mules could carry it to the bayou. We were armed with old flint and steel muskets converted to require percussion caps, buck and ball cartridges, a round ball with three buckshot on the front end.

One afternoon there was quite a storm, with rain from off the gulf, enlarging the bay and inundating our connection with the mainland. Later sentinels began firing in the flooded area. Some set their muzzle-loaders down in the water to reload and couldn't shoot, so they yelled, "Corporal of the guard, Post No. 4" or whatever it might be. This was repeated by sentinels nearer the fort, and the corporal and detail went out and didn't come back.

Capt. R. E. Ward, officer of the day, took twenty or thirty of us out to see what was the matter. I could see nothing except the phosphorus on top of the waves and the occasional flash of a sentinel's gun, sometimes shooting dangerously near in our direction. One trouble in our movements was in keeping on the highest part of that crooked stretch of sand covered with water. Then something came by that appeared to be a whaleboat full of Yankees, and we tried to kill them, and I shot at other supposed whaleboats full of Yankees that night. Day dawned and with it the situation.

A Federal transport in trouble off Fort Pickens had thrown overboard many barrels of vinegar and boxes, which floated in, and I suppose the darkness, surrounding waters, wind and rain, and the shooting all excited our imagination, which exaggerated their size.

Captain Ward and eleven others of Company B were either killed or mortally wounded at Perryville.

#### THE PALADINS IN GRAY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH, CASSTOWN, OHIO.

They're marching yet in memory through the corridors of Time,

With stately step and noble mien the paladins in gray.

Their gallant deeds are echoing in many a distant clime,

Though silent are their bugles on their battle fields to-day;

Their tattered gonfalons that waved upon the land and sea

By Fame are crowned forevermore; 'neath them they kept the trust;

They often flashed in victory above the plume of Lee,

Although the hands that carried them to-day are senseless dust.

They faltered not amid the storm that tore their hero lines,

Heroically they bore them in the faces of the foe;

Their requiem is sounded by the winds that stir the pines,

And the murmur of the waters is their dirge so soft and low.

An old gray coat is hanging on the wall beside the door;

A stainless sword forever sheathed no longer greets the sun;

The bee is in the clover, there are roses on the moor,

And rusted in the battle brake is hid the soldier's gun.

They're not forgot, those paladins who heard great Jackson's shout,

Who followed Sidney Johnston where the trap of death was set.

Though long ago in earthly camps their ranks were mustered out,

Led by the Captain of the guard, they all are marching yet. The men who followed Pickett, they who answered Long-street's call

And rallied round their battle flags where Gordon led the way,

Are living yet on history's page, though tear drops for them fall

And honor with a chaplet crowns the paladins in gray.

The drums that beat at Gettysburg and rolled at Malvern Hill

Are lapsed in silence evermore; their battle work is done.

The guns that roared defiance in the tarn of Chancellorsville

Are hidden by the daisies fair that greet the summer sun.

O yes, they march forever through the vistas of the years;

Their valor shines like sunlight upon the ocean's spray;

We'll read their names forevermore through love's fast-falling tears,

For the world's immortal heroes are the paladins in gray.

THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY.—Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, two army officers from Virginia, in 1804 led an exploring party up the Missouri River to its source, crossed the chain of the Rocky Mountains, and reached the mouth of the Columbia in 1805. This exploring party through an almost unknown region returned in safety to its starting point, St. Louis, in 1806. It was undertaken at the instance of President Jefferson and, together with the voyage which Captain Gray, of Boston, had made to the Columbia in 1792, gave the United States a claim to all the territory covered by the States of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho.—*Philip Alexander Bruce.*

## THE SERVICES OF THE WOMEN OF MARYLAND TO THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

BY LAURA LEE DAVIDSON, BALTIMORE, MD.

[This essay won the prize of \$100 offered by Mrs. Thomas Baxter Gresham, of the Baltimore Chapter, U. D. C., on the subject. It is a revelation of the wonderful work of Maryland women during the war. The judges in the contest were Mrs. William Reed and Messrs. Edgar Allan Poe and Matthew Page Andrews.]

The Confederate women of Maryland have as yet little written history. They seem not to have known or cared to acquire the noble art of advertising. A paragraph here, an allusion there are all the libraries afford, and it is from old scrapbooks, letters, and diaries that their stories are learned. Wonderful stories they are. Never in any land have the women suffered more bravely or labored more indefatigably for the cause in which they believed with all their souls and loved with all their hearts.

The reason for the silence of history is obvious. Maryland was under Federal control during the whole term of the war, and all expression of sympathy for the South was sternly repressed.

"As to Maryland, we have put the iron heel upon her," said the Hon. Henry Wilson, "and will crush out her boundaries."

An iron heel it was indeed, and the work of the Confederate women of Maryland was perforce done in secret.

Strange times they seem to us who have seen the gigantic machinery of the World War. There were no coiffed, white-aproned Red Cross workers, no khaki-clad motor messengers speeding along the roads, no Y. W. C. A. women, no Salvation army lassies. The war workers of sixty-one were not saluted as "captain" or "major," but they did valiant service. Behind drawn curtains in quiet parlors they sewed, scraped lint, rolled bandages, and packed boxes for hospitals and prisons; and what they accomplished, despite incredible difficulties, bears comparison with the best relief work of to-day.

The position of Maryland was that of Belgium in the World War. She lay in the line of march of an invading army, her territory was occupied by troops hostile to the sentiments and sympathies of the people, and her chief city, Baltimore, was under the bayonet rule of a relentless enemy. The daily house-to-house search for contraband, the unnecessary privations, the insults and indignities suffered by all who came under suspicion of what the Federal government called treason made life for the Confederate citizens of Maryland well-nigh unendurable. The list of those imprisoned and deported, women as well as men, is endless.

From "Baltimore in War Times," a series of articles by Matthew Page Andrews in the *Baltimore Sun*, and from the files of the *News* a few instances are given:

Mrs. Gertrude Winder, eighty years old, the mother of Maj. Gen. William H. Winder, was arrested in her home, 77 North Charles Street, charged with treason.

Mrs. Raphael Semmes, wife of Captain Semmes, of the Confederate cruiser *Alabama*, was arrested November 22, 1863, on the charge of attempted poisoning. Some wine sent to a local hospital was drunk by soldiers who were afterwards ill. The government accused Mrs. Semmes of poisoning them.

Miss Ellen A. Maris, St. Paul and Mulberry Streets, was arrested because Confederate songs were found in her house; and Mrs. J. H. Waring and the Misses Julia, Alice, and Priscilla Waring, of Prince George County, were imprisoned and sent south on the charge of "harboring Rebels and giving

information," the evidence being a Confederate mail bag found near their house.

Miss Ellen Swann and Miss Alice Magill, of Hagerstown, were sent south on the same charge, and Mrs. William Key Howard was sent to the Old Capitol Prison, Washington, by order of Gen. Lew Wallace, for treason.

Miss Kate McCoy, 84 North Charles Street, Miss Irene Orndorf, 35 Calvert Street, and Miss Martha Dungan, 187 Franklin Street, all were arrested for their Southern sympathies.

The list is endless. There is no one who does not know of some person whose house was raided, property confiscated, and wife and daughters insulted during the Federal rule in Maryland.

Even the nuns were not safe from suspicion, for we read in the "Official Records" of the Union and Confederate armies, Series II., Volume II., a letter from General Dix to Simon Cameron, Secretary of War: "I sent for a special agent of police and directed him to station policemen by night and day near the only two nunneries, as he thinks, in the city and to keep them under constant supervision. If they are entered by an unusual number of people, or if any attempt is made to move the arms if they are secreted there, as conjectured, the whole police force, aided by the military, will be called out."

The orders against a display of red and white were stringent. A shopkeeper on McHenry and Fremont Streets was forced to take a pair of red-striped stockings out of his show window, and a daughter of a Mrs. Frizzle, standing in the doorway of her home on West Baltimore Street, was accosted by Union officers who ordered her to remove a red bow she was wearing. When she refused they threatened to drag her into the street and tear off the offending ribbon. Mrs. Frizzle interfered to protect her daughter, and next day she was arrested and taken to the station house, where friends gave security for her "to keep the peace."

Even children were not overlooked. The recital of their experiences would be amusing did it not throw so clear a light on the stupid brutality of the Federal administration in Maryland.

We read that a squad of little boys "playing soldiers" on Broadway were stopped and their flag of Southern colors torn from the hand of the small color bearer. Again, that the two young children of a Mr. Myers were taken to the guardhouse with their nurse because they wore red ribbon on their white frocks, and the infant son of Mr. Francis Burns was arrested because his little dress was fastened with pink and white china buttons.

Mrs. Annie Lamb Kimball was the youngest person arrested as a spy. When Annapolis was occupied by Union forces under Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, the house of Mr. Andrew Lamb, father of Mrs. Kimball, was taken as headquarters. At the conclusion of a conference between General Butler and his officers Mrs. Kimball, then a child of five or six years, was found playing outside the door of the room in which the meeting had been held. General Butler ordered her arrest. She was taken to the guardhouse and released only after a gruelling examination. (*The Sun*, Baltimore, June 11, 1913.)

In view of all this we are not surprised to find so few records of the services of the women of Maryland to the Confederacy. The keeping of such records would be regarded and treated as evidence of "treason." Much of this persecution was by order of Provost Marshal Fish.

It is pleasant to learn from the *News* of April 25, 1864,



that Col. William J. Fish, former provost marshal at Baltimore, was found guilty by a court-martial in Washington of malfeasance in office, was cashiered, fined five thousand dollars, and sentenced to one year in the prison at Albany. According to the evidence, Colonel Fish made a small fortune "holding up" the prominent citizens of Baltimore.

But it must not be supposed that all this severity served to check the activity of the Confederate women of Maryland. On the contrary, it only increased their zeal.

"How can we send certain information south?" General Wool was asked.

"Give it to the first Rebel woman you meet on the street. She will send it through the blockade quicker than we could," was the answer.

Mrs. Amy D'Arcy Wetmore, in an article, "Baltimore Augusts during the War," tells us that a girls' club met regularly to sew for the Confederacy at the home of Mrs. Samuel Hoffman, Franklin and Charles Streets, where the Rochambeau now stands, and that the house of the Misses Robinson, Charles and Saratoga Streets, was a rendezvous for Southern sympathizers.

There were meetings also at the house of Mrs. John Converse on Hamilton Terrace and at scores of other places.

Those girls of Maryland! In pretty calico gowns and shaker bonnets, with spreading crinoline and tiny parasols, they pass along tree-bordered streets or sit on the high marble steps, muslin-clad, with narrow ribbons around their waists. They must often have had sad hearts as they waited and longed for news of fathers, brothers, and lovers far away. But somehow we always think of them as bravely gay, singing their war-time songs, strong in the face of danger and despair. There is the fragrance of Southern roses in the thought of them as across long years their lovely faces smile.

In caring for the prisoners and the wounded the women of Maryland were sadly hampered. Throughout the South there were the wayside hospitals, the ladies' kitchens, the meetings in churches and town halls; but Maryland could have none of these. Union sympathizers were free to visit the hospitals and prisons of the State, not so the Confederate women.

In a letter to Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, dated March 10, 1910, Dr. Henry E. Shepherd says: "As a matter of fact, very few ladies in sympathy with the South were allowed to enter the West's Buildings Hospital upon any terms. They were kept at bay by the most rigorous and cruel repression. On one occasion they were driven from the pavement by a volley of stale eggs discharged by the hospital attendants."

If the Confederate women of Maryland found it difficult to minister to the sick and wounded at home, they could and did send vast quantities of medicines and comforts to the hospitals and prisons elsewhere.

Captain Dawson tells us: "It was my lot to be taken prisoner in 1862, the night after the battle of South Mountain. After a brief stay at Camp Curtin, near Harrisburg, I was lodged at Fort Delaware. Only a day or two afterwards bales of blankets and clothing came from your city, Baltimore. They gave comfort and even health to many a dilapidated Confederate, for we had not dreamed of capture, and our supplies were meager indeed."

In this work of caring for the wounded many names stand out. There was Miss Matilda Saunders, a volunteer nurse, who conducted several war hospitals for Confederate soldiers. She ran the blockade six or seven times and was taken prisoner more than once. She conveyed quantities of

medicine, food, and clothing from Baltimore homes to soldiers in the field. After the battle of Gettysburg Miss Saunders organized a relief corps of Baltimore women, who camped on the battle field and cared for the wounded of both armies.

Another shining name is that of Miss Dora Hoffman, noblest of women. She also worked on the field of Gettysburg, ministering to the wounded and writing the messages from the dying soldiers to their loved ones at home. The heat of those terrible days and the constant flash of sunlight on the steel of the bayonets and guns permanently impaired her sight.

It is said that when President Davis met Miss Hoffman during his visit to Baltimore shortly after his release from prison he was deeply moved and said: "Let me kiss those eyes that suffered in our cause."

After the battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862, the Southern women of Maryland offered their services as nurses for the wounded Confederate prisoners, which offer was accepted by the Federal authorities. Every house and barn was filled with Union wounded. The thousands of Confederate prisoners were placed in shelters made of fence rails thatched with straw or covered with canvas.

In our day of Red Cross supplies and modern surgery we can form no idea of what that nursing meant. Rarely were anesthetics provided, no sanitation, no provision for ordinary decency, and that delicately nurtured women were able to endure it is one of the miracles of those stupendous times.

Mrs. Ada Edgerton, Miss Kate Keech, and Mrs. Helen Brademeyer Mason nursed at Sharpsburg; also "The Angel of the Confederacy," Mrs. Mollie Magill Rosenberg, daughter of Dr. Magill, of Hagerstown, and the Misses Black, called "God's Angels" by the suffering men.

It was Mrs. Amelia B. Chenoweth who kept a record of all the cases in her care and comforted the dying men with the promise that their loved ones should know where they lay, thus soothing the last anxiety of the soldier, the fear lest his body be lost among the unknown dead.

After long years we find in the papers letters from Confederate veterans asking for news of these ladies.

"Can you give me information about Mrs. or Miss —," they beg. "She nursed me after Sharpsburg. I have never forgotten her. I have yet the Bible that she gave me."

After Gettysburg also many Maryland women volunteered, among them Euphemia Goldsborough, one of the most ardent spirits in the Southern cause. Her heroic effort to preserve the life of the gallant Colonel Patton has been vividly described by Mrs. McCormick, the daughter of Admiral Buchanan.

In recalling these army nurses we must not overlook the devoted service of the nuns and sisters of charity all through the South. They were active in Maryland also and did beautiful work after every battle.

Dr. Shepherd, in his "Narrative of Prison Life," says: "I recall many kindnesses shown me by the Catholic Sisters at Frederick, whose special duty was the care of the sick and wounded."

It was not alone in the towns of Maryland that good work was done. The women of the counties also labored indefatigably. Little sympathy for the Confederacy could be shown in the northern part of the State, but the southern and southeastern counties were very active.

Prince George was intensely Confederate, and meetings were held at the home of Miss Mary Claggett, near Marlborough, at the Berry homesteads, and in many other places.

The home of Mrs. Ray, in Montgomery County, was a center of Southern influence, and Mattaponi, St. Mary's, was the birthplace of that gallant martyr, Col. Richard Thomas Zarnova, whose sufferings were among the most terrible of all the war. Athol, the country place of Mr. Charles Baker, in Baltimore County, was an asylum for Southern refugees, men, women, and children, and the farms along the Potomac, notably Rose Hill, near Port Tobacco, Charles County, were houses of refuge and stations for the secret service.

It is impossible to mention more than a few of those who worked for the Confederacy in Maryland. There was Mrs. James Mifflin Coulter, who was Miss Gibson, of Cathedral Street, Baltimore, who went South under flag of truce. Under her crinoline she carried quantities of linen for the hospitals; in her quilted petticoat were hundreds of yards of gold braid for officers' uniforms; the buttons of her cloak were ten-dollar gold pieces, sent by mothers in Baltimore to their boys in the field. Her baby's pillow was stuffed with lint, its rag doll with quinine and vaccine virus, and letters were tied in its little garments.

Mrs. Amy D'Arcy Wetmore tells us that the last letter that Robert McKim ever received from his mother was carried in this way. Robert McKim was a son of Mr. David Telfair McKim and a brother of Mrs. William Reed. To his mother, Mrs. Donald McIlvain, came that most terrible trial that a mother can bear.

In her "Personal Recollections," read before the Baltimore Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. Reed says: "My mother could have had my brother sent home, because, being under age, 'only seventeen,' General Pendleton told her she might have him. But after several letters, exchanged by flag of truce, she decided that as Robert had taken the vital step of becoming a soldier she would not interfere and make him a deserter." He never came home, but was killed in Stonewall Jackson's army at Winchester.

"When the news came that my brother was killed," writes Mrs. Reed, "it was two weeks before it could be confirmed. Then we had to hire a provost guard to get his body. We were forbidden to hold a funeral, because he was the first Maryland soldier to be brought home, and the authorities feared a demonstration; so we women had to take him in a furniture van to Greenmount, where he was buried without a monument or marked grave."

In her vivid picture of those tragic times in Baltimore Mrs. Reed, in speaking of her mother, Mrs. McIlvain, says: "From that day until her death everything was made subservient to her work for the Southern cause. Every penny she could save went to the South. The children had no Christmas gifts except what she could make without cost. We wore the plainest clothes, and money was sent regularly twice a week to the Confederacy."

Mrs. Samuel J. Hough, the mother of Mrs. John Prentiss Poe, also did great service both in Baltimore and in Virginia after she was exiled.

Montpelier, Madison's home at Orange Courthouse, belonged to Mr. Carson, a Baltimore banker, who offered it as a refuge for Baltimore women sent away from their homes. There his sister, Mrs. Mary J. Pairo, and her daughter lived, and they, with Mrs. Hough, worked for the soldiers of the Confederacy.

Another not-to-be-forgotten name is that of Olivia Floyd, who lived with her mother in their old colonial home, Rose Hill, near Port Tobacco, in Charles County. Her only brother had been killed in Virginia, and she devoted all her time and energies to the cause of the Confederacy. She concealed

men of the Confederate secret service, rode miles in bitter weather to deliver documents to be carried across the Potomac, hid dispatches in her curly hair under the "net" (fashionable at that day), and when she found that their home was to be searched concealed papers on which hung the lives of the St. Albans (Vermont) raiders in the andirons before which the search party sat and warmed themselves. Miss Kate Mason Rowland tells the story at great length in the *Baltimore News* of October 14, 1899.

We wish we could claim for Maryland Mrs. Sarah H. Hull, whose home on Cathedral Street was a refuge for every Confederate in distress; also Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson, through whose devoted efforts the men of the Maryland Line were outfitted with clothing, blankets, shelter, and arms. But Mrs. Hull was born in Virginia and Mrs. Johnson in North Carolina. Maryland has honorable women not a few, and we need not seek to take from sister States their shining names.

We can, however, claim Mrs. Rosa O'Neill Greenhow, who used her keen wits and social position in Washington to aid her in giving information to the Southern commanders. Mrs. Greenhow was imprisoned first in her own house and then in the Old Capitol Prison, enduring many hardships, which she describes with great vigor of language in her book, "My Imprisonment in Washington." Finally she was transferred to Fort Monroe. She tells us that when, after ten months' confinement, she was put ashore on the "sacred soil" she wore folded in her shawl a large battle flag, made in the prison for General Beauregard.

Many flags were made in Maryland and slipped through the blockade. The Misses Cary carried one when they were sent south. It was presented to the 1st Maryland Infantry and went through the First Battle of Manassas and every subsequent battle of 1861. It was carried through Jackson's valley campaign, it waved near General Ashby when he fell at Harrisonburg June 6, 1862, and it won the right to affix the bucktail to its standard in the fight with the Pennsylvania Pucktail Regiment to avenge Ashby's death. It was presented to Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson when the 1st Maryland Infantry was disbanded at Gordonsville, and at her death her son presented it to the State of Maryland. It now hangs in the flag room in the State House at Annapolis.

In "Baltimore in War Times" Mr. Andrews mentions another flag: "The ladies of Baltimore who were in sympathy with the Confederacy were represented in Richmond on Saturday, June 8, 1861, by Mrs. Augustus McLaughlin at the presentation of a Confederate flag to the Maryland Guard, then in Virginia. Mrs. McLaughlin had gone from Baltimore to Richmond with the flag concealed on her person. She was much applauded by the people of Richmond assembled in Capitol Square to witness the presentation."

In connection with all this flag-raising we must not forget that it was a group of Baltimore girls who set the words of "Maryland, My Maryland" to the tune of the old college song, "Lauriger Horatius," and another Baltimore girl who first sang it to the Southern armies. A copy of the verses fell into the hands of Rozier Dulany, who was greatly impressed, and he took the verses to a meeting of the Glee Club, "The Monument Street Girls," that met at Mrs. Winn's. Then the words were sung to the music "Lauriger Horatius" with great effect.

Later, when the Misses Cary were invited to visit the Marylanders in General Beauregard's command at Fairfax Courthouse, Va., they were serenaded, and in return Miss Hetty Cary stood in the door of the tent—and a vision of loveliness she must have been to the war-worn men—and sang



the song that, caught up and passed from line to line, became one of the great battle songs of the war.

The devoted labor of the Confederate women of Maryland did not stop with the surrender. If their land had not been devastated and their children driven out, as had been the fate of those in the line of Sherman's march and Ben Butler's raids, they were the better able to send aid to their suffering sisters of the South.

Immediately at the close of the war in 1865 the Southern Industrial Association of Maryland was established with the following Board of Managers: Mrs. Samuel Hoffman, Mrs. J. H. B. Latrobe, Mrs. Charles Howard, Mrs. Bayard Smith, Mrs. James Steuart, Mrs. John Duer, Mrs. Edward Herbert, Miss Emilie McKim, Miss Carrie Snowden, Miss Ella Cole, and Miss Lemmon. The circular of the Association states: "This Association is designed to give employment to the ladies in the Southern States who are by the disasters of the late war obliged to rely on the labors of their own hands for support. It is proposed to buy materials and send them to the South to be made into useful and attractive articles for ladies and children. When they are returned the work is immediately paid for and the garments sold at a small advance beyond cost, the proceeds being reinvested and sent out in a similar manner."

Miss Emilie McKim traveled through the South establishing agencies and giving information about the work, and to the starved, destitute women of Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Tennessee she carried hope and help.

In 1866 the Baltimore Relief Association was organized with Mrs. B. C. Howard as President, and a great fair was held in the Maryland Institute from April 2 to April 13. This netted \$164,569, which was distributed to the Southern States. The journal of this great fair is like a novel. The list of those taking part in its management is almost the complete catalogue of Baltimore society. There were fifty-two tables with three hundred and ninety-seven ladies in charge. Six of the counties were represented: Hartford, Washington, Baltimore, Carroll, Howard, and Kent. There was also a Delaware table. Donations of exquisite embroideries came from the Sisters of the Academy of the Visitation at Frederick. Other gifts, oil paintings, laces, and relics, were sent from east and west, and ladies even stripped off their rings and brooches and gave them to the cause.

The Ladies' Depository was opened at No. 56 North Charles Street in 1867 to sell needle and fancy work for the destitute women of the South. Its President was Mrs. Peyton Harrison, and its Vice President was Mrs. J. H. B. Latrobe. It was conducted by Miss Matilda Saunders, the devoted nurse previously spoken of.

Other fairs and bazaars were held, one in 1885 and another in 1898. This first brought \$36,000, which was used for the support of Confederate soldiers, and the other \$25,000. The last was under the auspices of the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland.

The officers of the Daughters of the Confederacy were then: President, Mrs. D. Giraud Wright; First Vice President, Mrs. Charles Marshall; Second Vice President, Mrs. John P. Poe; Treasurer, Mrs. E. S. Beall; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. F. M. Colston; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Hugh H. Lee; Registrar, Miss Dora Hoffman. The Board of Managers were: Mrs. F. T. Miles, Mrs. J. F. Darman, Mrs. William Read, Mrs. Thomas Baxter Gresham, and Mrs. B. Jones Taylor.

In 1888 the Confederate Home for Widows and Mothers

was established with Mrs. John K. Cowen as President. It has been the residence of many noble ladies whose names are associated with some of the most gallant episodes of the war for Southern independence.

In 1888 the Association of the Maryland Line established the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Pikesville. Three hundred and fifty veterans have made their home there. The Daughters of the Confederacy have given the Home constant care and supervision.

At the close of her reminiscences read at the meeting of the Maryland Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy on January 19, 1920, Mrs. John P. Poe said: "Time would fail me to tell of all that happened during the four years of the war—how we met and sewed for those in the South, how we ministered to those in prison and cared for those who passed through our city either to forts or as exchanged prisoners. We did not suffer the privations that the women of the South did, but I think we had the harder lot, separated as we were from our loved ones." There Mrs. Poe has touched woman's noblest service, her greatest sacrifice.

The women of Maryland sent their sons, their husbands, and their lovers to die for the Confederacy. Twenty thousand of the men of Maryland went across the border to the aid of the South. They were animated by the same high purpose that made our men of the North and South alike volunteer for service on the fields of Flanders and devastated France. They went to the aid of a free people fighting for the right to govern themselves in safety and in honor.

At the end of Baltimore's most beautiful avenue stands a monument. It is the tribute of the State of Maryland through the efforts of the Daughters of the Confederacy and the United Confederate Veterans to the Confederate women of Maryland. In that noble group, two women and a dying soldier, the sculptor has embodied the very soul of the Confederate women of Maryland, their service and their enthusiasm. The older woman bends to aid the recumbent figure at her knee; love, sorrow, and resignation are in her face. Unwearied, unwavering she gives and gives so long as even one sufferer is left to need her ministry. There is no hint of a "lost cause" in the pose of the soldier. The torn standard has not fallen from his hand. It has been laid aside by the strong man who, having fought a good fight, lies awaiting his crown of glory. The younger woman stands erect, strong, hopeful, confident. She fears no wounds; she knows not death. Her spirit, like a flame, burns ever upward to a cloudless sky.

On the pedestal:

"To the Confederate women of Maryland, 1861-65.  
The brave at home. In difficulty and danger, regardless of self, they fed the hungry, clothed the needy, nursed the wounded, and comforted the dying."

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## SCOUTING IN LEE'S ARMY.

BY WILLIAM JOHNSON, WARRENTON, VA.

In October, 1863, I got permission from my commanding officer of the 2d Tennessee Regiment to go on a scout into Stafford County, Va. The Confederate army was at that time mostly in Culpeper County, and the Federal army was on the east side of the Rappahannock, that army being scattered from the Rappahannock River to Bristow Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad.

I crossed the Rappahannock at the United States ford and went on to Tackett's Mill, where I met several of our scouts, among whom was Isaac Curtis. He agreed to let me go with him on a trip he had planned. We started on the way to Fairfax Courthouse, but he told me we would have to work every scheme to make the trip with success. We got within a mile or so of Manassas Junction about dark that night after traveling through the woods and evading the Yankees, who were encamped very thickly over the country. Curtis's plan was to go to Fairfax Courthouse and there get some information of value from a lady, and after going there he decided to return to the army. We traveled all day and night and were not even halted by any one. However, we were both in Federal uniform, Curtis having on the uniform of an officer of the rank of lieutenant.

About an hour by the sun we were halted on the hill just above Weaversville by an infantry picket, who asked who we were. Upon Curtis telling him we belonged to a New York regiment, he ordered him to advance. Curtis always had a pistol in his boot leg for such cases, and when he had gotten near enough for the picket to be satisfied he had been told the truth and had brought his gun to a rest, Curtis presented his pistol and, with some very strong words, ordered him to surrender, which he did. I then went up to them, and on looking to our left about two hundred yards we saw three cavalrymen at a persimmon tree, two on the ground and one up in the tree gathering persimmons. Curtis said: "Bill, stay here and hold this fellow and I will go and capture all three of them." I said: "You will get killed." But he rode down to the three men and dismounted, and I saw him begin to pick up persimmons with them. All the time he was watching to get them so he could take them. Soon I saw him have two of them on the ground, and as the fel-

low up the tree was coming down I hastened to him. We realized that we were in a bad fix, being right in sight of the Yankee army with four prisoners on our hand; so we beat a hasty retreat toward Bristersburg.

When we got in sight of Mr. Smith's place we saw a lone horseman going fast to the timber. We rode on to the house; and as Curtis knew Mr. Smith well, we had him to get on a horse and bring the fellow back. We made a trade with this man, giving him all the horses and arms to take the prisoners out to our pickets. The fellow was a Jew named Cohen and belonged to the 1st South Carolina Cavalry. I afterwards learned that the prisoners captured him.

Mr. Smith gave us a very sumptuous supper of stewed rabbit and crackers, and we secreted ourselves in a straw rick for the night. Before day we were back at Weaversville, going to the house of a Mrs. Sayers just on the hill above the large mill on Cedar Run. Well do I remember what was said. Curtis asked the lady if she had seen anything of his three men who were out there the evening before. She said she had not, and we rode down to the mill, where there were perhaps twenty Federal troops, whom we told that we belonged to the provost guard that had been out all night on a scout. They didn't ask any more questions, and we then rode up through Weaversville. From Mrs. Weaver's house we went across to Catlett's Station, our object being to capture an officer of high rank to hold as hostage for Gen. W. H. F. Lee, who was then a prisoner of war; but we decided that it was too hazardous to undertake it at this time, as we were in the enemy's camps. Returning to Mrs. Weaver's house, we found six or seven men in the lot near an old barn, took all of them prisoners, and made our escape by crossing the Cedar Run about a hundred yards above the pickets at the mill where we had passed in. We lost one of the prisoners before we got to Bristersburg. He ran off from us, and we had no time to lose in getting away for safe quarters.

We turned the prisoners over to our pickets at Richards's Ferry, on the Rappahannock River, and they were taken to General Hampton first. Our commanders paid us many compliments for this exploit, and an account of it was read to the regiments on dress parade.

This was my first and last scout, which lost all fascination for me. Doubtless some of the good people of Weaversville yet remember this occurrence.

## THE BRAVE.

(To the Howard Association of New Orleans.)

We call him brave who, when the trumpet's blare  
Rang o'er the field of glory and of blood,

Went where the fight was deadliest, and stood  
Where duty placed him, with unaltered air;

For him the golden guerdon waits—the fame

Which blows his deeds the extending fields along;

The poet weaves in tuneful verse his name,

And woman sweetly utters it in song.

No recompense like this for ye remains,

Men of a loftier courage yet than war  
Could boast upon her drenched and crimson plains,

But ye have won a garland better far

Than fading laurel, and a fame above

What earth can ever give, Heaven's Messengers of Love!

—John R. Thompson.



## THE BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

In the beginning of this article I wish to correct an error made in my observations on the battle of Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864, on page 218 of the *VETERAN* for June, in which I gave the Louisiana Brigade credit for putting a stop to Sheridan's pursuit of the Confederate army that night. I should have said that it was done by the 38th Georgia Regiment, under Colonel Davant. This I have learned since the communication was published, and I take pleasure in giving that noble band the honorable praise due them for their heroic conduct on this occasion. No regiment in our army deserved more than these brave fellows for their conduct in this affair as well as in many other equally important engagements.

As we marched slowly along the pike that night toward Strasburg, our stragglers came up, and by morning all the regiments of Early's army were fully reorganized. We bivouacked at Newtown, about ten miles from the scene of the battle, and the next day marched to Hupp's Hill, south of Cedar Creek and north of Strasburg, where Early began to fortify; but as this position could be flanked easily on the right and left, he withdrew to Fisher's Hill, south of that town, where we found excellent breastworks already constructed extending from the Valley pike at the foot of Massanutten Mountain on the east to Little North Mountain on the west. Here he deployed his small force, now not more than eight or ten thousand men, in a thin line entirely across the valley, I suppose to stop the farther advance of Sheridan and prevent the devastation of that beautiful and fruitful region, so loyal to the Southern cause and necessary to the support of its armies. Stonewall Jackson was too shrewd a military man to make this fatal mistake when hard pressed by an overwhelming force in the spring of 1862, but passed on south by this place until the psychological moment arrived for him to strike. This he did at Cross Keys and Port Republic, holding one superior force off with a mere skirmish line, while he utterly routed another, defeating these two armies at the same time and within hearing of each others' guns.

But Early was not Stonewall Jackson, and perhaps as a military man he never had an equal. What our old commander would have done had he been with us, I will not venture to say; but this I know: he never would have staked his all on a fight at this place. Possessed of a keen vision, he had the happy faculty of snatching victory out of the most unpromising situations. General Early was brave, but rash; willing to take the greatest risks, but lacking the confidence of those under him. His position at this place was all that could be desired on the right, but on the left it was easily susceptible to a flank movement by the enemy, who could send a large force down on the west side of Little North Mountain, cross that low range, and make an attack on our left and rear. Gordon's Brigade held the extreme right of the line next to the pike and could have repulsed ten times their numbers if the balance of the line had maintained their position.

When Sheridan's army first came in sight, they stopped at Hupp's Hill and began to fortify the place. Our skirmishers were thrown out, and in the engagement that ensued we lost some of our men. At first the enemy showed very little inclination to fight; but this was only a ruse to give their

forces on the west of the mountains time to get well on their way to our left flank and rear. When this movement was fully under way Sheridan's whole army advanced to the attack. Having every advantage of our men holding the extreme left as to numbers and position, they drove them back, although they fought bravely for a while. The next brigade on their right was now attacked in flank and front and was forced to give way also. This continued until our brigade (Gordon's) alone was holding out. From our elevated position we could see that all the army was routed, and the enemy was making every effort to secure the pike in our rear. And now we, too, when the enemy was only a few yards in front of our works, were compelled to seek safety in flight or surrender. Some of our command preferred to take their chance of escape from this unfortunate situation by the pike leading south, while others thought best to cross this highway and make their way south through the Luray Valley beyond the Massanutten Mountain. These were entirely without organization, but in a country whose people were true to the Southern cause, while those who fled by way of the pike maintained some semblance of organization and resisted the onward rush of the enemy's cavalry. Gordon's Brigade and a few others were conspicuous in their stubborn resistance. No sooner were the little bands of brave spirits driven by the artillery and dismounted cavalry from one position of hastily constructed defenses made of rails or logs than they fell back to some other place that offered protection until they were again outflanked and driven back. Thus the enemy was hindered in their pursuit, and their progress was impeded so that the artillery wagon trains and fugitives were given time to get well on their way to the south and out of danger.

In this manner the retreat continued for about three days, until the army reached a point near Harrisonburg, where it quit the main pike and turned eastward toward Port Republic, where it took up a strong position at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains. The enemy continued to follow the pike and left off the pursuit. Here Early rested his army and reorganized his shattered forces. Though always brave and true, he was never a popular leader, even when victorious; but now no one had any confidence in him, and the spirit of his army was at a low ebb. For these misfortunes he blamed the army, while the soldiers blamed him. Here we rested quite a while, and many of those we considered killed or captured returned to us, and we found that our loss was not so great as we had supposed. The enemy was now unopposed and had a free hand to destroy with fire and sword to their hearts' content. Everything that could afford subsistence or shelter to mankind was utterly destroyed from Harrisonburg to Strasburg, about seventy miles. All this destruction we could see from our position, but in our helpless condition could not prevent. The whole valley before our eyes was filled with smoke of burning houses, haystacks, shocks of corn standing in the fields, etc., while the crack of carbines brought to our ears the destruction of all farm animals so necessary for man's use. Poor dumb creatures shot down in cold blood only to satisfy man's perverse nature! Who ordered this inexcusable crime? Who was responsible for it? Was it the so-called "gentle, kind-hearted" Lincoln, who had "charity for all and malice toward none"? We are afraid behind a benignant face he concealed the instincts of a tiger. Was it Grant, the conqueror of the ragged remnant of Lee's exhausted army? Let history an-

swer, while every American who loves justice and mercy hides his face in shame. Let us forever be silent when we hear others condemn the Germans for their conduct in the late war. They received instructions how to wage war from General Sheridan, who told Prince Bismarck at a great banquet in Germany given in his honor that nothing should be left to their enemies but their eyes to weep over their misfortunes. These orders came from some one higher up to Sheridan and from him to Custer, who did the work and whose Nemesis followed him to the battle of the Big Horn, where he received his recompense at the hands of the Sioux Indians. All those who blackened the pages of our history have gone to their reward, and we only hope in Christian charity that they repented before it was too late.

But all this may not interest the reader so much as an account of the writer's part in these events and what fell under his own observation. When we left the breastworks, the enemy was only a few yards in front of them. In the scuffle and confusion there a comrade, after firing at the enemy, jerked his gun back and struck me above the right eye with the sharp piece of metal on the butt end of his gun. From the wound the blood gushed out and ran down over my eye, so that I could see with difficulty. Turning around, I saw my comrades running toward the pike. When I got there, to my surprise just on the other side of the road I saw Col. E. M. Atkinson, of the 26th Georgia Regiment, holding on to the wheel of a piece of artillery that had been abandoned there when the men whose duty it was to serve it saw that there was no possible means to save it from falling into the hands of the enemy. The firing was hot and at short range, but there stood this brave though indiscreet officer trying to halt every man that passed to get this gun away by hand. In this storm of bullets not a man stopped except the writer. Being young and having been taught to obey orders, and especially by a regimental officer, I seized hold of the opposite wheel and held on to it until the enemy was only a few feet away and commanding us to surrender. I now deemed it about time to consult my own safety and left the colonel, still holding on to the wheel of the gun in his insane effort to get it away. For the next two hundred yards and until I placed a small hill between me and the enemy was only a brief period. Here I sat down to take breath. Looking back, I saw coming toward me a brave man of our regiment. He had held his ground and fought to the last minute; but once he had turned his back on the enemy, he had become completely demoralized. Like a runaway horse, he had lost control of his mind. He had thrown away his gun and accouterments, lost his coat, and was now divesting himself of his shirt. His long beard stood out in the air on each side of his face, and his eyes were wild and staring. As he passed me in his flight I called to him to stop and rest, as we were now safe. But he only glared at me and passed on.

From this little incident I have decided that the bravest men may sometimes lose their heads in great danger. Colonel Atkinson held on to the piece of artillery in his delirium to save it until he and it both fell into the hands of the enemy, where he remained until the war closed. He was a brave officer and very popular with the soldiers, but a man of poor judgment.

Night now came on, and, wandering about alone in the open field, I finally fell in with two soldiers from my own State, with whom I made a solemn agreement to remain to-

gether until we should make our escape and rejoin our commands. I suggested to them that we go back to the pike and ascertain if it were possible to make our way to our friends by that route. When we reached that highway we concealed ourselves in the bushes while the Yankees passed in a few feet of us. It was too dark to tell the color of their uniforms, but we knew who they were from the foreign brogue of the Irish and German soldiers and what they were talking about as they passed us. There was nothing now for us to do but to retrace our steps, climb Massanutten Mountain, and enter the Luray Valley beyond. When we reached the lonely summit the night was far spent, and we stood still a moment to rest and decide what to do. Far down in the valley we heard the barking of a dog that indicated human habitation. Down the rocky side of the mountain we made our way and came, just as the first signs of day made their appearance, to a comfortable-looking residence on a public road. Some straggling soldiers hailed, and a window in the attic opened. A young lady put her head out and addressed them in very uncomplimentary terms for leaving their colors and giving up the country to our enemies; but finally she told them to follow the road to the river where there was a mill. Above the mill we could find a batteau concealed in the bushes on the bank of the stream. In this we could cross over to where we would be safe from any farther pursuit on the part of the enemy. That day we met several citizens who assured us of our safety and told us the enemy had come into that valley only once during the war, but that they met with a reception so warm that they never cared to come back again.

Where we camped that night there were perhaps eight hundred or one thousand stragglers, and the next day we crossed over again into the Shenandoah Valley to rejoin our commands, supposing we were now ahead of them and our enemies. As we went down the mountain we could see at a distance on the main pike a scattered remnant of our brave army still offering resistance, while the enemy's infantry, cavalry, and artillery were decimating their thin ranks.

When we reached the foot of the mountain we decided to prepare a hasty meal, for we were very hungry, and had just kindled a fire and put on a hoe cake when a cavalry scout came along in a trot and told us that the enemy was just behind. We took the road leading south along the foot of the Blue Ridge in an effort to keep up with the cavalrymen. Finding it impossible to do this, some of the men decided that, rather than expose themselves to being captured and suffer the wrongs inflicted on our soldiers in prison, it would be better to climb the mountain and defy the enemy there. This they did; and although the Yankees surrounded the place with pickets, they never attempted to attack them. They subsisted by sending out foraging parties at night, who slipped through the blockade and returned with such food as the country afforded. Thus they lived for many days high up on the mountain top, where they could see the enemy's pickets and could be seen also by them. In the course of time the enemy became tired of this unprofitable business and withdrew, and our men came down and returned to their commands. Having had experience enough in the mountains, this scribe preferred the open country and continued on to Brown's Gap, where he found the remnant of our once splendid army resting.

In the reports that were made to headquarters, it was found that we had lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners about twenty-five hundred men out of the twelve thousand who



had fought Sheridan's army of five times their own number at Winchester and Strasburg. Sheridan reported after the battle at Winchester a loss in that engagement of six thousand and five hundred. His loss at Strasburg and in the fighting on Early's retreat was much less. The country was now open for Sheridan to march, practically unopposed, to Richmond with his victorious army fully as large as Lee's army and put a stop to the war. This Grant urged him to do, but he preferred to return to his old policy of delay, perhaps because he remembered his experience at Trevillian Station a few months before, when Wade Hampton, with a small force, utterly routed his army, an affair in which he and a few of his men escaped into Grant's lines with the greatest difficulty.

### RECONSTRUCTION IN TENNESSEE.

BY REV. JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE.

About the 1st of October, 1865, my experiences of Reconstruction were transferred to West Tennessee. I was called to take charge of the Presbyterian Church at Trenton, in Gibson County, and soon afterwards I had the Church at Humboldt and a country Church in Carroll County added to my pastorate. From this territory the 51st Tennessee Regiment of our (Quarles's) brigade was largely made up. Its colonel (Black) was an elder in the Trenton Church. The membership of these three Churches was almost unanimous in devotion to the Southern cause. Indeed, I was told that the County of Gibson had sent thirty-eight companies into the Confederate army.

To one of my Churches I rode horseback twenty-five miles, and I preached in schoolhouses in a territory about fifteen by eighteen miles in extent. The boys of the old regiment would act as my advance agents, and I had crowded houses at these appointments. Thus I had opportunity to know the sentiment of the people and also to note the working of Reconstruction in the smallest towns and in the country.

My country church in Carroll County was separated by the Jackson and Huntingdon public road from a territory that was known as "Little Massachusetts," because of the Union sentiment in it. A company had gone from it into the Union army. There was one district of Gibson County, known as "Skull Bone," which was almost unanimous for the Union; but I was not thrown in contact with them, as they came to Trenton only occasionally. Mingling freely with all classes, I was favored by the Confederates and looked on with suspicion by the Unionists. But I determined to preach the gospel to all classes alike and to make no reference in the pulpit to political questions. None of those who favored the South were allowed to vote. I advised all in my private conversations to obey the law strictly, waiting patiently for the deliverance that was bound to come.

My congregations were made up largely of what is known as the "bone and sinew" of the country—plain people. But one thing was evident—they were determined that the white man must rule, and in the long run they would have their way in spite of Fourteenth Amendments. They did not intend to secede nor to go to war again nor to resort to violence except in self-defense, but they were going to find a way to depose the miserable combination of negro, scalawag, and carpetbagger from authority.

It was largely by using the social influence of the best people, Union as well as Confederate, that the situation was in a measure relieved and some of the evils corrected. Let it be understood that there were many strong Union men, in-

cluding Northern men and Union soldiers, who were utterly opposed to Governor Brownlow's methods and indeed to the whole policy of Reconstruction. I was told that some of these, men of unquestioned loyalty, were not allowed to vote.

As far as I know, the Southern soldiers respected the Union men who were not guilty of acts of oppression or dishonesty at home or who went into the Federal army because of their conscientious convictions of duty.

It was not long after my going to Trenton that I had to take a stand as to my social treatment of those who were identified with the mongrel crew who were lording it over us. Living in or near Trenton was a man who before the war had held some county office and was popular with the people. But he became very pronounced in his loyalty after the Yankee army got possession of the State. He was a zealous advocate of Governor Brownlow's plans to control elections. He was hand in glove with the negroes and the Northern adventurers. He had held, possibly was then holding, some appointment under the radical government and had accumulated a considerable fortune, said to be \$40,000 or \$50,000. I was told that his dishonesty was notorious and that he got his money by graft, by looting the treasury, by blackmail, threatening citizens with prosecutions, and other disreputable ways. When he came back to Trenton he was a frequent visitor or loafer in the lawyers' offices, and they thought it best to treat him with respect for the sake of peace, as they knew his enmity might give them trouble. Most of those lawyers were my friends, and I often dropped into their offices to have a chat and to get acquainted with the people who were visitors or clients of theirs. I was thus introduced to many citizens of the town and country around. I had occasionally in passing along the street noticed this scalawag sitting in some one of the offices, and I went by, for I did not want to meet him. One day several gentlemen were sitting together when some one remarked jocularly that I must meet this fellow, for they all knew that I avoided him. Then I requested that if by chance I should meet with him no one would try to introduce me to him. When one of the older men remarked that it was our duty to lay aside all hard feeling against Union men and that he thought a minister of the gospel ought especially to mingle with all classes, sinners or saints, I felt that I must define my attitude or my work as a minister would be hindered.

I give here as nearly as I can my reply, for I believe that it expresses the true principle as to our social relationship with those known to be corrupt, dishonest, slanderers, or impure and debauched in their lives and characters. I said in substance: "Don't think that I object to him as a Union man. You have numbers of them here, true, honorable, and good men, whom we all respect. All I know of this man is what you have told me yourselves. You tell me that he is notorious; that he is a thief and that his fortune was made by looting the public treasury and by extortion and oppression in office; that he is the willing tool of those who are oppressing us; that he is hand in glove with the negroes and the low adventurers who are organizing negroes; yet you receive and treat him as an honest man. Now, I believe that to treat a man thus is indorsing his character. It is saying that it makes no difference to you socially that the man is a scoundrel. I believe that a man's social position and influence are God's gifts to be used for the encouragement of righteousness and truth, and God holds him responsible for their proper use. Now, if I am on friendly social terms with this man I encourage his rascality. I believe that I am as much called to recognize his negro associates as to receive him,

and let me say that if he or the lowest negro in this county wants me to tell him how to be saved from his sins I will go to him and pray for him, and if he repents and forsakes his sins I will help him in every way to live a true and righteous life. But this man does not repent and is brazen in his iniquity."

I said to them further: "It seems to me that there were some men hitherto decent who for the sake of the loaves and fishes are going with this man and his associates. As far as I am concerned, I propose to leave them to the society of the negroes and low whites with whom they have cast their lot."

There were some who thought that my social doctrine was too radical. But several others said that I was right, and the consequence was this fellow was frozen out and moved away; while some others who had been patting negroes on the back and were getting thick with scalawags and carpet-baggers, seeing that they and their families would be ostracized, reconsidered and gave up their unsavory associates.

I am confident that to-day if the people who stand for righteousness, purity, decency, and honesty would refuse all social intercourse with the dissolute, corrupt, and debauched characters whose money or position or intellect or good humor gives them standing it would be the mightiest force for purity and uprightness. It is the force of a refined and religious public opinion brought to bear on the life of the people. But when the wealthy or cultured and brilliant debauchee or lecherous seducer or notorious swindler and extortioner finds every door of society open to him and even the Church willing to condone his life for the sake of getting his money, there is little encouragement for young men and young women to be pure, true, honest.

## THE BROWNLOW RÉGIME IN TENNESSEE.

From March, 1862, until March 4, 1865, Andrew Johnson was military Governor of Tennessee. He had taken steps for restoring Tennessee to her position in the Union, and a convention in January, 1865, had met and adopted amendments to the Constitution of the State. It also provided for the election of a Governor and legislature. At this election the Hon. William G. Brownlow was elected Governor. He was inaugurated on April 5, 1865, and the State was again under civil government.

For nearly four years the Governor, with a radical majority in the legislature, had things in his own hands. Not only were all Confederate soldiers disfranchised, but all who had sympathized with the Confederacy and numbers of conservative Union men were excluded from the ballot box. The officers whose duty it was to administer the laws were generally the creatures of the Governor, in thorough sympathy with all his radical measures; and while he was not charged personally with corruption, yet through them it was a reign of graft, extortion, and dishonesty. In the three Churches which I served in 1866 and 1867, there was an aggregate membership of two hundred and fifty, seventy-five or eighty of them men, yet there were not ten of them allowed to vote.

The patience of the people was wonderful, but there were many Union men and also Northern men who had been in the Union army and had settled in the country who were opposed to the whole Reconstruction policy, and they did what they could to mitigate the evil conditions and to bring about a change.

Still those were the years of the domination of the carpet-bagger, the scalawag, and the negro, and they were years

of the most brutal despotism. The carpetbagger was the Northern adventurer who came South for office and for spoils; the scalawag was the native of the South who joined the radical party for spoils and from hatred of his neighbors.

It was difficult to find really able lawyers to serve as judges of the courts, for the few who were not disfranchised were opposed to the administration. In Gibson County the judge of the circuit court was an old man, almost in his dotage. At the first session of his court he announced that he would require every lawyer who would practice before him to take an oath of allegiance, besides the ordinary oath to support the Constitution of the State and the United States. This extra oath was known, I was told, as the "ironclad" oath. I do not know what its terms were, but the lawyers were bitterly opposed to taking it, although they could honestly do so. But they insisted that it was extra constitutional and that it was a useless humiliation for men of honor. The main argument was made by Col. Thomas J. Freeman, afterwards one of our supreme judges, from whom I got the facts. He spoke for two or three hours, and one of the lawyers told me it was the most learned and elaborate and conclusive argument he ever heard. When he concluded, all the members of the bar joined in protest, but the only response the judge made, as if awakening from a nap, was: "You'll take the oath, or you can't practice in this court." They went forward, one by one, and as each took the oath he made a brief talk, generally of protest, but saying that he would do all he could to restore peace and good will. One or two went so far as to say that the result of the war showed that they were wrong, and they were sorry for their course. This aroused the indignation of Colonel Black, who had commanded one of the regiments of Quarles's Brigade. He was an elder in my Church and afterwards was judge in this same court. His speech, as reported to me, was in substance: "I, too, hope for peace and good will, for Heaven knows I don't want to see strife added to the miserable tyranny which requires this oath. As to the past, I have no apologies to make to this court or to anybody else. I went into the Confederate army because I believed then, and believe now, that the South was right. I did all I could for the cause. I am now only sorry that we did not succeed." Several strong Union men who heard his speech went to him and retained him in litigation they had pending.

As another specimen of the incompetency of this judge, he always charged against a Southern sympathizer in a case between the Southerner and a Union man. In one such case the lawyer for the Southern man appealed to the Supreme Court, and that court, radical though it was, reversed the judge's charge and sent the case back. On the second trial this judge charged just as before. Again on appeal the case was sent back, and the higher court reprimanded the judge. On the third trial the same charge was repeated. The lawyer, much irritated, again prayed an appeal, and when the judge asked, "What are the grounds of your appeal?" the answer came clear, short, and sharp: "Simply on the ground of the utter stupidity and blind prejudice of the judge of this court." The judge didn't seem to realize that he had been insulted and went calmly on with the business.

I think it was in 1867 that the Conservative Unionists nominated Emerson Etheridge for Governor against Governor Brownlow. He had been an intensely loyal Union man. He had been in Congress before the war and had made a repu-



tation for ability and brilliancy as a speaker. He was to speak in Trenton. An immense crowd gathered to hear him. It was a hot day, I think in June. The speaking was on the eastern side of the courthouse, and I determined to go and hear him for a little while; for I was very busy in my work and must confess I didn't have any great respect for the speaker. I got a standing position on the outskirts of the crowd, which I could leave easily without disturbing any one, but until the close of the speech, more than two hours, I had no idea of the passage of time; and when the end came I found myself right up at the speaker's stand, having elbowed my way unconsciously through the crowd, drawn by the magnetism of the orator's eloquence. I have no recollection of the points of the speech and very shadowy memory of the speaker's appearance, but it left on me the impression of the most brilliant speech I ever heard. It was a profound argument on the Constitution, which had been trampled underfoot. It announced in luminous and burning words the very foundation principles of civil liberty, which had been violated. It arraigned the Brownlow administration in terms of scathing scorn and bitter indignation. It sparkled with wit and biting sarcasm. It described with tenderest pathos the condition of the country desolated by war and billowed all over with the grave mounds of men slain in battle. It pictured the struggles of broken-hearted widows and orphan children to keep the homes from which the husband and father had been taken and which the rapacity of greedy officials sought to take from them. It pleaded in winning accents for the return of peace and friendship to our divided State.

It seemed to me that every kind of eloquence was illustrated in that speech, from the highest flights of oratory to the deepest terms of invective, from ringing calls for resistance to tyranny, to the tones that move to tears. The crowd listened, as I did, with rapt attention, now laughing, now weeping, now shouting approval. Needless to say I went away with a far different impression of Emerson Etheridge than I had when he began to speak.

It may be that the enthusiasm developed by that speech, which was made at the beginning of the campaign, caused the Governor to call out the militia. At any rate, I understood that before the campaign had continued very long Governor Brownlow announced his intention to send companies of militia to all places where the "Rebel sentiment" was strong. This meant only that he proposed to carry the election by force if need be. Mr. Etheridge withdrew, and Brownlow was triumphantly elected.

In pursuance of his plan to control the election, the Governor sent two companies of militia to Trenton, and after certain demonstrations another company was added. These companies were made up largely of boys from East Tennessee, and they seemed to look on their expedition as a kind of jaunt for recreation. They had their camp on a rising ground west of the town. I was then boarding two or three miles in the country, and when I came to town I passed within two hundred yards of their camp, and they were about as harmless looking a crowd as I ever saw. There was nothing warlike in their appearance; and if there had been any purpose of resistance to the government, there were enough of us in and around Trenton who had been soldiers to have driven the whole force into the swamps surrounding their quarters. But the Confederates treated them with good-natured contempt.

Every time I came to town the boys had some story to tell me of pranks tried on the militia. One of the demonstrations that alarmed them and called for reinforcements was a subject of amusement among those who told me of it. One dark night some mischievous boys made some balls of cotton yarn and soaked them in turpentine. Then, going on the hillside opposite the camp of the militia, they lighted the balls and threw them into the air, at the same time uttering a kind of imitation of the Rebel yell. At once the long roll was sounded, and the warriors were mustered into line, where they stood until break of day. The next morning the telegraph lines to Nashville were kept hot with the story of the mysterious midnight attack, planned by the Rebels, which was only thwarted by the promptness with which the troops got under arms, and another company came to the rescue.

I was told that whenever the boys of the town wanted some fun and could escape from their parents, they would repeat the experiment with the turpentine balls, when the camp would be aroused and kept in line for hours, ready to repel the expected attack. Then the wires would quiver with blood-and-thunder dispatches, exhorting the "brave boys" to hold the fort at all hazards. It was the most ridiculous travesty of war—a huge farce that would have been amusing but for the malignity which lay beneath all this "pomp and circumstance."

On one occasion the militia tried to earn their wages by a show of their power. They undertook to intimidate a speaker of the conservatives, warning him that it would be dangerous for him to criticise the administration. The speaker was a candidate for some State office, I think Superintendent of Schools. He was a colonel who had commanded an Illinois regiment with distinguished gallantry during the war. The speaking was to be in the courthouse yard under the trees. At the appointed hour the yard was full of men, in the best of humor, Confederates and Unionists, when a lieutenant with a squad from the camp marched through the crowd and into the courthouse with the most solemn air of determination, as if they had come to quell a mutiny or to protect the dearest interests of the State against a law-defying mob. They took possession of the large court room overlooking the speaker's stand. The colonel's speech was not moderated by this show of force, but he spoke in the plainest words of the despotism under which we were oppressed, urging all the Union men to insist on their right to vote. At one point in his speech he was denouncing the use of soldiers at the polls, when suddenly there was a rattling of muskets, a sharp word of command, and from each window a half dozen gun barrels were thrust out, pointed at the speaker. With twinkling eyes he looked up and said: "Boys, I said soldiers. I didn't mean you. There is no harm in you. The only danger from you will be to hen roosts. The chickens must roost higher." At the shout of laughter the guns were speedily withdrawn.

#### CENTRALIZED POWER.

And if ever the time shall arrive, as assuredly it has arrived elsewhere, and in all probability may arrive here, that a coalition of knavery and fanaticism shall for any purpose be got up on this floor, I ask gentlemen who stand in the same predicament as I do to look well to what they are now doing, to the colossal power with which they are now arming this government.—*John Randolph of Roanoke.*

## VAIN EFFORTS TO AVOID PRISON.

BY B. T. HOLLIDAY, WINCHESTER, VA.

My connection with Capt. R. P. Chew's Battery of Horse Artillery was brief. I joined the battery the 1st of September, 1863. It was then in camp two miles north of Culpeper Courthouse. General Meade's army was on the north bank of the Rappahannock River, some ten miles away, and General Lee's army was south of Culpeper Courthouse on the Rapidan. The territory between Culpeper Courthouse and the Rappahannock River was picketed by General Lomax's brigade of cavalry and the horse artillery attached to it.

On Saturday evening, September 12, 1863, the gun detachment that I belonged to left camp with the three-inch rifle piece for Brandy Station to do picket duty. We took position on Fleetwood Hill, the battle ground of the great cavalry fight between Stuart and Averell on the 9th of June, 1863. The hill commands an extensive view northward in the direction of the river, which is only a few miles away, where General Meade's army was camped. On this hill is a fine old Virginia mansion.

The night was threatening rain, and some half dozen of us Winchester boys obtained permission to sleep on the parlor floor. Late in the night we were aroused by some one trying to get into the house. Upon investigation we found it was a scout, who came to tell us that the Yankee army was going to advance at daylight and for us to be on the alert. We went out into the yard and could plainly see the enemy's camp fires along the Rappahannock River. Shortly afterwards a thunderstorm of unusual severity developed, and the rain came down in torrents, delaying the advance of the enemy.

The next morning (Sunday) was a lovely day. We could see the enemy's cavalry vidette down the road in our front, and at the base of the hill we occupied were our cavalry pickets. Several times we saw a movement of the enemy's cavalry in the distance, working around to our right. Word was sent us to keep a sharp lookout on the Rixeyville Road, which was to our right.

Pretty soon an order came for us to fall back toward Culpeper Courthouse, about six miles south of us. There was a large body of oak woods adjoining Fleetwood Hill on the south and east sides, while the road to Culpeper Courthouse bordered on the west side of the woods. We had gone but a short distance down the southern slope of the hill when we heard firing near by, and on looking in the direction of the sound of it, which came from the woods, we saw the Yankee cavalry in hot pursuit of our cavalry, which was few in numbers.

We were in great danger of being captured, so we left the road and took a course due west across the fields, the four horses attached to the gun going in full gallop, urged to their utmost speed by the driver on the rear and on the front horse. Had the enemy seen us, they could have captured us with ease, as only the officers carried side arms. Captain Chew, realizing the peril we were in, rode out a short distance from the gun and beckoned to a squadron of our cavalry, which looked to be five or six hundred yards north of us and moving leisurely in our direction.

I had not secured a horse myself up to this time and was riding on the limber chest of the gun, holding on to the trunnions in order to retain my seat, for we were going at a lively pace over rough ground, and at times I thought the gun would be overturned. When we had gone sufficiently far westward we turned to the south and came to the John

Minor Botts estate. This John Minor Botts was a great Union man. I saw it stated in a newspaper just after the war that he said the Confederate soldier would in time be ashamed of his cause and that when a soldier who had lost a limb was asked how he lost it he would reply, "At a saw-mill" or, "On the railroad." As we passed through his farm I saw him at his barn. We moved up to the front of his house, a fine old colonial mansion, which was on a slight elevation. The ladies of the household were on the front porch looking at the fight in the fields near by. We unlimbered the gun and fired one shot at the Yankee cavalry; but up to this time the enemy had not appeared in force, and those in front of us were too much scattered for us to do any execution.

We moved southward, on our way to Culpeper, and made another stand at the corner of a woods. At this point they fired a shell at us, which passed with a scream over our heads. Their line of battle now came into plain view, and our cavalry was retiring before them. We moved back again, passing the woods where we had encamped, and took position in a level field, some four or five hundred yards south of the woods in which we had been encamped. The enemy came up and occupied the woods, and we shelled the woods with the three-inch rifle gun. Their sharpshooters began to make it warm for us. A small body of our cavalry in falling back got in the line of our fire, and we called to them to get out of the way. They divided, some going to the right and some to the left of the gun, and as they did so I heard a thud and saw a large man fall from his horse, having been shot in the back. I had to go to the caisson to get the shell and insert it in the gun, and in doing so I felt the wind of a bullet as it passed my ear. It could not have missed me more than an inch or two.

The enemy began to flank us, and we again fell back, this time to the suburbs of Culpeper Courthouse. The enemy's artillery had opened all along the line, and shells were screaming through the air every few seconds. I passed a Confederate cavalryman who had his head tied up with a handkerchief. He said he had been cut over the head with a saber and the lieutenant of his company killed. I pitied the poor fellow, as he seemed to be suffering a great deal of pain. We had now reached Culpeper Courthouse, and, crossing Crooked Run, we climbed a very steep hill at the north end of the town and unlimbered the gun. From this point we had an unbroken view of the country in front of us. The enemy's cavalry, some five or six thousand, under Generals Buford, Kilpatrick, and Custer, were in plain view, and behind them came the infantry of Meade's army.

We lost no time in paying our respects to their cavalry, which, I judge, was about three-fourths of a mile distant. Our gunner soon got the range, and at every discharge of the gun I could see men and horses go down; but they would close up and continue the advance. Their artillery began to pay some attention to us. The chimney of a house that had been burned was standing, and one of their shells knocked the bricks off of it. Another shell burst over the gun, and a fragment of it wounded a horse. Captain Chew was with our gun, and he sat erect on his horse, looking like a statue, watching the enemy and directing the firing of the gun.

Although kept busy at the gun, I observed the enemy were overlapping our right and left flanks and getting in the rear of us. Captain Chew gave the command to cease firing; and as I had no horse, I remarked to him that I would go ahead and join the gun on the south side of the town, to which he assented.

I suppose I had gotten fifty or sixty yards from the gun



when I heard a commotion, and on looking around, to my surprise, I saw a Yankee cavalry regiment charging by fours in the rear of the gun. The hill on which we were located dropped off very abruptly to our right, and they had crossed the railroad and come up over the hill without our seeing them. There was no support for the gun, and it was captured. Those who had time to mount their horses lost no time in getting away. Captain Chew escaped. A Yankee rode up to Lieut. James Thompson and ordered him to surrender. Thompson, quick as a flash of lightning, shot the fellow and went away like a whirlwind. He did not kill the man, as the shot only dazed him. There was no braver man in the Confederate army than Jim Thompson. He did not know what fear was. He was killed at High Bridge a few days before the surrender.

The first set of fours of the Yankee cavalry regiment did not go toward the gun, but kept straight on in the direction of the road at the foot of the hill in the rear of the gun. They were a little to my right, and when they reached the road one of the party fired at one of our men, and I saw horse and rider go down amid a cloud of dust.

Running as fast as my legs could carry me, I leaped over a high board fence and ran into a negro shanty. I never could understand why the Yankees failed to see me, for they were only a few yards away. The man in whose house I sought refuge proved to be a true friend. He very naturally regarded my presence as likely to get him into trouble, and at his suggestion I went into an adjoining lot which had a fine growth of corn that shielded me from view when lying on the ground. While in the corn a heavy thunderstorm came up, and I got wet to the skin. I could hear the roar of the artillery to the south of the town, which, mingled with the artillery of the heavens, made an impression that can never be effaced. After being in the corn possibly less than an hour, Meade's infantry came marching by; and as the front of the lot was inclosed with a paling fence, I could see them as they passed, for I was not more than twenty or twenty-five yards distant.

When night came on I went over to the negro's house and asked him to direct me to the residence of a Southern man. Following his directions, I went down through the rear of the lot, crossed over the street, and mounted the steps of a house that stood on the corner. I knocked on the door, and a gentleman responded with a lighted lamp in his hand. From fear of being seen from the street, I forced my way into the hall somewhat against his wishes. I told him who I was and to what command I belonged. He said it would not do for me to remain at his house, as a party of Yankees had already been there and searched the house. Meade's whole army was encamped around the town, and they had guards all over the place. He said I should go back to the negro man's house and spend the night, and he would send me a suit of citizen's clothes the next day.

With a sad and heavy heart I returned to the shanty and laid down on some carpet on the floor without any covering, but could not sleep, as I was wet to the skin and cold. Before day the man had me get up and go out into the corn again, where I lay on the cold, wet ground until about ten o'clock, when he threw over the fence a suit of clothes that was to make me a full-fledged citizen.

I took off my gray uniform, which, with my cadet cap, I left in a pile in the patch of corn. On the discarded jacket were a half dozen Virginia staff buttons that I had recently paid forty dollars for in Staunton. I was loath to leave

them behind, but I could not risk having them found on my person.

I cut a sorry figure in my suit of citizen's clothes. The coat was one of the old-style black cloth, shiny from long service, and came down below my knees. The trousers were a black and white check and in shape were patterned after a meal sack. The straw hat I was to wear had seen better days before the war.

I now climbed over the fence and went into the negro man's house and told him I wanted him to walk down the street, and the first Southern man he saw or met he should state my case to him. He did as I requested, and I saw him stop and talk to a gentleman whom I followed to his store. When out on the street I very soon passed some Yankee soldiers and felt as if my heart was in my throat. I passed the courthouse and, looking up at the windows, saw Confederate soldiers who had been captured in yesterday's fight. I felt that I was sailing under false colors, that I rightfully belonged with them.

The gentleman who was to befriend me in this trying hour took me to his house and gave me breakfast. The last meal I had had was Saturday afternoon before going on picket duty, and it was now Monday morning. Excitement and worry had in a measure deprived me of appetite up to the present time.

I realized that prudence required me to keep off the street and out of sight of the Yankees; so after breakfast I took a stroll in the back yard. I had not been there very long when I saw an officer and a squad of men approaching me. I was placed under arrest and taken to headquarters, which was in the leading hotel of the place. On the way to headquarters the guard stopped at every house and arrested all men who they thought capable of bearing arms.

On reaching headquarters I found that General Webb, of the 2d Corps, was the provost marshal of the town, and he proved to be a very nice gentleman. I waited until he had disposed of all the cases of those who had been arrested before I had my interview with him. In the meantime I was doing some thinking. I counted on my youthful appearance to help me through.

When my time came General Webb said: "Well, young man, what have you to say for yourself?" I told him I had been attending school at Hampden Sidney College, but that the college building had been taken for a hospital, and I came here to go to school. He asked me who could vouch for me, and I mentioned the gentleman's name with whom I was staying and who had a store up the street. He said I should call the gentleman over when he was passing. General Webb said he wanted me to prove that I didn't drop a pair of spurs and a carbine yesterday; that they captured several pieces of artillery and but few men. I had not told my friend, the merchant, what I had told General Webb; so I proposed to him that he should give me a guard and I would go up to his store and bring him down. General Webb consented to do so, and the guard accompanied me to Mr. Smith's store, and while he stood at the front door I walked back to where Mr. Smith was and told him what I had told General Webb. When we returned to headquarters I gave Mr. Smith an introduction to General Webb. The General said: "Mr. Smith, what do you know of this young man?" Mr. Smith corroborated the statement I had made to General Webb and finished by saying he found me to be a very nice young man. General Webb interposed the remark: "That may be so, but there are a great many nice young men in the Rebel army."

My fate hung in the balance for a few minutes, for his countenance took on a serious expression; but after some deliberation he told his adjutant general, who was near at hand, to write me a pass requiring me to report to him three times a day.

Every morning, noon, and evening I would call on the General and say: "General, here I am." He would sometimes smile; possibly my comical appearance caused him to do so.

I knew this arrangement could not last very long, and I was planning to escape from the town. It was now getting toward October, and I had been there since September 13.

I was informed that there was a lieutenant of the 10th Virginia Infantry concealed in the town, and I got into communication with him. He was recovering from a case of fever. Mr. Jack Pendleton, a prominent citizen of that section and who, I think, had been a Congressman, lived a few miles southwest of Culpeper Courthouse and was a connection of the lieutenant.

It was arranged that we should make the effort to escape from the town on the night of October 5. The lieutenant was familiar with the country, and I left everything to him. West of the town is a long, high ridge. At night the Yankee camp fires were plainly visible. A little to the right, facing the west, was a camp, and to the left was another camp. The space between the two camps was all darkness, and our chance for escape seemed to lie in that direction.

As soon as it was dark we started out on our hazardous trip. Crooked Run (well named) encircles the town, and our first obstacle was the crossing of it. As it was October and the night very cold, we decided to remove our clothes to cross the stream, for it was quite deep at that point, and we did not want to wade it with our clothes on, as we would become chilled afterwards. We found the water to be waist deep. When we emerged from the stream we were confronted with an osage orange hedge, which was quite dense and, as is the nature of it, full of thorns. We employed our knives for a while cutting a passage through it, but we had some scars to show afterwards.

After crossing a level field on that side of the run, we began the ascent of the hill, which was quite steep. The lieutenant, who had just recovered from the fever, was not as strong as he thought he was, and we had to stop now and then for him to rest. We felt very much elated, however, at the progress we were making; but our hopes were soon dispelled, for a challenge, "Who goes there?" broke the stillness of the midnight air. We replied "Friends," and the guard called the sergeant of the guard. We were very close to the guard.

The sergeant came and took charge of us, and we were taken to the camp which was to our left when we started from town, which proved to be General Sickles' corps. The officer of the day's tent questioned us as to our movements at that hour of the night. We informed him that we were on our way to see a friend, Mr. McNutt. He asked us if we had passes. We replied that we had not, as we had no idea we would be molested. He said the country was full of pickets, and we were liable to be shot.

A great weight was lifted from us when he said: "You had better go back to town and get passes and come out in the day time." After an exchange of some pleasant remarks regarding the war we told him we had been carried around through the camp so much that we had lost our bearings and would esteem it a favor if he would have some one put us on the Sperryville Pike. He kindly furnished us a man, who piloted us to the road, and we bade him good night.

As soon as he was out of sight, instead of going back to town, we went up the road in the direction of Mr. Jack Pendleton's place. The country was so changed by the encampment as to cause the lieutenant to become confused, and we tried several roads in searching for Mr. Pendleton's place. We knew General Prince had his headquarters at Mr. Pendleton's, and, seeing a light ahead of us, we found it to be a picket post, and we asked the guard where General Prince's headquarters was, and he replied, "Up the road a short distance." I suppose he thought we had business with General Prince and therefore did not detain us.

When near Mr. Pendleton's place I hid in the bushes while the lieutenant went up to the house. He was to give a signal, a whistle, when he returned, so I would know who he was. He was gone about an hour. On his return he reported the result of his interview with Mr. Pendleton, who told him the country around him was full of soldiers, and there was no possible chance of our getting through the lines, and we had better go back to town and wait for a more propitious opportunity.

We returned to the town on the Sperryville Road, and on the bridge at Crooked Run we were challenged by a picket's "Who goes there?" and were told to advance and give the countersign. When within a few feet of him he halted us, and on being told that we did not have the countersign he called the sergeant of the guard, who came with a lantern. I showed him the pass General Webb had given me, and the lieutenant had gotten a pass from Mr. Pendleton, which he showed. The sergeant seemed suspicious and was five minutes or more in scrutinizing the passes, and when he gave us permission to pass through the lines we were greatly relieved.

In after years, in looking back on this night's adventure, I realize the danger we incurred; for had it been discovered that we were Confederate soldiers in citizen's dress, they would have hanged us as high as Haman. A kind Providence watched over us. When back in the town the lieutenant went to his place of concealment and I returned to the house of my friend. It was about 2 A.M., and, not wishing to disturb them, I slept in a shed on the premises. The disappointment following the failure of our trip was felt by them as well as by myself.

(Concluded in October.)

## FLAG OF THE SOUTH.

BY ANABEL F. THOMASON.

IN MEMORY OF THE MEN WHO WORE THE GRAY.

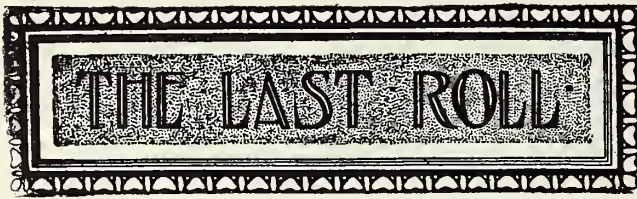
Flag of the sunny Southland,  
Within your bonny folds  
Are all the love, the hope, the dreams  
That the human heart e'er holds.

The love of sweetheart, wife, and home,  
Of honor, truth, and right;  
Love of our sovereign right to live  
As God gave us the might.

Hope of the finest bravest men  
That e'er unsheathed a sword;  
Knightly, true as steel were they—  
Men who sacred kept their word.

Dreams of our homeland unfulfilled,  
Bathed in the tears we shed—  
Flag of sacrifice—symbol and shield  
Of our immortal dead.





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

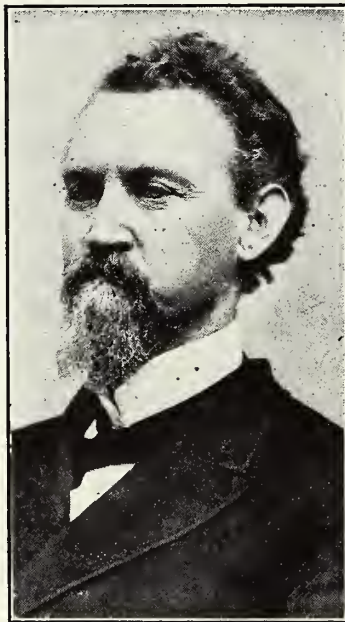
"And when at last in life's decline  
This earthly temple we resign,  
May we, O Lord, enjoy with thee  
The Sabbaths of eternity."

MAJ. JONATHAN D. RUDD.

Maj. Jonathan Davenport Rudd, of Marshall, Tex., passed to the great beyond on April 26, 1920. He was among the last of that splendid manhood which makes every Southerner hold his head erect and be proud of his nativity; one of those who not only offered his life for his Southland, but who, with no less bravery and ability, builded anew our civilization on the ruins of the war.

Major Rudd was born in Newberry District, S. C., on February 17, 1840. In 1857 he went to Texas and settled in Harrison County, about three miles south of Waskom. He was universally known as "Major Rudd," although he was a colonel on the staffs of both Governors Hogg and Culbertson. As a soldier of the Confederacy he attained the rank of first lieutenant of Company G, 14th Texas Cavalry, Ector's Brigade, and served under Generals Johnston, Bragg, and Hood in the Army of Tennessee. He was severely wounded in the face by a bullet in the battle of Allatoona, Ga. He made a splendid record as a fearless and efficient soldier and officer. Of the one hundred and forty-one in his company who went into the war from Panola County, he was one of the thirteen who came back.

Perhaps the most useful, as it certainly was the most eventful and stirring, period of Major Rudd's life was that following the war, the time of reconstruction, which was particularly bitter and tragic for the good citizens of Harrison County. No man in the county did more than Major Rudd to overthrow the infamous rule that burdened the people with debt and inflicted upon them in the most humiliating



MAJ. J. D. RUDD.

form the curses of misgovernment, official graft, and corruption. And no man since the overthrow of that infamous régime has done more toward securing for the people the blessings assured by that victory. His efforts in this direction began in 1873 and did not end until 1880, in which year the citizens' party, representing the respectable white votes of the county, came into complete control of all local affairs. The incident of the fall election of 1873, when Gen. Walter P. Lane, General Hawthorne, and Major Rudd were appointed as a committee and cleared the way to the polls for the white voters, is well remembered. Major Rudd was a member of the organization of the citizens' party, the first meeting of which was called at Marshall, the county seat, and which was attended by twenty-nine citizens besides himself. For the brave and determined stand he took in the defense and protection of the better element of his race he was more than once threatened, and was frequently in danger of his life. He led a busy, useful life and served his county in many capacities. He was tax assessor from 1880 to 1882, and from that year until elected to the legislature in 1890 he served his people almost continuously as a member of the commissioners' court, and did his share toward putting the county in a healthy financial condition. When first elected to the commissioners' court in 1878, county script was worth only fifteen cents on the dollar; when he retired from that court, it was one hundred cents on the dollar. In 1890 he was elected a member of the twenty-second legislature of Texas to represent his district in the House, and he was re-elected three times. In this position he continued to render useful service to the public throughout his four terms and acquitted himself well and honorably as a State legislator. In waging his battles Major Rudd never occupied an equivocal position or sacrificed principles to expediency.

Major Rudd was a member of the First Methodist Church of Marshall. He was also a Mason, a Knight Templar, and a Shriner. In 1865 he married Miss Leonora T. Hill, who was born in South Carolina, but has resided in Harrison County, Tex., since 1854. She was a brave and noble helpmeet for her husband during the troublous Reconstruction days, and during the following years of peace and happiness she has been the typical matron of the old-fashioned Southern home. She survives him.

JOHN CHAPMAN AIKEN.

On December 17, 1919, John Chapman Aiken, an honored veteran of the Confederacy, passed away in Johnson City, Tenn. He was born in Pulaski County, Va., on February 23, 1847, the fourth son of Matthew and Malvina Chapman Aiken. When quite a youth he went to Washington County, Tenn., where he spent most of his life. During the War between the States he served with the home guard some two years, guarding prisons, bridges, and supplies for the government until October 17, 1864, when he joined J. P. Lynch's battery of artillery and served with them until the close of the war. They were disbanded at Christiansburg, Va., a few days after the surrender of Gen. R. E. Lee in April, 1865.

Mr. Aiken was a member of the J. B. Gordon Camp of Confederate Veterans, of Johnson City, and the Daughters of the Confederacy had bestowed on him the Southern Cross of Honor. He was a man of true worth, brave yet gentle, ever loving, tender, and true. He leaves a devoted wife and a little son, James Matthew Aiken.

REV. DR. W. W. PAGE.

Another noble spirit, a gentleman, soldier, and Christian of the old type, is lost to earth in the death of Dr. W. W. Page, who died at St. Luke's, in New York City, on June 14, 1920. He was descended from a Virginia family of distinction. One of his ancestors was Governor of Virginia in colonial times, and two of his cousins have in recent years served as ambassadors of the United States government to the courts of England and Italy. He was a cousin of Gen. R. E. Lee, and for him General Lee had affectionate regard. He and I were friends for more than sixty years. I knew him intimately at college, where we were members of the same Greek letter fraternity. He went to the war in 1861 with the Hampden-Sidney boys under President Atkinson. The company was assigned to Pegram's Regiment, which was sent with General Garnett's forces to West Virginia, where the entire army was captured at Rich Mountain by General McClellan. I later was associated with him in the endeavor to raise Richardson's Battalion of Scouts, Guides, and Couriers, which was to serve as General Lee's bodyguard; but I gave up the task when I found there was nobody in the Confederacy to recruit. With the uncompleted organization, Captain Page campaigned with Mosby for a while and was afterwards assigned to General Lee's staff, on which he served with the rank of captain until the end of the war, while I returned to my battery.

After the war he took a theological course at Princeton, going from there to New York City, where he became pastor of the New York Presbyterian Church. Some years before his death he united with the Episcopal Church and became rector at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

Of gentle birth, brave, loyal, and faithful, always moved by generous, unselfish, and lofty impulses, crowned with eighty years of active, consecrated labors, he was at last gathered home like a shock of corn fully ripe.

"He doth rest from his labors, and his works do follow him."

[G. Nash Morton.]

WILLIAM C. PAYNE.

William C. Payne, one of the most beloved residents of Charlottesville, Va., died at his home there on July 20, after several months' illness.

William Collins Payne was the son of William and Ann Payne, of Fluvanna County, and had passed his eighty-first year. He joined the Monticello Guard in 1857 and remained a member of that company until 1862. He was with his company at the hanging of John Brown. In 1861 he enlisted in Company A, 19th Virginia Infantry, and served with great gallantry in the many engagements of his company. In 1862 he was stricken with typhoid fever, which left him completely blind for a time. He recovered his sight later, but one eye was left very much impaired, and on this account he was discharged from service in the army.

Returning to Charlottesville, he again entered the grocery business, in which he continued until 1885, when he opened a music store. On account of failing health, he retired from active business about four years ago.

Comrade Payne was a member of the John Bowie Strange Camp, U. C. V., of Charlottesville. At the Confederate Reunion in Washington in June, 1917, he headed the Virginia division in a rolling chair, carrying an old Confederate flag that had been through the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Mr. Payne was a man of sterling character and one of the most highly esteemed citizens of the city, enjoying the respect of all who knew him. He had been a member of the city council and held other offices of responsibility. He was an active member of the First Baptist Church and was prominent in Masonic circles.

He married Miss Susie L. Bass, of Appomattox County, who died about ten years ago. Five sons and four daughters survive him.

J. C. HUFF.

James C. Huff, Past Commander Atlanta Camp, No. 159, U. C. V., was born in that part of DeKalb now known as Fulton County, Ga., on April 3, 1845. He was sixteen years old when the War between the States began and enlisted in Fulton's Dragoons, which became Company B, of Cobb's Legion. In this command he served in J. E. B. Stuart's splendid division (later corps) of cavalry, and after the death of that brilliant leader he followed the banner of Wade Hampton until the great drama closed at Appomattox and Goldsboro. He shared in all the hardships and brilliant exploits of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, and he never failed on proper occasion to extol the deeds of his comrades and their peerless chieftains. He never missed a State or general Reunion of the U. C. V. when it was possible for him to attend. He possessed a rich fund of stirring war incidents, which pleased all listeners by the earnest and yet modest manner in which he narrated them.

When funds were being collected for the John B. Gordon equestrian monument which stands in the Capitol Square in Atlanta, he was a member of the great committee and at every meeting had a good report and contribution to turn in. He was a faithful member of Atlanta Camp, No. 159, U. C. V., and of the Baptist Church, in full communion with which he devotedly lived and peacefully died. His death occurred on June 6, 1920, and he was laid to rest by his beloved and loving comrades on June 8 in Oakland Cemetery, Atlanta, Ga.

"The brave and active Cavalier  
Of the days of sixty-one,  
In sweet old age held ever dear,  
Has laid his armor down.

No more the battle's din he hears;  
He rests beneath the sod;  
He's gone to join the hosts above,  
Forever with his God.

His brave but gentle spirit passed  
'Mid hours of pain and grief,  
Yet bore up loving to the last  
As we passed him in relief.

We mourn not as the taps ring out;  
Another brave now sleeps;  
Wrapped in his flag he rests in peace  
Where the angels vigils keep."

[Comrade A. C. Bruce, Atlanta, Ga.]

ABEL BATES.

Comrade Abel Bates, who died at Mansfield, La., on June 6, 1920, was born in Halifax County, Va., October 1, 1845. He was in the Confederate Army from 1863 until the close and made a faithful soldier.



## COMRADES AT CHICKASHA, OKLA.

The following report was made by the Memorial Committee of Joe Shelby Camp, No. 975, U. C. V.:

"James Robert Owsley was born March 8, 1845, at Auburn, Ala., and died May 21, 1920, at Chickasha, Okla. In his early boyhood he immigrated with his father and family to Columbia County, Ark., and on the 15th of May, 1861, at the age of sixteen, he enlisted in Company C, 15th Arkansas Regiment, at Calhoun, Columbia County, Ark. This regiment was later consolidated with the 19th Arkansas, and the command was known as the 15th and 19th Arkansas Consolidated. Comrade Owsley served as a private until the surrender and was honorably discharged by parole on the 1st of June, 1865, at Camden, Ark.

"In October, 1866, he was married to Jane Antoinette Furlow, of Columbia County, Ark, who now survives him in her seventy-third year. To them were born eight children, six of whom, three sons and three daughters, are now living.

"Comrade Owsley had been a loyal and consistent member of Joe Shelby Camp, No. 975, for about seventeen years, always taking an active interest in its affairs and using his best endeavors to promote its advancement. He was particularly proud of the honor that his Camp bestowed upon his eldest son, John T. Owsley, who about three years ago was elected Commander of the Camp and still serves it in that capacity. He was a staunch member of the Baptist Church and lived an honorable Christian life, scrupulously attending to his religious duty. His last days were spent with his faithful wife and his children about him. By his request he was buried in his Confederate uniform, which he had delighted in wearing on all occasions pertaining to the U. C. V.

"Three other members of Joe Shelby Camp, No. 975, U. C. V., have died during the past year: T. A. Powell, J. J. Harness, and J. C. Lindsey. These comrades were types of the good soldier and good citizen. They were true to their country and fellow man; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That in the death of our comrades this Camp has sustained the loss of friends whose fellowship and counsels it was an honor and a pleasure to enjoy. We bear willing testimony to their many virtues and to their unquestioned honor and stainless life.

"Committee: W. H. Ferrell, R. G. Lee, J. S. Downs."

## GEORGE LEVY.

George Levy was born in Raleigh, N. C., on August 17, 1840, and died at Mulberry, Fla., on October 15, 1919, aged seventy-nine years. His early life was spent in New York City, but at the commencement of the War between the States he was a resident of Covington, Newton County, Ga., where he enlisted in the Confederate army and was mustered into service at Augusta, Ga., on April 28, 1861, in Company H, 3d Georgia Infantry, Wright's Brigade. He served during the entire war, taking part in all the important battles of the Army of Northern Virginia from Malvern Hill to Appomattox.

After the war he resided for several years in Missouri and Kansas, but went to Florida some twenty-seven years ago. He leaves one brother (John H. Levy), two sons (George C. and John A. Levy), one daughter (Mrs. H. P. Payne), and twelve grandchildren. For the past fifteen years he had been a justice of the peace for Polk County, Fla., residing in Mulberry. He was a member of Bartow Camp, U. C. V., at Bartow, Fla., at which place he was buried.

## ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON CAMP.

The following members of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp at Paris, Tex., are reported "missing":

Capt. H. O. Brown died at his home, in Paris, Tex., on April 30, 1919. He served four years as a Confederate soldier in the Orphan Brigade of Kentucky, and died at the ripe age of eighty-three years.

William Huddle died at his home, near Hopewell, during December, 1919. He, too, had passed the eightieth milestone, and had been a brave and knightly soldier of the South. He was a Virginian by birth.

Monroe Henderson, a soldier of the 29th Alabama Regiment, C. S. A., died at Paris, Tex., on the 18th of February, 1920, in his eightieth year.

## CAPT. W. E. HUDGINS.

Capt. W. E. Hudgins, prominent Confederate Veteran and citizen of Norfolk, Va., died in that city on July 27, at the age of eighty-two years. He was a man of public spirit, active in everything connected with the advancement and welfare of that section.

Captain Hudgins was the son of Robert K. Hudgins, of Mathews County, Va. In 1861 he was a lieutenant in the United States revenue cutter service, resigning when Virginia seceded. He then had charge of drilling artillerymen and handling batteries, and his artillery covered the retreat of the army from Yorktown. At Richmond he was attached to General Winckler's general court martial, but, desiring more active service, he was appointed second lieutenant under Commodore Barron, C. S. N., and was later detailed to the ironclad Savannah, under Commodore Hunter, commanding naval defenses at Savannah, Ga. This boat covered the retreat of the Confederates across the Savannah River, after which she was blown up by Captain Hudgins, who then began a foot journey to Charleston, S. C. He was then detailed to duty at the mouth of the Cape Fear River and later was with the Buchanan battery at Fort Fisher. When that fort fell he was badly wounded and captured. After his recovery and exchange, he reached Richmond just before the evacuation and left on the same train with President Davis. After General Lee's surrender, he started to join the forces of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, but was captured and released on parole, returning to his home at Portsmouth, Va. He was later in South American naval service, being with the navy of Peru at the time of her war with Spain. For a number of years he was collector of customs for the port of Norfolk, and at the time of his death he was harbor master there.

In 1871 Captain Hudgins was married to Miss Victoria Stone, daughter of Capt. E. E. Stone, U. S. N. He is survived by five sons and five daughters.

## COMRADES AT JONESBORO, ARK.

Joe Johnston Camp No. 995, U. C. V., at Jonesboro, Ark., has lost the following members: D. L. Thompson, Adjutant of Camp, Company A, 37th Mississippi Infantry; Ben Carter, Mississippi Pioneer Corps; F. G. West, Company E, 13th Arkansas Infantry; A. S. Nash, 4th Alabama; J. N. Slatton, 1st Alabama Regiment of Artillery; John R. Hancock, Company B, 13th Georgia Cavalry; J. H. Cross, Company I, 13th Arkansas Regiment.

## WILLIAM FERROL BLACK.

Comrade William Ferrol Black was born near Waverly, Tenn., on June 6, 1846. His parents, William and Jane Teas Black, moved to the Solomon Mill neighborhood, Fayette County, in 1851, and from there to Belmont and finally to Stanton, Haywood County, in 1860. In June, 1862, he joined Company B, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, then encamped near Holly Springs. J. P. Russell was captain; H. P. Sale, first lieutenant; and his brother, R. J. Black, second lieutenant. This regiment became a part of Gen. N. B. Forrest's command when he was transferred to the command of West Tennessee, North Mississippi, and Alabama.

Comrade Black served under General Forrest the rest of the war, being in all of his raids, skirmishes, and battles, and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., with General Forrest on May 11, 1865. He was married by Rev. A. R. Wilson on April 17, 1872, to Miss Sallie I. Coppedge, of Dancyville, Tenn. Their children were: Henrietta, W. F., and R. E. Black. He died in Memphis on January 14, 1920.

As a man he was quiet, modest, amiable, and just; as a soldier, without fear or reproach; as a husband and father, faithful and devoted; as a friend, true and steadfast. His memory is cherished by all and most by those who knew him best.

A beautiful set of resolutions were adopted by the Confederate Historical Association, Camp 28, which were ordered spread upon the minutes and a copy sent to his family.

## THOMAS H. HARLEE, SR.

A long and eventful life closed on the 6th of August with the passing of Thomas H. Harlee, Sr., of Florence, S. C., whose eighty-fifth year was completed on July 15. He was a prominent and honored citizen of Florence for many years, widely known throughout the Peedee section of the State.

Thomas H. Harlee was the son of Col. David S. Harlee and completed his education at the University of South Carolina. During the War between the States he served as quartermaster sergeant under Colonel Graham, of the 21st South Carolina Regiment, later being transferred to Georgetown to the division of heavy artillery; thence he went to the ordnance department under General Trapier, where he served until the close of the war. His record was that of faithfulness to duty at all times. After the war he engaged in farming until 1885, when he removed to Florence and was connected with the railroad service, later being connected with the city administration, and retired from active work about ten years ago. For a number of years he served as a member of the board of trustees of the Methodist Church, of which he was a lifelong member.

Comrade Harlee was a man of attractive personality and made and held many friends. He was married in 1856 to

Miss Margaret McCall, and to them were born five sons and five daughters, three of each surviving him with their mother and all living in Florence. Their married life of sixty-four years was characterized by that perfect love and understanding which made it an example to those coming after them.

## W. O. CONNOR.

W. O. Connor was born in Anderson District, S. C., on June 18, 1841. At the age of eight years he went to live with his sister, Mrs. Edwin Wright, just over the Alabama line, and during the next eight years he worked on the farm and attended school at the Hearn Academy. At the age of fifteen he entered the State Institution for the Deaf in order to learn the art of teaching the deaf.

When the dark clouds of war gathered over the South Mr. Connor entered the Confederate service as a member of the Cherokee Artillery, afterwards known as Corput's Battery, and the four years following he was making history for the Confederacy. The Governor of the State appealed to him to return to his important post of teaching, and his answer was characteristic of the splendid soldier: "Sir, I have cast my lot with the boys in gray and will remain with them to the end and abide by the result."

Wherever located, well and efficiently did his gun thunder over the battle field. He loved his gun and refused several offers of promotion, preferring to stay with the gun he commanded throughout the war. He took part in the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, the "Battle above the Clouds," where his battery occupied a position of great honor, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, and a number of other hard-fought battles. In the battle of Atlanta he was severely wounded and was borne unconscious and bleeding from the field to the hospital. He surprised his comrades, many of whom thought him dead, by appearing on the battle field in a few weeks; and though still weak, he refused to retire again, but stood fast by the gun to the end. He was in the entire siege of Vicksburg, and at Baker's Creek his battery was specially mentioned in reports for gallant service in the battle.

The battery was captured at the fall of Vicksburg, and after being exchanged it was again in the Army of Tennessee as a part of Breckinridge's, Corps under Bragg.

Comrade Connor was with Hood on his famous march into Tennessee in the fall of 1864 and took part in the battles of Franklin and Nashville. Then, making his way into North Carolina, he was with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston until the 12th of April, 1865, when he was captured at Salisbury and taken to prison at Camp Chase, Ohio, a few days before the surrender of General Johnston. He remained in prison several months, stolidly refusing to take the oath until every vestige of hope had been swept away.

Returning to the farm of his sister, whose husband had been killed in the war, he worked for two years trying to get the farm again organized. In 1867 he was elected principal of the Georgia School for the Deaf, which position he held with distinction until his retirement, in 1916, as principal emeritus.

In 1868 he married Miss Editha Simmons, of Cave Spring, and six children were born to them, two of whom survive him—Mrs. Harriet Connor Stevens, a member of the faculty of the Georgia School for the Deaf in Cave Spring, and W. O. Connor, principal of the School for the Deaf in Santa Fe, N. Mex.



W. F. BLACK.



REV. J. A. NORTON.

Rev. J. A. Norton, for fifty years a Primitive Baptist minister, died at his home, in Washington, D. C., during July, after a long illness.

Mr. Norton was born on May 9, 1840, in Tippah County, Miss. During the War between the States he joined the 2d Mississippi Regiment, the first regiment organized in that State, in April, 1861. He drilled in Corinth under Capt. J. W. Buchanan. He arrived in Lynchburg on May 8, 1861, and from there was sent to guard Harper's Ferry. He served in the battles of Seven Pines, Seven Days, the Second Manassas engagement, Sharpsburg, Bristow, North Corinth, and the Wilderness. He was wounded nine times and was captured at Appomattox Courthouse, surrendering with General Lee's army on April 9, 1865.

Mr. Norton was Assistant Chaplain of Camp No. 171, U. C. V., of the District of Columbia. He was for a time with a Church in Washington, but most of his ministerial service was performed in Page County, Va.

He was married twice and is survived by a son and five daughters.

Funeral services were held at the Confederate Memorial Home in Washington and interment was in the Confederate section of Arlington Cemetery. Honorary pallbearers were members of Camp 177.

REV. R. L. CAMPBELL.

Robert Lafayette Campbell, who died recently at his home, in Augusta, Ga., was born on February 4, 1845, in Abbeville district, now Greenwood County, S. C. He was the only son of Rev. Thomas M. Campbell and Ethelda Loveless. His parents moved to Georgia when he was about a year old, living in DeKalb County for several years and afterwards removing to Gainesville, Ga. From Gainesville Robert Campbell, a lad of eighteen, marched away to join the army of the Confederacy, serving from 1863 to the close in Howell's Battery, Georgia Volunteers, Martin's Battalion, Smith's Regiment of Artillery. One of his messmates said of him: "Robert Campbell is one of the few men I know who carried his religion into the army, lived it there, brought it home with him, and has lived it ever since."

At the close of the war Comrade Campbell returned to Gainesville and prepared himself for Emory College, graduating in 1872. For four years he engaged in educational work and was later admitted in full connection to the North Georgia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. In 1873 he was married to Mary Eugenia Mattox, daughter of Dr. Elijah Mattox, of Decatur, Ga. In 1888 he was appointed by the Conference to Paine College, at Augusta. It required a brave heart to enter upon this work, but the soldier who fought valiantly under the Stars and Bars responded to the call of the Church, and for thirty-two years, with the true missionary spirit, he gave himself to training the negro youth of the South.

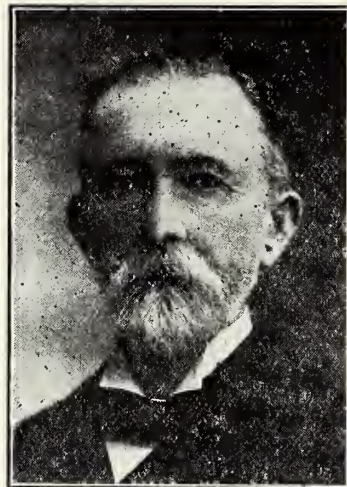
The *Augusta Chronicle* says of him: "Dr. Campbell from the beginning gave evidence of his peculiar fitness for this important work. He possessed an insight, a patience, an intelligent sympathy that has given him the confidence of all of his pupils and of the entire negro population of Augusta. No one can ever say how far-reaching for good his influence has been."

Surviving him are his wife, four sons, and two daughters.

COL. JAMES N. GILMER.

Col. James N. Gilmer, a resident of Seattle, Wash., for more than thirty-one years, died there recently.

Colonel Gilmer was born near Montgomery, Ala., on March 20, 1839. At the age of twenty he was graduated from the Georgia Military Institute. Two years later, at the outbreak of the War between the States, he entered the Confederate army as adjutant of the 5th Alabama Regiment and served with distinction throughout the conflict.



COL. J. H. GILMER.

After the close of the war he entered the cotton warehouse business with his father, later taking over the entire business. In the early eighties he served as adjutant general of the State of Alabama. He removed to Seattle, Wash., in 1889, and since that time had made his home there. He had been an active member of the local alumni of

the Sigma Alpha Epsilon, being the oldest member of the fraternity in the country, both in point of age and length of membership. He joined the Georgia Pi Chapter of the society in 1857.

Colonel Gilmer was instrumental in organizing the local Camp of Confederate Veterans, in which he took a great deal of interest. He was also a member of the Knights of Pythias and took an active interest in Church work, attending in recent years Christ Episcopal Church, Seattle.

Colonel Gilmer is survived by his wife, five sons, and two daughters.

N. J. KIDWELL.

Newton J. Kidwell, a former resident of Virginia, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. E. Wilson, in Columbus, Ohio, on July 9, 1920, aged seventy-one years. Mr. Kidwell enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of fifteen years, serving in Company B, 8th Virginia Regiment of Pickett's famous division, and was one of the seven survivors of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg; five of the others were wounded. He was captured and remained a prisoner until the end of the war. He leaves his wife, one son (James Kidwell, of Columbus), and one daughter. He was a member of the Central Baptist Church and a charter member and, at the time of his death, Commander of Ohio Camp, No. 1181, U. C. V., of Columbus, Ohio.

[John H. Levy, Adjutant Camp 1181.]

COMRADES AT BEAUMONT, TEX.

The following members of Camp Albert Sidney Johnston, U. C. V., of Beaumont, Tex., have died since the last report:

J. R. Carroll, Hardaway's Battalion of Artillery, Jasper, Tex.; T. H. Langham, 20th Texas Cavalry; A. T. McLain, Speight's Texas Infantry; J. M. Spencer, 11th Arkansas Cavalry—all of Beaumont.

[A. P. Guynes, Adjutant.]

## REV. RANDOLPH HARRISON McKIM, D.D.—An APPRECIATION.

The following is but an attempt in a small way to express some measure of appreciation of a great intellectual leader of the Church and a splendid citizen of our republic. Of masterly intellect, great ability, and a wise counselor, possessing wide charity, this noble Christian knight combined so many splendid qualities in his personality that we might well "look up to all the world and say, 'This is a man.'"

That it must ever remain surpassingly strange the noblest and best are taken will find echo in many sad hearts that are grieving over the passing of Dr. McKim from the scene of his earthly labors. Serving in the Confederate army while yet a lad, his manly character at once won him a commission, and his soldierly qualities were more than once evidenced on the field of battle. But he felt called to a yet higher service, and, leaving the line of action for a brief period, he returned to the army as a disciple of the Master, the King of kings, whose devoted follower he continued through more than fifty years of faithful service in the Christian ministry.

Courtly in manner, possessed of a winning personality, he was a commanding figure in any assembly. Like Lee, his "Christian hero," duty and fidelity were his armor, and braver spirit never bore a nobler standard. Truly may it be said of Dr. McKim in the words of King David: "Know ye not that a Prince and a great man has fallen this day in Israel." His inspiring presence will be sadly missed, and his place cannot be filled in the councils of the Church or in the arena of public affairs. But the Master has called him unto himself, called him to yet higher honors than earth's pilgrimage can ever bestow.

"Not all men are of equal value, \* \* \* not many royal hearts, but happy the nation blessed with a few great minds and a few great hearts." Such a man was Dr. McKim—faithful steward and keeper of the Master's fold, a beloved commander and Christ's chosen leader. "I will set up a shepherd who shall feed my flock; \* \* \* he shall be their shepherd and a Prince among them." He has lifted up a standard to the people, he has been as a watchman at the gates; courageous and unafraid, he was a tower of strength in the house of the Lord. Both ardent and direct in all his ways, he was intense in his loyalty to truth and justice, and no more gallant soldier or inspiring leader ever rendered worthier service to God and country.

In peace, as in war, he did not hesitate to sound the bugle note when he foresaw coming ill to Church or State. And his warm-hearted human sympathies and loving kindness won him many hearts and enabled him to lift many burdens. He was in very truth God's gift to his people, and the glory of the Lord was upon him, for

"His grandeur he derived from heaven alone."

Our hearts are deeply troubled; the Church and the nation have suffered an irreparable loss. No one may take his place, but all will have as an example the beacon light, the fires he has kindled on the high hills, to shine through the pages of history. Yes, a particular star has lent new beauty to the world and passed onward below the horizon, but the radiance of its setting paints the pathway it blazoned and the glory remains. A life, such as Dr. McKim lived, for the glory of God and in untiring service to humanity will be an inspiration to future generations. And his courtly man-

ner, noble intellect, and fine spiritual nature will be a living memory in the hearts that were privileged to know him or to come within the influence of his teachings.

Nobly he has wrought through many years of unswerving fealty to great principles and with unfailing courage in their defense. To a man of his measure the quick transition from the Church militant to the Church triumphant must indeed have been "a glad surprise." Long and earnestly has this sainted warrior-priest labored, royally and loyally has he served the King, pointing the way of truth and righteousness. "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be always acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer."

And now God has given his servant "his heart's desire." He has been brought into the courts of the Great Shepherd, the King of heaven and earth, and is in his nearer presence. "Honor and majesty hath he laid upon him \* \* \* and made him exceeding glad," for "to depart is to be with Christ." "And I heard a voice from heaven saying, Write: Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." I. McC. E.

REV. RANDOLPH H. McKIM, D.D.

Widespread sorrow was occasioned by the death of Rev. Randolph H. McKim, of Washington, D. C., who died very suddenly on July 15 while on his vacation at Bedford Springs, Pa. He had been pastor of the Church of the Epiphany in Washington for thirty-two years, and after the funeral rites at that church his body was taken to Baltimore and laid to rest in Greenmount Cemetery.

Dr. McKim was born in Baltimore on April 16, 1842, the son of John S. and Catherine Harrison McKim. Shortly after his graduation from the University of Virginia in 1861 he enlisted in the Southern army, serving first as a private in the corps commanded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and later by Stonewall Jackson. He was afterwards commissioned first lieutenant and assigned as aid-de-camp on the staff of Gen. George H. Stuart. Near the close of the war he served as chaplain of the 2d Virginia Cavalry.

In 1866 Dr. McKim was ordained a minister of the Episcopal Church and held pastorates in Virginia, New York, New Orleans, and then in Washington since 1888. He was active in all work connected with his Church and became a prominent figure in the ecclesiastical world. He was the author of a number of books of Church interest and also contributed several volumes to the history of the Southern cause, among which were "A Soldier's Recollections," "Numerical Strength of the Confederate Armies," "The Soul of Lee."

As a member of Camp No. 171, U. C. V., of the District of Columbia, Dr. McKim was prominent among the veterans of Washington and active in their interest. He was also a member of the Sons of the American Revolution and the Society of Colonial Wars.

JOHN T. HONEY.

John T. Honey departed this life on May 21, 1920, at his home in Kingman County, Kans. He was born in Bourbon County, Ky., in 1839, and enlisted in one of Gen. John H. Morgan's regiments, serving in that command until the close of the war.

A splendid man has gone to his reward, beloved and respected by all who knew him. A true and tried soldier, he was ever in line for duty, ever ready to answer "Here" when his name was called, whether that call was for camp duty or a raid into the enemy's country. Peace to his ashes!

[R. T. Bean.]



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*  
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga. .... *First Vice President General*  
MRS. GEORGE CUNNINGHAM, Little Rock, Ark. .... *Second Vice President General*  
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. .... *Third Vice President General*  
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C. .... *Recording Secretary General*  
MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. .... *Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla. .... *Treasurer General*  
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va. .... *Historian General*  
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. .... *Registrar General*  
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. .... *Custodian of Crosses*  
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. .... *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* When this letter reaches you the time for the General Convention will be near at hand. Ask yourself the question, "Am I doing all I can to finish the Hero Fund by October 1 and thereby making it possible to report this great monument to the men of the World War completed at Asheville in November?" The Liberty bonds are the property of the Chapters. Will you not as earnest, loyal members of the U. D. C. help to secure them for this great cause?

*A Bequest.*—Your President General has been notified by the executors of the will of the late Hector W. Church, of Oxford, N. Y., that the U. D. C. is therein made the residuary heir of Mr. Church's estate. This kind consideration from a man who served in the Federal army during the War between the States warms the heart and gives evidence of a reunited people in this great country. All legal details are receiving careful attention, and the interests of the organization will be safeguarded. Mr. Church, who had no known relatives in his declining years, made our organization the child of his heart. He bids us in his will to use \$4,000 of the second Liberty loan bonds toward perpetuating the fame of the four Southern heroes, Jefferson Davis, Gen. Robert E. Lee, Gen. John B. Gordon, and Gen. "Jubal" Early, the residue of the estate to be used in perpetuating the fame of other Southern heroes as we deem best. This good man of the North has lifted us to the heights; in appreciation let us with one accord, in one great chorus say: "We will be worthy of the trust."

*Southern Women in War Times.*—On July 19 the committee issued a letter to all State Directors giving definite information as to the completion of the work. The book is in the hands of the publisher and will be ready for distribution by the Asheville convention. These important facts are set forth by the committee:

First, all pledges recorded in the Tampa Minutes, pages 142, 143, will be redeemed in books at \$1.06 per volume to the States named, and these books will be sent from the publishers direct to the State Director, who must distribute them in her State at \$1.50 each, the money from these sales to belong to her State treasury, as per agreement with the General U. D. C.

See that your State Treasurer has sent the amount pledged to the General Treasurer, Mrs. Norris, 713 Platt Street, Tampa, Fla., by August 15, 1920.

Second, South Carolina Division pledges taken at Columbia, S. C., in December, 1919 (see pages 77 and 78 Columbia Minutes), will be redeemed at \$1.50 per book by Mr. Andrews, who will send in one package to the State Director for her to distribute in her State at \$1.50 per copy, as per agreement

at Columbia. If any other State took similar pledges in 1919 at \$1.50 per copy, let that State Director notify Mr. Andrews by August 1 of the number of copies so pledged, and he will send books at \$1.50 per copy, the same as for South Carolina, the State Director being responsible for collecting the money for this list and for sending it to Mr. Andrews.

State Directors are warned not to ship copies of this book to any subscriber until they have received the purchase money for the same, and Directors must pay postage on all books delivered to subscribers at \$1.50 per copy.

Third, on and after July 1, 1920, all subscriptions for this book will be at the rate of \$2 per copy. Orders for such copies, accompanied by the money, should be sent direct to Mr. Andrews, who will forward the copy to the subscriber.

After the Asheville convention these books will be for sale only in book stores or direct from Mr. Andrews, and the price will be \$2.50 per copy. State Directors' duties will cease with the disposal of all copies pledged at \$1.50 per copy, but they are urged to encourage subscriptions so that we may succeed in a large circulation of this "monument to the women of the sixties."

After August 1, 1920, all correspondence in regard to this book should be sent to Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, 229 Vine Street, Chattanooga, Tenn., member in charge of the committee, as the chairman, Miss Poppenheim, leaves for Europe on that date for a prolonged stay, and her mail cannot be answered until December 1, 1920.

The State Director has a great field of work, that of placing this volume in every home, school, and library in her Division. Many pledges have been made, and the first duty of the Director is to see that these pledges are redeemed.

*The General Convention.*—The many interested Daughters who desire to make reservations for the General Convention may do so by writing to the room clerk of the Battery Park Hotel, headquarters for the General Convention U. D. C., Asheville, N. C. Mrs. E. S. Clayton, local chairman of convention arrangements, 1 Summit Street, Asheville, N. C., will furnish information in response to inquiries.

*Division Minutes.*—The copies of the minutes of the Division conventions received by the President General are always appreciated and read with interest. There is no better way for the officers to keep in touch with the work than through these volumes, and a system of exchange between Division officers is recommended.

*Necrology.*—"The Rev. Randolph Harrison McKim, D.D., died Thursday morning, July 15, at Bedford Springs, Pa., while playing golf. He had gone there with Mrs. McKim for a brief vacation. His death was a shock and a grief not only to Church people but to the country at large." These words, copied from the July 24th issue of the New York

*Churchman*, will bring sorrow to the hearts of the women of this organization. Dr. McKim was our valued coworker as a member of the Advisory Board of the Arlington Confederate Monument Association, and during the Convention of 1912 in Washington his every effort was put forth for the success of the meeting and the pleasure of the delegates.

"Dead, but his spirit breathes;  
Dead, but his heart is ours."

Gen. William Crawford Gorgas died in London, England, on July 3. General Gorgas was the son of a Confederate veteran, the son of a Confederate mother, a member of the Washington (D. C.) Camp, No. 305, Sons of Confederate Veterans. He was born in the South, received his education at the University of the South, and was one of the South's greatest sons. In recognition of this fact on the occasion of the arrival of his body in New York the U. D. C., represented by Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, Chairman of the Committee on Award of University Prize for Confederate Essay, placed on the casket a wreath of red and white roses tied with our colors.

*Corrected Roster.*—Huntington Chapter, No. 150, Huntington, W. Va., has suffered inconvenience by the publication in the Tampa Minutes of an incorrect roster, and in an effort to overcome the difficulty the following list of Chapter officers is given: President, Mrs. J. C. Geiger; First Vice President, Mrs. Wayne Ferguson; Second Vice President, Mrs. T. W. Flowers; Recording Secretary, Mrs. R. S. Burks; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. F. M. Medley; Treasurer, Mrs. W. W. Dunn; Historian, Mrs. R. T. Gladston; Registrar, Mrs. Lee Wilson; Director C. of C. Auxiliary, Mrs. C. M. Hanman.

Let us catch the torch of service, dear Daughters; it is thrown to us by hands we love; its light will make the way to success easy.

Cordially,

MAY M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

## THE HERO FUND.

REPORT FOR JULY, 1920.

Ohio Division, Cincinnati: Alexander H. Stephens Chapter, \$25; Dixie Chapter, \$10; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, \$10; Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, \$50 .....	\$ 95 00
Washington, D. C., Robert E. Lee Chapter.....	759 33
Mississippi Division, Natchez Chapter.....	5 00
Previously reported, less \$50 Liberty bond reported as cash .....	1,855 03
Total .....	\$2,714 36

MRS. J. T. BEAL, *Treasurer*.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

The Asheville Chapter is busy with preparations for the convention in November. Battery Park Hotel will be the official headquarters. All the hotels at Asheville have promised special rates.

All Daughters who intend to go to Asheville and who have not a copy of the Tampa Minutes are urged to send 25 cents to the Recording Secretary General, Mrs. R. D. Wright, Newberry, S. C., for a copy. Familiarity with these is absolutely essential to an intelligent participation in the proceed-

ings of the Asheville Convention. The time is short. Send at once.

Much valuable historical material reaches our State Historian every year, and in the changing of officers much of it is of real benefit to the U. D. C. organization because not known to or accessible to U. D. C. members or students of Confederate history. In the hope of solving this important problem this department will open with the November issue of the *VETERAN*, and continue for several issues, a symposium of concise articles from State Historians and others interested, suggesting a plan for the preservation of our historical data. During this symposium no Division notes will appear in the department.

## DIVISION REPORTERS FOR THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Georgia: Miss Mattie B. Sheibley, Rome.

Missouri: Mrs. B. Liebstadter, 3940 Walnut Street, Kansas City.

Virginia: Mrs. C. W. Sumter, Christiansburg.

West Virginia: Mrs. T. O. Timberlake, 826 Bridge Avenue, Charleston.

North Carolina Mrs. Lila R. Barnwell, Hendersonville.

## DIVISION NOTES.

*California.*—The twentieth annual convention, the most brilliant and successful in the history of the Division, was held at Hotel Alexandria, Los Angeles, May 5-7, Mrs. Grantland S. Long presiding on opening night. Mayor Snyder turned over the keys of the city in formal token of the hospitality of Los Angeles. For the local Daughters Mrs. W. C. Tyler, President of the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Los Angeles, which is the largest Chapter in the State, made the address of welcome, and Mrs. A. M. Davis, of Oakland, and Mrs. E. A. Scott, of Long Beach, made responses. The assembly room was decorated with white roses and old flags of great interest. Two of special note were the tattered Confederate flag which belonged to Gen. Robert E. Lee and floated above his headquarters during the early days of the War between the States, and the flag that belonged to President Jefferson Davis and which was presented to Col. Tieman, and his staff, by Miss Winnie Davis. After Colonel Tieman's death Mrs. Tieman gave the flag to the Wade Hampton Chapter, of which she is a very active member.

On Wednesday morning Mrs. Matthew S. Robertson presented the President of the California Division, Mrs. Thomas Jefferson, who then after presided at all meetings. One thousand guests attended the Wednesday evening reception, which opened with a formal musical program and dancing by the pupils of the Denishan School. On Thursday a banquet was given to the officers and delegates, at which the Confederate veterans of Camp 770 and their wives were guests of the Wade Hampton Chapter. Among them were six silver-haired couples who had celebrated their golden wedding.

The convention date was changed to the second Wednesday in May, and the convention decided to do a substantial part toward raising the \$50,000 Hero Fund, contributions of \$600 to this fund having been reported. For the Historical Evening the Daughters appeared in costume exhibiting rare relics of the days of the Confederacy. On Friday the four hostess Chapters gave a delightful automobile ride, after which all were guests at the home of Mrs. L. C. Brand.

The 1921 convention will be held at Long Beach. California Division has twenty-one Chapters and twelve hundred members.



*Missouri.*—The twenty-third annual reunion of the Missouri Confederate Veterans will be held in Springfield October 28 and 29. All delegates will be the guests of the Springfield Chapter, U. D. C., with headquarters at the Colonial Hotel. W. C. Bronaugh, State Commander, anticipates a large attendance.

*North Carolina.*—The Confederate Greys, the local Chapter of Faison, recently entertained the district meeting, receiving delegates from Clinton, Rose Hill, Warsaw, and Goldsboro. The visitors were met by a committee at the station and conducted to the hospitable home of Mrs. S. A. Wooten, the Chapter President, where an informal reception was held. Immediately following the business session was called in the large school auditorium, which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion with Confederate flags and baskets of Shasta daisies. After the invocation, greetings were extended from the various organizations of the city.

Mrs. Wooten delighted her audience by a most interesting address, a literary and historic treat.

Mrs. Annie Witherington, of Faison, presided over the deliberations, conducting the business with skill and promptness. Encouraging reports came from all Chapters in the district.

Mrs. Marshall Williams spoke earnestly in behalf of the monument for the North Carolina dead at Gettysburg.

Mrs. S. A. Wooten was unanimously elected District Director.

This meeting was honored and delighted by the presence of Mrs. Felix Harvey, the State President U. D. C. Her talk gave much pleasure to her audience.

Mrs. Harvey Boney, of Rose Hill, extended an invitation to the district for the next meeting, and this was accepted.

These district meetings are always full of interest and instruction, and the Chapters have greatly benefited by their annual meetings.

*Texas.*—The Mary West Chapter has sent in a nice check for the Jefferson Davis monument fund, and a friend of the Chapter, Mrs. Ed Castleman, of Axtell, gave an additional \$25. The Chapter will also give a handsome check to the T. B. Hospital being built in Texas for the boys who fought in the World War.

*Virginia.*—Mrs. C. B. Tate arrived in Lexington to take up her "labor of love" as custodian of the Lee Mausoleum in time to be present for the Washington and Lee finals. Dr. Henry Louis Smith writes beautifully concerning her work, and the Virginia Daughters are justly proud of having Mrs. Tate in charge of this work.

Wythe Grey Chapter was hostess to the First District meeting on May 25 at Wytheville. The beloved State President, Mrs. Cabell Smith, presided.

Amelia Chapter has a paper, story, quiz, or something to carry out the historical programs every month.

On the 17th of June the Chapter gave a historical silver tea at the home of Mrs. S. A. Daugherty, of Chula, Va. The Chapter Historian gave a brief sketch of the life of Jefferson Davis in story form, interspersed with readings, which brought out in a series of word pictures charming bits of home life, his fortitude as a prisoner of war, as well as his faithful service to the United States and the Confederacy. Mr. and Mrs. Daugherty served refreshments in good old country style. The guests were very generous in their silver offering. In these public meetings the Chapter enlists the helpful sympathy of those who are not members of our organization. Mrs. Campbell's programs are good; they are concrete, practical, and helpful.

#### THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES.

The following communication comes from Matthew Page Andrews, managing editor of the book being issued under the auspices of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and should have attention of those interested in this work, which is the most comprehensive ever written on this subject:

"From time to time notice has been given of the progress toward publication of the proposed volume of 'The Women of the South in War Times,' published under the auspices of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

"Since I have been 'deputized' as the managing editor of this work, I should like to remove any possible misapprehension concerning its publication. Although the work has gone to press and galley proof is now being received, this start has been made only through the personal financial obligations of the managing editor, who has advanced by far the greater part of the funds for the purpose. A recent donation of \$350 from the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, of New York, enabled the managing editor to feel that he could take the risk of publication, and immediately on receipt of this amount he sent the work to press. Since that time another check for \$25 has been received from the New York Chapter, U. D. C. This has helped defray costs of stationery, etc.

"In order to do this work well and efficiently and to get the finished product before the public so that its influence may be recognized for good, money is desirable both for the publication fund, which is still 'short,' but especially for a publicity campaign after publication.

"Some time ago the managing editor obligated himself to furnish 1,660 books to State organizations of the U. D. C. at a certain fixed price. Since then prices of printing and paper have increased. *Each one of these books will be sold at a loss to the managing editor.* In other words, he will have to 'make up the difference.' Nevertheless, he has written to Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of the committee, that the contract will be carried out to the letter, and the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter donation helped to relieve the embarrassment.

"Miss Poppenheim's circular letter sent out recently explains most if not all of these points. The managing editor simply wishes to corroborate her statements and also to reach the individuals who have subscribed or who would want to subscribe at the special prepublication rates between now and the middle of October or the first of November. These prepublication rates will be at \$2 the copy. After publication the regular price will be \$2.50 the volume."

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### Historical Department, U. D. C.

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Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

#### U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER, 1920.

SOUTHERN HISTORIANS OF THE POST-BELLUM ERA.

Among them note especially Woodrow Wilson and our own Miss Mildred Rutherford. Mention the most important of these histories and give a sketch of the author.

#### C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER, 1920.

Matthew Fontaine Maury, his books and his great discoveries.

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*  
Seale, Ala.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*  
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.  
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



## VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson  
GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer  
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

## C. S. M. A. CONVENTION.

*To Memorial Women:* Through the courtesy of the United Confederate Veterans our Confederated Southern Memorial Association convention will be held at Houston, Tex., October 5, 6, 7, 8 in the City Auditorium, a smaller hall in the same building as the Veterans' convention being set apart for our use.

The Rice Hotel will be headquarters, and delegates are requested to make reservations early. Greatly reduced rates will be given, and, October being an ideal month in which to visit Texas, the convention should attract many at this time.

Delegates should be elected early, and it is hoped that there will be a full attendance, as many matters of great importance are to be considered.

An executive meeting is called at 11 A.M. on October 5 in the parlors of the Rice Hotel. All national officers and State Presidents are urged to attend this meeting.

The welcome meeting will take place at the Auditorium at 4 P.M. on October 5.

Hoping to meet you at Houston, fraternally yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General C. S. M. A.*

## ASSOCIATION NOTES.

"Southern Women of Distinction," the forthcoming book by Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, is in the hands of the publishers, and the author has a work to present to the literary world of which the South may feel justly proud, as no more finished or beautiful work has appeared. Many causes have delayed the publication of the book, but it will be found well worth the waiting, as the writer has had the privilege of seeing the wonderful collection of pictures and reading many of the valuable manuscripts that will accompany the portraits included in the volume. Such has been the demand for space in this the first volume that the author has already in course of preparation a second volume, of which fully one-third of the space has already been taken, so it behooves those who desire friends included in the second book of "Southern Women of Distinction" to take the matter up at once with Mrs. Collier by writing to her at her home, College Park, Ga. The preface to this handsome and valuable book has been written by Dr. Lucien Lamar Knight, the brilliant author and historian for the State of Georgia, and is in itself a beautiful tribute to the South and its notable daughters.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, of College Park, Ga., has been appointed Corresponding Secretary to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, of Richmond, Va., the former beloved Corresponding Secretary General C. S.

M. A. Mrs. Collier brings to her work a sympathetic heart and cultured mind

\* \* \*

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, has the following word of appreciation to say of the coöperation she has received in presenting the Confederate mothers bars of honor: "Thirty-five of the little gold bars of honor have been presented to Confederate mothers, and this coveted prize has been eagerly sought from all points of the compass. A fitting ceremonial has been arranged for each presentation, and cordial coöperation of our Daughters has been a source of profound gratification. In many places where there has been no Memorial Association the President of the local Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, has volunteered for service in planning for and making the presentation and with the deepest interest making successful the happy occasion. This is the truly patriotic spirit, and to our dear Daughters we extend most cordial appreciation."

\* \* \*

We are gratified and congratulate Florida upon the election of Mrs. Frank D. Tracy, of Pensacola, as State President of the Florida Division, U. D. C. Mrs. Tracy has been our most efficient chairman for locating Confederate mothers entitled to the C. S. M. A. bar of honor.

## A WARTIME LETTER.

ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, May 13, 1861.

*My Dear Aunt:* Your kind letter was most welcome, even more so than usual at this critical time. I should have written ere this, but did not know letters would be permitted to pass. However, since yours came safely, I will launch this forth, hoping for favorable winds to bear it to its destination.

I must in the first place assure you that your idea of the Northern troops invading the South, burning the cities and arousing the negroes against the whites, is entirely unfounded and has never been tolerated or, I believe, even been thought of even by the most rabid abolitionists, for the very idea is brutal. There has never been since the present trouble began any such idea even in the papers, and I want to feel satisfied that I am assuring you of the truth. I take four New York daily papers and hear frequent conversations among men of authority, and such a course is impossible. I cannot, of course, say that no attempt will be made by individuals of the John Brown order to instigate an insurrection, but that is not the design of the North; no interference with the slaves or the South at all except to maintain the government.



I am sure you can and should come North this summer for the sake of your health, which is the first thing for consideration. Our love to all.

Affectionately,

KATE BRUSTER LATHAM.

### DO YOU BELIEVE IT?

BY JAMES A. STEVENS, BURNET, TEX.

Volume XLIII. of the now famous "Harvard Classics—The Five-Foot Shelf of Books," edited by Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard College, is devoted entirely to "American Historical Documents." One of these is nearly one hundred pages of a description of the battle of Gettysburg. It was written by Lieut Frank Aretas Haskell, serving on General Gibbons's staff, but belonging originally to the 7th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry. I copy word for word the following remarkable statement by this officer: "Where the long lines of the enemy's thousands so proudly advanced, see how thick the silent men of gray are scattered! It is not an hour since these legions were sweeping along so grandly; now sixteen hundred of that fiery mass are strewn among the trampled grass, dead as the clods they loved; more than seven thousand, probably eight thousand, are wounded, some there with the dead in our hands, some fugitives far toward the woods, among them Generals Pettigrew, Garnett, Kemper, and Armistead, the last three mortally wounded and the last one in our hands. 'Tell General Hancock,' he said to Lieutenant Mitchell, Hancock's aid-de-camp, to whom he handed his watch, 'that I know I did my country a great wrong when I took up arms against her, for which I am sorry, but for which I cannot live to atone.'"

All reliable histories of the battle declare that the gallant Armistead fell mortally wounded "at the high tide" of the Pickett charge, but whoever heard before this account was published of the hero surrendering his convictions on this bloody field that covered him with immortality? I don't believe a word of it. What does the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN think of it? There are yet living men on the Southern side who were near when General Armistead fell. What do they know or think of it?

### A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS.

Doubtless the most complete collection of books on the War between the States was made by the late Judge William A. Vincent, of Chicago, Ill., who died in March, 1919. On a visit to the office of the VETERAN some years ago he stated that he had every book on the subject from both sides except two, and he was then making efforts to locate those. He was greatly interested in making this collection and had spent much time and money in getting it together, often making long journeys to attend book sales for the purpose of securing certain books. This collection is being catalogued by the widow of Judge Vincent with a view of its becoming a part of some great library.

Judge Vincent was born in Wheeling (now W. Va.), Va., in 1857 and was taken as a child to Springfield, Ill., where he grew up and married. He was in the West for some years, serving as a Justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico and as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Montana during the eighties. He had been a prominent lawyer in Chicago during the past thirty years.

### AN AMATEUR'S TREATMENT OF GANGRENE.

BY H. J. PETER, LEESBURG, FLA.

The article in the VETERAN for July contributed by Gen. A. B. Booth on the treatment of gangrene with quinine and alcohol recalls to mind an emergency and nonprofessional treatment I successfully employed during the war, using nothing but lime and tar as a remedy. I belonged to Bartow's 8th Georgia and was at home recuperating from wounds when two friends were shell wounded at Charleston, S. C., each having a lacerated foot, and were furloughed home to an adjoining county. Upon their arrival in Macon, Ga., it was evident to me that advanced gangrene had set in, and I advised them to stop over for surgical treatment. Both objected strongly to the hospital and persuaded me to take them to my home, near the depot, notwithstanding I had not fully recovered from a fractured thigh and subsequent suppuration.

The nitric acid treatment recommended by the hospital steward, or assistant surgeon, I mistrusted, and in this dilemma I decided to try an antiseptic and disinfectant of my own contrivance. I got a lump of unslacked lime and pulverized it, and to a half pint of pine tar I rubbed in the lime until the mixture became a dry gray powder. With this I coated the mortified parts a few times, and in a few days the dead flesh had sloughed off down to the tendons and live tissues. Nothing further was used than the usual prophylactic dressings. Forty years afterwards I met one of the men, representing a Louisiana Camp, at one of our Reunions, and he had not forgotten the event or his gratitude to me for having, as he believed, saved his foot and perhaps his life.

REUNION OF MOUNTAIN REMNANT BRIGADE.—The following report comes from L. Ballou, of Brady, Tex.: "At a recent annual reunion, held at Mason, Tex., August 5 and 6, of the Mountain Remnant Brigade, U. C. V., an independent organization for the past twenty years, a resolution was offered and unanimously adopted that this Brigade, composed of many West Texas counties, should of right be annexed to and become a part of the Texas Division, retaining its original name, and to be hereafter known as the 5th Brigade Texas Division, U. C. V., delegates being appointed to present our resolution at the State and National Reunion in Houston, Tex., in October next. Brigade Commander J. O. Brink, of San Angelo, Tex., and Adj. Gen. L. Ballou, of Brady, Tex., were selected, among others, to represent the Brigade as delegates, etc. There are over one hundred and fifty Confederate veterans surviving within our designated boundaries as now composed of twenty counties, and the last reunion at Mason was a great success in all respects."

DATES WANTED.—Charles Edgeworth Jones, of Augusta, Ga., asks that the following information be given him: Dates of deaths of Hon. James B. Owens, of Florida, member of the Confederate Provisional Congress; Hon. Edward Sparrow, of Louisiana, member of the First and Second Confederate Senate; Hon. Landon C. Haynes, of Tennessee, member of the First and Second Confederate Senate; Hon. W. S. Oldham, of Texas, member of the First and Second Confederate Senate; Hon. Lucien J. Dupre, of Louisiana, member of the First and Second Confederate Congress; Hon. Joseph H. Echols, of Georgia, member of the Second Confederate Congress; Hon. Hardy Strickland, of Georgia, member of the first regular Confederate Congress.

## SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1919-20.

Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest  
Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton  
Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.  
[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]

### NEWS AND NOTES.

Delegates representing the Clinton-Hatcher Camp, S. C. V., Leesburg, Va., at the State reunion held August 10-12 at Culpeper, Va., were: J. H. Leslie, J. W. Atwell, John T. Houribane, Wilbur C. Hall, and Joe Shumate. Miss Sadie Edith Chew, of Staunton, Va., was sponsor, and Miss Fannie Louise Rixey and Miss Kate Flint Perry, of Culpeper, Va., were maids of honor.

\* \* \*

Division Commander W. E. Quin has appointed the following staff officers to represent Alabama at the Houston Reunion: Adjutant in Chief, Judge J. A. Croley, Fort Payne; Quartermaster, B. C. Orear, Attalla; Inspector in Chief, John H. Dobbs, Birmingham; Chief Surgeon, Dr. O. B. Green, Fort Payne; Judge Advocate, Thomas Dozier, Birmingham. Miss Mary Wilfe, of Roanoke, Ala., will represent the Division as sponsor, assisted by Miss Pauline White, of Sweetwater, as maid of honor. Mrs. Lydia Snodgrass will serve as matron of honor.

### REUNION COMMITTEES.

The committees and their chairmen for the Reunion to be held at Houston, Tex., October 5-8 are as follows: Advisory, Col. R. M. Johnston; Commissary, R. W. Franklin; Camp, D. M. Duller; Housing, H. W. Steele; Reception, A. E. Amerman; Music, C. J. Kirk; Medical Aid, Dr. J. A. Kyle; Hall and Headquarters, R. S. Allen; Parade, Gen. J. F. Wolters; Boy Scouts, R. R. Adcock; Registration, H. D. Morse; Public Comfort, Dr. A. H. Flickwar; Information, A. S. Pimental; Badge, Tom Flaxman; Decoration, R. H. Spencer; Transportation, John A. Hulen; Automobiles, C. Ed Settegast; Publicity, G. E. Kepple; Entertainment, John T. Scott; Horses, Walter F. Woodul.

S. F. Carter, Jr., is Secretary of the Executive Committee. Special rates of one cent a mile will obtain over all the country for the Reunion; and as more than one-third of the Confederate veterans live west of the Mississippi River, a record attendance is expected. Housing, transportation, and other problems are being worked out. Plans are being made to obtain lodging for thousands of visitors who will throng Houston for the Reunion. Free accommodations will be furnished those veterans who are too feeble to be quartered at the veterans' camp at Hermann Park.

### FUNERAL OF GENERAL GORGAS.

The body of Maj. Gen. William C. Gorgas was conveyed from London to New York on the transport Pocahontas and from there to Washington, D. C., in a private car, accompanied by relatives and a number of foreign diplomats. Relatives and friends met the party at the Union Station in Washington, and the casket was borne on a caisson, escorted by two companies of cavalry from Fort Payne, to the Church of the Epiphany, where it was placed in a flag-draped room.

The body lay in state until after the funeral services, which were held on Monday afternoon, August 16. It was then escorted by United States troops to Arlington National Cemetery, where interment was made with military honors.

### RESOLUTION OF WASHINGTON CAMP, No. 305, S. C. V.

Whereas it has pleased Divine Providence to call from our midst our comrade and friend, Gen. William Crawford Gorgas, U. S. A., retired, the members of Washington Camp, No. 305, S. C. V., in meeting assembled, sharing in the general sorrow which this melancholy event must produce and desiring to place on record an expression of the respect and esteem in which he was held by his comrades and associates; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That in the death of General Gorgas the Camp has lost a worthy, kind, and considerate comrade, one ever anxious and willing to aid in the work and purposes of the organization. General Gorgas became a member of the Camp on February 1, 1915. From his election to membership he endeared himself to the Camp by his attractive personality and the earnestness which characterized his work. In a career of forty years in the army of the United States he rendered a service to the world that makes him immortal. The world has lost its greatest physician and benefactor. The simplicity of his nature, his patriotism, his wisdom, his moral courage, and his powers of command endeared him to the heart of the world.

*Be it further resolved*, That while words but feebly express our profound sorrow, yet we tender to his grief-stricken family our deepest sympathy in this their hour of great bereavement, and we pray Almighty God to sustain and comfort them; that the Adjutant be directed to enter these resolutions upon the minutes of the Camp and to send a copy to the Secretary of War and to the widow and brother of General Gorgas.

### THE GRAY BOOK.

We welcome the "Gray Book," issued by the Sons of Confederate Veterans. An advance copy has just reached our desk. Write to Comrade A. H. Jennings, of Lynchburg, Va., who deserves the appreciation of the entire South. The document is small in size, but big with dynamic facts. It is unpretentiously bound in gray, significant, but most pretentious in its scholarly and distinguished contributors. It has the misunderstood and so-called Emancipation Proclamation; Comrade Jennings shows lucidly that the South is not responsible for slavery; Comrade Matthew Page Andrews has a timely chapter on the treatment of prisoners in the Confederacy that will make "somebody sit up and take notice"; the late and beloved veteran, Dr. Randolph McKim, presents a most valuable chapter on "Injustice to the South." Among other timely things, he says: "I was a soldier in Virginia in the campaigns of Lee and Jackson, and I declare I never met a Southern soldier who had drawn his sword to perpetuate slavery."

Then Comrade Ewing, our Historian in Chief, an able constitutional lawyer and widely known historian, cites settled principles of our government and authoritative decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States to prove that "the secession of 1861 [was] founded upon legal right." His is an unanswerable argument, and we join in his conclusions: "We should be calling to the world from the house top that our Confederate fathers were right."

Then the booklet closes with "The South and Germany," by the learned President of Williams and Mary, Dr. Tyler. Hear a sample of his cogent facts: "The expulsion of the in-



habitants of Atlanta and the burning of the city was the prototype of the martyrdom of Louvain. Rheims and its ancient citadel have suffered less from the shells of the Germans than beautiful Columbia and Savannah from the torch and wanton depredations of the Federal soldiers."

Good! We suggest the Rebel yell, simply because the Sons at last are turning their big guns upon long-intrenched Northern falsehoods.

All together, write for a copy of the book.

TEACHING TRUE HISTORY.—Gen. C. I. Walker reports that the Veterans and Sons are working closely together in the fight for teaching the young of the South the absolute truth of Confederate history. With the Mississippi Textbook Commission, Commander in Chief N. B. Forrest exerted all his strong influence and contributed most materially toward convincing that adopting board of the justice of the cause.

#### SOUTHERN SONGS AT HOUSTON REUNION.

The announcement that the "United Confederate Choirs" will sing at the Houston Reunion will send a thrill of pleasure to the hearts of many Confederate veterans who plan to be there in October. The leader of this Choir, Mrs. Hampden Osborne, has perfected plans for taking twenty gray-clad singers, carefully selected from the famous association which she organized fourteen years ago and has diligently watched over, keeping its ranks filled during that period.

For thirteen years this band of Southern women has been faithfully attending our great Reunions, giving to our white-haired old heroes a tribute of love in song, singing the immortal songs of Dixieland. Mrs. Osborne, formerly Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, of Portsmouth, Va., has during this long period dedicated the best that was in her to the survivors of the sixties, this irresistible impulse to work in that field being but her reasonable heritage, her father and her grandfather both having served under the Confederate flag in the same Virginia regiment. Her grandfather, Thomas Taylor Boswell, ranked as colonel at the end, and her father, who was but a child of eleven at the beginning and a lad of fifteen at the end of the struggle, was paroled as Private William Nelson Boswell. Too small and frail to carry a gun, he insisted on following his "Dad," so was accepted in the drum corps, and there did his best to the end.

It was Maj. Thomas Taylor Boswell who, with scarcely twelve hundred men, in March, 1865, defended and held Staunton River Bridge against a Federal raiding force of some ten thousand picked cavalry. Over this bridge the food for General Lee's army had to pass, and when late in the day word was flashed to Richmond that the Federal force was retreating, there came back the order promoting Major Boswell to the rank of colonel ere the smoke of battle had blended with the darkness of the night.

This love for things Confederate which Mrs. Osborne inherited from father and grandfather and has tenderly cherished has found material expression in her labor for years in collecting the old Southern songs and compiling them into a volume which she christened "Echoes from Dixie," a collection many able critics have pronounced the only true Southern songbook in print; the third edition of the book is now being published, and if there could be a copy of it in every Southern home, those agencies by the States of the South now struggling to purge our school histories of matter false and slanderous of our Southern cause and its great

leaders would have a mighty force aiding them in their righteous task. With Mrs. Osborne it is a case where a life rings true to the call of its ancestry, and therefore little wonder that the talented leader of the Confederate Choirs is so dearly beloved by our veterans over the Southland.

#### A REMARKABLE SHOT.

In the March VETERAN Mr. James A. Stevens gives some reminiscences of the futile Yankee attack in the Yazoo River in March, 1863, and after describing the terrific cannonade given by "Old Bombshells" Loring adds that he thinks only one gunboat got by, for Mr. Stevens and his comrades of Moore's command said, like the gallant French at Verdun in the late war, "They shall not pass," and none did at that time.

There is another incident of this fight which will bear telling, as it is the only instance in the "Official Records" of such an occurrence during the entire war, or any other war, that I have ever heard of. It is this: The United States S. S. Chillicothe had opened one of her ports only enough to slide a gun-rammer out, so that the projectile in the mouth of the gun could be shoved home; but before this was effected and the port closed a Confederate ball arrived, darted through this small opening, hit the Yankee piece squarely in the muzzle, and, both shells exploding at the same time, killed or wounded fourteen men of the gun's crew. I can further add that the maker of that gun certainly "buildd well," as she was not put out of business, but did good work in subsequent actions.

—John C. Stiles, Brunswick, Ga.

A. J. Cone, of Raleigh, Fla., writes: "I must keep the VETERAN coming my way. I don't know why all veterans are not anxious to have it, but I find many that do not take it, and I have tried to induce them to subscribe. The younger generation, in the push and sweat of pursuit of the almighty dollar, seem indifferent to the privations and sufferings of their fathers in the immortal cause of the South. They contended for a principle that can never die. The principle that actuated the South in the sixties is the live, burning thought of the world to-day—*independence and self-determination.*"

A. M. C. Newport, of Guymon, Okla., writes: "I like so much to read the letters from the old boys, and I have tried to find something from comrades of my old company, Company B, 14th Missouri, but have never seen a communication from any of them. Let us keep the VETERAN going. I enjoy it and try to get others interested. We will soon all be gone, and our children and grandchildren ought to have it for the facts on Confederate history that can't be found anywhere else."

John D. Nichols, Chaplain of Joseph E. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., of Gainesville, Tex., writes: "I was a member of Company C, 43d Tennessee Regiment, Col. James W. Gillespie, of Knoxville. After our return from Perryville, Ky., we were ordered to Vicksburg. I had a brother in Colonel Rowan's regiment, and a man in his regiment had a brother in my regiment, so we swapped. If there are any other survivors of the two regiments, I would like to hear from them."

J. W. Matthews, of Alvon, W. Va., says: "I use the Bible and the VETERAN for my Sunday reading. May God bless you and the VETERAN! is the wish of your old comrade and friend."



**NUXATED  
IRON**

**FOR  
RED BLOOD  
STRENGTH  
AND  
ENDURANCE**

**OVER 3,000,000 PEOPLE  
USE IT ANNUALLY**

**LEAGUE OF DESERTERS.**

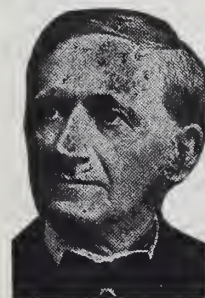
A strange league, consisting of 20,000 to 25,000 men who deserted during the late World War and have remained in Switzerland, has been founded, with headquarters at Berne and Geneva. It is mainly composed of deserters from the armies of the Central Powers, and its object is "to defend their interests."

No British or American soldiers are included in the league.

The Swiss authorities would gladly be rid of all these men, many of whom served as spies and would therefore be shot if they were expelled.—*Exchange.*

R. F. Neville, of Delhart, Tex., has some copies of the *VETERAN* from 1906 to date that he will gladly donate to any one wishing to make up these volumes. Write to him.

**Don't Wear a Truss**



**BROOKS' APPLIANCE**, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day.

**C. E. Brooks, 239C State St., Marshall, Mich.**

**THE SONG THE SOLDIERS SANG.**

"Give us a song," the soldiers cry  
As the troop ship heads for sea.  
"Let Bill begin, an' we'll all join in  
When he comes to the harmoniee.  
'We want to get back' is the tune we'll sing

As we furrow the gleamin' foam;  
We want to get back to anywhere,  
Just so it's home, sweet home.

We want to get back to Mississip,  
We want to get back to Chi,  
We want to get back to Hackensack  
Or to Montauk Point, L. I.  
We'll tell the world we want to get back  
If you give us half a chance,  
And the only thing that we'll never sing  
Is 'We want to get back to France.'

Come up with one o' them longin' songs  
Of the hearts that yearn an' pine.  
For a dear ole cot in a shady spot  
A million miles from the Rhine.  
We'll pipe up strong on the barber shops  
Like the smokes in a jazz quartet;  
We are longin' strong for a longin' song  
Of the girls we can't forget.

O, we long for Mollie an' Mary Jane  
An' Mabel an' Mar-jor-ee;  
We long for Sue, we'll say we do,  
An' for little blue-eyed Marie.  
For Gladys an' Gertie an' Sadie May  
Our hearts with longin' swells,  
But we'll sing no song that proclaims  
we long

For them beautiful mademoiselles."

—James J. Montague.

J. M. Lynn, of Cisco, Tex., who served in Company F, 10th Kentucky Cavalry, in Morgan's old brigade, and was with him in the raid through Ohio, would like to meet any survivors of the command at the Reunion in Houston, and especially those who were in Camp Douglas.

R. C. Ridley, of Council Hill, Okla., would be glad to hear from any of his comrades of the sixties, and especially members of Company A, 4th Mississippi Infantry, who got some of the tobacco he procured for the company while in camp at Selma, Ala., in April, 1864.

ATTENTION, 22D MISSISSIPPI INFANTRY!—Please send your name and address, stating whether you will attend the Reunion at Texas, to P. A. Haman, Assistant Chaplain Mississippi Division, U. C. V., Learned, Miss.

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By A. F. FRY

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**The Confederate Veteran**  
NASHVILLE, TENN.

# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXVIII.

OCTOBER, 1920

NO. 10



**GROUP OF EMINENT CONFEDERATES**  
Designed by Enrico Cerracchio for the Houston Reunion  
(See page 364)



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The September edition of the **VETERAN** has been exhausted, and any subscriber willing to return that copy will be given credit on subscription account. Copies must be clean and whole, and the name of sender should be given on the wrapper.

Any one who belonged to Rather's Company, Showalter's Regiment of Texas Cavalry, C. S. A., who knew Aaron (or A. W.) Folsom will please communicate with Dr. E. Barlow, North Zulch, Tex.

Copies of the booklet on "Bill Yopp" can be had of Bill Yopp himself during the Houston Reunion, as also at all times of W. E. McAllister, Superintendent Confederate Home, Atlanta, Ga. Price, 15 cents per copy, or 12½ cents each in lots of ten or more.

The Louisiana monument in Vicksburg National Military Park will be unveiled on the 18th of October, and on the same day the memorial arch to the blue and gray in that park will be dedicated.

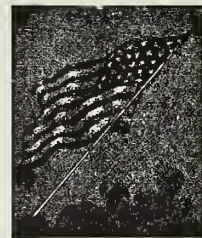
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Copies of the "Gray Book," compiled by the Sons of Confederate Veterans, may be obtained from Arthur H. Jennings, Chairman of the Committee, Lynchburg, Va., Box 714. The price is 25 cents, postpaid. Send for a copy at once and read it closely.



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BALTIMORE, MD.**

The Texas Legislature made an appropriation to erect a monument to Gen. John A. Wharton at Austin, and it is planned to have the dedication in January, 1921. J. W. Terry, of Galveston, and Capt. B. F. Weems, of Houston, are two members of the committee having the matter in charge.

To **GEORGIA VETERANS**.—Send ten cents to pay postage and receive a package of "The Rebel Yell" for distribution among veterans and others. Address **W. T. Christopher, Montezuma, Ga.**



# Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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#### OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

VOL. XXVIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1920.

No. 10. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
FOUNDER.

## WELCOME TO HOUSTON.

To the United Confederate Veterans: Houston counts it a distinguished honor to have as her guests the heroes of the Confederacy in annual Reunion.

News that the Confederate Veterans and Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy had decided to honor us with their

national Reunion brought a thrill of patriotic pride to the hearts of all Houstonians.

Houstonians open their hearts and homes to the heroes of the Southern cause and bid them welcome. We are happy because you are with us. We shall be happier to greet you with that genuine heartfelt hospitality that characterized the Old South for which you fought and for which so many of your brave comrades gave their last full measure of devotion.

Twenty-five years ago we had the honor of having you as our guests. Thousands who were with us then will be with us in spirit when you light your camp fires in our midst. It is all the more fitting that we should not only honor those who are still living, but give earnest devotion to the memory of those who have "crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees."

At the time you held your last Reunion in Houston the city was a mere village compared with its size to-day. Each year has marked a new milestone of material progress. To-day you will find a modern city with many resources, and all that we have in the way of material comforts shall be yours during your stay with us.

The Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, leaders of thought and progress in the South to-day, will find Houston's welcome so genuine, so spontaneous that they will treasure it in memory until they too have reached their allotted span of life.

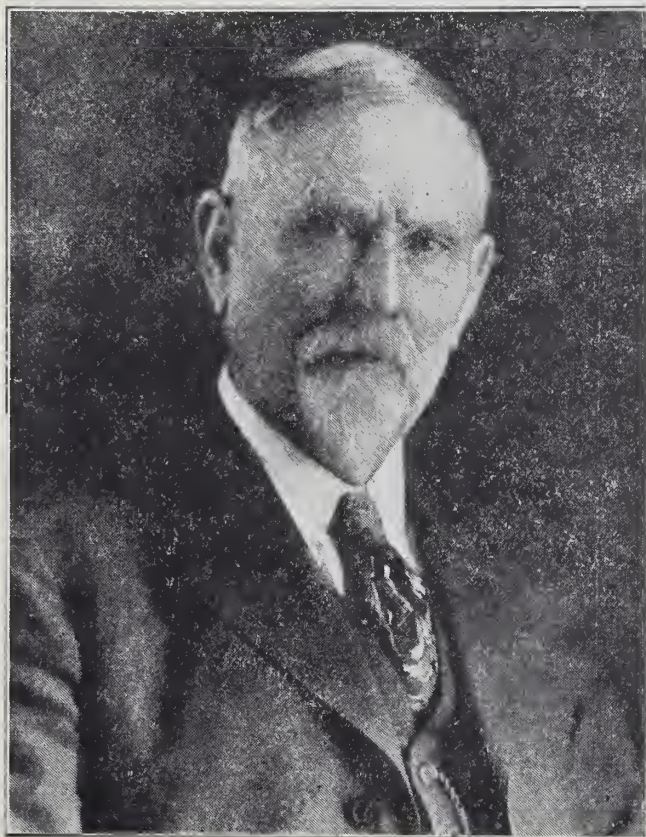
During the Reunion Houston will devote all her time and energy toward making the occasion one of the happiest in the history of Confederate Reunions.

Young and old, all classes and creeds will count it a high privilege to do homage to those remaining heroes of the Confederacy—men whom power could not corrupt, whom death could not terrify, and whom defeat could not dishonor.

Cordially yours,

D. D. PEDEN,

President Houston Chamber of Commerce.



GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, OF TEXAS, COMMANDER IN CHIEF  
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.  
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

## THE REUNION IN HOUSTON.

A cordial welcome to Houston in October is conveyed to Confederate Veterans through the message of the President of its Chamber of Commerce in this number of the *VETERAN*, and the hearts of many thousands of our veterans will be responding to that greeting as they gather in that progressive city of the great State of Texas. Many things are being planned for their entertainment, and the best of that city and its environs will be at the command of the boys in gray, while their eyes will be opened to the great advancement of the city since their visit twenty-five years ago. They will be there in force, for few there be who can resist the call to meet with those who shared the dangers, hardships, and glories of their Confederate service; and though the cares of life and the infirmities of age have whitened their locks and enfeebled their limbs, their hearts are still young and respond readily to the appeal of these Reunions. And so to them we'll say:

"Get out your musket, clean it up,  
Get out your old canteens,  
And let your hearts be just as gay  
As youngsters in their teens.  
Leave thoughts of age and toil behind,  
Forget the cares of men;  
Put on your uniforms of gray  
And all be boys again."

"It's a long way" for some of our "boys," but they'll be there in October.

## THE HOUSTON OF THE FUTURE.

The city of Houston has made such phenomenal growth in population and industries within the recent past, and all on a sound basis, that its future as the great city of the Southwest can safely be predicted. A recent address by Garland S. Brickey, General Manager of Houston's Chamber of Commerce, sets forth the possibilities of that city as the great port city of the future, and he stressed the importance of taking advantage of the opportunities opening in that direction. The Chamber of Commerce has a comprehensive plan for the building up of foreign trade, and already trade with Mexico has been established, a steamship line to that country having been started in January of this year, and trade friendships are being made that will live for all time. Some quotations from his address will give an idea of the city's advance and future growth. He says:

"Through our deep-water port and the ship channel Houston holds the key to unlimited market possibilities overseas and an inland empire rich in raw materials. With these two great sources of wealth, nothing can stop Houston in the onward march of progress.

"The port of Houston was opened to commerce only five years ago, and now few American ports can equal it and none surpass it. To-day we are being served by six ocean

steamship lines, in addition to tramp steamer service from South American ports. The volume of tonnage is constantly increasing, and large steamship lines are clamoring for admission. \* \* \* Every line of industry has prospered during the past few years. \* \* \* In manufacturing, financial growth, educational advancement, growth in population, and volume of business increase Houston stands second to no city in all the South."

Some advantages of the city as brought out by Mr. Brickey are:

"Houston has a climate unsurpassed in all the South, and employment can always be found at all times for all who come with the intention to work.

"Transportation by both rail and water are the best that can be found in the South.

"An empire of rich agricultural lands surrounds Houston, offering unequalled opportunities to producers.

"Great natural resources, such as timber, lignite, iron, sulphur, and petroleum, are found on all sides.

"Houston has the largest cotton port in the South, handling more than a million bales annually.

"Houston has the finest system of schools, in addition to one of the finest universities in the South.

"Religious institutions of all kinds are represented with large and progressive memberships.

"The city's water supply is unsurpassed by that of any other city in America.

"In a word, Houston has everything in her favor for the building of a great metropolis."

## INCREASE IN SUBSCRIPTION TO THE VETERAN.

Encouraging letters have come in regard to increasing the *VETERAN*'s subscription rate, and a number of patrons, already paid in advance, have sent another dollar with the suggestion that \$2 is not too much to pay for such a publication as the *VETERAN*. However, the plan is just to increase the subscription sufficiently to meet the increase in expenses; and if all patrons will continue steadfast in their loyalty to the *VETERAN*, an increase of fifty cents will provide the necessary funds to keep the *VETERAN* going. So with their interest in view as well as the *VETERAN*'s, the decision has been made to increase the subscription to \$1.50 per year, beginning with November 1, 1920.

The *VETERAN* has many local representatives throughout the country and among the Chapters, U. D. C., and their continued efforts in its behalf will be appreciated. Write for club rates and supplies.

## STATUARY FOR HOUSTON REUNION.

The cover of this number shows a group of statuary of leading Confederates designed for the Houston Reunion. The design shows the Texas Star, and the pedestal on each point is surmounted by the figure of a Confederate general—Lee, Jackson, Beauregard, A. S. Johnston, and Bragg—while the center pedestal carries the figure of Jefferson Davis. This group was designed by Enrico Carracchio, a noted sculptor of Houston, and will be displayed in one of the large windows of the W. C. Munn Company during the Reunion.

## OUR VETERANS IN REUNION.

BY MARY BEALE CARR, PAUL'S VALLEY, OKLA.

Our veterans marched by so gayly to-day  
While the tune of "Dixie" held sway;  
They were dreaming of deeds in their glorious youth,  
When bravely they fought for justice and truth;  
Though maimed and enfeebled, still each smiling face  
Showed heroic pride of a chivalrous race.

The tattered remnant bore arms again  
Under the magic of "Dixie's" strain,  
And the worn and wearied felt cause to rejoice,  
For each in turn heard his general's voice,  
And proudly they marched with banners unfurled,  
Those once mighty warriors who had startled the world.

Their flag, battle-stained, was carried on high  
While the "Dixie" song floated by;  
And over the noise of the streets pell-mell  
Rose the clarion call of the Rebel yell,  
And again with Pickett and Jackson and Lee  
Our "veteran boys" saw victory.



THE RICE HOTEL, LONDON.  
Official Reunion Headquarters.

## RE-ENLISTMENT OF THE FOURTEENTH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

[The following is an editorial from an old newspaper under date of February —, 1864, which had been preserved by the late Ben Haskins, first lieutenant of Company A, 14th Tennessee Regiment. He died in Birmingham, Ala., in 1912. The Senator Henry referred to was Gustavus A. Henry, member of the Confederate Congress from Tennessee. The clipping was sent by Mrs. H. P. Williams, of Birmingham, a sister of Lieutenant Haskins, and she thinks there may be some survivors of the old command who would be glad to see this glorious commendation of their old command. "Anyhow," she says, "all Tennesseans loved their brave soldiers and still eagerly read any mention of them and their exploits during their short-lived Southern Confederacy."]

We, in common with every Tennessean, we doubt not, were very much gratified to see in the proceedings of Congress on Thursday last the announcement by Senator Henry that the 14th Tennessee Regiment had reënlisted for the war. Brave old regiment! We knew that these gallant boys would never seek relief from service so long as a foeman's banner fluttered in the field. The 14th Tennessee has probably performed as much service, endured as many hardships, fought in as many battles, and won as much fame as any regiment in the Confederate service. Its first service was in that long, tedious, and trying campaign known as the Cheat Mountain campaign, in which General Lee commanded the Confederate and Rosecrans the Federal forces. The climate was an inhospitable one, and many of the 14th, which went out over one thousand strong, fell victims to the hardships which they had to endure and to which they were entirely unaccustomed. From that field they were transported to the Peninsula and fought at Yorktown and Williamsburg. They were afterwards in the very thickest of the battle of Seven Pines, the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, Cedar Run, the Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Antietam, and Sharpsburg, the defense of Fredericksburg, the battle of Chancellorsville, and were with General Lee in Pennsylvania and sustained heavy losses at Gettysburg. Nearly every officer of the regiment as originally organized has been killed in battle, and its present commander was a private in the ranks when the regiment first took the field. It is said that not two hundred of the original regiment are now alive. Upon every field, under all circumstances, and through every species of hardship, from the trials of Cheat Mountain to the carnage at Gettysburg, it has added to the glory of Tennessee and illustrated the valor of her noble sons.

That such men would reënlist was a matter of course, though from the time of their enlistment up to the present time they have been kept in Virginia and have never been permitted to revisit their homes. The history of the old 14th will constitute a bright and glowing page in the annals of the war.

The 7th Tennessee reënlisted at the same time, but we leave the narrative of its achievements to some one more familiar with its history.



## MY CONFEDERATE GRANDMOTHERS.

BY MRS. JULIA W. BELL, LEXINGTON, TEX.

When our grandfathers wore the gray, the women of that time shared completely all of their privations and their sufferings, shared with them all the labors and the stress of warfare as no women in all history have ever done before.

They lovingly carded the wool to make for their soldiers warm garments, and there was often the cheerful hum of the spinning wheel far into the night as they spun the threads that were to be woven into clothing to shield those dear ones from the torture of a winter in the camp, and their feet kept time to a patriotic air as they threw the shuttles and patted the pedals of the looms. There were the piles and piles of hose they knit, and many times long strands of glossy tresses were carried along by the needles that, like the woman with the box of precious ointment, they might the greater show their love.

When into their homes were borne the forms of wounded soldiers, these women would go forth to meet them, saying, like Rebecca of old: "We have straw and provender and room for thee to lodge." And the soft lint which they had prepared in their leisure moments to be sent for use among the soldiers they would bring and tenderly bind about the wounds of the stranger.

Though protected and sheltered all their lives by men of the purest chivalry the world has ever known, our women took over the management of plantations and farms, doing cheerfully and well any work which needed to be done, from patrolling the levees of the Mississippi to insure the safety of their crops, dragging a sack in the cotton field, leading a

cotillion at an impromptu ball given for the benefit of the military morale—they expressed it as "keeping up the soldiers' spirits"—to giving the initial bath to the new-born or closing the eyes of the dead.

And though at first they may have reeled from weakness and the want of support, when they looked upon their husbands in battle array, surrounded by the halos of heroism, they were nerved to endure with fortitude the partings and the loneliness and the responsibilities. And that they rallied we have but to read the records of their deeds.

Then as the granddaughter of two of these noble women may I not claim the right to revive the sacred fire which is forever burning on the altars of their memories?

Many a time have I sat at fireside gatherings of my veteran grandparents and listened to the stories of camp and battle, stories of heroism, of tragedy, and of humor, until my childish heart was filled with awe and wonder, and in my eyes the Confederate veteran was not as other men, but a superman, to be revered and well-nigh worshiped.

The women, too, had their stories of pathos. How many a sad night's vigil they kept only the angels can tell, for as a gifted Southern woman writes: "The angels stood close to our women in the sixties." Yes, and 'neath the shadows of their soft, white wings our Southern mothers lived and trusted.

But the stories are not all sad. There are some of the makeshifts to which they were forced that would put to shame our recent wheatless and meatless days and which were doubtless hard enough to endure at the time; but with the passing of the years there has passed also the sting of the privations and only the humor of the occasions remain.

As an instance of this Grandmother Arnold tells of a corn-meal cake she made in celebration of a few days' furlough given grandfather. No one had had any wheat flour for months, and the corn meal was what they prepared themselves, and it was exceedingly coarse. But by some miracle grandmother had secured some fine bolted meal and saved it for this glad home-coming. The cake was mixed and baked with almost religious care and emerged from the oven perfect in every detail, a golden glory. Proudly grandmother placed it upon a pantry shelf to cool before spreading on the "frosting," then went about her other duties. Suddenly there was a terrific crash, and, dire presentiment in her mind, grandmother flew to the pantry to find the cake in pieces on the floor, while three-year-old Uncle Jack, shamefaced and frightened, stood over the ruins. Very near tears, as she confesses, grandmother gathered up the topmost fragments and later served them with a sauce as "cottage pudding," and no one suspected it was not all as planned. "The best pudding I ever tasted in my life," grandfather always concluded the story for her.

Then there was the day they ate of their first wheat biscuits after being without for two years. A neighbor sent invitations to several near families telling of the glad arrival of a barrel of flour and asking them to a biscuit party. And a biscuit party it was, where bis-



CITY MARKET, HOUSTON.





COUNTY COURTHOUSE, HOUSTON.

cuits were the sole object in gathering, the main topic of conversation, and, with butter, the only refreshment. But, if we believe grandmother, those biscuits were more delicious than any ever made before or since.

Nor was it wheat alone they did without. Grandmother made parched potato coffee and brewed from it a drink of such astonishing palatableness that frequently she was asked: "Is it of the Mocha brand?" She compounded dyes by steeping logwood and grinding dye rock to mix with sumach. These were used to make more sightly the homespun articles of clothing that she wore. And when her heart's idol returned from the war he found her arrayed in a pretty checked homespun of blue and white made from cotton picked, carded, spun, dyed in indigo, and woven by her own dainty hands. Her shoes were made from discarded soles with new tops sewed on by her own fragile fingers.

Grandfather it was who would tell us this story, and he always ended it with: "Even in that homely garb she looked the queen, for she is one."

There were terror-inspiring times, too, when marauding parties swept over the country, insulting, burning, pillaging. And times, too, when battles were so near that the rattle of the musketry could be heard plainly. Sometimes the women and children would flee from these things and lie hidden in ravines until the danger was passed. But on one occasion, when the fighting had been so close that at its cessation grandmother fancied she could hear the cries of the wounded, she and an old negress crept out upon the battle field and worked nearly all night carrying water and giving what other service they could.

All of this seems the more marvelous as Grandmother Arnold was reared under the old régime, when the Southern woman was as carefully guarded as was ever a princess of royal birth. There were slaves, and many of them, in grandmother's girlhood home, and marriage

brought no change in the luxurious life until the war. Then, overnight as it were, fortunes melted away, servants disappeared, and women were thrown upon their own resources. But the blood of heroic pioneer ancestors was in their veins, and they rose to the occasion, as do all true women of all ages.

Grandmother Ross lived in Texas, so of actual warfare she saw none, and her experiences were entirely different from those of Grandmother Arnold. She was an able-bodied, robust woman, practical and efficient, the kind that in rural districts a generation or so ago was always called upon in cases of sickness or trouble. One faithful negro couple, Liza and Ned, stayed with her, and with them she did many a day's work that would have daunted a couple of strong men.

When the war began her household consisted of herself and grandfather, three children, and half a dozen slaves; at its close there were living in her home, without grandfather, but including herself, twenty-eight white persons and the two slaves. She had taken upon herself the responsibility of caring for helpless, dependent ones in the neighborhood, one or two at a time, until her family had assumed these proportions; and as there was a story at

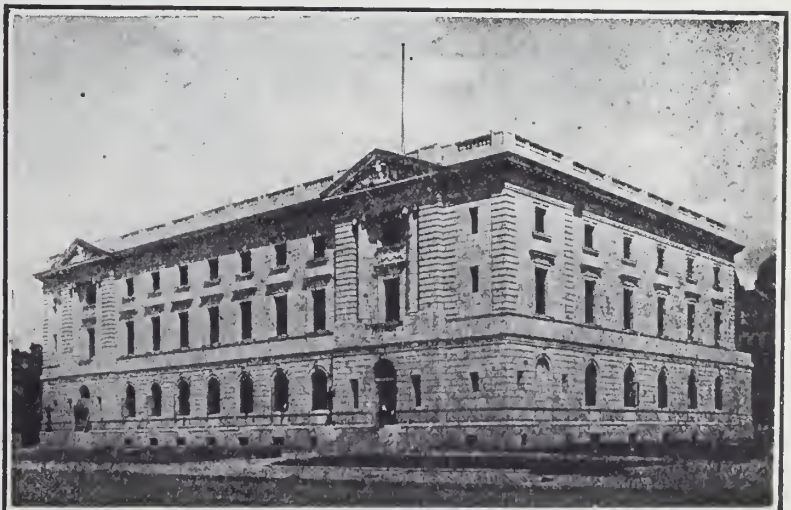
tached to the coming of each one, her experiences were enough to fill a volume.

There was Amos Welder, a handsome ne'er-do-well, who lived in a rickety shack on the bank of the Colorado and eked out a bare living for himself, his wife, and their baby by hunting and fishing. One of the first to enlist, in his patriotic zeal he evidently forgot his family, for they were left destitute. When grandmother heard how conditions were and that the girl wife was ill, she promptly went over and took matters into her own capable hands.

"Excepting the woman and the child," she often said, "there was nothing on the place worth moving but a pig of the razorback variety; but food was too scarce to let any escape, so we roped the pig and took it along with us."

Just such positiveness of character as this is what probably made her home seem a refuge to those weaker than herself.

Then there were the two children of Tom and Sallie Andrews. The older was three and the baby but a few days



FEDERAL BUILDING, HOUSTON.



old when Sallie died. Tom was at the front, and there were no near relatives, so these babies also came under the shelter of grandmother's wings.

Almost immediately Granny Evans, who was seventy and alone after the departure of her last son, asked for admission into the heterogeneous household, and she did not ask in vain. She could care for the children, she said, while the younger women were employed with other tasks, and so she did.

In much the same manner fifteen-year-old Ruth McDowell was adopted and ten-year-old Sammy Allen, who was caught red-handed stealing a chicken and confessed to being hungry. Did grandmother scold? She made him come into the kitchen and stuffed him with corn bread and sweet milk while he told her he lived "up river a piece by myself since dad's gone to fight the Yanks." He forthwith became one of the family. "And a better boy there never was," grandmother would say.

There was one child, a son, born to her during the war, and grandfather, returning home on a furlough after an absence of fourteen months, saw the babe creeping about on the floor. He had already lost count of grandmother's pensioners; and though he knew there was a new baby, he pictured him as a tiny infant, so casually he asked: "And who does little tow-head belong to, Mary?"

"To you, Samuel," she answered.

"No!" he shouted, leaping for the little fellow and catching him into his arms. "This is never Jo Samuel, is it? and which name do you call him, Mary?"

"I call him Jo," she answered; "but if you should not come back, Sammy dear, I'd call him Samuel."

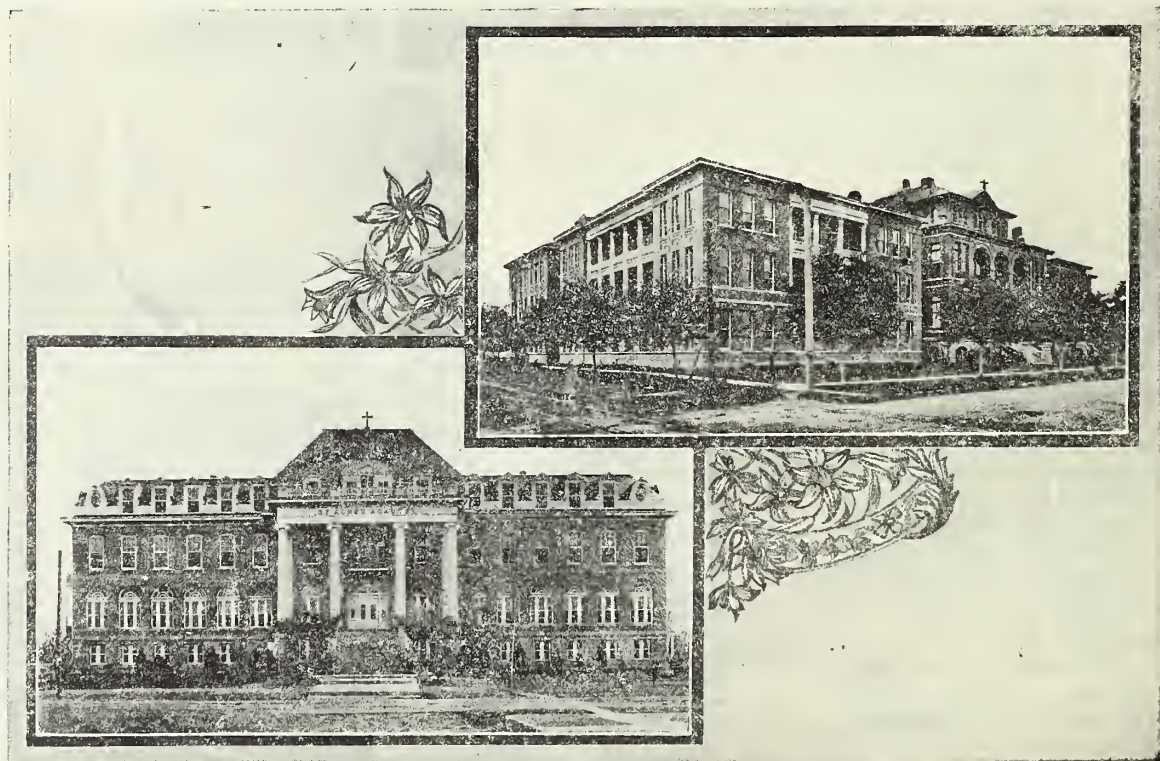
That child is now known to us as Uncle Samuel, for grandfather did not come back, but lost his life in the battle of the Wilderness. That was his last visit home.

When word came that he was no more, grandmother was

prostrated with grief. But within a few hours there came urgent word for her to attend young Nellie Johnson, and all that night she battled with the grim specter of death, finally triumphing after ushering into the world another war baby. She gives that baby credit for saving her reason by the opportune time of its birth. After that, grandmother says, she never found time to collapse. Her growing family added to her duties and responsibilities, and the days passed so busily that there was no time for grief. That is her brave way of telling about it, and we can only guess at what her agony of mind must have been. She still cherishes between lavender-scented folds of gray the soft, silken tresses of her dead Confederate soldier, with the dust into which the beloved head had fallen still powdering the treasured lock.

For the women of that time have cherished carefully the remembrances of the struggle, and often in the quiet of their homes they bring from their perfumed caskets the valued incidents that have been so tenderly embalmed and hold them to the light, that they may be known to those who are to them the nearest and dearest. There were rings, not of gold set with rare jewels, but of gutta-percha carved with penknives during the lonely hours spent in camp, when the hearts of our grandfathers burned with love for the dear ones left at home. There were silver coins taken from the few the soldiers possessed and lovingly inlaid with clover leaves and stars and hearts, and to those who have laid away these ornaments in the safest places for keeping they are "more precious than rubies; yea, than much fine gold." There are even scraps of the hallowed uniforms that are folded between the leaves of the Holy Bible; some bear blood stains as valuable as the ruddy drops of martyred saints that are preserved under glass in cathedrals.

I have not recalled the saddest things that we know of this grand history, but have endeavored to touch upon the sub-



ADMINISTRATION AND PHYSICS BUILDINGS OF RICE INSTITUTE, HOUSTON.

ject only in the lightest vein. But I have had these bits of history presented to my view so often that the pictures of them are indelibly impressed on my own consciousness, and I stand ready to-day, and for always, to give my voice and expression for tradition, through whose medium alone the messages that are graven on the heart may be transmitted. We do not wish the heroic deeds of that time to be forgotten, neither does God intend such things to be, for it was with his approval that valorous deeds of patriotism were given to history by inscriptions on tablets of stone, and on one occasion he said unto Moses: "Write this down in a book for a lasting memorial unto all generations." Even though time has shown us the good in the end as it came, in the perpetuation of Southern chivalry and ideals we need to show of what courage and endurance, what sympathy and love those ancestors of ours were possessed. In our hearts we shall ever revere them as votaries of that glorious cause that Southerners will always hold so dear.

### RECONSTRUCTION IN TENNESSEE.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

One Saturday afternoon the military authorities came in conflict with the civil officers, and what might have been a tragedy was averted by the captain's exercising that discretion which is the best part of valor.

The militiamen frequently came into town on leave; and while they bore themselves with something of a swaggering air, yet they generally behaved in a quiet, orderly way. The mayor of the town was a decided Union man, and one determined to enforce the law on all alike. The town marshal was an ex-Confederate soldier, a man of great personal courage and coolness, yet prudent and patient withal. There was a large number of young men living in Trenton who had been in the Confederate army, and on that day, as usual, there were many in town from the country around. These all owned pistols, and in apprehension of trouble they kept their pistols in easy reach. I was told also that in every corner house on the streets leading out of the courthouse square loaded guns were kept ready to be used on occasion, for threats had been made of burning the town, and there were frequent collisions in other localities between whites and blacks, and we were all determined that there was a limit beyond which we would not submit to a rule of utter oppression.

On this special afternoon some of the militia came into town, and one of them got drunk and was very disorderly. The marshal tried to have his comrades take him to camp, but he would not go. Finally, he was arrested and was being taken to the mayor's office when his captain, who had been told of the trouble, came running up and demanded that the prisoner be turned over to him for trial by a military tribunal. This the marshal declined to do and tried to argue the case as to his right. But the captain was imperious and loud in his threats. The controversy attracted attention, and directly the square was full of men, very quiet, but very attentive to what was going on. At length the marshal said very positively that his prisoner must be tried before the mayor, and he would not give him up. Just as the captain had called his squad to attention and seemed about to order a rescue a sudden change occurred. The marshal spoke a few words to him in a low tone, and the militia were ordered back to camp and went in quick time, and the captain asked the marshal to take a drink with him. Those who described the scene to

me told me that the words that changed the situation so quickly were about these: "I'll give you five minutes to get away from here and send your men to camp. You can look at every corner leading out of this square and see half a dozen to a dozen men. They are all armed and know how to use their arms. If you try to take this prisoner, you and your squad can't get out of here alive. There are enough of them to wipe out your whole force."

When the day for the election came the ex-Confederates had no idea of interfering; and as Etheridge had withdrawn, if my memory serves me, there was no candidate against Brownlow. So there was no need for the militia to interfere with those Unionists who were entitled to vote. Brownlow's election was assured, and minor officers would be counted in, however the vote might be cast. There was absolutely no cause for interference.

The district known as "Skullbone," made up of intense radicals, a tough set, sent a large delegation into Trenton that day. I had gone to my boarding place in the country, as I had no vote, and so I was not an eyewitness to the occurrences of the day. So I tell the story as told to me. Early in the day the squad from "Skullbone" rode in and surrounded the polls, swearing that no Rebel should have a voice in the election. The Confederates quietly armed themselves and determined to protect all who were entitled to vote on the conservative side. The voting went on without disturbance until all the radical element had voted. The other side had agreed to go to the polls in the afternoon. But when the first ballot was offered "Skullbone" took possession of the box and with oaths threatened to kill any disloyal rascal who offered to vote for a traitor. The militia, who were present in force, backed "Skullbone," and declared the election over and that the polls were closed. Then something happened which they had not counted on. The square was alive with armed men, rushing from all quarters and surrounding the whole radical crew. The militia and the scalwags retreated into the large upper room of the courthouse, barring the doors and threatening to shoot into the crowd if they did not disperse. The Southern company, nearly all Confederates, gathered at the southwest corner of the square, a point considerably above the level of the courthouse yard—indeed, it was almost on a level with the upper windows of the courthouse. The militia felt safe in their fortress, feeling that they could shoot any of the "mob" that might try to approach from any side. They were told that the "mob" was going to burn the building, and they saw the boys splitting up goods boxes and pouring the coal oil on them. It was not fifty yards from the corner to the courthouse. And the militia were warned that when our men started to set fire if a single man appeared in the windows he would be shot instantly. They saw that they were caught like rats in a trap. They were greatly alarmed, and proposed that if they were guaranteed protection they would march to their camp and stay there. Our boys agreed to furnish a guard of twenty-four citizens to escort the militia out of town, but they demanded that "Skullbone" should be left in the courthouse for further treatment. So the militia came down, and, with twelve old citizens walking on each side of their line, they marched out of town in discipline. And while everybody was watching them "Skullbone" slipped down and, going out at the east side of the building, made a rush for their horses, which they had hitched on that side of town. They mounted in hot haste and galloped for home. I think that was what was expected, and the only notice taken of



their departure was to give the Rebel yell, which seemed to quicken their flight.

#### NASHVILLE UNDER RADICAL RULE.

In November, 1867, I came back to Nashville to the pastorate of the Edgefield Presbyterian Church (now Woodland Street). Governor Brownlow was still in authority, and for two years longer the blight of his administration was on the city. For whatever may have been his personal characteristics, he sustained the doings of the conscienceless gang who by graft, extortion, stealing, and all manner of oppression sought to enrich themselves by despoiling the people.

I had opportunity to see and hear of the various methods used to oppress under the forms and with the sanction of law; and while that page of our history has been past many years and many who then approved of the Reconstruction measures are ashamed of them and would have them forgotten, yet I believe that they should be recorded for the instruction of coming generations, not to perpetuate bitterness nor to stir up revenge, but to preserve the truth of history and vindicate our own people from the charges so freely made against them by Northern visitors, for there are those who seek to justify those infamous measures by charging that the Southern people could only be restrained from another "rebellion" by the most severe and repressive exercise of force. And yet a plain statement of facts will make one wonder at the long-suffering patience with which they endured the tyranny of a rabble which they could have swept

away in a day if they had been so disposed. The provocation was excessive, but the people only occasionally, in some specially aggravated case, visited their wrath on the oppressor. Of course the story of the Ku-Klux Klan is used to show the lawless spirit of the South, yet that mysterious organization arose only when the outrages of carpetbag rule became unbearable. It did great good in restraining the excesses of despotism, and when it had served its purpose it was voluntarily disbanded. But it is not only to correct the falsehoods that pass as history and to vindicate our people as faithful to their promise when they surrendered, but the story of those Reconstruction outrages serves as a warning to future generations of the dangers of power in the hands of a few whose will is law. There is no cruelty that they will not perpetrate to carry out their plans. To-day the vast accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few men gives a power that defies justice, tramples on rights, and is cruel to its employees if they resist its claims. Again, the story of Reconstruction will show the origin of that spirit of lawlessness which to-day is the reproach of the American people. When under the forms of law all manner of injustice was perpetrated, then men resorted to all kinds of subterfuges to evade the law. In other words, Reconstruction by its outrageous laws destroyed respect for law and encouraged lawlessness. For these reasons, the truth of the history, the vindication of the Southern people, warning against irresponsible power, and to show the origin of present demoralization, it is well to record our experiences of those evil days.



COMMANDER AND ADJUTANT OF THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT AND SPONSORIAL STAFF, HOUSTON REUNION.

Top row: Miss Emory Todhunter, Maid of Honor, Lexington, Mo.; Lieut.-Gen. V. Y. Cook, Commander, Batesville, Ark.; Adjt.-Gen. and Chief of Staff Cornelius Y. Ford, Odessa, Mo.; Miss Caroline M. Shipp, Sponsor, Houston, Tex.  
Bottom row: Miss Hazel Price, Maid of Honor, Glasgow, Mo.; Mrs. L. C. Hall, Chaperon, Dardanelle, Ark.; Mrs. J. H. Zellner, Matron of Honor, Prairie Grove, Ark.; Miss Sue Bailey, Maid of Honor, Altus, Okla.



The city of Nashville was in the hands of a gang of carpetbaggers. The mayor and the board of aldermen, elected by the people, were displaced, and a set appointed in their stead who could be counted on to carry out the Governor's policies; and the police force, called the metropolitan police, was appointed by the Governor. The ring was composed of Northern men, who came in with the Union army and remained after the army was disbanded. It was said that they had occupied bomb-proof positions during the war, such as sutlers, clerks, wagoners, etc. The mayor was a man named Alden, and from him the gang was called the "Alden Ring." The city judge was Mills and the city attorney was Allen. They claimed to represent the party of great moral ideas, and I think they were from New England, and they were to administer the affairs of the city on lines of pure Yankee patriotism.

I remember that while they were here they invited the American Educational Association to meet in Nashville, and the city was overrun with Yankee teachers who told us of the advantages of being under the dominance of New England ideals.

The whole administration of State and municipal affairs seemed to go on the theory that taxation was the highest function of government, and they displayed the greatest ingenuity in discovering taxable values and in imposing the heaviest burdens they could bear. I was told of one firm whose capital was \$30,000, and the amount of taxes for one year was \$10,000.

An illustration of barefaced attempted robbery was an incident told me by the gentleman who was afterwards bookkeeper for the firm held up. He said that one morning while the militia was in service a large, fine-looking man dressed in uniform came into the store and, walking back to the bookkeeper's desk, very brusquely ordered him to bring out his weights and measures to be sealed. He was told that the firm's weights and measures had been sealed officially only three months before and that the firm also had the official certificate of their correctness. The officer very imperiously replied: "I didn't ask you for information. I told you to bring me your weights and measures, and I will seal them. Do it quick." And he also demanded some exorbitant fee. The bookkeeper told him that the business manager, who was a member of the firm, was the one to settle the matter, and he was called from the front of the store, where he was opening boxes with a hatchet. He came, hatchet in hand, and the same demand was repeated in the same lofty and imperious manner. The manager told him that the weights and measures had been sealed by an officer bearing the Governor's commission and that the firm had his receipt for the fee. The officer got into a rage. He said the commission of the first sealer was not properly issued and that his acts were invalid and declined to argue the matter. The manager, a man of tried courage, said to him: "Neither have I time to argue. If you don't get out of here quick, I'll split your head open with this hatchet." As he left the officer cried out: "I'll be back with a squad of soldiers directly, and we'll see if you can defy the law with impunity." The manager called after him: "Be sure that you come with your squad, and I'll be sure to split your head open if I die for it. We will not submit to open robbery longer." The grafter did not return, and it may be that he was not authorized by the higher powers to make his demand; but it discloses the terrible condition of affairs when such an incident could occur and the higher authorities make no disavowal.

I was told that after this there was a noticeable let-up in the demands on the business men, and I was also told that a number of men met secretly to discuss conditions, and they came to the conclusion that it would be better to invoke the interference of the United States government. It was seriously proposed that a force be organized to go to the Capitol and take all the State officers and bring them to the bridge and hang them there and then ask for United States troops to be sent and the State put back under military rule. It was said that the radical crowd got an inkling of the threat and moderated their course. I do not know whether the proposition was feasible or indeed if it was seriously entertained, but I am confident that there were enough men who had been goaded almost to desperation to have overcome any resistance offered by the radical gang if they had undertaken thus to end the tyranny.

When the Confederates evacuated Nashville in February, 1862, there was in the State treasury a large sum, several hundred thousand dollars, which was the public school fund. This money was taken by Governor Harris into the South. He was bitterly accused of stealing the sacred fund; but it was carefully guarded by him, and at the end of the war it was returned in full to the radical State authorities. That fund was deposited, I understood, in certain loyal banks, and men connected with the government were also closely connected with these banks. It wasn't long until the sacred fund had disappeared by the failure of these same banks. The fund was too rich a plum to escape the looters.

One of the most high-handed efforts of the Alden ring was to extend the corporate limits of the city so as to levy taxes on still larger property areas. This attempt was made on the territory in which my congregation mostly lived. The eastern side of the river, known as Edgefield, had a population of probably 2,500, and there were many attractive homes of men prominent in business and professional life. It was connected with Nashville by a fine wire suspension bridge.

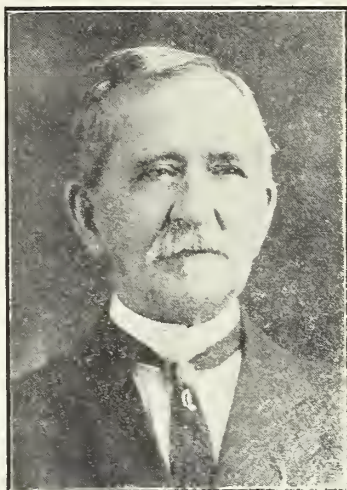
The ring determined that this territory must be annexed to Nashville, regardless of the wishes and in spite of the protests of the property owners. It is true the matter would have to be submitted to a vote of the people of the district; but the property owners were generally disfranchised, so that the question would be decided by the votes of negroes and scalawags. The fact that a man owned property was *prima facie* evidence that he was a Rebel and was opposed to the best interests of the community. The proposition was defeated, but it was done by one of those deplorable methods to which our people felt bound to resort to save themselves from utter ruin. They bought enough votes to carry the election, and they terrorized such as could not be bought. I remember seeing Mayor Alden driving in his buggy very fast to the bridge. He appeared to be very much frightened. I was told that he went over to one of the voting places to direct the voting when some determined men gave him a few minutes to get back to the city or he would be killed. Of course such methods were demoralizing, and the evil effects have come to our own present day, one of the terrible results of Reconstruction. I spoke to one of our best men and a large property owner and asked if he felt that such methods were justifiable. His answer was: "What else could we do? It was that or the loss of everything." It seems to me, looking back to that period, that the Southern people were put into the most difficult position and that it was the most terrible assault, deliberately planned to confuse their moral sense.



## INCIDENTS OF SERVICE.

BY W. A. CALLAWAY, ATLANTA, GA., "HIGH PRIVATE" OF YOUNG'S COLUMBUS (GA.) BATTERY, ROSS'S TEXAS CAVALRY BRIGADE.

I do not see much from the plain privates of the War between the States, who endured most of the hardships. Most of those who are left are too old and feeble to write. It is always interesting to read incidents in the lives of our great generals, and I happen to have been a witness to a number of these in General Forrest's career and will relate two or three. I always read anything I see about Lee, Jackson, Forrest, and last, but not least, my brigadier general, Ross, of the Texas Cavalry, whose name seldom appears in print. He was a quiet, unpretentious, brave officer, and his men loved him. When he gave the command "Charge!" he led the way. Some years ago I saw a list of the surviving brigadier generals in which his name did not appear; so I wrote to the paper giving his name and also wrote a complimentary notice of him, which the paper published. I forwarded it to General Ross, who was then serving his second term as Governor of Texas, and he wrote me a letter of thanks.



W. A. CALLAWAY.

But I started to write some incidents of General Forrest. After the Hood campaign to Franklin and Nashville, we stopped in North Mississippi a few days for a much-needed rest. One morning a long, keen, razorback hog came trotting along the road through our camp. He must have looked like a "biting" hog, for one of my company pulled down on him with his revolver, making a very painful wound about his jaw. He wheeled around in the road several times with very loud squeals. Forrest's headquarters were several hundred yards up the road, and the hog went directly past it, squealing every hop of the way. In a few minutes the General was seen coming in a gallop on a small, shaggy pony, with rope bridle reins and stirrup straps, about as sorry-looking an outfit as one ever sees. Being a tall man, Forrest's long legs dangled nearly to the ground, as he was not using the stirrups, they being too short. It was an undignified appearance for our General, but he did not run on dignity; he was on business. When he reached my company, he stopped, dismounted, and, going from one to another of the men, asked: "Who shot that hog?" Of course none of us knew that a hog had been shot. When he failed to locate the culprit, he said: "If I just knowed which one of you boys shot that hog, I would strap him across that log and hit him a thousand across his naked back." After delivering this warning, he remounted and galloped back. On investigation we found that the pony belonged to an old farmer who owned the hog and happened to be at headquarters at that time.

I have often wondered how Forrest located that shot so correctly, as troops were camped thickly all along the way.

After a lapse of fifty-six years, I may not be betraying confidence to say that Jim Bird shot the hog, remarking that he would shoot any man's hog that tried to bite him. It was all a bluff on General Forrest's part. He often talked ugly to us in that way and then went off and laughed about it. The men were very fond of him and understood him.

During Hood's campaign into Tennessee, after the fall of Atlanta, when the advance guard was nearing Franklin, we came to a blockhouse which the Yankees had built to protect the railroad. Forrest decided he would take it. To do this he called part of my battery (Young's)—he was leading the way, as usual—to within about two hundred yards. The blockhouse was built of logs, several thicknesses, and it was impossible with light artillery to do any damage unless we could put shells through the portholes, and these were only large enough for the defenders to stick their muskets through; so it would take a very fine marksman to hit the hole, especially as those Yankees were shooting while we were getting into position. There were only about twenty of us in the party, including General Forrest, who was urging us to take good aim and "blow 'em up." After we had fired fifteen or twenty ineffectual shots, the General said: "Boys, we had better get back." That was mighty sweet music to our ears, and we got back. Forrest was pretty good himself on a "git." He often exposed himself recklessly, and no one could prevent him. He was not afraid of anything or anybody.

Another incident I recall occurred on December 25, 1864, while we were acting as rear guard for Hood's defeated army. The Yankees were crowding us too closely, and about nine miles south of Pulaski we formed a fighting line on a commanding position, and when the Yankees came up they were doing much damage with their artillery. Forrest and staff sat on their horses viewing what was going on. The men were all tired and resting behind rail breastworks. All of a sudden Forrest gave the command, "Charge that battery, boys!" at the same time sticking spurs, and he and his staff went off at a rapid rate, leading the charge, and were fully fifty yards ahead of the troops. They brought back the battery.

Now a personal yarn and "lastly," as the preacher would say after a long, dry sermon. I was detailed on one occasion near Murfreesboro to act as special courier to General Ross to carry orders to the wagon train, some twelve miles in the rear. It was about 2 A.M. when I started, a rainy, cold December morning, very dark, and the road entirely unknown to me. When I left camp our brigade was on the north side of the road, but while I was gone the Yankees drove them back, so that the road lay between the two picket lines. I knew nothing of this, and on my return, coming back the same road, I rode directly between the lines. It was a very thick cedar grove, and I could not see my situation; but the bullets kept whizzing by, and upon investigation I realized my danger. The cedars were so thick that the Yankees could not get a bead on me, nor could I see them, just occasionally getting a glimpse of bluecoats. I wheeled my old moon-eyed mare right-about face, slapped the spurs, and hugged her around the neck on the "safety" side. I did not know it was in the old "critter" to move so fast; but I think she must have been a mind reader and knew that I was scared, for we did "split the wind" for two or three hundred yards. I thought one bullet had struck my mare, as I heard the thud; but upon examination after the run was over I found that the ball had torn only my blanket, which was rolled up behind my saddle.

THE SCOUT.\*

BY EMMA FRANCES LEE SMITH.

They bound him with a cruel thong  
And led him to the gallows tree;  
They gave scant choice 'twixt wrong and wrong—  
A single name would set him free.

"Speak out, brave boy, or look your last  
Upon the faces that you love!"  
He raised his eyes, a glance he cast  
Upon the noose that swung above,

Dread symbol of a shameful death,  
The hempen cord whose strangle hold  
So soon would claim his fleeting breath  
Unless the secret he unfold.

"Davis, the Rebel spy," he heard  
The whisper run from mouth to mouth.  
In every heart deep pity stirred  
For that young soldier of the South,

Who looked so calmly in the face  
Of the grim fate that menaced him  
And shrank not from the black disgrace  
That shrouded him with shadows dim.

In vain they bade him speak the name.  
He faced them with unflinching gaze.  
Honor and love, dear life and fame,  
All the sweet hopes of youth's bright days,

His clear eyes saw them slowly fade,  
As fades the rose of sunset skies  
When darkness creeps adown the glade  
And the last blush of daylight dies.

"Speak, Sam, and you are free; to-day  
Your life is spared," the captain said.  
"Rather than friend or land betray,  
A thousand deaths I'd die instead!"

"Think of your home, your mother dear,  
Whose loving heart this deed will break!  
Is not your duty plain and clear,  
To save your life for her sweet sake?"

He was so young, scarce yet a man,  
And tender was his heart and kind.  
What wonder that a breath's brief span  
Gave room for doubt to cross his mind?

But not for long. "I will not tell!"  
His pale lips moved, a shudder swept  
Along his slim young form, a swell  
Of anguish stirred—the people wept.

Rough hands their dismal task began.  
Soon the dim sun its faint light shed  
Like fitful beams of pity wan  
Upon the boy's face, stark and dead.

. . . . .

So died he on that winter's day,  
The hero boy men called "a spy."  
The Southland brings its leaves of bay;  
Upon his gravestone let them lie,

That each green leaf may tell the tale  
How honor rises from the dust,  
How deathless courage may avail  
To keep faith free and strengthen trust.

O Time, that gives a soothing balm  
To lay upon the wounds of fate,  
Teach us to look with glances calm  
Upon that chapter dark with hate;

And as the swift years pass us by,  
O may we learn from deeds so brave  
To die, as died that "Southern spy,"  
With hope that triumphs o'er the grave!

TRIBUTE TO GENERAL CHEATHAM.

ADDRESS BY JOHN B. HOGG, LIEUTENANT COMMANDING COMPANY  
F, 4TH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

*General Cheatham:* We, a large proportion of the officers and soldiers composing the brigade of Gen. O. F. Strahl, which until recently had the honor of belonging to the immortal division that bears your honored name, take this opportunity and this method of expressing to you our high appreciation of your services as a warrior and a patriot in the great cause of Southern rights and Southern honor and the self-sacrificing spirit you have evinced, which is one of the great characteristics of a Tennessean.

This demonstration, General, is not the result of any pre-concerted plan or systematic arrangement; it is not based upon that false system of enthusiasm and public excitement, which is not to be relied upon for a moment; but it is the result of a deep-seated and unchangeable feeling of devotion, of veneration, of honor, of pride we have always felt for you, aptly styled by that great chieftain, General Polk, the *bravest of the brave*.

Notwithstanding our old State has been wrested from us by the overwhelming forces of despotism, separated from the loved ones at home by the stern necessities of war, our towns, villages, and homesteads devastated, our fields laid waste, our wives, mothers, and sisters driven from their homes and basely insulted by the demoniac cruelty of a revengeful foe, yet we can still cry out, in accordance with the principles we know animate your bosom and which by your example has done so much to inculcate the same feelings in ours: "*We are more determined to fight on and fight ever until the proud banner of freedom shall wave its triumphant folds to the breeze, proclaiming to the world we are a free and independent nation!*"

When the history of this war shall be written and the action of its different participants shall be noted, the State of Tennessee will be recorded upon its brightest pages in letters of divine light, and the deeds of its heroic sons upon the bloody battle field will be pointed to for ages to come as examples of patience, perseverance, indomitable courage, and patriotic, self-sacrificing devotion to the great cause of truth and justice. And that name which is the synonym of all that is brave, chivalrous, generous, and high-toned, B. F. Cheatham, will be crowned with a wreath of laurel more to be

\*Sam Davis, Tennessee's Boy Hero.



valued than those of Greece or Rome, because it is the voluntary gift of a free people, of soldiers who have so often followed him to battle and to victory in defense of our common inheritance, and that wreath of honor will be as undying as our affection is for the brave old soldier and patriot from the Volunteer State of Tennessee.

CAMP NEAR DALTON, December 27, 1863.

### THE VALLEY CAMPAIGN.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

In my article on the battle of Cedar Creek (see *VETERAN* for November, 1919, page 411) I forgot to mention the important fact that we captured in our first dash on the enemy's works that morning twenty-five hundred prisoners of war. When our army was routed late that evening, those prisoners attempted to make a dash for liberty, but the guards fired into them and made them turn back. They were hustled on up the pike on their way to Staunton. Again General Sheridan failed to see his opportunity to finish the war by going straight on to Richmond. If he had pressed his advantage and pursued us vigorously, he could have captured all of Early's army; but he preferred to return to his camps in the vicinity of Winchester and lapse again into his former state of inactivity, while we retired unmolested to New Market and made our camp. This was a hard march, for we had been having a strenuous time for two nights and a day before we started, and we were not allowed much rest.

General Early seemed to be in a very bad humor with his men and gave orders that any one found out of ranks with his gun should be shot. Late in the afternoon, when we had already marched about twenty-five miles and I was almost ready to die from extreme exhaustion, a comrade said to me: "I must drop out of ranks. Won't you take my gun and carry it for me a few minutes? I'll be back soon." I took it, as I did not want to see him suffer so severely for such a slight offense, and trudged along in ranks as well as I could under this new burden for several miles; but my friend, if he deserved the name, did not show up any more that day. When we reached camp the sun was just setting as we stopped in a body of woods. The order was given to stack arms and then "Rest." When this was given I fell backward where I stood and remained motionless as I had fallen until the sun was up and smiling over the landscape the next day.

After I had awakened from my Rip Van Winkle sleep, I was very much refreshed, and in a short while Eugene Granberry, the colonel's orderly, came along and said to me: "Don't you want to go over the river with me to get something to eat? I can ride the colonel's horse, and you can ride Dr. Butt's. They told me to go and see if we could get some bread, milk, and apples." It suited me exactly, and we were soon mounted and on our way. We struck out west and were shortly at the ford of the Shenandoah. Crossing this stream, we came to a house in an out-of-the-way place which Sheridan's cavalry had missed, the house of John Kipps. He and his good wife were true Southern sympathizers, and they filled our haversacks with bread and apples and our canteens with milk. When we returned to camp, the colonel and doctor were so well pleased with our trip that they decided to send me and two more men as a guard to protect Kipps's property from any depredation on the part

of our men. This we did as long as the army remained at New Market. The weather had become very cold, but we guarded his fields day and night. We had become accustomed to the rough fare incident to Confederate soldiers and sleeping in the open on the frozen ground, and we expected nothing else; but these good people insisted on our coming in at midnight and sleeping in the house. When we returned at that hour, stiff and numb with cold, we spread our blankets on the floor of the sitting room and slept soundly. They gave us plenty to eat while there; but orders finally came to us to report to our command.

This was about the middle of November. General Early had decided to have another interview with the enemy. Our men were very much refreshed by their rest at New Market, and their spirits were somewhat improved also. Sheridan had sent his cavalry as far south as Mount Jackson, but when we met them they retired without much of a fight, and we returned to our camp. On the 10th of November we started down the Valley. On the 14th we were at Cedar Creek. We found our enemy in a well-fortified position at New Town; but General Early, having sent part of his army to General Lee, did not feel strong enough to make an attack, but marched back to our old camp at New Market, where we rested with little to do until we were finally ordered, about the 10th of December, to march to the railroad at Waynesboro and entrain for Lee's army. Brave old Jube Early's habits had so disqualified him for command that General Lee had reluctantly ordered him to turn over his army to Gen. John B. Gordon, who was the idol of the soldiers of our brigade and the whole corps. What a pity it had not been done long before our old soldiers, who had won such renown under Stonewall Jackson, had ever suffered defeat! But this change of commanders, even after so many disasters, inspired our men with new courage, and Gordon was able at that dark hour to gain victories over the enemy.

Some of my personal experiences on this last march down the Valley may be of interest. The colonel sent me out twice on this trip to scout, and I was fortunate in getting back to him, while some of our party did not return for many weeks. Scouting at this time was a dangerous business, for Sheridan's and Custer's Cavalry were in the habit of killing every one of our men they caught in that business. The second time he sent me alone to ascertain if the town ahead of us was occupied by the enemy. The brigade halted at the bridge just south of the village, and he ordered me to go across, investigate fully, and return to him. He cautioned me as I started off to be careful and not be killed..

Before I reached the little town I quit the main turnpike which passed through the place, for I knew that if there were any Yankees in the town they would be there, and I would have a poor chance of escape. I therefore went around to the east side and approached the main highway from that direction, but I saw no one passing. The old blacksmith in his little shop told me that there were no Yankees in the town; that they had all just a few minutes before evacuated the place. Not feeling sure that he was telling me the truth, and not wishing to go back to Colonel Lowe without satisfying myself that this was true, I went to the main street, intending to go to the other side of the village before returning. Passing up the center of the street, clothed in my old dirty rags, with my gun on my shoulder and my other equipment on my person, looking ahead for the enemy, suddenly as I was in front of the most imposing residence in the city a beautiful young lady, about sixteen years old,

opened the front door and dashed out to me and, throwing her arms around me, implanted a kiss on my dust-covered cheek. As she did so she wheeled around as suddenly as she had come and flew back to the porch, saying at the same time, "I've done it, I've done it; I told you I would," speaking to a lady who had now come to the door. The whole thing was so unusual and unexpected that I almost forgot my mission, and I was in doubt whether it meant the act of a friend or a foe. They both now began to beg me to come in, take off my accouterments, and have something to eat, saying I looked so tired and hungry. I told them that I had been sent by the colonel to find if there were any Yankees in the town and to report to him at the bridge, where the brigade was awaiting my return; but that did not satisfy them, and they still insisted on my coming in, as the Yankees had just disappeared from view as I came up and that it was useless for me to go farther or to return with the information.

This interview consumed a little time, and I knew the colonel would become impatient and come on before I could get back; so I listened to their solicitations and went up on the porch, taking a chair, with my loaded gun handy. They were extremely anxious to do something for me—invited me to come into the dining room, but I knew that would never do; then they begged me to let them fill my canteen with water. They asked me many questions and were very anxious to see General Gordon. I told them he would be along in a few minutes. About this time I heard the sound of our regimental band, and, casting my eye toward the bridge, I saw our general riding at the head of the column, surrounded by his aids and couriers. Behind these was our band, followed by Colonel Lowe and our regimental officers on horseback. The general looked at me and passed on, but I expected the colonel to reprove me severely. Behind him was the regiment coming up in fours. As soon as the men saw me sitting there on that porch with the ladies they began, every one of them, in the most uncomplimentary manner to yell at me, some saying, "You are a pretty scout, settin' up here talkin' to them gals," and others, "Come down out o' that." All this was so embarrassing to me that I grabbed up my gun and started down the steps to escape from it all and disappear in the ranks of my companions, when the ladies said: "O you must shake hands with us before you go and tell us good-by." At this the yelling began anew and worse than ever: "Go back and shake hands with them gals." They insisted on my stopping there again if I should ever pass, but I never had the pleasure of seeing them again. The young lady explained her conduct by telling me that when the Yankees were in possession of the place she had made a vow to her sister that she would kiss the first Southern soldier she saw, and she remembered her vow when she saw me in the street. They were true Southerners and told me their names, but the whooping and yelling of our men made me forget it, or I should have made some effort to get acquainted with them afterwards.

On returning from this expedition the weather had become very cold as we were approaching, after a hard day's march, our old camp, near New Market, about midnight. My haversack was empty as well as my stomach, and I thought of the good things to eat at the house of my friend Mr. Kipps. I suggested to a comrade that we slip out of ranks unobserved by the officer in command, cross the river, and get a good supper and have our haversacks and canteens filled. He liked the suggestion, for he was of a very bold, adven-

turous disposition, not afraid of anything. I was sure I could rely on him. No one seemed to see us as we dropped out or to care, and we were soon on the bank of the river, which was, I suppose, about one hundred feet wide at this place and about three and a half or four feet deep. The water was liquid ice and the air very cold. We soon divested ourselves of our pantaloons and plunged in. When we struck bottom, my comrade danced around a moment and declared that the water was too cold; that he could not stand it long enough to wade across. I begged him to go on with me, but he would listen to no argument and got out and returned to camp. When I reached the other bank of the stream, my limbs were numb; but I put on my pants and walked briskly until I reached my destination. Friend Kipps and his wife gave me a good supper and asked me many questions until a late hour of the night. They wished me to remain there till morning; but I knew that if I should be captured over there I would be considered a deserter. "O," they said, "there is no danger of that. If the Yankees were to come, we would hide you where they would never find you." But I did not care to take the risk by myself and told them I must go. Mrs. Kipps filled my haversack and canteen, and I bade them adieu. The night was quite dark, and the rough mountain road was frozen. Before I reached the river I heard ahead of me a noise that chilled the blood in my veins, and my mind ran back to those dreadful ghost stories which our black nurse used to relate to me and my little brothers and sisters at home. I must confess that I was scared. But I remembered that I had been scared before and nothing came of it, so I trudged along. On each side of the road was a high fence, and I was disposed to climb over and go around the "ghost," but then I thought how cowardly that would be, even if my comrades were not there to gibe me about it afterwards; so I put on a bold face and determined to dance up to the music, whatever it might prove to be. Louder and louder the noise grew as I advanced step by step toward it until I came up to the dreadful snorting creature with its head raised high over me. My hair was now standing on ends. Looking up, I discovered between me and the blue sky the two long ears of one of our old army mules. Then I saw others grazing peacefully near by. Poor creatures, they were glandered stock driven over there to die or be killed. I hastened on to the river where there was a mill and a crossing just below made by putting slabs from one rock to another. The water rushing over these slabs was frozen to a thick sheet of ice. I made my way all right until I was more than halfway across and was congratulating myself on my success in getting over when my feet shot out from under me, and I slid into the icy stream, with my gun and other equipment to carry me under. But I soon struck bottom, righted myself, regained the slab, and made my way out. In less than a minute my clothes were frozen stiff, but I got back to camp all right and was not punished for my little venture.

On being relieved of his command General Early was ordered to march the army to Waynesboro, on the railroad, where we entrained for Petersburg. I suppose he was in a very spiteful humor at this time from the way he treated us. We broke camp about eleven o'clock on the morning of December 11 and marched twenty-six miles without a stop to rest and made camp just at dark. Our men were completely broken down from this uncalled-for test of their strength.

This was the close of Early's Valley campaign, begun when we left Lee's army at Cold Harbor in June, in which



our little army, not more than twelve thousand men at any time, had fought many battles and numerous skirmishes, inflicting on the enemy, according to official reports, a loss of twenty-two thousand men, and had given employment to sixty thousand of their select troops who would have been employed against Richmond. We had even threatened the capture of Washington, D. C. We had invaded the enemy's territory several times and subsisted to a great extent on supplies taken from them and kept Lincoln and his cabinet in a state of uneasiness for their own safety. In all of this campaign our loss was only about five thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. But we were now about to enter upon a new field of operations and under a commander quite different in every respect from our old general—a general whom we all loved and admired, the gallant Gen. John B. Gordon, our old brigade commander, than whom we had no greater unless we except the matchless Stonewall.

### THE CAPTURE OF THE STEAMER MINNESOTA.

BY CAPT. WILLIAM L. RITTER, REISTERSTOWN, MD.

A few miles above Greenville, Miss., there is a bend in the river that is about fifteen miles around and across the neck of the bend is only one mile, and at that place was the rendezvous of our pickets to gather information as to the enemy's movements up the river. On May 3, 1863, our picket came in and reported the approach of a side-wheel steamer with two large barges lashed to the side of the vessel, supposed to be filled with supplies for the army near Vicksburg. As the boat had fifteen or more miles to run before it would come abreast of our position, I had time to prepare for the encounter. I ran two pieces of artillery to the river, a three-inch rifle and a twelve-pounder howitzer, and placed them behind some bushes and awaited the approach of the steamer. As the current of the river ran near our shore, the vessel was brought within point-blank range of my guns; therefore the first shot damaged the near-side engine and the second shot cut the tiller rope, which rendered the boat unmanageable, as the rudder could not be worked; so the captain of the boat hoisted a white flag, brought the boat to shore, and surrendered.

Major Bridges and I were the first to board the vessel. At the foot of the saloon steps a passenger came down and handed me a revolver and belt with the remark that he had "purchased it in Ohio for a good Rebel." I accepted it and told him I needed just such an article. I still hold it as a trophy of those days. The prisoners, seventeen in number, were ordered ashore and put under guard. The boat was well filled with everything useful for the camp and the march, amounting to two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, so I was told by the owner of the property.

Just at the time we opened fire on the boat the chef began to serve dinner in regular *table d'hôte* style, and our boys became the uninvited guests; and to say that they were hungry is putting the matter mildly, because they had been on short rations for some time. When they had finished what they termed a square meal, they topped off on claret and champagne with much hilarity and good feeling. After dinner the boys were called to fall in and march to their respective posts, then the little command fell back about a mile and lined up in battle array. All the carriages and caissons were piled high with plunder and presented an exceedingly grotesque appearance. There was nothing martial about it except the heroic feeling of the boys.

I was called back to the river to secure some provisions, and on my return to the battery Private Hurley, an Irish orator, was haranguing the boys on the merits of "Black Bet," which he contended was the gun that damaged the vessel and caused its surrender, as evidenced by the numerous pieces of shell that lay on the floor of the saloon. Previously I had secured a box of small cucumber pickles containing twelve jars, and Hurley in his jubilant spirits had opened the box and gave to the boys its contents. As he was under the influence of John Barleycorn, I said nothing, remembering that he was one of the heroes of the battle of the schoolhouse green.

We secured such articles as we needed and then set the vessel on fire. When the fire had reached the water's edge a Federal gunboat came in sight. We placed our guns and caissons in a large washout near the river, which gave us all the protection we needed. Up to this time I had never been under the fire of such large guns—eight- and eleven-inch bore—carrying projectiles weighing a thousand or more pounds, making our little pop guns seem insignificant in comparison; yet with all their noise and bluster we were secure in our hiding place, because they did not have the power then to drive us away. After shelling the country around, they weighed anchor and steamed down the river. We returned to Black Bayou and camped there that night. The next morning Major Bridges concluded to take stock to ascertain if our plunder amounted to much in real value, particularly the tobacco, which at that time was a scarce article in the Confederacy. He sent an order to me to turn over to the quartermaster all the tobacco my men had except five pounds to the soldier. I called my orderly sergeant and gave him the order, with instructions to see that it was properly executed. A few hours subsequently he returned and reported to me that there was no tobacco on hand in excess of the five pounds to the man, which I reported to the Major in writing.

We again fell back to Rolling Fork, our base of operations, and again took stock to see what we had gained by the expedition. I suspected that the boys had more of the weed than they had reported and found that Welsh, a native of the "Nutmeg State" and a member of the Maryland detachment, had sold on his way down from Black Bayou one hundred and twenty-five pounds. As he was somewhat of a job-lot merchant, I could not tell how much he had obtained from the other boys, so I dropped the matter. I do not know whether Welsh was ever associated with Barnum; but be that as it may, he had some of Barnum's tricks. Somewhere Welsh caught a mule, and that mule was about as comic in action as Welsh, and the two put together were a circus day and night in their acrobatic evolutions.

BLACK-AND-TAN CONVENTION.—The Black-and-Tan Convention met December 3, 1867, in our venerable and historic capital to frame a new constitution for the Old Dominion. In this body were members from New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, Maryland, District of Columbia, Ireland, Scotland, Nova Scotia, Canada, England, scalawags (or turncoats, by Southerners most hated of all), twenty-four negroes, and, in the total of one hundred and five, thirty-five white Virginians from counties of excess white population who might be considered representative of the State's culture and intelligence. It was officered by foreigners and negroes, John C. Underwood, of New York, being president.—*Myrta Lockett Avery.*



## SPARTANBURG AND CONVERSE COLLEGE.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

No feature in the life of the contemporary South is more significant and prophetic than her resistless advance in the sphere of the higher intellectual culture, above all, that specific form of its development relating to the training of women in every phase of attainment or acquirement embraced in the cyclopedic ranges of modern knowledge—literary, scientific, æsthetic, artistic, philosophical. Even the traditional conservatism of England has yielded to the increasingly broadening force of the movement, as is strikingly attested by the recent action of the University of Oxford in reference to the conferring of franchises and degrees upon the other six. Tennyson's ideal university, portrayed in "The Princess," has long since passed from the dream world of fantasy into the realm of abiding reality at Newnham and Girton, under the shadow of his own *Alma Mater*, and the "sweet girl graduate" has forever ceased to be a mere vision or fiction of poesy.

During the months of July and August summer schools, thrilling with life and energy and frequented by thousands of eager and aspiring young ladies, are established in the foremost collegiate and university centers—Charlottesville, Chapel Hill, Columbia, Spartanburg, Rock Hill, as well as in famed mountain resorts, such as Asheville, which blend the social charm with the inspiration that springs from daily converse with learning, revealed in living types and illustrated by the illuminating power of personal contact with its oracles and interpreters. An Oxonian of the former age would recall the long vacation in his own university before the world chaos had marred its ancient order or modified its olden usage.

Foremost among the points to which this comprehensive generalization may be justly applied stands Spartanburg, S. C. the seat of Converse College and a center of academic culture which far overleaps a merely local or contracted area

in its quickening influence for the achievement of beneficent results. This institution, like the noblest creation of Cardinal Wolsey, "so excellent in art and still so rising," traces its origin specifically to D. E. Converse, a native of Vermont, who some six years preceding the coming of our national conflict made Spartanburg his home, casting in his lot with the fortunes of the South and rendering essential service to the land of his adoption during her heroic struggle for the maintaining of her political autonomy and her constitutional prerogatives. Mr. Converse was endowed with a rare and penetrating faculty which enabled him to "dip into the future" and discern the signs of the times. The unrevealed educational era lay open to his vision like the apocalyptic volume with its inclosing seals forever torn away. The college, which rose from modest beginnings in the springtime of 1889 and entered upon its formal academic functions in 1890, was characterized from the very inception by an amplitude and range of enlightened tolerance which reflect in an eminent degree the truly catholic attitude that inspired its founder. The new-born center, dedicated to the culture of women, was to be untouched by "the canker of sectarianism" and the narrowing rigor of denominational circumscription; yet the spirit of vital Christianity is the basal element, the chief corner stone upon which rests its ideals of culture and its interpretations of the complex factors and agencies that enter into its harmonies and its syntheses. A broad and varied range of observation has led me to the conviction that there does not exist a college more thoroughly in accord with the inmost life of evangelical religion than Converse.

Spartanburg possesses a rich diversity of attractive and stimulating features—social, physical, or geographical, material as well as intellectual—which invest it with a special charm for the nobler aims and energies of collegiate and university development. It is remote from the languorous, semitropical atmosphere of the coastal region, which paralyzes energy or effort and renders life "a perpetual afternoon," like that of Tennyson's "Lotos Eaters." Rising nearly nine hundred feet above the ocean level, it

confronts the Blue Ridge some forty miles away, and even during the heated season a touch of exhilarating air descends from the mountain heights, tempering the solar rays with its kindly and genial influence. The city, with 25,000 inhabitants, vibrates with industry and educational activity. As the morning star "shakes in the steadfast blue" the thrilling notes of the factory whistles prelude the coming of another day of renewed labor in the sphere of material growth and commercial endeavor. Yet the prevailing streams of tendency have not in Spartanburg effaced that suavity and gentleness of bearing which constituted one of the distinctive glories and graces of the South that died at Appomattox.

Let us now contemplate the college from the viewpoint of its established routine, its academic or daily life. For a period of three months recently I lived in contact with the institution as a visitor or



VIEW OF MAIN BUILDING AND CAMPUS, CONVERSE COLLEGE.



guest, sustaining to its administration no professional or official relation whatever. I have studied in detail and with rigid scrutiny its ideals of scholarly attainment, its modes of instruction, its standards of excellence in the broad light of a far-reaching range of observation in this field, extending from New England to Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas, with the especial advantage of ten years' experience as a lecturer in the foremost centers of summer school culture, both North and South. Every facility was at my disposal for analysis as well as comparison, above all in the provinces of the higher intellectual training of women, as my audiences were in large measure composed of ladies who illustrated the purest types of collegiate culture developed in regions which at least claim a preëminence in every phase of educational advancement. In the broad light reflected by contrast and comparison I assign to Converse a place in the foremost files of institutions animated by the same spirit and striving for the achievement of the same beneficent end, the moral and intellectual elevation of American womanhood. Though not yet equipped with the affluent resources, the bounteous facilities and appliances that have fallen like golden showers upon its more favored sisters, the purity of its motives and the admirable character of its instruction in every phase of complex acquirement justly accord it this untempered and unqualified tribute. Unmarred by the virus of sectarian or sectional malignity, the genius of an orthodox Christian faith enters into its life and work as an essential element and a determining power. It exhibits in concrete form the profound truth enunciated by Tennyson:

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell,  
That mind and soul according well  
May make one music as before,  
But vaster."

I was especially gratified to discover that Converse still cherishes the ideals and traditions of the ancient South. The young ladies manifested an appreciative and discriminating interest in the lyrics and odes of Timrod and Randall as well as the critical subtleties and illuminating dialectic flights of Sidney Lanier. The natural beauty of its situation, its groves and lawn, add in no small degree to the charm, the matin and vesper melodies of feathered songsters at times blending into unison with the notes of the piano or the deeper tones of the pealing organ.

Such is a concise outline of an institution which in a life of thirty years has attained an assured rank and eminence by reason of its fidelity and devotion to noble aims and lofty conceptions in the spiritual as well as the scholarly sphere. Under the administration of its capable and enlightened President, Rev. Robert P. Pell, Litt.D., Converse presents an enrollment of three hundred and fifty-eight students, and, more than all, "the best is yet to be."

## TWO BIOGRAPHIES.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

The November program in the historical department of the U. D. C. considers the renaissance in Southern literature as manifested in the biographies and reminiscences of men who took part in the great conflict of the sixties. Few of them were trained writers. Practically all found scant leisure for retrospects until a quarter of a century or more had dimmed the vista of campaigns, but they write with amazing vigor

and freshness. The authors differed in gifts and achievements, in military rank, and in the interpretation of events, which adds piquancy to the recital; but it is a noteworthy fact that each individual considered the four years of agony the priceless treasure of his life, for which he would not barter all the gold in the world. From the long list of books which might be enumerated and which we should be zealous to collect, for they are fast becoming rare editions, two will be considered in this article. One is the story of the most unique personality of the war, the other a record of its unique incident. Both were written by soldiers who became residents of New York City and found in their adopted home a generous welcome and that reward to marked ability which has been richly bestowed upon Southern men in the great metropolis.

John Allan Wyeth, of Alabama, was a private in a regiment of Alabama cavalry which had previously served under Gen. William Bedford Forrest. The devotion of these men to their leader and their admiration for him profoundly impressed their young comrade. He himself never was with General Forrest, but his interest was so aroused by what he heard that he began to gather information about this remarkable man, and after many decades the result was a biography which would worthily find a place in the literature of any land. To this task he brought a brilliant mind, the skilled touch of a great surgeon, and the habit of diagnosis which strips away all pretense and lays bare the naked truth, for above all Dr. Wyeth realized that the power of the written word is in its truth.

He has not attempted to make a "faultily faultless" picture, but to show a real character of singular nobility, profound patriotism, and military genius.

In 1861 Forrest had risen from the simple pioneer life of a Tennessee boy into a man of wealth, owning several plantations and enjoying an ample income, the result of indomitable energy and business sagacity. Throughout his life two women deeply influenced him. One was the mother, who gave him her own dauntless courage; the other his wife, the gentle and lovely Mary Montgomery, who made for him a home of rare felicity. Every young girl should read the story of this mother, learn how she gave eight sons to the service of her country—the Napoleonic test of womanhood—consider that all of them served valiantly, one with immortal fame, and then ponder seriously how much of this proud record was due to the earnest, God-fearing woman whose horizon never extended far beyond her own fireside, but whose example and precept molded the lives of heroes. Just such mothers are needed to-day. For lack of them our race is losing its virility, and we are tending inevitably toward that easy descent to Avernus down which so many ancient empires have glided to oblivion.

When the war came Forrest enlisted as a private, but his ability was too widely recognized for him to remain long in a subordinate position. A large part of his command was raised by his own efficient methods of recruiting, and much of the equipment was paid for out of his own funds. Indeed, in securing and arming his men he showed much of the strategy which he afterwards displayed in his campaigns.

Military post-mortems are proverbially unprofitable, but in reviewing the life of Forrest, even superficially, it is necessary to dwell at some length upon the surrender of Fort Donelson. First, because it was a fatal mistake from which the Confederacy never rallied, and, second, because it was Forrest's first great opportunity to show his metal. The sur-

render was agreed upon over his protest after he had offered to cover the retirement of the Confederates, if they abandoned the fort, with his troopers. When his advice, in which General Pillow, concurred, was overruled, Forrest left the conference, declaring that he did not intend to surrender himself or his command.

Calling his men around him, he told them the situation and stated that he was going out if he died in the attempt. Before dawn his troopers followed him, and they escaped without the loss of a man. General Floyd and General Pillow also escaped, with a portion of their commands, and a number of officers and soldiers made their way south and were not pursued. When the Confederates retired from Shiloh, it was Forrest who protected the retreat. The capture of Murfreesboro, then of Colonel Streight's entire command, and the hard fighting at Chickamauga followed in quick succession; and then, in consequence of differences between himself and the general commanding, Forrest asked to be transferred to a different field. What Forrest earnestly desired and asked was a command with *carte blanche* to patrol the Mississippi River and render it useless to the Federal army. It was a bold conception and one which Forrest alone could have put into execution, but, unfortunately, the War Department did not see fit to make the attempt. He took with him to the field assigned him in West Tennessee only two hundred and seventy-one men. He very soon recruited a formidable force and fought with his accustomed skill and success; but assuredly not the least of the causes which contributed to the defeat of the Confederacy was the failure to utilize to the utmost the genius of this born leader.

Forrest survived the war twelve years. He was Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire, otherwise known as the Ku-Klux Klan, and by his proclamation it was disbanded. His evidence before a Congressional committee in regard to this famous secret order was fearless and gave the committee some realization of the evils which the Ku-Klux endeavored to resist. Forrest was always a man of high character and true chivalry; in his later days he became a devout Christian. His generosity to his needy comrades was boundless.

The object of this brief and imperfect sketch is to lead a younger generation to study the life of this remarkable man, of whom Lord Wolseley said: "Forrest had fought like a knight-errant for the cause he believed to be that of justice and right. No man who drew the sword for his country in that fratricidal struggle deserves better of her, and as long as the chivalrous deeds of her sons find poets to describe them and fair women to sing of them the name of this gallant general will be remembered with affection and sincere admiration. A man with such a record needs no ancestry."

The delightful reminiscences of John S. Wise bear the title "The End of an Era." Always charming and, in the description of Presbyterian Lexington, almost flippant, the reader is intrigued from the start by the author's sprightly style. Mr. Wise was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute when the corps was called upon to reinforce the hard-pressed Confederates in the Shenandoah Valley in May, 1864. He graphically describes the glorious day of New Market, when these young cadets deployed upon the battle field as steadily as upon parade and won undying fame. This unique incident is commemorated by a beautiful monument hard by the battlemented walls of the Institute. The artist, Sir Moses Ezekiel, was himself one of the immortal company at New Market, and the statue is called "Virginia Mourning Her Dead." In pathos and poetic feeling it is not excelled by

any modern work of art. Inscribed upon the pedestal are the names of the cadets who were in the battle, some of whom died in that May time so long ago; others were spared to lives of usefulness and honor; one especially served his commonwealth with fidelity and distinction, Thomas Staples Martin, Virginia's beloved Senator.

It is not alone for the perennial interest in this incident that the reader will treasure this book. It is pervaded by genial charm and gentle humor, illumined by an imagination which has the warmth of the Midi, and enables the author to efface all the crowded years of his maturity and regain the viewpoint of a youth of eighteen, who closes his recital with his last will as J. Reb. The fifth clause disposes of the following rich legacy: "My sword, my veneration for Gen. Robert E. Lee, his subordinate commanders and his peerless soldiers, and my undying love for my old comrades, living and dead, I set apart as the best I have or shall ever have to bequeath to my heirs forever."

#### CROSSING THE TENNESSEE RIVER DECEMBER 27, 1864.

BY I. W. FOWLER, COMPANY C, 26TH ALABAMA INFANTRY,  
STANTON, TENN.

Hood's retreat from Nashville began on the 16th of December, 1864. The historical incidents connected with this memorable event I will not refer to, as they have been related too often in the VETERAN to mention again, but the crossing of the Tennessee River near Florence, Ala., on a pontoon bridge has never been alluded to; and as I was one of a detail to look after the bridge, I will relate the incidents connected therewith.

My command was stopped on the afternoon of December 27, 1864, about four miles from the river, and a detail was called for from the regiment to go to the river. It fell to a boy from my home and a former schoolmate to go, and I volunteered to take his place, as he was practically barefooted and had been unwell for several days. We did not know, of course, what we were to do till we arrived at the bridge. Two men were detailed to each boat, one at the upper end not to allow anything to lodge against the boat, and the man at the lower end was to keep the water bailed out; and both were to see that the plank floor was kept in place, which was, by the way, no easy task. It fell to my lot to be placed in the lower end, and, unfortunately for me, our boat was about amid stream. The night was so black that we couldn't see any more than could the unfortunate British in the "black hole of Calcutta." The weather was bitterly cold, which was intensified threefold on account of our boat being about the middle of the stream. Freeze I thought I would in spite of myself before midnight, and when the thought struck me that I had to remain there till sunrise I was tempted to give up in despair. Yet, duty being the watchword of a true soldier, I determined to stay at my post regardless of the weather; so when I began to feel the numb, sleepy feeling I would shake myself vigorously and stamp my feet till I overcame the awful sensation of freezing.

All this time the troops were passing over the bridge, and it is a miracle that there were no casualties, as the black darkness, coupled with the loose bridge floor constantly shifting about, rendered the crossing extremely hazardous even in the day time; and to think that an army of about nineteen

[Concluded on page 398.]



## CRUISE OF THE C. S. S. NASHVILLE.

BY W. R. INGE DALTON, M.D., SEATTLE.

The Confederate States cruiser Nashville, after being loaded with a large number of boxes marked "E," which we youngsters thought were Enfield rifles, though we were never told what they contained, remained in Southampton for over five months, unable to leave port on account of the blockade established by the United States man-of-war Tuscarora in the English Channel.

At that time an international law prevailed which required and compelled one belligerent vessel to stay in port for twenty-four hours after the other sailed. Every time the Tuscarora came in to anchor for the purpose of coaling her captain would telegraph the admiralty in London that she was ready to sail, thereby precluding us from getting out to sea ahead of her, holding us perforce in the harbor continually until she was coaled and ready to overhaul us if we ventured out.

But our captain was something of a Yankee at tricks also. So one day when our lookout, who had been stationed to observe the movements of the Tuscarora, gave us the agreed-upon signal that the Tuscarora was coming in again, we immediately sent a telegram to the admiralty that we were ready to sail, although we had not a pound of steam raised in our boilers.

We received permission from the British government to leave port, began getting up steam hurriedly, and by the time the Tuscarora had anchored and, as usual, had notified the admiralty of her purpose to sail we were informed that we had the priority of going out twenty-four hours ahead of the Tuscarora.

To enforce this command, the British frigate Shannon came alongside of the Tuscarora and held her in position at anchor until we passed out, which was about ten hours after we had acquainted the admiralty with our readiness and intention to leave.

As we passed out within a few yards of the Tuscarora, with our colors ("Secesh") flying and flaunting almost in the faces of the officers, our enemy, we laughed in derision at their impotent rage. Never did I see such a disgruntled and disappointed set of tars as those officers on that ship. Lieutenant Scott, with whom we served in the United States navy on our first cruise to Spain and Gibraltar, "had the deck," trumpet in hand, and as we passed the Tuscarora he dashed the trumpet violently to the deck, and we could hear his oaths plainly. "Don't be mad, Robbie," one of our lieutenants soothingly said to him. "We'll see you again; we'll meet you at Philippi. S'long, old boy, ta! ta!" With which parting salutation we went on our cruise rejoicing.

The weather was exceedingly bad, and a storm of tremendous force was raging when we got to sea, and it took good seamanship to weather the fierce hurricane. While nearly all the others were in the throes of seasickness, I was in my usual element of delight when the storm was at its height. I have always been transported with pleasure when experiencing storms at sea; the fiercer they would rage, the more I would revel at the manifestation of power, the evidence of nature's might. "Those who go down to the sea in ships see the wonders of the Lord in the great waters."

We finally reached Bermuda, where we recoaled and repainted our ship and smokestack a different color, so as to disguise us and to deceive the enemy, who had no doubt an

exact description of our ship. We looked like a different ship altogether after the changes were made.

Gloomy news came to us there at Georgetown, Bermuda, to the effect that all our seaports were closely blockaded. Now we were confronted with the question as to how we could get back to the Confederacy. It was out of the question to attempt an entrance into Charleston again. New Orleans, Mobile, Galveston, and Ossabaw Sound were all securely locked in the tight embrace of an effectual blockade.

It was there at Bermuda that a "ruse de guerre" was planned which for utter foolhardiness and impudent daring was never before conceived, a plan whereby we were to try to get past the blockading squadron at Beaufort, N. C., into Newbern in broad daylight.

The channel in the offing, near Beaufort, was quite narrow, and it was necessary to go within a cable's length of the Rhode Island, a formidable man-of-war. We youngsters had no idea of the "ruse" and thought we were doomed to capture for a certainty and to suffer the horrors of imprisonment; but we had supreme confidence in our superior officers. I had an old uniform which I had worn at Annapolis, United States naval academy, while in the service of the United States navy as midshipman before the war, and so had several others, which we were ordered to don and to make ourselves conspicuous about the decks as we approached the grim monster, the Rhode Island. In the event of capture we were to get out of our uniforms, though, instantaneously and throw them into the sea heavily weighted, so that we would not be shot as spies.

I can never forget that trying occasion as long as I live. What were we about to do? Where were we going? The answer would soon be revealed.

Sighting the coast of North Carolina, slowly, serenely we approached, apparently feeling our way to a good anchorage at the entrance of the harbor where the mighty Rhode Island rode majestically at anchor. Calmly steering closer and closer, we came within speaking distance. Our safety valves were tied down, steam up to almost bursting point, when we were signaled. Our signal lines in reply became tangled (the quartermaster was instructed not to let them get untangled either), and when we got close enough to be hailed our chief engineer had his cue too.

"What ship is that, and where are you from?" came in stentorian tones through a trumpet from the big man-of-war.

"New York," we replied, "with supplies for you."

"Why don't you come to anchor? Anchor where you are."

"Can't find good bottom."

"What ship is that?"

To which we replied: "United States Steamship —." Whiz-z-z-z-z (steam loudly escaping so that the name could not be heard).

All this time during the hailing the quartermaster was fumbling at the signal lines, pretending to right them so that they could be read, and all this time we were getting closer and closer to the land side of the Rhode Island. Our chief engineer raised his head above the combing of the hatchcocks and sung out to the captain: "Captain Pegram, sir, we can hold steam no longer. If we do, we'll blow up sure in another minute."

"Then let her go, Mr. Johnson. Clear ship for action! Haul down those flags and show our colors."

With a jump like a greyhound released from its leash at the hunt, our brave ship leaped forward, and our one little gun, which was placed aft, let loose our defiance with a scream—

ing shell full into the side of our antagonist. In a few seconds they "beat to quarters," and in less than a minute more were hurling shot after shot upon us. She would fire one broadside, yaw, and give us the other, rapidly firing and in hot pursuit all the time, while we almost flew over the water, every minute getting closer and closer to the fort. Fortunately we were not hit in a vital part. No shot pierced our machinery, and in a few minutes we were safe under the guns of the fort. The Rhode Island was game, though, all the way through, for she kept after us right up to the fort, seeming determined to capture or to sink us, and poured heavy broadsides after us until we passed clear of the fort, when she was hotly engaged by the fort and was obliged to retire from pursuit of us.

Every man, woman, and child in Newbern seemed to be lining the shore shouting pleasant words of encouragement, such as "Go it, old Secesh"; "Come on in, Honey," from the soldiers; "Run, you d—d scared wolf," and run we did. We kept on running, even until there was no further danger, when we struck a sand bar. That didn't stop us, though, for we went right over it, nearly ending right there the career of the Confederate States cruiser Nashville, the shock dismantling our gun and throwing Captain Pegram, who had displaced me and who had himself aimed it, into the sea scupper in an undignified heap. During the hottest period of the firing one of our lieutenants, Mr. Bennett, noticed one of our crew trying to steal down below out of danger, hailed him, and, seeing the fright depicted upon his pale face, said: "Go back to your quarters, you baby."

"I wish I was a baby, and a gal baby at that."

That night we were all ordered to report in Richmond, Va., for duty. I was ordered to go to the Virginia (Merrimack) for service, and but for stopping over one day at my sister's I would have been in that memorable battle between the Virginia and Monitor in Hampton Roads.

My hard service on the Mississippi River and my arduous duties while engaged in the transportation of artillery from Richmond to Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, and my transfer from the navy to the army will be related later.

## OLD SACRAMENTO, THE SILVER-TONGUED CANNON.

BY W. J. COURTNEY, LONG BEACH, CAL.

While living away out here on this western coast of Southern California, in this beautiful climate of sunshine, fruits, and flowers, my thoughts go back fifty-five and sixty years during the War between the States, when Gen. Sterling Price ("Old Pap," as he was called by his soldiers), Gens. Ben McCulloch, Marmaduke, Hindman, Shelby, and Capt. Hi Bledsoe, with his battery and "Old Sacramento," were pouring shot and shell into the Yanks under Generals Lyons and Sigel at Wilson's Creek, Mo., at Pea Ridge, Ark., at Lexington, Mo., where Mulligan surrendered, and on half a hundred other battle fields.

I was greatly interested and amused by the several articles appearing in the *VETERAN* of February, April, and June in regard to Bledsoe's Battery and "Old Sacramento." With no spirit to criticize, I want to say that I was well and personally acquainted with Capt. Hi Bledsoe, his battery, and "Old Sacramento." Captain Bledsoe lived in Lexington, Mo., and had been reared in that section, while I lived in and around Liberty, and we courted the same girl, who lived at Lexington; but somehow I managed to come out victorious

and got the prize. How that happened I am sure I cannot tell, for the Captain was a much handsomer man than I, taller and older; yet he never made any pretensions to being good looking, though he always claimed that he had danced with "her" more times than I did.

This wonderful gun, "Old Sacramento," had been captured in the battle of Sacramento, Mexico, in 1846, by the Missouri troops under Col. William A. Doniphan, of which Captain Bledsoe was a member. It was presented to Missouri by the general government and was brought from Mexico to Missouri after the Mexican War and parked on the bluff at Lexington, overlooking the Missouri River. There it remained until the outbreak of the War between the States, when Captain Bledsoe hauled it out, remounted it, and formed his celebrated battery with several other guns. The composition of this famous gun was silver, brass, and other metals, and it must have been of Spanish design and manufacture. It had a peculiar ring or sound when discharged, different from any other gun, so that every soldier of "Old Pap's" army and many of the enemy knew when "Old Sacramento" was in action. I have no doubt that this gun was in more battles and killed and wounded more men than any other gun during the War between the States. It was never captured or taken by the Yankees during the war. No gun was ever praised or thought more of by the soldiers of Price's army. The men fairly worshiped it, and when they heard the bark of "Old Sacramento" no officer was able to hold them from rushing to the front; they well knew that "Old Sacramento," unlimbered and in action, was mowing down the lines of the Federals and meant certain victory. There was not a man who would not have sacrificed his life in support of this grand old gun.

As to what became of "Old Sacramento" I am not able to tell. The best information I have is from Col. John C. Moore, who wrote the history of Missouri in the War between the States for the "Confederate Military History," and on page 48, Volume IX., he relates that "Bledsoe's Battery was always in the thickest of the fight, and the soldiers, as well as the Federals, soon came to know 'Old Sacramento's' voice. The gun became so badly grooved from use that it was finally condemned and sent to Memphis to be recast with other guns, and its identity was lost."

I find many organizations in this far Western State whose members have drifted in here from the South since the war. At Los Angeles there is Camp No. 770, U. C. V., with S. S. Simmons as Commander, Dr. W. C. Harrison, Adjutant, and a membership of thirty or forty, holding their regular meetings. These veterans are entertained twice a month at the home of some Daughters of the Confederacy. The Daughters have several Chapters at Los Angeles—the Wade Hampton Chapter, with a fine body of working members, also the John H. Reagan Chapter; at Long Beach we have the Joe Wheeler Chapter. The State, especially Southern California, has many Camps and Chapters. I had the honor last June of attending the State convention of the Daughters at the Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles, which was a successful affair and largely attended. In June, 1921, the Daughters will hold their convention in Long Beach, and they have already begun extensive preparations for the occasion. The Veterans and Daughters jointly hold annual and semiannual picnics in the parks at Los Angeles, and these have proved very popular. I am pleased with the energy and spirit of the Southern people out here for the Southern cause.



## VAIN EFFORTS TO AVOID PRISON.

BY B. T. HOLLIDAY, WINCHESTER, VA.

(Continued from September.)

At this time General Lee had decided to execute a flank movement on Meade, but Meade was chary and lost no time in putting his army on the north side of the Rappahannock River. The first intimation I had of this retrograde movement of Meade's was late one evening when I noticed the wagon trains passing through the town northward. I went into the house to tell my friend that I believed the Yankees were going to fall back and I thought it advisable for me to change my quarters. Just then there was a knock at the door, and on opening it we found an officer and a squad of men. The officer said he wanted the young man who was staying there. I showed him the pass that General Webb had given me, but he ignored it, and I was taken to headquarters. General Webb was no longer provost marshal, a new man having taken his place. I attempted to remonstrate with him for having me arrested, whereupon he cursed me, and, calling an orderly, he told him to take me to General Kilpatrick's headquarters, which was about a mile north of town. I was given a mount, and the orderly, with his pistol in one hand, rode beside me, taking me to my destination.

On arriving at General Kilpatrick's headquarters I found other prisoners there guarded by sentinels placed around them a few yards apart. Although the night was chilly, we slept on the ground without any covering. The next morning we were marched to Bristow Station, and when we reached Brandy Station, south of the Rappahannock River, I saw the Yankee army drawn up in line of battle; and I afterwards learned that our cavalry and Chew's Battery were in Culpeper Courthouse that morning, only six miles away. I saw General Webb sitting on his horse superintending the laying of pontoon bridges across the Rappahannock River. We crossed on the pontoon bridge and continued our march to Bristow Station, where we spent the night under the same conditions as we had spent the night before.

An officer here made a list of our names and the commands we belonged to. I was told by a fellow prisoner that citizens were taken to Carroll Prison in Washington and soldiers to the Old Capitol Prison. According to the cartel for exchange of prisoners, we would be exchanged in about ten days. I decided to come out in my true colors, as I didn't want to go to Carroll Prison; so I told the officer a mistake had been made in taking my name down as a citizen; that I belonged to Chew's Battery or Horse Artillery. He accepted the explanation very willingly, and I was once more a soldier.

The morning after our arrival at Bristow we were put on the cars and taken to Washington City. It was dark when we arrived there. We were taken up to the War Department, which was located where the new State Department building now stands. There were forty-five of us, and we were drawn up in line. I was at the tail end of the line dressed in citizen's clothes. Quite a crowd of citizens crowded around us; in fact, pressed close up to us. The guard near me was not as alert as he should have been, and it was an easy matter for me to take a few back steps and become one of the crowd. The temptation was great, but being in a strange city and under the impression that every one was in sympathy with the government, I hesitated to take the step, which I had occasion to regret many times afterwards dur-

ing my imprisonment at Point Lookout, Md., for nearly two years.

We were marched down Pennsylvania Avenue and on to the Old Capitol Prison, which stood where the new Congressional Library now stands. The stores on the avenue were brilliantly lighted, and the avenue was crowded with young men and young women. How different things appeared in contrast with our Southern cities and town, where none but old men were to be seen on the streets!

When we arrived at the Old Capitol the officials went through us, taking pocketknives, money, and everything we had. I remained at the Old Capitol one month, and during that time no newspapers were allowed to come into the prison. At the end of the month a guard allowed us to see a paper, which stated that eight hundred prisoners were to leave the Old Capitol the next day for City Point to be exchanged. On the following morning we were marched out into the street and found a regiment of band-box soldiers drawn up with open ranks to receive us. We were marched down to the wharf and went aboard the boat. About seventy-five soldiers were on the boat. In the saloon they had stacked their arms, a sentinel paced up and down, while some half dozen sentinels were stationed at different points on the boat. We had free access to all parts of the boat, and many of us spent the time on the upper deck enjoying the scenery along the Potomac. Ahead of us was a gunboat, whose duty it was to keep a watchful eye over us. At times it was out of sight on account of the bend in the river. It was proposed by some that we overpower the guards and take possession of the boat and run it up Aquia Creek. This proposition was opposed on the grounds that we were going to City Point to be exchanged, and there was no necessity for doing a hazardous thing that might miscarry and be attended with some loss of life.

When night came on we all lay down and went to sleep. The next morning we found ourselves at anchor at Point Lookout. All visions of Richmond and Dixie's land had vanished. Many poor fellows of that boat load fill unknown graves at Point Lookout. Several thousand prisoners are buried there.

When we disembarked we were marched from the wharf to what is known as the "Bull Pen," a forty-acre lot with a plank fence around it. This fence was twenty or twenty-five feet high and on the outside had a platform on which the guards paced up and down. The platform was about three feet below the top of the fence, so that a guard standing on the platform, the top of the fence striking him about the waist line, could look down into the prison. Along this fence on the inside of the prison was the "dead line," and to cross that line was to run the risk of being shot by the guards. New prisoners, knowing nothing of the dead line, would sometimes venture up to the fence and pay the penalty. When we were ushered in to the bull pen, the cry of "Fresh fish" saluted our ears. It was a term applied to all new prisoners. My first sight of the prisoners shocked me, they looked so starved. Their faces were so lean and pinched. However, I soon became accustomed to their appearance, and in course of time I looked as they did.

The prison was laid off in divisions of one thousand men, ten companies to a division. Our squad was assigned to the 7th Division. We were put in "Sibley tents," which were round tents with a pole extending from the top to an iron tripod, the pole fitting in the top of the tripod. One hundred men were put in six tents, which caused some tents to have seventeen men. We were allowed only one blanket to a

man and had to sleep on the ground. These tents had been used by the army and had seen so much service that they leaked, and we spent a very uncomfortable time. At night we lay with our heads to the outer edge of the tent, which threw the feet of all to the tripod. We were packed like sardines in a box. When we wanted to turn over in the night the signal was given and all made to turn from necessity.

At the end of each division was a well with a pump. These wells were only about fifteen feet deep, as the water was so near the surface, and it was brackish and not fit to drink. The rations were inadequate to satisfy our hunger. What was given us for a day's rations we consumed at one meal. I have seen men fishing potato peelings out of the garbage barrel to supplement their ration. Rats were considered a delicacy when one was so fortunate as to get them.

The winters were very severe at Point Lookout, and we suffered intensely with the cold. A man from each tent was allowed to go once a week with the guards to a body of pines, a mile away, and bring as much wood as he could carry. Owing to the distance to carry the wood, one would have to leave behind one-half of what one started with, and consequently we were without firewood the greater portion of the time.

The summers were very trying. Not a green thing was to be seen. Sand and white tents made a combination that affected the eyes of many of the prisoners.

In October, 1864, a lot of prisoners were brought in from the Valley of Virginia, and among them were some of Chew's Battery, who were captured in the fight between Rosser and Sheridan at Tom's Brook. Chew's Battery lost all of its guns in this fight. Among the members of the battery captured were my friend and schoolmate, William P. McGuire, now a distinguished physician of Winchester, Va., and Frank Stribling, of Staunton, Va., a V. M. I. boy. I was glad to see them and get the latest news from the army.

During my imprisonment at Point Lookout negro troops took the place of white guards. They were the first negro soldiers I had seen. It was a bitter pill for Southern men to swallow, and we felt the insult very keenly. They were impudent and tyrannical, and the prisoners had to submit to many indignities. I saw two prisoners with barrel shirts on and linked together by a rope after the manner of the Siamese twins. A negro guard was behind them, walking them up and down in the hot sun. I saw a negro run the point of his bayonet into a prisoner who crossed his beat to go into the cook house to get his ration. Ludicrous things happened. A negro soldier, recognizing his former master, who advanced toward the fence to speak to him, accosted him after this manner: "How'e, Massa Robert! Mighty glad to see you, but the white folks say you mussen' come across that line."

Every Sunday morning we had to turn out for inspection and bring all our effects with us. If a prisoner had more than one blanket, it was taken from him.

The first night I spent at Point Lookout I was awakened by the rattle of musketry. The next day I was informed of the attempted escape of some Marylanders. Their tent was located near the fence that separated the prison from the bay shore. They bribed the guard with all the money and watches they could raise. The guard betrayed them by informing Captain Patterson of their intended escape. Captain Patterson stationed a squad of men near the exit of the tunnel, and when the men came out of the tunnel they were fired upon and several wounded.

Time hangs heavy on one's hands when in prison. We had no books or papers to read. The only diversion was card-playing and waging war on gray backs, which was a daily duty, for they multiplied by hundreds during the night, and no one was immune to them. Some prisoners of a mechanical turn made trinkets, such as rings, hearts, etc., out of bone, putting settings of German silver in them. These trinkets they sold to Northern visitors who came to look us over to see if we had horns and hoofs, and the prisoners bought tobacco with the money thus earned.

Gen. Ben Butler paid us a visit one day and seemed pleased to see that there were so many of us in position not to do him and his cause any harm. He and his staff rode through the encampment, and we mutely looked on as he passed.

Point Lookout was well located for the confinement of prisoners, for the chances to escape were reduced to a minimum. Only two prisoners were ever known to make their escape, and that was in the early history of the place. The Chesapeake Bay, some thirty-five or forty miles wide, was on one side of the prison, and on the other side was the mouth of the Potomac River, twelve or fifteen miles wide. In addition to the high fence around the prison, there was a high stockade, extending from the bay shore to the river. Several regiments of New Hampshire troops, supplemented by several field batteries, were our custodians. A gunboat was always at anchor on the river, which forbade an uprising of the prisoners.

During my imprisonment there were many rumors of an exchange of prisoners, which raised our hopes only to be dashed to the ground. At the time of General Early's advance on Washington City in July, 1864, there was a rumor that he would make an effort to release us, but he was unable to accomplish it. Had he succeeded in doing so, he would have augmented his army by twenty thousand men. After his raid ten thousand prisoners were sent from Point Lookout to Elmira, N. Y. *En route* there was a collision on the Northern Central Railroad which killed some of the prisoners as well as some of the guards. Some prisoners took advantage of the accident and made their escape to the mountains and worked their way back to Virginia.

In February, 1865, I began to feel the effects of my long imprisonment. My limbs pained me, I had no appetite, and I was forced to give up and go to the hospital. I was put to bed. The doctor said I had scurvy, produced by lack of vegetable diet. My gums sloughed away from my teeth. With my fingers I could have removed any tooth from my mouth without pain, for they were ready to drop out. A great many prisoners had scurvy. I spent several months in the hospital and witnessed many distressing scenes. One morning I awoke to find two patients dead, one on each side of me.

The booming of the cannon in April told us of General Lee's surrender. We now knew our day of deliverance was at hand. In a few days came the appalling intelligence of President Lincoln's assassination. We were filled with horror at the dastardly act and realized the serious consequences that would result from it. A change in the demeanor of the officials toward us was noticeable. We felt that it would defer our release, which it did, for we were not released until the middle of June, two months after the war was over.

There is an end to all earthly things, and at last the good news came that we were to leave this place of sorrow and torture and go back to dear old Virginia again. Virginians were to be called first. How glad I was that I was a Virginian! We were taken to an adjoining inclosure, where we



remained for several days, while our names were being enrolled on the books, and we signed our parole not to take up arms until exchanged. Over the top of a platform was stretched a large United States flag. This platform held standing room for sixteen men, and that number was called up at a time and the oath administered to them. How fortunate we knew nothing concerning "germs" in those days, for thousands of dirty men kissed the same Bible! The work of paroling was slow, for they were particular to get our names, age, State, county, company, regiment, height, color of eyes and hair, all of which was recorded in large books, which I suppose are now in the archives at Washington. What a difficult task they would have in identifying us old gray-headed, wrinkled men of to-day.

The large steamer City of New York was at the wharf waiting for us. As we left the prison inclosure for the boat we remembered Lot's wife and never looked back.

A gentleman who lived in St. Mary's County, Md., where Point Lookout is located, some years ago called attention to the shameful and neglected condition of the Confederate cemetery at Point Lookout. I quote him in reference to it: "It certainly does not speak well for the people of this section of the State that this condition exists. Of all places in this wide world, that cemetery at Point Lookout should be kept green. No one knows the suffering of body and mind that those ragged, sick, and hungry Confederate prisoners went through on a desolate, barren neck of land, hot in summer and cold in winter. These brave men went through the tortures of hell itself. Poorly clad and starved almost to the verge of skeletons, they bore their unfortunate lot with fortitude and submission, so characteristic of the Confederate soldiers. These men could have passed this cup from them by taking the oath of allegiance to the United States. They would have been released at once; but rather than become traitors to the cause for which they fought they suffered imprisonment, torture, hunger, and even death, spurning the offer that was made to them so frequently to take the oath and be at liberty once more. Has the world ever witnessed a greater spectacle than the loyalty and patriotism of these gallant Southern boys?"

Once aboard the City of New York, we were a happy crowd. We were taken to Norfolk and up the James River to Richmond. We were turned loose, and, having no money, we had to fall back on "Shank's mare" to reach home. The C. & C. Railroad bridge and a great deal of track had been destroyed, so we didn't have much of a lift to Staunton. When we reached Charlottesville a bevy of pretty schoolgirls came out with pitchers of ice water for us. Near Ivy Station, west of Charlottesville, we spent the night at Major Noland's and enjoyed a bountiful repast, which appealed to us immensely. On reaching Staunton a companion and I slept on the back porch of the American Hotel, opposite the C. & C. depot.

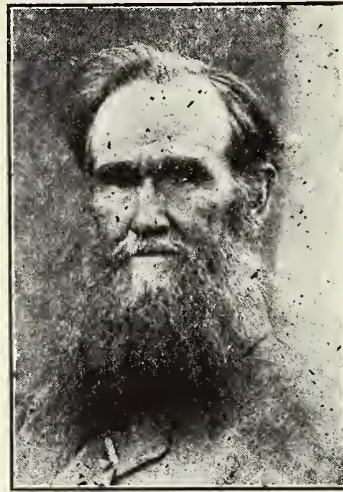
At an early hour the next morning we started off on our 92-mile walk to Winchester, which we finished in three and a half days. The kind Valley people gave us lodging and shared the little food they had with us. When I reached home my sister was sitting on the front porch, but when I stood before her she did not recognize me. Why should she? My appearance had changed. I weighed one hundred and sixty pounds when captured, and my weight was now ninety-five pounds.

God grant that there may be no more cruel wars like this!

#### DIDN'T KNOW THEY HAD SURRENDERED.

An unusual incident is reported by W. B. Howell, of Austin, Ark., in writing of his service as a Confederate soldier. He says:

"I was born in Darlington, S. C., on April 20, 1843, and in August, 1861, I joined Capt. W. I. Carter's company, which was made Company A, of the 14th South Carolina Regiment, under Colonel Jones. We were in camp of instruction at Aiken, S. C., and there we had the measles and mumps. Our first move was to Port Royal, and in the fall of 1861 we had



W. B. HOWELL.

our first view of a gunboat and Yanks. It was reported that three gunboats had run aground, so we formed a streak of fight with two six-pound guns and charged up to the bank of the river, where they turned loose three broadsides that shook the earth. Cannon balls as large as camp kettles cut gaps in our lines. We about-faced and retreated across a cotton farm. The rows seemed a foot high to me, though we made quick time getting back to camp. We lost a good many of our company in killed and

wounded, while we killed only two Yanks that we knew of. We were sure we never took three gunboats.

"Our next fighting was in Virginia, where our regiment and four other South Carolina regiments made up McGowan's Brigade, of A. P. Hill's corps, at the close of the war. We took part in all the fighting in Virginia from the seven days' fighting around Richmond to the close.

"An incident that came under my observation I have never seen in print. On the 12th of May, 1864, McGowan's Brigade was rushed through a fearful storm of shells and bullets to what was called Bloody Angle, or Horseshoe, and seized the breastworks to the right of Ramseur's Brigade. Here we fought all day and until past midnight with about six feet of dirt and poles between us and the Yanks. We were protected by short works built out from the main works every twenty or thirty feet. The Yanks had a front and cross fire on us.

"During the evening some one gave the command: 'Cease firing; they have surrendered.' All stood up, and the Yanks came over in swarms. We gave them to understand that we had not surrendered. We took as prisoners all that came over and a good many that were on the works. They left their guns and ammunition with us, which came in good time. We shot the ramrods back at them little end foremost. We afterwards learned that the cause of the surrender was a man in a hole some thirty or forty feet in the rear of our works who wanted to come into our works, so he tied a handkerchief on his ramrod and used it as a flag of truce, making the Yanks think we had surrendered.

"About sundown one of my company called out, 'Hello, Yanks; it's time to take out,' when one on their side yelled: 'Hello, Johnny, why don't you take out?' We did take out

about daylight when we got orders to move out by the left flank, and at the same time the Yanks moved out by their left flank. Seventeen of Company A answered at roll call on the morning of the 13th. We lost several brave and good men killed and wounded. During the night a tree, by constant scaling of Minie balls for twenty-four hours, fell on G. P. Scarborough, of my company. After we got him out he said he thought the Yanks were throwing brush on him. I have the roll call of Company A. We had one hundred and thirty-one men in our company, and only one of the survivors beside myself lives in Arkansas. I have been in this State for fifty-two years; am now in my seventy-eighth year."

### THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH.

BY R. DE T. LAWRENCE, MARIETTA, GA.

The author of the article in a recent number of the *Saturday Evening Post* depicting the ruins of Atlanta after Sherman's march of devastation must have gotten his information at first hand, as he seems to have correctly described conditions as they were in 1865. The courage, energy, and determination which so rapidly rebuilt Atlanta with a larger vision than had been seen before its destruction was reflected in the great majority of the Confederate soldiers who surrendered at Appomattox and at Greensboro, N. C. I will give some of the many instances in which the Southern soldier showed devotion to duty, an undaunted spirit, a sense of having been overwhelmed and not beaten.

During the retreat from Petersburg Col. John Haskell, of General Hampton's staff, saw his classmate, Joseph Guerard, lying exhausted on the side of the road, who asked him for something to eat. The former opened his haversack, and his comrade partook heartily of its contents. Conversing for a few minutes, Colonel Haskell advised his friend not to return to his command, as General Lee was about to surrender, negotiations for which were then going on; but Guerard declined to take this advice, replying that he could not desert his company, but, feeling stronger after having had something to eat, must return and share the fate of his comrades. He reached the company in time to take part in the battle of Sailor's Creek, was mortally wounded, and died a month later. This devotion to duty and courage of talented Joe Guerard, a competitor of the writer for first honors at college, to which, owing to the "exigencies" of the times, neither of us attained, illustrates the general sentiment of the noble band which surrendered at Appomattox.

In returning home from Greensboro, N. C., in company with two other "ex-Confeds," at some point on the road in Georgia we saw at the top of a long grade a small detail of Federal cavalry. Instinctively I mounted my horse, and my two companions got quickly into the wagon they were taking home drawn by two old horses, for we had been resting by walking part of the way. The squad at the top of the hill immediately halted, perhaps also impulsively. We moved on slowly up the hill, and as we were about to pass the bluecoats one of them said tauntingly: "Going home licked?" To which one of our number replied in vigorous terms: "No. If you think so, we will take it out now." This provocation by one on the side with which we were recently at war made us quite ready to assist our comrade in the event of a fight, which, however, could have resulted only in our being shot down, as we had not even a penknife with which to defend ourselves. Fortunately, the officer in charge, whose rank I

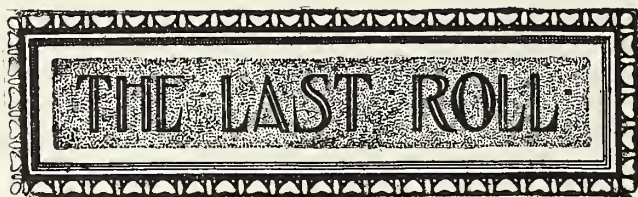
did not notice, had the good sense to take in the situation and ordered his men to shut up and come on, leading the way down the hill, while we resumed our journey homeward. This incident showed that some of us had not realized that we were whipped, but had sufficient "fight" to display itself under provocation.

Among the refugees who soon returned to Marietta, Ga., was Rev. John Sanges, a local Methodist minister. He had conducted a harness and saddle business, but, like others of us after the war, he had to take some occupation that brought the quickest returns. Mr. Sanges offered his services as a boot and shoe repairer and had among his customers General Judah, the war provost marshal of the district. Rev. Mr. Sanges refused to deliver the boots to the orderly sent by the General till they were paid for. This irritated the military dictator, who forthwith dispatched two of his men to bring Mr. Sanges before him. The latter, answering questions, said his name was Sanges; that it was true he had refused to deliver the boots till he was paid, for, having no money and getting the leather on credit, he was compelled to have cash for his work. Whereupon General Judah ordered the two soldiers to take him to the front door and kick him out into the street. This the two men did, to their regret, they said afterwards, explaining that they were compelled to obey orders, which was no doubt true, for they had whispered to Mr. Sanges to walk fast that they might give him fewer licks. The General is said also to have expressed regret for his injustice and cruelty when he knew of the indignation expressed by all classes of the citizens and realized the contempt in which they afterwards held him. Certain it was that when this indignity to one of its best citizens became known the town was ready for an insurrection and restrained only because there was no possibility of success. His youngest son says that when his father reached his home he knelt and prayed for General Judah; but neither the latter's regret nor Mr. Sanges's forgiveness satisfied the citizens or Mrs. Sanges, who some years later, after the death of her husband, hailing a friend passing her home, asked if he knew that General Judah was in hell. To his replying "No," she said she had gotten word that he died on a certain day, naming the date. Bearing in mind his insulting treatment of her good husband, she was confident that what retribution he failed to get in this life he would receive with compound interest in another sphere of existence.

It was this indomitable spirit that drove from power the carpetbaggers and scalawags who, like "harpies," were feasting on the ruins of the South. To this unconquerable spirit is due the Ku-Klux Klan, the only means at the time to relieve the country of persecution. Had the South tamely submitted to the many acts of repression inflicted in the Reconstruction days, then for many years after the war the Southern States would have been in the condition of Russia under the Lenine and Trotzky régime, where three-fourths of the population submitted to the seizure of their property and ruin of their homes by these two carpetbaggers, and the younger generation of the South, now enjoying quietness with prosperity and happiness, would have felt much more than they did the blighting ordeal of the Reconstruction period.

KU-KLUX KLAN.—The policy of the Klan all the while was to deter men from wrongdoing. It was only in rare, exceptional cases, and these the most aggravated, that it undertook to punish.—C. J. Lester and D. L. Wilson.





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

*IN MEMORIAM—MISS CARRIE W. EUBANK.*

BY GEORGE ROSS, M.D., CAPTAIN AND ASSISTANT SURGEON C. S. A.,  
MEDICAL DIRECTOR 2D CORPS, A. N. V., SURGEON R. E. LEE  
CAMP, NO. 1, C. V., RICHMOND, VA.

Would you know a brave heroine fallen asleep  
Who year after year unceasing vigils did keep?  
Then I point you Miss Eubank, just laid in her grave,  
Dying bravely at post trying others to save.

Ask Lee Camp's old soldiers, the worn out and weak,  
How, self-sacrificing, she daily did seek  
To brighten the evening of their fast-fading lives  
And to solace the sorrows of each who survives.

How morning and midday, at midnight and eve,  
Forgetful of self, she sought to relieve;  
How, cloaking her sufferings, intense beyond speech,  
She worked on and waited the end she must reach.

Now taps has been sounded; her life's light is out;  
But the "star of the east" has illumined her route  
To the gates of that city where Christ is the King,  
Where works born of faith is the offering to bring.

W. E. PITTMAN.

The following will be of interest to Confederate veterans and old friends of William Edward Pittman, who passed away at his birthplace, the old Pittman homestead, near Prairie Grove, Ark., on May 19, 1920, lacking only two days of being eighty years old. He was educated in the Prairie Grove and Cane Hill schools. His parents were members of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and that was the Church of his choice, which he supported liberally. He was married to Margaret C. Ellis, of Wilson County, Tenn., on October 5, 1870, and to them were born seven children, of whom two sons and three daughters survive.

Comrade Pittman was a man of sterling worth, who gained and held the respect of all. He was among the foremost to contribute to educational and religious enterprises.

On July 4, 1861, he left Prairie Grove and was in State service for two months, afterwards entering the Confederate army, serving as lieutenant in Company G, 16th Arkansas, afterwards being with Company K, 5th Arkansas Regiment, of which he was lieutenant commander for nine months. He spent the winter of 1861 at Elm Springs. On February 16 the command left camp to meet General Price, from Missouri, at Sugar Creek. There they fell back to Cross Hollows and from there to Boston Mountain, south of Strickler, where they remained a few days, then going north to attack the Federal forces, which were in camp at Elk Horn, or Pea Ridge, March 5 and 6. Retreating from that place by way of

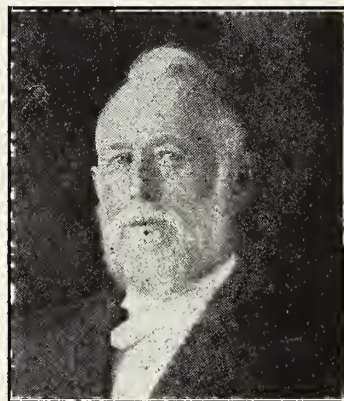
Van Winkle Mill, they went on to Van Buren for a few days, then marched across the State to De Sava, Ark., and went by boat down White River to Mississippi and to Memphis, Tenn., where they remained until the 27th of May, then falling back to Tupelo, Miss. The next march took them back by Salltillo, Baldwin, and Iuka. Iuka was captured by the Confederates, and they then went back to Baldwin and on to Corinth, where a fight lasted two days. In retreating they went near Holly Springs and on to Fort Gibson, La., where they stayed until July 9, 1863.

During the war Comrade Pittman was captured and suffered the hardships of Northern prisons, first on Johnson's Island, Ohio, where he spent the greater part of two years. He was then at Point Lookout, Md., and later was confined at Fort McHenry, Baltimore. While there General Lee surrendered. He was last in prison at Fort Delaware, where he remained until June 13, 1865, when he was released and went home.

LIEUT. E. LEE BELL.

Seldom have I ever felt so called upon to pay a tribute to a loved and honored comrade as has come to me by the death of Lieut. E. Lee Bell, who died at his home, in Lynchburg, Va., on August 1, 1920, at the age of seventy-seven years.

He was a native of Page County, Va., and a member of Company K, 10th Virginia Infantry; and when the tocsin of war in 1861 resounded over the hills and through the valleys of his State, he, then but eighteen years of age, was among the first to volunteer in defense of his country and entered the ranks as a private, rising by promotion to a first lieutenancy.



LIEUT. E. L. BELL.

In the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862, when every officer of the company, down to corporal, was killed or wounded, he then, as corporal, became the commandant and discharged the duties incumbent upon him with heroic courage and marked ability until the return of his captain in February, 1863.

On May 12, 1864, he was captured in the battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse, together with the entire division of Gen. Edward Johnson, and on the 20th of August, 1864, he was one of the six hundred Confederate officers at Fort Delaware who were selected under a fictitious charge of retaliation and sent to Morris Island, S. C., and placed in a stockade directly in range of the Confederate guns in Charleston Harbor firing upon the batteries of Gregg and Wagner of the enemy. For forty-three days, together with his comrades, he endured this crucial ordeal of impending danger, spurning the proffered offer of the oath of allegiance to the United States to regain his freedom, thus adding luster to the character and spirit that animated the Confederate soldier's loyalty and devotion to his righteous cause.

While a prisoner at Fort Delaware Lieutenant Bell enlisted in the service of the Lord Jesus Christ, and loyally and faithfully he exemplified his profession by his walk and conversation to the end.

He has left a noble heritage to his family as a soldier, citizen, and Christian, and to his comrades an unblemished character to emulate. Peace to his ashes!

[D. C. Grayson, Washington, D. C.]

## JESSE ALEXANDER ROBINSON.

The following was taken from a tribute by an old friend:

"With the passing of Jesse Alexander Robinson at his home, in Houston, on May 6, 1920, Texas mourns the loss of a son of the old school of Southern chivalry.

"The Robinsons were of sturdy Scotch-Irish ancestry and were among the early settlers of this country. William Robinson, a grandsire, was a Methodist preacher and pioneer surveyor of the State, while Benjamin Robinson was one of the heroes of San Jacinto. His son, Jesse A. Robinson, was born at Huntsville, Tex., Walker County, on February 4, 1840, and was in the full flower of vigorous young manhood when war between the States was declared. It was natural for him, the blood of heroes in his veins, to be among the first to offer his life on the altar of the South. Bold, daring, brave, he served the four years of war and had two horses shot under him, but came out unscathed.

"In 1867 Jesse Robinson was married to Miss Collard, of equally heroic lineage, a woman of rare grace and charm and Christian character. Five children came of this union—a daughter and four sons.

For twenty-three years he had lived in Houston in happy association with his children and grandchildren, retaining to the last his genial disposition and smiling optimism, confirming daily his character of a true Christian gentleman."

Another veteran friend and companion in arms, Maj. C. R. Scott, of Montgomery, says of him: "In the death of Jesse Alexander Robinson that rapidly thinning gray line of Confederate veterans lost another gallant comrade and Texas lost a good, law-abiding citizen. He was mustered into the Confederate army at San Antonio in October, 1861, as a private in Captain Fisher's company, G, 7th Texas Mounted Volunteers, and with his strict attention to duty and obedience to orders Comrade Robinson emerged from the war a lieutenant of his company."

## CHARLES E. CLEARY.

I sorrowfully record the passing away from mortal sight another brave, loyal Southern soldier. Charles E. Cleary, born September 8, 1835, in County Tyrone, Ireland, died at the home of his daughter at Isola, Miss., on July 15, 1920.

Charley Cleary entered the Confederate service early in 1861 as a member of Company C, 32d Mississippi Infantry, under Col. (afterwards Brig. Gen.) M. P. Lowrey. His steady courage, his fine soldierly qualities won deserved promotion, and at the close of the war he was first lieutenant and in command of his company.

I knew him well, and during more than three years of army service and in all the years since I have been proud of the constant friendship of this warm-hearted, gallant Irish soldier, this true, good man.

Peace to the ashes of a dear old friend and comrade!

[P. W. Shearer, Greenwood, Miss.]

## W. R. DOUGLASS.

W. R. Douglass, who died at Altus, Ark., on August 25, 1919, was born in Carthage, Tenn., on March 26, 1839. His parents moved to Arkansas Post when he was eight years old. They died there, and he went to Little Rock at the age of thirteen years, and he worked as a newsboy and printer

in the office of the *Advocate*, a Whig paper run by Albert Pike. When he was nineteen he quit the printing office and learned the tinner's trade, which occupation he followed until the War between the States came on in 1861, when he volunteered and joined the company known as Woodruff's Battery, commanded by Capt. W. E. Woodruff, Jr. In the battle of Oak Hill he was lead driver on No. 1 gun. In this battle Lieut. Omer Weaver was killed, and Comrade Douglass was elected to fill the vacancy and was commissioned senior first lieutenant, which place he filled until the end of the war.

[P. R. Stanfield, Adjutant Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 865, U. C. V.]

## JAMES PERRY BRYAN.

After a short illness, J. P. Bryan died at the home of his daughter in Bay City, Tex., on the 24th of January, 1920, having nearly reached his eightieth year. Born during the days of the Texas Republic, he was one of the few citizens of the State who could claim that distinction and was among the oldest citizens of the coast counties.

James Perry Bryan was the eldest son of William J. and Lavinia Perry Bryan and was born at the plantation home, in Brazoria County, on the fifth anniversary of the Texas Declaration of Independence, March 2, 1841. Reared in the outdoor life, he grew into strong manhood and finished his education at the University of Virginia. Soon afterwards he entered the service of the Confederacy as a member of the gallant Terry Rangers, and with his regiment he participated in many of the important engagements of the War between the States, notably Shiloh and Murfreesboro. During his third year of service he was furloughed on account of illness, returned home, and on February 10, 1863, was married to Miss Octavia LeVerte Brown, eldest daughter of Col. Reuben R. Brown. After being transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department, he joined Colonel Brown's regiment and served with that command to the end. Comrade Bryan was the last veteran of Terry's Rangers living in Brazoria County.

Comrade Bryan was successful in his business and generous in his benefactions. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church and contributed largely toward the upbuilding of several Churches of that denomination in his county. His married life was one of rare happiness, and his home was famed for its comfort and royal hospitality. His loved companion survives him, with a son and two daughters. He represented the best type of citizen in public and private affairs and was highly respected by all who knew him.

## IN MEMORIAM.

The Memorial Committee of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp of Paris, Tex., reported the following deaths in that membership, all of them octogenarians:

"Capt. H. O. Brown, who served with the Orphan Brigade of Kentucky, died at his home, in Paris, on April 30, 1919.

"William Huddle, a Virginian by birth and a long-time resident of Texas, died at his home, near Hopewell, in December, 1919. He was a brave and knightly soldier of the Confederacy.

"Monroe Henderson, a veteran of the 29th Alabama Regiment, died in Paris on the 18th of February, 1920. He was a loyal Confederate to the end."

Commander J. C. Hadley reports the loss of nine members of Camp Jesse S. Barnes, U. C. V., at Wilson, N. C., as follows: E. H. Flowers, N. G. Moore, Cas Lewis, Exum O'Neal, W. A. J. Peacock, Wiley Farmer, James W. Mercer, John Hardy Renfro, Joe E. Fulghum.



F. D. BLOODWORTH.

On August 1, 1920, at his home, in Savannah, Ga., F. D. Bloodworth passed into rest eternal. He was born in Spalding County, Ga., near Griffin, October 16, 1842, hence had nearly reached the seventy-eighth milepost.

Early in 1861 young Bloodworth went to Virginia as a member of the "Spalding Grays," the company becoming a part of the 2d Georgia Battalion, commanded by Maj. Thomas Hardeman. He was shortly promoted to the office of first sergeant and was with his company in many of the fiercest engagements of the war. Two days before the surrender at Appomattox he was wounded and captured in the battle of High Bridge and Farmville, Va., was paroled in May, 1865, and at once returned home.

On July 4, 1865, Comrade Bloodworth was married to Miss Sarah Allen, of Meriwether County, Ga., whom he had met in a hospital in Atlanta during the war. Of this union there were two daughters and one son. The daughters survive him, with their mother.

Comrade Bloodworth was a consistent Christian, a member of the First Baptist Church of Savannah, and a useful citizen. In the struggle for a living during the days of Reconstruction he was occupied in teaching school, as treasurer of the city of Griffin, as bookkeeper, and afterwards in farming. Removing to Savannah, he was for a time a cotton merchant of the city and then became connected with the banking business, serving as cashier and vice president of the old National Bank of Savannah, and was engaged in winding up its affairs at the time of his death. Other prominent positions he had held were as chairman of the Finance Committee of the Cotton Exchange, director in the Savannah Benevolent Association, trustee of the property of the Y. M. C. A., President Confederate Veterans' Association (Camp No. 756, U. C. V.), and trustee on the board of the Confederate Home at Atlanta. In each of these positions he gave most efficient service. He was also prominent in Masonry and Odd Fellowship and a faithful Confederate always. We mourn his loss.

[D. B. Morgan, Secretary Confederate Veterans' Association, Savannah, Ga.]

CAPT. J. J. HALL.

Capt. J. J. Hall, life Commander of Green's Brigade, a famous unit of the Confederate army, died at his home, in Houston, Tex., on August 20, at the age of seventy-nine years. He had been Commander of Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V., for ten years.

Captain Hall was a native of Kentucky, but had become a thorough Texan by his long citizenship. During the War between the States he enlisted in the 4th Texas Cavalry, Company A, Green's Brigade, September 12, 1862. He was elected a corporal at the organization of his company and later became lieutenant colonel. He took part in a number of engagements, among which were the battles of Val Verd, Glorietta, New Mexico, Yellow Bayou, Pleasant Hill. At the close of the war he returned to Victoria, where he married Miss Lizzie Dunlap. He went to Houston in 1892 and was a charter member of Dick Dowling Camp, organized in that year. Captain Hall was elected life President of Green's Brigade Association at Somerville last year, and he presided over the reunion meetings of the brigade held in Houston in June. Though very weak, his great interest in the brigade gave him strength for the occasion.

He is survived by his wife, two sons, and twelve grandchildren.

Members of Dick Dowling Camp attended the funeral in a body, and there were also present many of the officers and members of the U. D. C. as well as G. A. R. veterans.

JAMES C. CRANE.

Passed into life eternal at Exeter, Barry County, Mo., on July 8, 1920, after a lingering illness, James C. Crane, eldest son of the late Col. Joseph and Margaret E. Crane, of Charles Town, W. Va., in his seventy-fifth year.

At the commencement of the War between the States James Crane, then sixteen years old, was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, which he left to join Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Capt. R. W. Baylor, afterwards by his son, Capt. George Baylor, in Rosser's Brigade. In his notes made on the margin of a pocket Testament young Crane tells of the intense cold of the winter of 1864 on the raid to Beverly, Va. "My feet were terribly frozen," he writes, "while in camp at McDowell. Rosser, with three hundred and fifty men, captured over eight hundred Yankees of the 169th Ohio Infantry from Dayton. Our turkeys did not come up; rations scarce." In the battle of the Wilderness, May 4, 1864, he states: "Our brigade repulsed Wilson's whole division for three days, also fought Gregg's Division on the 6th. On that day I was severely wounded and was taken to the hospital in Staunton, where for several months I was tenderly cared for by the volunteer nurses of that city, among whom were Mrs. Matilda Trout, Mrs. Anna Forrest, Mrs. William Harman, and others. God bless these noble women!" This wound caused him much suffering through life.

After recovering he reentered the service and fought to the end. After the surrender he went to St. Joseph, Mo., and in 1867, with two companions, he walked from St. Joseph, via Arkansas, Alabama, and Georgia, to his home in Charles Town (now W. Va.), Va.

There was no braver private in the Confederate service than James Crane. He had been a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for twenty-five years. He was married in 1873 to Miss Nellie Leith, of Loudoun County, Va. Ten children were born to them, four of whom survive him—two sons and two daughters. He had lived in Missouri nearly forty years.

PRESTON J. YOUNG.

Preston J. Young was a Confederate soldier at the age of seventeen in Company C. Capt. J. F. Evans, Col. John A. Schnable's regiment, Missouri Cavalry, Jackman's Brigade, Shelby's Division, Price's army, and participated with distinguished and characteristic gallantry in all the battles and campaigns of that famous command.

He surrendered with his command at Jacksonport, Ark., May 25, 1865.

His service was honest and faithful, and his long citizenship here was without a blemish.

He knew the principles for which the South fought and cherished to the end the memory of the heroic efforts of the Confederate soldier.

He was a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for many years, and, having lived an exemplary life, we not only hope but feel sure that his was a triumphant entrance into the presence of his Saviour.

Born in Ripley County, Mo., March 12, 1847, and died at Batesville, Ark., January 16, 1920.

[V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.]

LIEUT. WILLIAM RANDOLPH McENTIRE.

DALLAS, TEX., July 11, 1920.

To the Commander and Comrades of Sterling Price Camp, No. 31, U. C. V.: We, the committee appointed to obtain the war record of Comrade W. R. McEntire, who passed away on June 22, 1920, submit the following report:

Comrade William Randolph McEntire, only son of Bevil and Elizabeth Wells McEntire, was born on January 6, 1839, in Buncombe County, N. C. His youth was spent in North Carolina under the guardianship of his paternal grandmother, Rilla Postom McEntire.

In 1858, at the age of nineteen, he went to Atlanta, Ga., joining his uncle, Chambers McEntire, under whom he learned his first lesson in business life, that of a wholesale grocery merchant.

On March 12, 1861, he was married to Miss Catherine Daniell, of Fulton County, Ga. Of this union a daughter was born. Both wife and child died in 1863.

Descended from a long line of Scotch Revolutionary ancestors, the McEntires, McKenziers, Postoms, Wellses, and Philipsses, naturally his dormant fighting instincts were easily aroused when the subject of secession became so generally discussed in the South, for

"There's but a twinkling of a star  
Between a man of peace and war."

*Military Record of W. R. McEntire, Compiled by His War Comrade, David Crawford Legg, Trinidad, Tex.*

William Randolph McEntire enlisted in Company A, 9th Artillery Battalion of Georgia Volunteers, on February 27, 1862, and was elected junior second lieutenant at Camp Kirkpatrick on May 15, 1862. Maj. A. Leydon commanded the battalion of six companies, and it was known as the "Leydon Artillery." After drilling and securing cannons and its equipment, the battalion tendered its services to the Confederate government instead of the State of Georgia; consequently there was considerable delay in going into the service.

At length the battalion was sent to Abingdon, Va., and assigned to the command of Gen. Humphrey Marshall. Shortly after this it was ordered to join General Bragg's army in Northeast Kentucky, going by the dirt road through the mountains of West Virginia and East Kentucky to the blue-grass region. After General Bragg fought the enemy at Perryville, he decided to retreat to Middle Tennessee, and the 9th Georgia Battalion was returned to Virginia and placed in camp at Wytheville for the purpose of repelling enemy raids on the salt wells at Saltville and the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad.

In the spring of 1863 the command was sent to East Tennessee, operating between Bristol and Knoxville. Its task was to keep out raiders from Kentucky and the mountains of East Tennessee, where there were many Union men. At

Knoxville, in March, 1863, a Federal cavalry raid under General Saunders was successfully repulsed by the artillery fire of Leydon's men. Later in the summer of 1863 the battalion was sent again to Bragg's army, Polk's Corps, which was crossing the Tennessee River west of Chattanooga. This was just before the battle of Chickamauga.

About this time occurred the incident of the capture of Andrews's raiders and the famous engine, the "General," William Fuller, engineer. Only a part of Company A was with Lieutenant McEntire at the time of this event, which has since become of so much interest in the history of the war.

It being reported that General Burnside with a large force was moving on East Tennessee through Kentucky, Company A (McEntire's) of the battalion was sent to Cumberland Gap to help check this move. This gap in the mountains was very easily defended by a small force. Gen. J. A. Frazier was in command with two regiments of infantry and a four-gun battery. About the 4th of September Burnside appeared in our rear on the road to Knoxville with a small force of cavalry and artillery. He had turned our position by going through Powell's Gap a few miles to the west. Our situation was not desperate. We had fourteen pieces of artillery in position on the mountain and plenty of ammunition.

Our officers and men, save General Frazier, were not alarmed. General Frazier called a council of war and suggested surrendering. The other officers were opposed to this. However, the next day, flags of truce began to pass between the generals. At this time Lieutenant McEntire, in command, Captain Barner having been killed, had a section of artillery on our extreme left. The enemy brought up their guns and put them in position in Lieutenant McEntire's front, thus placing him in danger of capture or destruction. General Frazier gave no hope of relief. Lieutenant McEntire could stand the situation no longer, so he gave the command to open fire, pointing the first gun himself. His aim was so accurate that it came near dismounting one of the enemy's guns; so the Federals did not return the fire, but put their guns in a place of safety, for they were not ready to fight. General Frazier ordered Lieutenant McEntire under arrest, but this order was not executed. Instead, the next day, September 7, 1863, General Frazier surrendered, and Lieutenant McEntire, aided by three of his men, spiked his cannons and pushed them over the bluff.

This ended Lieutenant McEntire's military career. On September 7, 1863, being a Mason, he was permitted to return to his home in Atlanta, Ga. From Atlanta he went without escort to the officers' prison camp on Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, Ohio.

Lieutenant McEntire was a born soldier, manly in form, of vigorous health, and of such a firm nervous system that nothing could disturb his equilibrium. Very early in his training he developed a great aptitude for mastering military science and practice. He was by far the best-drilled man in the battalion. His morals were good; he never indulged in drinking or gambling; in fact, he had no camp vices. He was industrious and gave his whole time and attention to his duties as an officer.

After spending twenty-one months in prison, on June 12, 1865, Lieutenant McEntire was permitted to leave Johnson's Island. Returning to Atlanta, he collected the remnants of his scattered fortune and again became engaged in the wholesale grocery business. On November 23, 1865, he was married to Miss Missie Carmelar Burnett, of Clark County, Ga. Of this union four children were born: Mrs. Leslie Battle



W. R. McENTIRE.



Clark, of Dallas, Tex.; R. B. McEntire, of Colorado, Tex.; Emma Catherine McEntire (died in infancy); George Herbert McEntire, of Sterling City, Tex. He is survived by his wife, three children, five grandchildren, and a great-granddaughter.

From Atlanta he removed to Rome, Ga., in 1868, continuing in the wholesale grocery business, adding a large flour and grist mill to his enterprises. In 1873 he came to Texas, locating in Dallas, representing several large Eastern cotton spinners in the Western cotton market, which he practically controlled for several years. In 1880 he became interested in Western land and cattle, having purchased the "U" ranch in Tom Green County (now Sterling County), in which business he was actively engaged up to the time of his death. He also continued active in the banking business in Dallas, his last service being as director in the Security Bank.

Comrade McEntire was always vitally interested in the South, its possibilities and wonderful development. But as "old age crept on apace" he loved to dwell in retrospect on the Dixieland of his youth. Keeping in close touch with the members of his company led to a visit to Atlanta in 1898, when on July 22 he called the remnants of his command together, and seventeen again sat at dinner together after a separation of thirty-five years. This reunion led to a permanent reorganization of Company A known as the "Survivors' Association," which met annually up to 1918, the last trip the Lieutenant was able to make to his old home. It was also his custom to entertain the daughters of his war comrades each year with picnics and dinners. One summer he took five of the young ladies in a special car through the mountain regions of Virginia and Tennessee, giving them a month's vacation. One of the most valued possessions in the home is an oil painting of "The Flags of the Confederacy," presented by "Our Girls," as he and his wife affectionately termed them. In recognition of his faithful and enthusiastic interest and his untiring efforts to keep alive the spirit of the sixties, Lieutenant McEntire was on May 1, 1907, appointed a member of the staff of Maj. Gen. Andrew J. West, ranking as Lieutenant Colonel, assigned as Assistant Adjutant General of the Georgia Division, U. C. V.

On Tuesday morning, June 22, 1920, surrounded by the members of his family,

"He wandered into an unknown land  
And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be, since he lingers there."

Now wrapped in the folds of his beloved flag of the Confederacy he sleeps, sweetly sleeps, while

"Ten thousand angels on his slumbers wait  
With glorious visions of his future state."

Committee: W. B. Taylor, R. K. Willis, L. Hall.

The foregoing memorial was adopted by Sterling Price Camp, No. 31, U. C. V., July 11, 1920.

GEORGE W. BLAIR, *Adjutant*.

J. T. OLIVER.

J. T. Oliver, who died at his home, in Courtland, Miss., on July 21, 1920, was born and reared in that State. He was a member of the Batesville Camp, No. 1322, U. C. V. He united with the Hudson Battery at Batesville, Miss., in May, 1861, and served throughout the entire war, surrendering at Gainesville, Ala., with General Forrest in May, 1865. He was a good man and a brave soldier. He was eighty years old and is survived by his devoted wife.

CAPT. W. H. MORGAN.

On the 20th of August, 1920, Capt. W. H. Morgan, of Floyd, Va., passed into the great beyond. He was a native of Campbell County, Va., born August 28, 1836. He finished his education at Emory and Henry College, and in November, 1860, he was married to Miss Angeline Emory Cooke, at Mount Pleasant, Va.

When the War between the States came on he entered the Confederate army and served as captain of Company C, 11th Virginia Infantry, Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division, A. N. V. He fought bravely until the last year of the war, when he was captured and held a prisoner of war at Fort Delaware and later was one of the six hundred officers taken to Morris Island and placed under fire of the Confederate guns. In his book, "Personal Recollection of the War," he tells vividly of the horrors endured there. For its accuracy this book is especially prized as a reference book by the U. D. C. and similar organizations.

To the last Captain Morgan was unreconstructed and still loved his old flag. On the last Flag Day his Confederate flag, six feet long, floated over his office. He was not narrow in his views and helped in every worthy cause, being especially prominent in the World War work, and he was awarded a bronze button for his legal services in the selective draft system.

Captain Morgan removed to Floyd soon after the War between the States and began the practice of law, in which he was still actively engaged at the time of his death. He was a leading member of the Methodist Church there, which he had served as steward, and he had been superintendent of the Sunday school for forty-five years, missing only the two Sundays preceding his death. He had been converted on his nineteenth birthday and died in the full triumph of faith, with his children and grandchildren about him. He was laid to rest beside his wife, who had preceded him thirty-five years.

REV. L. B. JARMON.

Rev. L. B. Jarmon died on August 7, 1920, at his home, in Wartrace, Tenn., aged seventy-five years. He became a minister of the Missionary Baptist Church forty-two years ago. I knew him intimately for twenty-five years as a friend, neighbor, and pastor and can truly say that the world has not produced many men his equal. Most of his ministerial life was in the Duck River Association, and he was well known and loved by the host of Baptists in Middle Tennessee. Truly a great and good man in Israel has fallen. His life was an inspiration, and he will be missed in his community. He and his wife celebrated their golden wedding anniversary a short time before his death. Seven children survive him—three sons and four daughters.

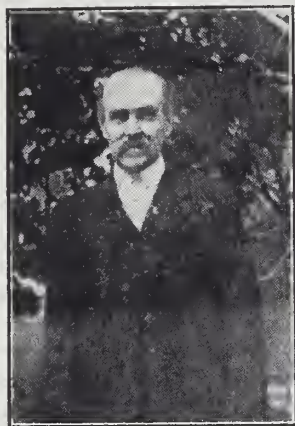
As a Confederate soldier L. B. Jarmon entered the army at the age of seventeen, and he was paroled at the end of the war. He enlisted in the 4th Tennessee Cavalry under Joe Wheeler, and his captain was J. M. Phillips, afterwards a Baptist preacher. He was wounded in the left kneecap and was sent to the hospital in Columbus, Ga., where he remained for some time. After being paroled he returned home, getting there safely by May 18, 1865. He was married to Miss Fannie McLean, of Midland, Rutherford County, 1870, and was a devoted husband and father.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

[J. O. Arnold.]

JAMES HAMILTON BEMISS.

James H. Bemiss, a veteran of the Confederacy, died in Birmingham, Ala., on December 30, 1919, from injuries received in an auto accident shortly before. He was born near Bloomfield, Nelson County, Ky., on June 5, 1842, the eldest son of William H. and Mary Bedford Bemiss. Early in 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate army, going out from Bloomfield with Capt. William Davis McKay's company. This company was sent to Memphis, Tenn., and temporarily attached to the 40th Tennessee Regiment, serving with that command until the fall of Memphis. They were captured at Island No. 10 and after six months in prison at Camp Douglas, Ill., were exchanged, and the company was placed with the 8th Kentucky Infantry, Colonel Lyon.



J. H. BEMISS.

Comrade Bemiss was elected lieutenant of the company at its organization, and shortly after it was placed with the 8th Kentucky he was made adjutant. His brigade (Lyon's) was mounted late in the summer of 1863 and placed with the intrepid Forrest. Young Bemiss did a good deal of staff duty in the latter part of the war, as his colonel, Shacklett, often commanded the brigade. He was badly wounded at Selma, Ala., Forrest's last great fight. As he was carrying an order to a certain part of the line late in the evening the whole line gave way before the overwhelming force of the enemy. It became a complete rout, and in getting out of this he was passing through the outskirts of the town when he was confronted by a Federal trooper and ordered to surrender. Concluding that he had an equal chance to win, he decided to fight it out; so with his pistol against the Federal's carbine matters soon came to a close, both falling from their horses. After dark both were taken into a house near by, the Federal soldier dying in a few minutes, and the war closed before Lieutenant Bemiss recovered from his wounds.

After the war he went to Rodney, Miss., and there passed through the days of Reconstruction, helping to redeem the State from carpetbag and negro rule. He married there, but, his wife dying in a few years, he removed to Bardstown, Ky., and became connected with a dry goods firm. In 1887 he married again and located in Birmingham, Ala., where he engaged in banking and other lines of business.

Since his younger days Comrade Bemiss had been a member of the Presbyterian Church. He was a true Christian and noble patriot. He was laid to rest with honors by Camp Hardee, U. C. V., of Birmingham, of which he was a member. His wife, two sons (one adopted), and a grandson survive him.

Thus has passed a noble character, a Christian gentleman, a brave Confederate soldier.

"And haply from the splendor of thy throne,  
Or haply from the echoes of thy psalm,  
Something may fall upon us like the calm  
To which thou shalt hereafter welcome us."

H. M. McAFEE.

Hamilton McClung McAfee, private in Company I, 3d Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's command, died quietly at his home, in Mercer County, Ky., on July 31, 1920. He was born on May 12, 1842, in a family well known in Kentucky history. His father was William H. McAfee and his mother Indiana McAfee. He was a direct descendant from one of the five McAfee brothers, who, with their mother, Jane McAfee, were among the first in 1776 to cross the Cumberland from Virginia to Kentucky and from the tangled mass of cane and dense forests of oak, which was then Kentucky, to carve a great State.

Hamilton McAfee answered the call to arms during the second year of the War between the States, joined Morgan's command, and remained with his beloved leader until his capture. He was very proud to relate that when the time came to cross the Ohio and start the now famous raid he was selected as one of the detail to precede the flying raiders and seize the ferryboat so that the command could cross later.

At the capture of General Morgan he was placed in Fort Douglas, at Chicago, where he remained until exchanged when Lee was defending Richmond. At the last surrender he walked from Virginia to Kentucky.

Something of the high ideals and sterling integrity of the Southern cause seemed to have been stamped upon the very souls of the men who fought for it. Hamilton McClung McAfee was no exception. His best eulogy may be pronounced in that he was a typical Confederate veteran.

[Vanarsdell, Ky.]

DR. JAMES R. SANFORD.

Dr. James R. Sanford, son of Robert W. and Frances D. Sanford, was born in Covington, Tenn., on May 24, 1836, and died in Covington on the 21st of June, 1920. In 1859 he was married to Miss Anne D. Tipton, who preceded him in death.

In 1861 Dr. Sanford volunteered in the Confederate army, and when the 51st Tennessee Infantry was formed he became its assistant surgeon and so continued until ill health compelled his discharge from the army. His health being restored, early in 1864 he joined Company I, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, and surrendered with that regiment at Gainesville, Ala., in 1865. For most of this time he was assistant surgeon of the 7th Regiment.

Dr. Sanford took his degree in medicine at Nashville when very young, and after practicing a while he took a post-graduate course in medicine at Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. It can be truthfully said that more than sixty years of his life were devoted to the service of humanity. For many years he was one of the surgeons of the Illinois Central Railroad, county health physician of Tipton County, a charter member of the Tri-State Medical Society, and for a full term served as its president.

Dr. Sanford was a man of quick and tender sympathy, broad and generous in his views, interested in all public enterprises, never shirking any duty in either war or peace; and no matter what the hardship, with him the call of the distressed woman or child never went unanswered. Advancing age and infirmities had caused him to retire from the practice of medicine, and yet his interest in public affairs continued unabated. He was one of the best-beloved men who ever lived in Tipton County. In early life he joined the Presbyterian Church and continued a member the remainder of his life—a humble, devout Christian.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*  
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga.....	<i>First Vice President General</i>	MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla.....	<i>Treasurer General</i>
MRS. GEORGE CUNNINGHAM, Little Rock, Ark.....	<i>Second Vice President General</i>	MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va.....	<i>Historian General</i>
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C.....	<i>Third Vice President General</i>	MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C.....	<i>Registrar General</i>
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C.....	<i>Recording Secretary General</i>	MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa.....	<i>Custodian of Crosses</i>
MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va.....	<i>Cor. Secretary General</i>	MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala.....	<i>Custodian Flags and Pennants</i>

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* The convention call and the credential blanks, sent to the Divisions by Mrs. Wright, should be in the hands of the Chapter officers when this letter reaches you. It is important to see that these papers have had proper attention. Remember the instructions to send one to your State President, one to Mrs. Herbert M. Franklin, Chairman of the Credentials Committee, Tennille, Ga., and keep the third for the delegate to present in person to the Credentials Committee upon arrival at Asheville. If by any chance the papers have not reached your Chapter, please notify your State President at once. The representation of your Chapter in convention depends upon the proper handling of these documents.

For your information and pleasure I am quoting the following from a letter recently received from Miss Elizabeth H. Hanna, Chairman of the Committee on Southern Literature and Indorsement of Books: "I am indorsing and hoping they will be widely read the following books: A short but must intimate biography of Dr. Crawford Williamson Long, of Athens, Ga., written by his friend and pupil, Dr. Joseph Jacobs, of Atlanta, Ga. Dr. Long was the discoverer of anæsthesia and through this a great benefactor of humanity. A very interesting biography of Joel Chandler Harris, written by Prof. Lemuel Wiggins. It is of value not only as a biography, but from a historical point of view, showing conditions in the South prior to 1860. 'Orations, Essays, and Sketches,' by Lucien Lamar Knight. Dr. Knight is State Historian of Georgia and one of the State's most distinguished literary men. I would like to call attention to Richardson's 'Defense of the South,' in two volumes. \* \* \* It was published in Atlanta, and any book dealer there can give information concerning it. 'The Sowing of Swords' is a remarkable story of the War between the States, all the incidents being located in and near New Orleans. The author, Mrs. E. A. Meriwether, died recently in St. Louis."

Miss Hanna will furnish any Chapter with information about books for libraries and schools and takes great interest in having the members of the U. D. C. consider this subject carefully.

*The Monument to Jefferson Davis at His Birthplace in Kentucky.*—Illinois and Kentucky are on the honor roll now, having sent to the Treasurer General the *per capita* contribution promised the veterans at Tampa. This fund should be finished by the time we meet in Asheville. Will you not put forth some effort to accomplish this?

Letters from the Divisions lead the President General to think the plan to finish the Hero Fund will meet with hearty support. To finish the Hero Fund will be a triumph, and I

congratulate Illinois on standing one hundred per cent plus for this fund.

*Southern Women in War Times.*—The book will be ready for distribution at Asheville, and I earnestly urge the delegates to come to the convention with instructions from their Chapters as to the number of volumes they will handle. There can be no more important duty than placing this, our memorial to the women of the sixties, in the homes, the schools, and the libraries all over the United States. Please do not fail to come with power to act on this important point, the distribution of our book.

*Memorial Hour.*—Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Chairman of the Memorial Committee, will have charge of the convention's memorial hour. All names of deceased members should be sent at once to Mrs. William E. R. Byrne, Corresponding Secretary General, 1422 Quarrier Street, Charleston, W. Va. To neglect this will mean the omission of the names of beloved members from the memorial pages in the minutes of the Asheville convention.

*The Credentials Committee.*—Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky found it necessary to resign as Chairman of the Credentials Committee, and the President General has been fortunate in securing the services of Mrs. Herbert M. Franklin, of Tennille, Ga., for this important post. Your coöperation and assistance are needed in this exacting work and will be of great benefit to the convention. The help most needed is to be given in the prompt handling of the credential blanks. See that all dues are paid, fill the blanks, mail them promptly, and by so doing assure the convention of a full representation and a complete report at the opening meeting, Wednesday, November the 10th.

*Transportation.*—Mrs. Bennett D. Bell, Chairman of the Transportation Committee, has not been able to secure rates at this time. If the railroads grant us this consideration, a letter of instruction will be sent to the Division Presidents for distribution to the Chapters. Mrs. Bell is putting forth every effort to secure rates and hopes to be able to announce results very soon.

The constructive work for us to accomplish is to finish some of the things we have on hand and push forward other enterprises necessarily held in the background. Fix the heart of our great organization on the completion of the pledge to the veterans for the monument to Jefferson Davis, the Hero Fund, and the book "Southern Women in War Times." Let these three leading responsibilities end with the Asheville meeting, and we will then be in position to give more earnest consideration to other important labors of love.

Cordially,

MAY M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

## THE HERO FUND.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR AUGUST, 1920.

Georgia Division: Adeline Baum Chapter, \$1; Quitman Chapter, \$10; Waynesboro Chapter, \$5.....\$ 16 00  
Previously reported ..... 2,714 36

Total .....\$2,730 36

MRS. J. T. BEAL, *Treasurer.*

## U. D. C. NOTES.

The following letter has been sent to the Presidents of Divisions by Miss Armida Moses, of Sumter, S. C., as Chairman of the Committee on Education, U. D. C.: "Please inquire if your Chairmen of Education have sent in your Division education reports, as October 1 was the date for them to be in the hands of the General Education Committee. If these reports, giving detailed information about the educational work of your Division, are not received at once, your record cannot be included in the education report at Asheville. It will be too late to hand in statistics after we reach the convention. Chapters where there are no Divisions are also requested to send in reports promptly."

Another important letter has gone out from Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, Corresponding Secretary General, Charleston, W. Va., to the Division Presidents in the following:

"My Dear Madam President: In order to expedite the printing of the minutes of the Asheville convention that they may be in the hands of the Divisions at the earliest possible date after the convention, Mrs. R. D. Wright, Recording Secretary General, is, with the consent of the President General and encouragement of Miss Poppenheim, former President General, and Mrs. Merchant, former Recording Secretary General, now doing much of her detail work. The delay in the printing of the Tampa minutes was largely due to improperly prepared rosters.

"Will you not assist us in this great work? I should like to have in my hands the roster of each Division by November 1 at the latest. They should be compiled by the Division Recording Secretary, who will send them to the Division President, who in turn will forward them to the Corresponding Secretary General. They should be typewritten on one side only of the paper.

"May I count on you to see that the roster for your Division and its several Chapters reaches me not later than November 1?"

## DIVISION NOTES.

*Florida.*—Mrs. Frank D. Tracy, Florida Director for the Jefferson Davis Memorial, reports Florida's quota completed. This is the first State to accomplish this. Florida has also completed the endowment of the Florida Room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, the fourth State to complete the endowment of \$2,000.

*Kentucky.*—Mrs. George T. Fuller, Chairman of Camp Beauregard Monument Committee, reports that the handsome boulder marking the camp site is in place and will be unveiled at an early date in October. Camp Beauregard was a training camp and suffered severely from an epidemic of measles one cold winter. Many brave young soldiers were buried here near the station at Water Valley. This memorial can be seen from the main line of the Illinois Central Rail-

road. The inscription on the boulder, prepared by General Boothe, of Louisiana, reads:

"In memory of the loyal men who died here September, 1861, to March, 1862, for the Confederate States of America and were thus denied the glory of heroic service in battle.

"Erected by the Kentucky Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Beauregard Memorial Association of Louisiana."

The Cynthia Chapter is busy with plans for the coming Division convention, which meets there September 22 and 23.

The Frankfort Chapter has just held a picture-show benefit for the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley, and \$81 was realized. Recently this Chapter sent a box of linens to the Home valued at \$150.

The Bardstown Chapter leads in number of new members received this year.

At the State convention next month the historical evening promises to be one of greatest interest. There will be two good speakers, Capt. W. J. Stone, Commissioner of Confederate Pensions for Kentucky, and Matthew Page Andrews, of Baltimore. Mr. Andrews's school history was indorsed by the Kentucky Division at one of their recent conventions.

*North Carolina.*—Cape Fear Chapter, of Wilmington, reports a prosperous year, with all obligations met. On January 19 they gave a bountiful "old-time" Southern dinner to the veterans of Cape Fear Camp, U. C. V., and on May 10 observed Memorial Day, assisted by Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and Children of the Confederacy, and on June 3, birthday of President Davis, had memorial and devotional exercises. One of the most important works undertaken by this Chapter is compiling the records of the men of New Hanover County of Confederate lineage who served in the World War. Many of them served in the famous 30th Division under the command of Col. John Van B. Metts, of Wilmington, son of Gen. James I. Metts, of Confederate fame, and who is now Commander of the North Carolina Division, U. C. V.

The saddest duty the Chapter has had to perform was laying at rest in lovely Oakdale the "beloved mother" of the North Carolina Division, Mrs. William M. Parsley. Mrs. Parsley organized the first Chapters of the U. D. C. in North Carolina, some of them being among the very first U. D. C. Chapters formed anywhere. Then she organized the North Carolina Division and was its official head for twelve years. Her gentle, refined womanhood was ever an inspiration, and she had the love and admiration of every Daughter and every veteran in the State, for she did much for the good and pleasure of all of them. She was devoted to the South and to the Confederate veterans in memory of her young hero husband who was a Confederate soldier.

*Washington.*—Dixie Chapter, of Tacoma, held an impressive ceremony in Wright Park commemorating Flag Day, June 14, when there was presented to the park board a marker for the historic little tree brought to Tacoma in 1913 from Gettysburg and planted in the park. J. C. Weathered, Commander of Pickett Camp, U. C. V., delivered the address of welcome, and J. C. Greenwell, of Seattle, made the principal address, emphasizing the fact that the New South can never be separated from the Old South, even though conditions there are changed from the old days. L. T. Alford told how he found the historic Virginia juniper tree on the ground where the memorable battle of Gettysburg was fought, on the very spot where Pickett formed for his famous charge. The tree was not more than ten inches in height when planted



in the park, but, thriving in Washington soil, it is now nearly five feet tall.

The inscription on the marker reads: "Juniperus Virginianus, from the spot where Pickett's men formed to charge at Gettysburg. Taken during the peace reunion, fiftieth anniversary, July 3, 1913, and brought to Dixie Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, by Confederate Veteran L. T. Alford. Planted May 30, 1914."

The marker is a large granite boulder, and the inscription is engraved on a bronze tablet imbedded in the stone. The cost of the work was \$225, and the Dixie Chapter is naturally much pleased with its patriotic work.

#### A NOTABLE BOOK.

One of the notable books of the year and of interest to all the South, "Representative Women of the South," by Mrs. Bryan W. Collier, of College Park, Ga., is in press and will be ready for delivery October 1. The book deals with Southern women, both the Memorial Association and the Daughters of the Confederacy, from 1861 to 1920, and will have one hundred and fifty illustrations of distinguished women, with a page devoted to the Arlington monument and pictures of the beautiful Shiloh monument, both erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy at great expense of time, thought, and money. Every State where there is a Chapter of the two Southern organizations is represented in this compilation of its most notable Southern women.

The introduction was written by Dr. Lucian Lamar Knight, State Historian of Georgia, who is a brilliant author.

An interesting feature of the book will be pictures and sketches of mothers and daughters, and there will be pictures of the Children of the Confederacy and a sketch of their work. There will be many other delightful features, and the book will indeed be a treasure of history, a valuable addition to any library.

Later on Mrs. Collier expects to use some of the most interesting subjects of the book for a lecture, with which will be shown pictures of these representative women of the South.

Mrs. Collier herself is a writer and student of Southern history, the official biographer of the C. S. M. A. She is a member of the distinguished family of Wootten and Hendrix and is well qualified for the work she has undertaken. A second volume is being prepared.

#### SOUTHERN WOMEN IN WAR TIMES.

Matthew Page Andrews, editor of the book "Southern Women in War Times," writes that the impression has gotten abroad that the Daughters of the Confederacy are limited in their purchase on the first edition, but, on the contrary, any Daughter, or any one else, may purchase as many as desired prior to publication or thereafter. Of course when the

first edition is exhausted orders will then be filled from the second edition.

Advance subscriptions for this book will be taken up to November 8 anyway at \$2 the copy, cash with order. Orders should be sent to Mr. Andrews at 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, and check made payable to "The S. W. Publication Committee" for the number of copies wanted.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

#### U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER, 1920.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES, BIOGRAPHIES, AND REMINISCENCES BY  
SOLDIERS, STATESMEN, AND SAILORS.

Compile a list of those which are most accurate and most likely to interest young people and use your best efforts to have these books placed in school and public libraries. Read selections from some of these authors at your Chapter meeting in November.

#### C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER, 1920.

AUDUBON, THE NATURE LOVER.

When and where was he born? Give incidents of his life and describe his greatest work.

Study the birds in your own vicinity and protect them for their value to the farmer as well as for their own sake.

#### PASSED ON.

[The following beautiful poem by Margaret E. Sangster was written for the Army and Navy Club of America as a tribute to the American officers who died in the World War. The Club plans to establish in New York City a \$3,000,000 clubhouse as a memorial to these officers.]

They are not dead, not really; they are living,  
Leading their columns as they led before,  
Leading their comrades up to heaven's door.  
They are not dead, not they!

Why, they are giving  
Strength as they gave it on the battle line,  
Courage to do the hardest task, and fine  
Manhood to meet the test. \* \* \*

They were our best—  
They and the ones they led into the fight.  
They were the ones who challenged terror's night,  
They were the men who won at last to rest. \* \* \*

They are not dead, not really; they are striving,  
Just as they did on earth, across the way;  
And we must show them that we are reviving  
Visions of all they suffered—yesterday.  
We who are left must keep their spirit glowing,  
We who are left must keep their memory clear,  
We who are left must feel that they are knowing,  
We who are left must feel that they can hear.



MRS. B. W. COLLIER.

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*  
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
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MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*  
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MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*  
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.  
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



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TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer  
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

## A FOREWORD FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The Houston Convention will have passed into history when this communication reaches you, and a new year of opportunity and endeavor lies before our Memorial women.

Shall we not measure up to the duties of the hour in our loyalty to our mothers, who in passing committed this work into our hands, and to our beloved veteran fathers, who wrote into the world's history achievements in heroism never surpassed. The call comes to us in the planning for our new work that we fail not to answer "Here" to the roll call of Memorial Associations. Keep your Memorial Day a sacred trust. Would that it could be said of every Association as of some of the older ones—Columbus, Atlanta, Mobile, and New Orleans—that since 1865 no Memorial Day has passed without the beautiful, sacred custom which the Memorial women started of honoring our heroes by loving tributes and keeping green the mounds that mark their last resting places.

This is your birthright. Guard it sacredly and pass it on to your Junior Memorial Associations.

The wonderful story of honoring our Confederate mothers with the gold bar of honor will be fully given at a later date; but you must know that nearly twoscore have been gladdened and the dusk of their evening of life brightened for these dear women, all of whom are near the century mark, a few of them having passed it.

Let the good work go on until every living Confederate mother shall have the honor accorded her. The coöperation of the Daughters of the Confederacy has been most cordial and enthusiastic, and to them we are deeply grateful for every kindly assistance.

Wishing for each of you the happiest and most successful year's work, faithfully yours, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson,  
*President General C. S. M. A.*

## ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY MRS. LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

The twenty-first annual convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association has been held, and certainly Houston, Tex., had its latchstring on the outside and its hands held out in happy greeting to the thousands of visitors who thronged the town during the big reunion.

Every one was glad to welcome Gen. Nathan B. Forrest back to the work he has so faithfully and capably done as General Secretary in the past; and the presence of the Memorial women in the city was a joy and an inspiration to those who have known too little about the sacred fires that have been kept burning in the hearts of these devoted women

for over half a century, fires that should never die or grow less warm and bright.

During the President Generalship of Mrs. A. McD. Wilson the work of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association has widened and deepened and taken on new impetus. New Memorial Associations have been organized, new Junior Memorial Associations have been formed, and the beautiful tribute paid to the noble women who bore the burdens and sorrows of the war with the States has become one of the sweet sentiments of the Southern women who have traditions and sentiments fresh in their hearts and the hearts of their children.

Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, the newly appointed Corresponding Secretary General of the C. S. M. A., was instrumental in organizing the Houston Memorial Association, which adds but another Association to the credit of Mrs. Wilson's régime. Mrs. Collier not only has been an enthusiastic new officer general, but has compiled a book of distinguished Confederate women that is going to place her high in the ranks of Southern historians. The first volume, which contains one hundred portrait sketches, will be followed immediately with a second volume, which will have another one hundred women representing the old aristocracy of the South, and still later a book devoted to the heroic deeds of the distinguished Confederate men will be brought out by Mrs. Collier.

There are interesting Memorial Associations all over the country, in and out of the South, and one at Mobile has the distinction of never having missed a single Memorial Day observance. This Memorial Association has Mrs. Electra Semmes Colston as its Honorary President, and it is a live and vigorous body of lovely women who pay tribute annually to the heroes of the sixties.

The Junior Memorial Association, organized by Mrs. William A. Wright, President of the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association, has a splendid membership, with Miss Willic Fort Williams as its President. This Association was well represented at the reunion by Mrs. Wright and Miss Williams. The Junior Memorial Association has a line of study mapped out for the year and an increasing membership.

Since making the last report the Confederate mothers have grown to thirty-eight in number. Mrs. Wilson, the President General of the C. S. M. A., has presented at her own expense a gold bar of honor to each proved Confederate mother. In many instances there have been very elaborate ceremonies attending the presentation, and on one occasion there were three hundred people present to witness the solemn and impressive ceremony. With some of the presentations were a special program of music, prayer, and an address, and, in



addition to the bar of honor, the recipient of this treasured gift has been given flowers. In places where there were no Memorial Associations the Daughters of the Confederacy have taken the program in hand and given the bar of honor, for Mrs. Wilson was not able at all times to be present at the ceremony.

New names that have been added to the roll of honor of Confederate mothers are: Mrs. Callie Smith, of Baldwin, Miss.; Mrs. Harriet A. Durant, of Bishopville, S. C.; Mrs. Tabitha B. Jones, of Thomson, Ga.; Mrs. Alzar Foster, of Pickens, S. C.; Mrs. Elizabeth Robinson, of Naylor, Ga.; Mrs. Esther Hargrove, of Greenville, S. C.; Mrs. Nancy Hendley, of Eastman, Ga.

#### A WOMAN OF THE SOUTH.

BEAUTIFUL AND BRAVE.

Martha Hampton was born in Quincy, Fla., and grew to womanhood amid orange groves and magnolias, inheriting the grace and nobility of character bequeathed by her ancestry. She was engaged to be married when the war came on in 1861, and her fiancé answered the first bugle call to defend the South. Hearing that he was wounded and ill in a hospital, she prevailed on her mother to take her to see him and then to sanction their marriage, and she brought him to her home and nursed him until he died.

Many brave and daring deeds were accomplished for the Confederacy by this beautiful young woman, befitting her well to be the wife later of the gallant Gen. C. C. Crews, who captured Colonel Stoneman in the vicinity of Atlanta and who had served the Confederacy as surgeon and physician. They removed to the West for the benefit of her health, and in the country about Hillsboro,



MRS. MARTHA HAMPTON CREWS.

N. Mex., these brave souls administered to the physical and religious life of the people of that arid country. At one time the hostile Indians threatened to attack their home, when she started to the fort with a tiny baby in her arms and leading another little one, while the larger children scampered along. With arrows whizzing by at every step, she at last reached the fort, falling exhausted across the threshold, with her children all safe. When revived she asked if her hair was white, and on being told it was not she said, "Well, it will never be white," and it never was.

In that country the General died of smallpox, leaving his wife with six small children; but her brave spirit never faltered, and under her efficient management the cattle ranch and business interests were developed successfully until her sons grew to manhood. Of late years she had made her home in El Paso with two of her sons in business there. She was visiting a daughter in Wichita, Kans., when the summons came for her to enter on that higher life; and on an April

Sunday she was laid to rest in El Paso, lamented by all who had come under her magnetic influence. Wade Hampton Chapter, No. 1658, U. D. C., of El Paso, mourns the loss of this friend and honorary member, who had been a tireless worker in the organization and whose love for the Southern Confederacy had never wavered.

#### A SOUTHERN HERO.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE, ATLANTA, GA.

A noble youth, of noble race,  
Endowed with manhood's matchless grace,  
Of form and face, of heart and mind,  
With strong young hands, both free and kind.  
The seed he sowed along life's way  
With fond intent each golden day  
Would blossom from the fragrant sod,  
Touched by the gentle hand of God.

He knew no guile, he knew no wrong;  
His life was like a joyous song,  
And where he walked the ghosts of gloom  
Would fade into the voiceless tomb.  
He was a boy, a man, a flame  
By which the world could read love's name,  
And with his beacon light held high  
He passed with angels to the sky.

O noble youth, of noble race,  
Ye who would fill earth's boundless space  
Through all the unknown years to be,  
*Keep him a sacred memory!*  
For he was young, and he was true,  
With great heart reaching out to you.  
Remember him as love's white light—  
He fought for what he knew was right.

#### ALL THE FAMILY IN THE SERVICE.

Col. John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., is proud to report his family's record in the late great war. He writes:

"You were kind enough to publish the war records of my ancestors in the March number, and I would be glad if you would do the same for my grandfathers' descendants who took part in the late struggle. The grandsons of Col. W. H. Stiles, C. S. A., were, in race horse parlance, 'aged' and of course were out of the running; but of his great-grandsons W. H. Stiles was a lieutenant commander in the navy; John C. Stiles, first lieutenant of engineers; Hugh G. Stiles, first lieutenant of cavalry; Robert M. Stiles, second lieutenant quartermaster department, and Joseph M. Stiles, student training corps, were brothers.

"His other great-grandsons were Charles F. Mills, second lieutenant air service, and Second Lieut. Haemish Guthrie, of the British army.

"My maternal grandfather had only two descendants who were of fighting age, Second Lieut. James H. Couper, quartermaster department, and Second Lieutenant Mills, the latter being a great-grandson of Colonel Stiles also; so in this last great war we had the same percentage as we had in the sixties, and that is one hundred. This is very much like 'Blowing my own horn'; but, as our late-day soldiers say, 'I'll tell the world' that I am very glad indeed to be able to do so."

## SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1919-20.

Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest  
Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton  
Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.  
[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]

### CONFEDERATION NEWS.

In order to assist the General Committee in the work of the Reunion, Commander in Chief N. B. Forrest will remain in Houston for several weeks.

\* \* \*

Adjutant in Chief Carl Hinton is now in Texas. He is making a tour of the State for the purpose of organizing new Camps and arousing interest in the work of the organization.

\* \* \*

Mr. Harding told some members of the Grand Army of the Republic: "If I am elected, there will never be a surrender of that which you have handed down to the generation of to-day." There now! Those who are still fighting the War between the States had as well surrender.

\* \* \*

Commander J. H. Leslie announces the appointment of Miss Margaret Lewis, of Culpeper, Va., Miss Sallie Fletcher, of Warrenton, Va., Miss McNeil, of Harrisburg, Va., and Miss Blanche Leavell, of Culpeper, Va., as maids of honor to represent the 4th Virginia Brigade at the Houston Reunion. Mrs. Charles Fred will serve as chaperon.

\* \* \*

The annual meeting and picnic of the Black-Horse Camp, S. C. V., of Watertown, Va., was held at the home of Mrs. R. C. Murphy on September 10. Commander J. Edward Beale presided. Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Historian in Chief, made the principal address.

\* \* \*

R. O. Eddins, a Confederate veteran of Somerset, Orange County, Va., goes to the head of the honor roll for the first complete list from his county of Confederate veterans surviving. An effort is being made to enroll all survivors and to determine who, if any, may need assistance and where. Orange County has twenty-four survivors.

\* \* \*

Elgin H. Blalock, formerly of Texas, a senior in Georgetown University Law School, was elected Commandant of Washington Camp, No. 305, at the annual election of officers held on September 14. Other officers elected were: A. D. Deason, Jr., First Lieutenant; Hugh Brewster, Second Lieutenant; Jesse Anthony, Jr., Adjutant; Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett, Surgeon; W. L. Wilkerson, Quartermaster; W. D. Upshaw, Chaplain; F. F. Conway, Treasurer; F. R. Fravel, Color Bearer; Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Historian. Five applicants were admitted to membership: Arthur H. Jennings, Wesley H. Morris, Rufus W. Pearson, Deward C. Williams, and Wade H. Allison.

\* \* \*

At the recent State reunion held at Culpeper, Va., R. Johnson Neely, of Portsmouth, Va., was elected Division Commander. The other officers elected were: Dr. R. B. Davis, Commander of First Brigade; W. A. Pardue, Commander of Second Brigade; T. W. Spindle, Commander of Third

Brigade; J. H. Leslie, Commander of Fourth Brigade; W. H. Lewis, Commander of Fifth Brigade. The report of the Division Commander showed eleven Camps in good standing. A resolution was adopted approving the plan to purchase the Manassas battle field and convert it into a national memorial park.

\* \* \*

Albert Sidney Parry, Division Commander of the District of Columbia, has made the following appointments for the Houston Reunion: Miss Grace Roper, sponsor; Miss Marion Upshaw, maid of honor; Mrs. Harry F. Cary, matron of honor; Mrs. William I. Denning, chaperon. The staff of officers are: Harry F. Cary, Adjutant; Jesse Anthony, Jr., Judge Advocate; Dr. J. H. Digges, Surgeon; Lieut. Col. William M. Connor, Jr., Quartermaster; Claude N. Bennett, Inspector; W. L. Wilkerson, Commissary; Hugh Brewster, Historian; Rev. Andrew R. Bird, Chaplain.

\* \* \*

Memorials to Gens. Stephens Dodson Ramseur and James Johnston Pettigrew, both North Carolinians, were recently unveiled near Winchester, Va., at the places where they died. Many Southerners, principally North Carolinians, attended the exercises. The memorial to General Ramseur, which marks the Belle Grove house, where the General died on October 20, 1864, was dedicated on the afternoon of September 16. The memorial to General Pettigrew, which marks the Boyd house, where he died on July 17, 1863, was dedicated on the morning of September 17. The two memorials consist of granite columns, the gift of the late Col. P. H. Mayo, of Richmond, Va.

\* \* \*

Clarence Wharton was recently elected Commander of the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, S. C. V., of Houston, Tex. The Camp membership is now about five hundred. The Camp is making a campaign for a thousand members before the week of the great gathering of the Confederacy there October 5-8. The Camp will have charge of all the brilliant social affairs given during the Reunion—the ball for the United Confederate Veterans, the ball of the Sons of Veterans, and sundry receptions and levees of the week. The committee in charge of the social affairs are Judge J. W. Lewis, Judge Chester H. Bryan, and Norman Kittrell, Jr.

\* \* \*

Under the initiative of Mrs. Westwood Hutchinson, President of Manassas Chapter, U. D. C., an option for the purchase of the Henry farm and battle museum at \$25,000 is now in the hands of trustees. These trustees will offer the option and all rights to the Veterans, Sons, and Daughters at their next Reunion and recommend a corporation under the Virginia laws, the directors of which will take over and manage that historical battle field as a museum and gift of the South to American history. There comes with the farm a large and valuable museum of battle relics. The trustees will suggest that when permanent organization is effected each Southern State shall be represented on the board of directors, including Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri. It is hoped the enterprise will interest the entire South and that permanent monuments marking the most important spots will be erected. If that is not done very soon, some of the most thrilling and inspiring incidents of that battle will pass into oblivion. Let the South build at least one great monumental memorial park, and this is within easy reach of Washington and when known will be seen by thousands each year.



## CROSSING THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

(Continued from page 379.)

thousand men, requiring two days and nights to cross, did not lose a man sounds almost incredible.

Notwithstanding fifty-six long years have passed since that dreadful night, and notwithstanding I have passed my allotted threescore and ten, being now seventy-six years old, yet the incidents of that night are as indelibly imprinted on my mind as if they were but yesterday.

I cannot conclude this short article without giving utterance to a few felicitous thoughts regarding the dear old VETERAN. Since the day of its birth I have perused its pages with a pleasure and happiness that have been a benign benediction to me in my declining years. I fully realize that I must soon answer the "last roll call" and be numbered among the great host of Confederate veterans who have "passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees." Till then, O faithful VETERAN, I shall watch for thy monthly visits to cheer and comfort me till the end.

## GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

In celebrating the Lee anniversary, January 19, the Lee-Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., of Chickasha, Okla., made that also the occasion for honoring four Confederate veterans and their wives who had been married fifty years. These veterans are members of Joe Shelby Camp, U. C. V., and two of them were completing the fiftieth year of married life; one reached that anniversary in 1916, and the other would celebrate his in August, 1920. This joint celebration was most enjoyable. The four couples marched in to the strains of the wedding march and were remarried. The granddaughter of one couple sang the old sweet song, "Silver Threads among the Gold," and the entertainment was concluded with the serving of refreshments.

A little personal reference will be appropriate in this connection.

W. S. Kilgore is a native Georgian and served in Company B, 9th Georgia Regiment, volunteering in June, 1861; he was captured at Tunnel Hill, Ga., in February, 1865. He was married to Miss Tallulah Moore on January 11, 1870, and ten children were born to them, six boys and four girls, all living, and there are thirteen grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.



AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

Residents of Chickasha, Okla., celebrating their golden wedding anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Kilgore, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Owsley, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Hulen.

John W. Harris is a Tennessean, born November 24, 1848. He ran away from home in 1863 and joined the army at Jackson and served with the 20th Tennessee Regiment, Bell's Brigade, Buford's Division, Forrest's Cavalry. He was on courier duty most of the time, but took part in the battle of Harrisburg and a number of skirmishes. In January, 1870, he married Miss Susan Corilla Wall, and they had three children, but none are living.

James Robert Owsley was born in Alabama, but his parents removed to Arkansas when he was only seven years old; so his Confederate service was with the troops of that State, Company B, 15th Arkansas Infantry, later consolidated with the 19th. He was married in 1866 to Miss Jane Antoinette Furlow, and of their eight children three sons and three daughters are living.

Harvey Hulen was born in Missouri, and he entered the Confederate service in June, 1862, as a member of the Purcell Scouts, which command was with Porter in North Missouri; he was never wounded, captured, or surrendered. He was married August 12, 1870, to Miss Frances Mortar, and they had seven children, four sons and two daughters now living; one son was killed in the border trouble during 1915.

These are records of which to be proud, all having been gallant Confederate soldiers, exemplary citizens, and worthy parents.

RECORD CAN'T BE BEATEN.—F. F. Collins writes from San Antonio, Tex.: "We have belonging to our Confederate Camp of this city one E. B. Dennis and his good wife. They were married in Missouri in 1854, and came to Texas on their honeymoon in a two-horse wagon, camping out every night. They have thirteen children, sixty-seven grandchildren, one hundred and seventeen great-grandchildren, and four great-great-grandchildren. These old people are in good health, he at the age of eighty-eight, and she eighty-three. If any one can report a better record than this, I would like to know of it. I am in my seventy-sixth year and served four years in the Confederate army."

A VIGOROUS CAMP.—Commander W. L. Glenn, of Hernando, Miss., writes: "We are happy to report that there have been no deaths in our De Soto Camp, No. 220, since August, 1919. Notwithstanding the heavy death toll of late years, we still have forty-three active members. Our county reunion is held annually at Lake View, where we have plenty of fish and hot coffee and a general love feast. The combined ages of five of our oldest members is four hundred and twenty-five years. I am one of the octogenarians."

H. M. Saunders, of Hampton, Va., sends two subscriptions with his renewal and writes: "I never tire of reading about the cause of the Confederacy and want my children to be surrounded with correct records, so that in the years to come they can defend the cause for which their grandfather fought."

## SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds or mortgages are issued by the company.



# NUXATED



**For  
Red  
Blood,  
Strength  
And  
Endurance**

Mrs. W. H. Edmunds, of Glasgow, Ky., wishes to get information of the services of her husband as a Confederate soldier and asks that any surviving comrades who remember him will kindly write to her. William Henry Edmunds was at Augusta College and enlisted in Georgia and first served as provision master for Hardee's Corps and was later in that capacity with the 1st Kentucky Brigade.

Mrs. Mary Rainwater, of Liberty, Ala., Route No. 1, wishes to get in communication with some comrades of her husband, John D. Rainwater, who can testify to his service as a Confederate soldier. She thinks he enlisted from Cherokee County, Ga., and was discharged at Kingston, Ga. He served in Graham's Battalion under Captain Lumpus.

## Don't Wear a Truss



**BROOKS' APPLIANCE**, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day.

C. E. Brooks, 239C State St., Marshall, Mich.

### AIR PASSENGER SERVICE.

Great Britain has celebrated the closing of her first year of passenger service by airplanes. There were 38,954 flights and a total of 70,000 passengers carried during the year, with but one fatal accident, which is a wonderful record and one for which the world can congratulate her. Maj. Gen. Sir F. H. Sykes, Comptroller General of Civil Aviation, says: "We have conquered the air, and our immediate task is to exploit our victory in the interest of commercial development."

The number of miles flown was 734,200 for the first year, and the goods carried totaled 116,498 pounds. Up to the end of March more than 200,000 pounds sterling worth of imports and exports were carried by air between the United Kingdom and the Continent. During the first year of civil flying in England a total of 114 aerodromes were licensed and 619 machines were registered.—*Selected.*

### WHOSE TIME?

An American Red Cross officer, who served in the Italian campaign with the American army, reached his home in Mississippi last summer while the daylight-saving law was in effect. He found one of the old negroes of the town doing a hacking business with an automobile. The major immediately engaged him for a ride every day. To begin with, he took a drive of twenty miles to view the scenes of his boyhood.

"Now, Uncle Jack," he said, "be back here at four o'clock, and we'll go out again. But be sure to be on time."

"Yas, suh, I'll sho be there."

The old dorky started off and then stopped his car.

"You remember the hour, don't you?" asked the major.

"Yas, suh, I know you said fo' o'clock. But look here, boss, does you mean fo' o'clock by God's time or President Wilson's time?"

Hancock Taylor, of Louisville, Ky. (206 *Courier-Journal* Building), would like to hear from any surviving comrades of the war. He enlisted at Helena, Ark., his company being the "Yell Rifles," P. H. Cleburne commanding. He thinks all those comrades have passed over, as well as the members of the party with whom he left Abingdon, Va., in March, 1864, for the Mississippi River. Write to him.

## Deafness

**For All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!**



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

### Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page Book on Deafness—giving you full particulars. **WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,** Incorporated 111 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.



### DISASTER RELIEF BY RED CROSS.

During the thirty-nine years since the American Red Cross was organized it has given relief in 250 cases of disaster relief and directed the expenditure of more than \$13,000,000.

During the year ending June 30, 1920, there was an average of four great disasters a month in the United States.

One hundred and fifty communities spread over twenty-seven States were given relief. In these calamities 850 people were killed, 1,500 were injured, 13,000 families were made dependent, and property to the value of \$1,000,000,000 was destroyed.

In that period to disaster sufferers in the United States the American Red Cross sent \$120,000 worth of supplies, 110 Red Cross nurses, and seven special trains. It set up ten relief stations, operated thirty food canteens and twenty-eight emergency hospitals. One hundred and twenty-five different Red Cross Chapters took part in this relief work.

In the midst of the war, when the greatest demands were being made upon the American Red Cross, its organization for disaster relief was so efficient that it was able to take care of several great disasters and oversee the disbursing of more than \$8,000,000.



# Confederate History

SO MANY BOOKS ARE GETTING OUT OF PRINT AND OTHERS ARE BEING ADVANCED IN PRICE TO KEEP UP WITH THE INCREASED COST OF LABOR AND MATERIAL, THAT THOSE WHO CONTEMPLATE ADDING TO THEIR COLLECTIONS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY WILL DO WELL TO CONSIDER THE FOLLOWING LIST AND ORDER WHAT THEY NEED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. SOME HAVE ADVANCED WITHIN A MONTH:

Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Davis. Two volumes. Half calf. Only one set .....	\$10 00
History of the Confederate Navy. Scharf.....	3 50
Stonewall Jackson. By Col. G. F. R. Henderson. Two volumes.....	6 00
Life of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Dr. Henry E. Shepherd.....	3 50
Reminiscences of the Civil War. By Gen. John B. Gordon.....	3 00
Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General. By Dr. W. M. Polk.....	4 00
Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest. By Dr. John A. Wyeth.....	4 00
Two Wars: An Autobiography. By Gen. S. G. French.....	2 20
Johnston's Narrative. Half morocco.....	3 00
Cleburne and His Command. Buck.....	5 00
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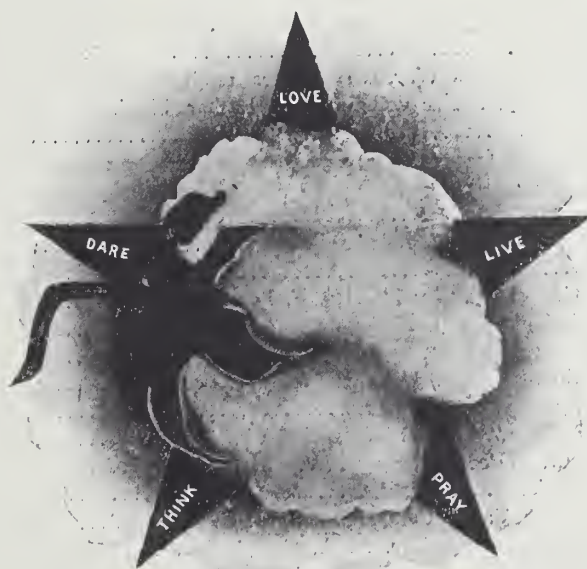
**The Confederate Veteran**  
NASHVILLE, TENN.

# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1920

NO. 11



## THE STAR OF HIGH ENDEAVOR

Twenty-Seventh Annual Convention of the United  
Daughters of the Confederacy, Asheville,  
N. C., November 9-13, 1920



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Illustration of a flag.

Loel L. McPherson, of Spring City, Tenn., would like to get the address of a member of Company I, 11th Texas Cavalry, with which he served. The company was made up at Mount Pleasant, Titus County, Tex.

Col. Hobart Aisquith, of Baltimore, Md., wishes to get in communication with some member of the 13th Georgia Regiment. He was in temporary command of that regiment in the battle of

Bunker Hill, above Winchester, Va., in 1864, and got them out of a rather perilous situation. Survivors of the regiment are asked to write to him at 651 West Lexington Street, Baltimore.

Mrs. J. W. Bunting, of Amarillo, Tex. (1619 Pierce Street), wishes to secure a copy of "Hilt to Hilt," by John Esten Cooke, which is now out of print. Any patron having a copy for sale will kindly write to her.

#### SOME OLD WAR BOOKS.

In a collection of old books placed with the VETERAN for sale there are several works in sets, one of each, which are offered at much less than the original cost. These sets are as follows:

The Century War Book, four volumes, half Morocco, good second-hand condition .....	\$ 7 50
Messages and Papers of the Confederacy, two volumes, half leather, good condition .....	5 00
Photographic History of the Civil War, ten volumes, cloth, almost new....	20 00
Confederate Military History, twelve volumes, half leather, binding slightly injured .....	15 00

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## FORESTS IN RUSSIA GROWN LIKE CROPS.

Russia, with thousands of square miles of forests and trillions of board feet of timber, conserves her trees. Around Kieff, for instance, forests of red pine are grown like crops, and every year trees are planted to replace those cut down. These tracts of forest land have always belonged to the State.

Contrast the above with a statement which recently appeared in an editorial in the *Editor and Publisher* to the effect that in America we are taking 26,000,000,000 cubic feet of material out of our forests every year and growing less than a fourth as much in their place.

The original forests of the United States, according to Department of Agriculture estimates, covered 822,000,000 acres and contained 5,200,000,000 board feet of timber. Over two-thirds of this area has been culled, cut-over, or burned, and three-fifths of the timber originally in the United States gone. Our timber wastage by preventable fires alone is \$28,000,000 a year.

America, long asleep, is beginning to awake to the needs of reforestation.

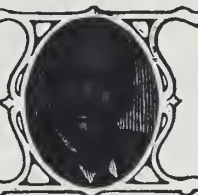
# Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

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## OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS.

VOL. XXVIII. NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1920.

No. 11.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
FOUNDER.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATE INCREASED.

Beginning with November, the subscription rate of the VETERAN will be \$1.50 per year; single copy, 15 cents.

The VETERAN management feels encouraged by the way the proposed increase in subscription has been received, many patrons renewing at the new rate before it went into effect, while some friends have insisted on paying two dollars for one year. And now if all other patrons will be prompt in sending their renewals as due this financial need will be easily met. The increase is too little to be felt by the individual subscriber, and no interested patron will feel that he can withdraw his support on that account.

A letter just received from Rev. John A. Thompson, of Dothan, Ala., expresses such high appreciation of the work that had been done by the VETERAN through the past years that it is a stimulus to renewed effort to make the publication of greater force in the years to come. Inclosing his check for three dollars, he writes: "I am in my eightieth year and am a superannuate Methodist preacher, which spells very few dollars. As poor as I am I would cheerfully pay twenty-five dollars annually rather than the VETERAN should cease. The work it has done in behalf of the South and the old boys still on this side is immeasurable. The great and good man who gave many of the best years of his life to the VETERAN deserves the lasting gratitude of every one who loves the South. Peace to him! and no doubt his great soul has found its congenial home where truth shines forever. I pray that the blessings of the good Father may abide with you as you so efficiently carry forward his work."

Let this blessing be with all in helping to keep up this work.

In renewing his subscription Comrade Titus Samson writes from Carthage, Tenn.: "I am right at eighty years of age, but love the old VETERAN the same as ever. I would not take ten dollars for what the August number contains."

## A SOUTHERN LOVE FEAST.

It requires only a superficial observation of the Confederate hosts who are now the guests of Houston to understand that this gathering is just what it is called—a Reunion.

It is not a convention of the modern type. There is all the enthusiasm that is to be found in the greatest of our present-day conventions of political, commercial, and religious bodies; but, in addition, there is a manifestation of comradeship and brotherliness that delegates to ordinary conventions nowadays seldom take time to show.

There is a leisurely air about the attendants upon this Reunion that is not characteristic of this age. Thousands of them arrived a day, some even three days, before the Reunion was to open officially. There is an absence of the rush and of efforts to hurry things through. There seems to be no attempt to crowd a month's activities into one day.

Scarcely anything is being heard of this faction or that faction contending for this or that policy. Nobody seems to be campaigning for the big honors, but the common sentiment seems to be that to have been a Confederate soldier is honor enough for any man. A harmonious, peaceful spirit pervades the gathering that makes it unique among the great gatherings of the country.

Sentiment, and sentiment alone, has brought these lovers of the South together, and their coming together is a love feast. The poor and the rich mingle together on the same plane. In their love for the same ideals and the same cause a perfect spirit of democracy prevails. It is like the reunion of a big family, when all the members who have been scattered afar are assembled to enjoy each other's company for a brief time.

For the older men and women who have lived such eventful lives, this coming together again is a mountain top experience. They will go down from Houston with renewed youth, with new inspiration to sustain them in future days.

To say that Houston is finding keen delight in entertaining such a gathering as this does not fully express the feeling of the people of the city. The presence of these people here is spiritually elevating. It is already apparent that their meeting here has created an uplifting influence we shall feel for many a day.—*Houston Post*.



## LOOK AWAY.

Because of feet which come and go  
 Along the crowded street below,  
 Because of bands which softly play  
 A marching song of yesterday,  
 Because of voices raised in cheers  
 Which led men in the vanished years  
 Up belching scarp and parapet,  
 I smile—the while my eyes are wet.

I have no time for tasks. I go  
 Down sunlit ways of long ago;  
 I see long lines of men in gray  
 March in a vanished yesterday.  
 Young men, brave men, and tall and strong,  
 Who in life's time of love and song  
 Kissed lips they loved, told joy farewell,  
 And marched away to war's red hell.

And so I sit and look away  
 While in the street the lines of gray  
 March as they marched; the while above  
 Their heads the banner of their love  
 Lifts in the breezes of the South.  
 Sweet were the kisses on the mouth  
 Of those they loved, and fair the brow;  
 For them we love and greet them now.

—Judd Mortimer Lewis, in *Houston Chronicle*.

## NOTES ON THE REUNION.

Reunion week was a joyous occasion for the thousands of veterans gathered in Houston to celebrate the thirtieth annual reunion of the organization. Welcomed in a spirit of whole-souled hospitality by the citizens of that progressive city, each day was marked by some special entertainment, and the veteran guests made a regretful departure with praise on their lips for those who had contributed to their comfort and pleasure. Even the weather was ideal, for not a cloud shadowed the sun, which beamed a welcome and farewell.

That Houston appreciated this gathering is evident in expressions of the daily press of the city. That noted journalist, George M. Bailey, wrote in his column of the *Houston Post*: "Not war-racked Montgomery of 1861, not the embattled Richmond of 1865, but Houston of 1920 is the sunlit capital of that part of the Confederacy that was not lost and can never perish—the love of home and freedom, the memory of a noble chivalry, the pride of an unsullied faith, and the glory of an honor that is stainless and immortal. This is the Confederacy that the thunders of battle could never shake, the agony of war could never subdue. This is the Confederacy that we commemorate, the spirit of the South, of Davis, Lee, Jackson, and Stuart, and the paladins who followed them to glory."

An editorial in the same issue of the *Post* brought out a thought of the Confederate veteran for which he has not had the credit that is due him. No part of the South's citizenship worked harder for the upbuilding of the war-torn country than did the soldiers who had fought in its defense, and in this constructive work they were heroes even as they had been in battle. The *Post's* tribute does not accord more than is rightfully due our Confederate veterans. God bless them!

"Once more, after a lapse of twenty-five years, Houston records its delight in the privilege of greeting the veterans

of the Confederate armies and of entertaining them and their associates in a happy reunion. Once more Houston rejoices to be the capital of the South for a brief period, where are gathered the hosts of heroes, the strength, the beauty, and the grace of the South. \* \* \*

"In honoring the Confederate veterans the people of Houston naturally experience a thrill when recalling the part they played in the days of the war. About their heads has gathered a halo that grows brighter with the passing years. To a very large extent they are, in our minds, the knightly warriors whose deeds have never been surpassed.

"But the people of a progressive city, such as Houston, looking back at the record of the Confederate soldier, see him not only as the faithful soldier, but as the loyal, forward-looking citizen who played such a large part in the rebuilding of the South after the war.

"So much has been said and written of the glorious deeds of the Confederate armies that it is to be feared the survivors have not received their meed of credit for their constructive work in the new era. For it should not be forgotten that the Confederate soldier not only fought the supreme fight, but that he came home defeated and destitute and amid the ruin laid the foundation for that new material empire we call the New South to-day and by his loyalty, his integrity, and initiative won the love and admiration of his former foes and ingratiated himself with a formerly hostile faction of the American people, who to-day are scarcely less ready to do him honor than are his own people. \* \* \* Houston honors the Confederate veteran not only as soldier but as a citizen who measured up to the highest requirements of an American."

The Convention proper opened on Wednesday morning, October 6, and was called to order by Gen. E. W. Kirkpatrick, Commander of the Texas Division, U. C. V. Welcoming the veterans for the city of Houston, Mayor A. E. Amerman said: "We want you to feel that everything in Houston belongs to you." In his welcome for the State Gov. W. P. Hobby paid a tribute in the following: "Just and exemplary in citizenship, wise and learned in State, bold as Cæsar's legions in battle, and knightly as the ancient cavaliers, the soldiers of the armies of the Confederacy are affectionately enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen forever; and all lovers of the Declaration of Independence and all who kneel at the altar of equal rights and all sons and daughters of freedom everywhere will find in the South's holy cause an inspiration to guide them and strengthen them through all the ages yet to come."

Judge Norman G. Kittrell gave the welcome in behalf of the veterans of Texas, in which he said: "I bring no legal or constitutional argument to defend that cause which you consecrated by your suffering, glorified by your valor, and halloved by your sacrifices. It needs no defense either by the deliverances of statesmen or the decrees of jurists. Whenever or wherever any people rise and bare their bosoms to the invader of their native land and the despoiler of their homes, their action by its inherent moral power is lifted into a realm where no human statute has application and no human tribunal has jurisdiction."

After these addresses the Convention was turned over to Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander in Chief, who introduced Capt. James Dinkins, of New Orleans, who responded to the welcome in behalf of the U. C. V. In this he paid tribute to the women of the South also, saying: "If our men were heroes in battle, every home in the South had its heroine."

Every lover of true greatness in womanhood will find in their lives the highest incentive for emulation. From the past, which is dear and which is as clear to us as a scene of a waking dream, who does not recall their courage and fidelity? They left a record of loyalty and devotion that will ever remain a brilliant page in the annals of time."

The annual address, delivered at the afternoon session on Wednesday, was by the Hon. Fritz G. Lanham, of Fort Worth, a member of Congress from Texas, and this aroused great enthusiasm. This address is to be printed in pamphlet form and distributed widely. A splendid address was also given by Terrell Sledge, a schoolboy, both of whose grandfathers were soldiers of the Confederacy.

\* \* \*

The business sessions of the Convention were marked by the passage of numerous resolutions of more or less importance, some of which were:

To cooperate in completing the Jefferson Davis Memorial at his birthplace, Fairview, Ky., for which \$50,000 is needed to carry out the original plans.

To further the effort to secure an endowment fund of \$500,000 for the R. E. Lee Memorial School of Engineering at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

To get a bill before Congress asking the return of the cotton tax illegally levied on the Southern States during and just after the war, the amount being approximately \$65,000,000.

To designate the conflict of the sixties as "The War between the States." In the passage of this resolution the Confederate organizations are now in accord as to the proper designation for that war.

To have the body of the first wife of President Davis moved from its resting place at Bayou Sara to Hollywood Cemetery, at Richmond, Va.

To limit the number of young women representatives for each delegation U. C. V., only those who are descendants of Confederate veterans to have such appointments.

To have institutions of learning use only such histories as give accurate and impartial accounts of the four years of strife.

A resolution was also passed pledging the support of the veterans in raising a fund of \$150,000 to put in permanent form the handsome group of statuary of the South's great men designed by the Houston sculptor, Enrico Carrachio.

The last resolution of the day was the vote of thanks to Houston, the press, and all organizations for the splendid entertainment and courtesies extended.

\* \* \*

Although declining to stand for reelection, General Van Zandt was again made Commander in Chief by acclamation. The Department Commanders were also unanimously continued in office, as follows:

Army of Northern Virginia, Gen. Julian S. Carr, Durham, N. C.

Army of Tennessee, Gen. C. B. Vance, Batesville, Miss.  
Trans-Mississippi, Gen. V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.

\* \* \*

The parade on Friday furnished a pageant of color and enthusiasm such as only the Confederates can present.

"With their heads held proudly erect, the gray-clad veterans of '61 marched or, if they rode, raised their voices in glad acclaim of the day and its memories. Music, the old tunes of the Southland, lent a martial stimulant. Cheering thousands along the line of march added an incentive for the aged

soldiers to put forth their best efforts to march—many of them—as they did years ago when, with muskets over their shoulders and packs strapped to their then broad backs, they stepped proudly to the music of drum and fife. And youth joined with age in the wonderful demonstration. Sponsors and maids, beautiful women of the South, waving their banners, cheering, singing, laughing and gay, surrounded the veterans in many brilliantly decorated motor cars."

With this thrilling spectacle the Reunion was ended, and comrades clasped hands in farewell with the cheerful promise: "I'll see you at the next Reunion."

\* \* \*

The invitations of four cities—Memphis, Tenn., Louisville, Ky., Little Rock, Ark., and Savannah, Ga.—will be considered for the meeting in 1921. The decision is with a committee, of which the Commander in Chief is chairman.

\* \* \*

Memorial hour was observed at noon on Thursday in a joint meeting of the three organizations to pay tribute to those who had been lost to their membership during the past year. The address was by the Rev. B. A. Owen, Chaplain in Chief S. C. V.

\* \* \*

Two unveilings were incidents of this Reunion. The program on Tuesday began with the unveiling of the handsome group of statuary presenting President Davis with five of his great generals—Lee, Jackson, Bragg, A. S. Johnston, and Beauregard—which was shown in one of the large windows of the W. C. Munn Company. A picture of this group was given on the front cover of the October VETERAN. After the unveiling a handsome flag was presented to General Van Zandt by Mrs. M. E. Bryan, President of the R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., on behalf of the management of the company.

On Wednesday afternoon in Sam Houston Park the handsome recumbent statue of Gen. A. S. Johnston was unveiled with appropriate exercises and presented by the R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., to the A. S. Johnston Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans. The monument was then conveyed to the city auditorium, where it was permanently placed.

\* \* \*

High praise for the services rendered by the Boy Scouts of Houston was voiced by the Confederate veterans, from the Commander in Chief down. They were everywhere on the alert to render some service from the time of the first arrival, and no veteran lacked an escort of these youngest "men" in uniform whenever it was needed. The Boy Scouts have become an indispensable adjunct to every reunion, and it is through their watchful care that many accidents are avoided. Here's to them! May their numbers never grow less!

THE FOURTH NORTH CAROLINA BAND.—J. C. Steele writes from Statesville, N. C.: "A reunion of the only three surviving members of the old 4th North Carolina Band was held with J. P. Gillespie, near Statesville, on the 18th of May. A pleasant four hours was spent, as we recalled to memory many things which happened during the War between the States. E. B. Neave, of Salisbury, who was leader of our band, T. P. Gillespie, and I are the only ones known to be living. We remember very pleasantly the Neff family of Newmarket, Va., the Merritt family of Petersburg, Zitebart, leader of the 4th Georgia Band, and others of the same band. I would be glad to hear from any one who knew our band during the war."



## GENERAL ARMISTEAD AT GETTYSBURG.

BY MRS. H. F. LEWIS, BRISTOL, TENN.

In the September number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN I read an article headed "Do You Believe This?" the article giving what are said to have been the dying words of General Armistead, killed at Gettysburg. Believe it? No! no! no!

In the VETERAN of November, 1914, is published an address by Rev. James E. Poindexter, captain of the 38th Virginia Regiment, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, before the R. E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va., in January, 1909, upon presentation of General Armistead's portrait to the Camp. Any one interested in *true history* can find the facts stated plainly in this article, from which I make some quotations for the benefit of those who have not kept the files of the VETERAN:

"General Armistead was no 'holiday soldier,' no 'carpet knight.' Obedience to duty he regarded as the first qualification of a soldier.

"Now recall Gettysburg, where the opportunity came for General Armistead to prove himself a hero, to write his name high on the roll of fame and win the plaudits of the world. To Count de Paris as he watched the Confederate column bearing down all opposition, buffeting with unshaken courage the fierce volleys that met it, moving on with disciplined steadiness under fire of eighty guns, 'it seemed,' he says, 'to be driven by an irresistible force.' A short time before the advance was ordered General Armistead, as was his custom, marched up and down in front of his troops, encouraging them in every way for the shock of arms so soon to follow: 'Remember, men, what you are fighting for. Remember your homes and your firesides, your mothers, wives, sisters, and your sweethearts.' Then came the supreme test. He quietly gave the order, 'Colonel, double-quick!' and, putting his black hat on the point of his sword, all the time in front of his line of battle, marched straight ahead through a hail of bullets, the very embodiment of a heroic commander. The hat borne aloft with matchless courage caught the eye and nerved the heart of his devoted men, a standard as glorious, as worthy to be sung as the plume that floated at Ivry above the helmet of Navarre.

"And now the battle raged with redoubled fury. The advancing line halted here for an instant. The veteran Armistead took in the situation. 'Forward with the colors!' he cried, and over the wall they went. The indomitable Armistead, his hat on the point of his sword, towered before them like a pillar of fire. 'Follow me, boys! Give them the cold steel!'

"Victory seemed within their grasp. But, alas! the support they looked for never came.

"And there in the Bloody Angle our heroic chief, grasping a captured cannon to turn it on the foe, fell among his devoted men, pierced with mortal wounds and sealing with his heart's blood the high-water mark of the Confederate cause.

"As they bore him to the rear they met Hancock. Each recognized the other. They had been comrades in the old army. Hancock dismounted and grasped Armistead's hand, expressing sympathy and promised to send mementoes and messages to his loved ones in Virginia.

"He died on the 5th of July, leaving an example of patriotic ardor, of heroism, and devotion to duty which ought to be handed down through the ages.

"None died on that field with glory greater than he, though many died whose names we hold in deathless honor.

The heart of Virginia was wrung with anguish. Her stately head was bowed in grief. The flower of her chivalry fell in that fatal charge. But none so lamented as Armistead, none crowned with glory like his. Many another had done valiantly, but he surpassed them all.

"He did a deed that was matchless, unique, and without parallel on that field when, leading his men with unflinching courage through the storm of fire, he pierced the enemy's line and fell there in the Bloody Angle. Not Wolfe at Quebec nor Ney at Waterloo ever exhibited a grander example of heroism and devotion than that displayed by our lamented chief."

Do you believe it? Never!

## THE GALLANT OLD FORTY-FOURTH MISSISSIPPI.

BY J. N. THOMPSON, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Attention, 44th! But hark! there is no response. Where are they—they who made up that once grand old regiment, four hundred strong? Echo answers, Where?

Even after these many long years I can hear that stern, commanding voice of our grand old colonel, A. K. Blythe, fearless and brave, when we were ordered to move forward early that Sunday morning of April 6, 1862, to drive Grant's army off the battle field of Shiloh. How little did we think he would be numbered so soon with the slain, as also our lieutenant colonel, David Herron, both of my company, E, from Oakland, Miss.

We went into the battle with three hundred and fifty men, and at the close of day there were only two hundred left to tell the tale. Captain Sims was detailed to take the body of Colonel Blythe to his wife at Columbus, Miss. On reaching her home he was told that Mrs. Blythe was in the garden. As he approached her she said to him: "I know what you have come to tell me. He has been killed. I saw him pass the gate just now. How strange, how sad!"

With all that was left of the 44th Maj. James Moore bivouacked near the Shiloh Church. Early in the morning of the 7th the battle was renewed and continued until half-past two, when General Beauregard, knowing that General Grant had been reinforced by Buell with twenty thousand fresh troops, saw proper to withdraw from the unequal contest. So ended the battle of Shiloh.

After General Bragg reorganized his army preparatory to his long march through Kentucky, we were sent to Chattanooga. At Munfordville, Ky., the 44th suffered severely with the loss of our last regimental officer, Major Moore. Our next battle was at Murfreesboro, and here the 44th had an experience the like of which, I presume, was never known before or since. It was this way: Just before the battle the major's servant had returned from his home in Hernando, Miss., sick, and it was found he had a case of smallpox; so the 44th was quarantined in the woods on the bank of Stones River, and our guns were turned over to other commands.

We were having a good, easy time, but one day it was rumored that General Rosecrans was going to pay General Bragg a visit and bring all his family; so General Bragg made arrangements to give him a warm reception. The 44th thought, of course, that they would be slighted on that occasion, but not so. When the order came to fall in, we had to take our place in line, guns or no guns. The next day two long blue lines appeared in our front eight hundred yards distant. We lay there waiting for something to turn

up, and when it did turn up we had all the guns and more than we needed. After that we had a hand in the frolic. It was well for us that the battle opened on the extreme left; we were on the right center.

At Chickamauga we lost our second major. While the Minié balls were falling thick and fast from Snodgrass Hill he remarked to Colonel Sharpe that he had often heard the expression, "Hell's broke loose in Georgia," and he was satisfied that was the place. Soon one of those missiles of death pierced his brain, and he sank to rest, while the noise of the battle rolled on and the Miniés sang a requiem over his lifeless form—"requiescat in pace." He was true to the cause. I had heard him say to his fourteen-year-old son that he would rather see him killed on the battle field than to go home without a wound. But the boy did go home without a scratch.

One evening in May, 1864, on the march we came to a country church in the forks of two roads. After learning the name of the church (New Hope), the thought came to me that that would be a good name for a battle, never dreaming of what was in store. We had passed the church but a short distance when the order came to halt. We were turned back, formed in line of battle, and soon the ball opened. That was on May 25, 1864.

On the 27th I received two wounds, one in the head and one in the left hand. I was sent to the field hospital, and it was four days before my wounds were dressed. From there I was moved to the Floyd Hospital, in Macon, Ga., and I shall ever believe that but for the kind attention I received at the hands of the good ladies of Macon I would not be here to-day to sing their praise. One day Miss K. P. said to me as I was convalescing: "Did you not notice how unconcerned the doctors were about you?" I replied that I did think they could have done more for me. "Well," she said, "it was a fact. They did not expect you to get well." And I bethought me how a wounded soldier's suffering would be lightened ten thousand fold under the tender care of those angels of mercy, the ladies of Macon, Ga. They perhaps have all passed away. Like a flower their spirit did depart.

"O, thank God,  
Of life this is so small a part;  
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,  
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart."

I was paroled at Grenada, Miss., on May 19, 1865.

## PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY GEORGE W. SIRRINE, GREENVILLE, S. C.

Many personal reminiscences of Confederate soldiers appear in the *VETERAN*, all of which are read with great interest by the old vets. Some of these are very amusing, others tragic and sad. Probably these articles attract as much attention as any that are contributed. They command my attention and are the first to be read.

Responding to your request for contributions of this kind, I venture to give an incident that is unusual.

Just before the advance on the Federal lines at Franklin, Tenn., a detachment of Harvey's Scouts, of which I was a member, was ordered by General Forrest to cross the river and watch the extreme right flank of the advance. If I am not mistaken, Gen. W. H. Jackson's brigade of cavalry occupied the extreme right, advancing dismounted. The Scouts deployed, mounted, on their right, advancing in front suf-

ficiently to give notice should a flank movement of the enemy threaten. The fighting at this point was very light compared with that in the immediate front, which was no less than butchery.

When night closed in and the line retired, I found myself alone between the two lines. Returning over the field of battle, I picked up a wounded soldier who was unable to walk. By crawling to a stump he succeeded in getting on my horse behind me and held on until we reached the camp fires of his regiment.

I found that no one knew the location of General Forrest's headquarters. In my hunt for it, passing through a field, I found a small stack of fodder. As my horse had had nothing to eat since the night before, I dismounted and tied about twenty bundles together with my halter strap, and, resting them behind my saddle, with strap over my shoulder, I continued my search. Failing to find headquarters and being very tired and dispirited, I stopped at a fire where several had struck camp, found a place to tie Old Jim, gave him as much fodder as he could eat, and made down my bed between two rails. Opening several bundles of fodder, I spread it evenly on the ground, placed my blanket over this, made a pillow of saddle, boots and belt, and navy, threw my oilcloth over me, with my feet to the fire, and was asleep in less than a minute.

I must have slept an hour or more when I was rudely awakened by two or three men pounding me and pulling at my clothes. In my confusion I fought and hunted for my pistol, but soon found that friendly hands were doing something necessary to my comfort.

It seems that sparks from the chestnut rail fire had been thrown under my blanket and set fire to the fodder. Fortunately the blanket was all wool and burned slowly, resisting the flames which destroyed the fodder. One of the men happened to be awake and discovered my plight before the flames reached my skin and, with the assistance of others, pulled me up and put out the fire, but not before one leg of my pants and one coat sleeve were scorched so that the cloth fell away on being touched, leaving me with a one-legged pair of pants and a one-sleeve coat. The blanket was almost a total loss, one stirrup strap was burned, pistol belt nearly burned in two, and my hat a wreck.

A few days afterwards we were sent to Lebanon and Gallatin to watch the movement in that zone, and the good women of the former place provided me with a coat, pants, and hat. The family of a Mr. Ashworth and a fine old lady named Mrs. White were the donors. Others were also very kind to our squad, giving us food and feed for our horses.

Another incident that affected me very much occurred the night the army reached Nashville.

About midnight Captain Harvey ordered me to go a few miles down the Murfreesboro Pike, take a crossroad at a given point, and find a certain house, then ask for a Captain Cross, who commanded an independent company operating in this section, who would join us in scouting, being familiar with the country.

The weather was bitter cold, and, being thinly clad, I was chilled to the bone when I reached the house. After a warm reception by a pack of hounds, more loud than dangerous, I knocked at the door several times. At length a voice inside inquired my business, and on being satisfied of my peaceful intentions an old gentleman admitted me to the hall. Through an open doorway I saw a big fireplace full of live coals, to which with scant courtesy I hurried and spread myself before



them. In a few moments my errand was made known, and the old gentleman went to the foot of the stairs and called Captain Cross.

The room I was in contained two beds, from one of which a girl's voice called her father. After a whispered conversation the father went into an adjoining room and returned, presenting me with the most beautiful pair of knit wool gauntlet gloves I ever saw. Tears rolled down my cheeks, and my throat filled so I could hardly express my thanks. If the donor is still alive, I sincerely hope she will see this and will send me her address, so I may express my appreciation of the gift, which gave me great comfort during the winter of 1864-65.

From this and many other experiences I decided that there were no finer women on this earth than those living in Middle Tennessee in the sixties.

#### RETREAT FROM THE SUNFLOWER COUNTRY.

BY CAPT. WILLIAM L. RITTER, REISTERSTOWN, MD.

On May 18, 1863, one of our couriers came into camp at Fish Lake, Miss., and reported that a number of steamboats had left Memphis, Tenn., and were expected to arrive at Carter's Bend some time the next day, accompanied by a gunboat. The news of another fight with the Yanks was hailed with delight by the boys. Therefore two days' rations was ordered to be cooked and everything put in order for an early start the next morning for Carter's Bend. Taps was struck early, and soon all the boys were asleep, dreaming of other days. Hardly realizing that morning had come, the bugler sounded the reveille, and up jumped the boys in expectancy of the day's work on the arrival of the steamers. Our little command consisted of two companies of cavalry and four pieces of light artillery, about two hundred and fifty men. The cavalry belonged to the Texas Rangers—cowboys in *ante bellum* times—and were detailed for special duty on Deer Creek. We were early at the picket rendezvous, with all eyes turned up the river to catch the first glimpse of the approaching steamers. They did not arrive at the time we expected them, so we deployed in an open field and gathered a meal of dewberries, which were there in abundance. In a little while the alarm was sounded, and we hastened to assume our respective positions. We loaded the guns with shot and shell, and as soon as the first steamer came within range the order to fire was given. Volley after volley was fired into the vessel, to the complete consternation of the crew and Yanks aboard; so they quickly ran to the opposite side of the boat and careened the vessel very much, which gave us an opportunity to fire into the hull. This we did to advantage until the gunboat came down and drove us away with shell and canister. They overshot us, therefore we escaped without the loss of a man.

In action I usually dismounted and let my horse stand near by; but on this occasion the canister was too much for Bucephalus, and he beat a retreat without orders, and when my attention was called to him he was back fully one hundred yards in full flight, with his tail sticking out as straight as a ramrod.

Behind the gunboat, in regular order, there were three more steamers loaded with cavalry. These boats landed the cavalry about a mile above, and they came down on our flank with a view of capturing our little command. We fell back to a small stream about half a mile from the river, where

we thought we could make a stand. There were two bridges on this stream, about half a mile apart, and I was ordered to the lower bridge and to wait there for further orders. As the country there was perfectly level, all the objects in the clear spaces could be seen everywhere. I saw the Yankee cavalry coming down to cross the stream at the upper bridge, and I saw my peril; therefore I limbered up and moved down the road at a gallop, not waiting for further orders. Major Bridges saw my predicament and knew if he did not wheel around and charge the Yanks I would certainly be caught. The charge was superbly executed. Then the boys fell in behind my guns, and we were safe. At the next plantation we stopped awhile to rest, but Major Bridges remained behind to see if the Yanks would come through the woods, and sure enough they came through in a regular charge. As soon the Major cleared our front we opened on them with shell and canister, making the horses and riders fly in every direction. That slaughter might seem a little severe, but at that stage of the game no quarter was given on either side. One riderless horse came charging into our lines and was caught by the ubiquitous Ball, who was always turning up at the right time to be useful. The saddle proved that the rider was an officer of rank. Ball was in the battle of the Schoolhouse Green, at the capture of the steamer Minnesota, and was one of the heroes of the last battle fought on Deer Creek.

After a little lull the Yanks charged again, and it was a running fight for six miles to Black Bayou Bridge, where we made a stand, as the stream was not fordable anywhere, and they could not flank us. The Texas Cavalry saved us that day from capture. Not being able to put us *hors de combat* that day, the Yanks returned to Greenville and destroyed considerable property.

We returned to Fish Lake and camped there that night. The next morning we learned that Vicksburg, our avenue of escape in that direction, was closed. A council of war was held, and it was decided that we go direct to Benwood, on the Yazoo River, and cut our way through to Johnston's army. We crossed the Bayou Phaliah and marched by the way of Moon Lake through swampy land, often having to corduroy the road before we could proceed. The inhabitants at Yazoo were astonished to hear that we had succeeded in passing through those swamps. The Yankee gunboat crews tried to head us off at Greenwood, but Captain Morgan's sharpshooters ran them below Yazoo City. Whenever they opened a porthole Morgan's men would fire a volley in and drive the men from their guns, thus compelling them to back down the river, as the stream was too narrow for them to turn their boats. We crossed the Yazoo at Benwood and marched to Yazoo City and joined Johnston's army near that place.

After crossing the Yazoo I saw the Star of the West lying in the Tallahatchie River, having been sunk there as an obstruction to prevent the enemy's gunboats from passing to Yazoo. It will be remembered that the Star of the West tried to supply the garrison of Fort Sumter with provisions in April, 1861.

I must take a parting shot at the Texas Rangers, who were gallant, brave, and fearless riders. They supported us admirably in a number of fights, and I am glad to say that in part they became the fathers of Teddy's "Roughriders," the finest regiment of cavalry in the world.

## RESULTS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

BY DR. JAMES H. M'NEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

But the iniquity of Reconstruction, forcing men to sacrifice their dearest rights or to resort to bribery and corruption to preserve them, reacted on those who forced the alternative on us and broke down their moral sense and debauched their consciences; and since the war there has been a marvelous increase of crime among those usually considered the moral element.

In another article I have given an illustration of how the Northern conscience was perverted or stupified by hatred of the South. It was told me by the late Rev. Dr. Thomas A. Hoyt, formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville. One summer during his vacation he preached to a wealthy and cultured congregation in Milwaukee, Wis. One of the elders, a prominent business man, drove him about the city frequently. Dr. Hoyt expressed surprise at the beauty and efficient government of the city in view of the fact that there was so large a population of foreigners, ignorant and degraded, whose votes could determine an election. The answer was: "Of course we couldn't allow them to control an election. It would ruin our city." To the question, "How do you prevent it?" the reply was: "Why, we just buy as many votes as we need." Dr. Hoyt then said: "That is the problem we have in the South. It is how to prevent the ignorant negroes from controlling us. We are too poor to buy them, for the carpetbagger has more money to buy them with, than we have; so we use force and intimidate the negro and keep him from voting." The Northern man was horrified. He thought it all right to buy a foreigner's vote, but it was dreadful to keep the poor negro from voting by scaring him; and yet the selling of a vote is more demoralizing to manhood than yielding to superior force.

In the South in many places where Reconstruction was rampant they bought, they intimidated, they stuffed ballot boxes, they made false count, they strove to save civilization and the dominance of race and character. To-day in the North elections are carried by the same methods to secure profit to employers of labor and secure the dominance of wealth. It is reconstruction reacting on its promoters.

When one saw the brazen impudence and gluttonous greed with which the gang of plunderers batted on the spoils of State and cities wounded near unto death and lying helpless before them, he could scarce fail to recall the Saviour's words: "Whosoever the carcass is, there will the eagles (vultures or buzzards) be gathered together."

It was often hard to restrain feelings of indignation or expression of wrath in view of some more than ordinary piece of impudent injustice. Let me give instances in which I was unable to restrain my feelings.

Judge Jackson B. White told me of a conversation he had with the city attorney, endeavoring to dissuade the gang from the attempt to annex Edgefield. He said to the attorney: "You know that you are attempting an injustice. You would saddle us with a portion of the big debt you have heaped up, and you can give us nothing in return." The rascal unblushingly avowed their rascality in this insolent answer: "Of course we know it is wrong, but what has that to do with it? We are here to get all we can out of you fellows. We know our stay cannot be very long, and we are going to get as much as possible while it lasts. You can't expect us to let two or three million dollars' worth of property lie under our hands untaxed when we have the power to tax it. We are

going to bring you in, and you might as well submit. You can't help yourselves." Judge White assured me that this was the substance of the man's answer. The Judge was a man of the most genial temper and of unlimited patience and self-restraint. I remember he asked me the question, to test my temper, I suppose: "What would you have done if a man had stood face to face with you and told you that he was going to rob you and that you might as well submit, for you couldn't help yourself?" I was much younger than I am now. I was indignant, and I remember almost my exact words: "Just as soon as I could get my fist to his face I would have mashed the scoundrel's mouth." I fear that my elder thought his pastor was not reconstructed politically and maybe not constructed at all religiously.

I will mention another incident to show how every prospect of deliverance was welcomed and the feeling of personal aversion for our oppressors was aroused. It indicates also how great was the provocation that could arouse such feelings.

I made it a rule not to introduce political discussions into the pulpit, although in private conversation to friends I expressed my indignation in view of our persecutions. But I counseled forbearance in hope for better times. Usually when I went to the church on Sunday morning I found a number of men about the door engaged in conversation, and I would stop for a few minutes before going in to "pass the time of day" with them. One morning Gov. Neil S. Brown, who was a regular attendant on the service, said after the usual salutation: "It is reported that Governor Brownlow is dead." I knew that he had been quite sick, and involuntarily I exclaimed: "Thank God." Governor Brown, who always spoke to me with candor, said: "How do you reconcile that with your calling as a minister of the gospel?" I remember my reply. In substance I said: "It is no feeling of hatred, but I am thankful to be delivered from the Governor's tyranny." I then explained further by illustration: "In India a tiger will sometimes make his lair near a village, and he will terrorize the villagers by his depredations, often carrying off a man or woman or child. The helpless people will pray to their gods for deliverance. After a while a brave hunter comes along and kills the tiger. When he tells them that the dreaded beast is dead, should they not rejoice? I regard Governor Brownlow in his official capacity as the tiger, and I have prayed the Lord in his own way to deliver our helpless people from his rule. Now, if God sees fit to deliver us by taking our oppressors out of the world, should I not thank him? It is not much thanks for the death of a man as it is for the deliverance of the people." Governor Brown accepted my explanation as reasonable, but I repeat it here to show how great must have been our provocation. Here was Governor Brown himself, once Governor of the State, a man of splendid intellect, broad culture, absolutely incorruptible, a statesman, yet Reconstruction excluded him from citizenship and admitted the scalawag. He and his noble wife were among my truest friends.

## RECONSTRUCTION AND THE NEGROES.

One of the main reasons given for the drastic measures of the radical majority in dealing with the South was that they were necessary to secure to the negroes their rights under the amended Constitution. It was charged that the purpose of the Southern people was to deprive the negro of his freedom, gained at such fearful cost, and to put him back into slavery. The negroes as a body were led to believe the



charge, and it is no wonder that there were race riots. These were promoted by the carpetbaggers to "fire the Northern heart," as they expressed it, and to keep the radical element in political control.

But with all their professed zeal for the protection and elevation of the race, they were diligent and crafty in devising schemes to extort money from them. Indeed, I was told of the remark of a prominent Federal officer who was in command at Trenton, Tenn., pretty near the end of the war and who endeavored to reconcile the people to the new order. He said that he had no respect for the white man who could not make more money out of the negro as a freedman than he could get out of him as a slave. This man, I was told, was so kind and considerate that he won many friends among the Confederates. But he seemed to have no other idea of the relationship of master and slave than the amount of money the master could make out of the slave's labor. He was reported to have said in substance in conversation with several gentlemen: "Under your system of slavery you had to care for your slave—feeding, clothing, housing him, paying his doctor's bills for himself and his family—and this whether his labor was profitable or not. You had to provide for him in childhood before he was able to work and in old age after he had lost ability to work, but now you hire him pretty much on your own terms. If he proves inefficient, you can turn him off. If the crop is a failure, you don't have him and his family on your hands to provide for. Neither in his childhood nor old age do you have to care for him. Emancipation relieves you of a heavy financial burden."

Thus this Union man was unintentionally answering the oft-repeated charge of the Abolitionist that the Southern masters lived in luxury on the unpaid labor of the slave. Mr. Lincoln in his second inaugural gave rhetorical expression to this charge when he spoke of the war as the righteous judgment of the Almighty on "the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil." Yet as an actual fact, shown by this Union general's summing up of the situation, no working class in the world was ever so well requited as the slaves in the South.

There were various devices by which the enterprising Yankee profited financially by the credulity of his "brother in black." One of his plans, as I was told, was to correct the loose marriage relations of the slaves. So all of them who had been living together as husband and wife were told that they were living in sin unless they were married regularly according to law, although many of them had been formally married by their masters and had lived together for many years and had large families of children. They must be married according to the new order. Of course the price of a license was fixed by the new laws, and the clerk who issued the license and the magistrate who performed the ceremony must have their fees; and as they were of the "trooly loil," these fees made "gainful pillage" to compensate for their sacrifices in saving the Union and freeing the slave. However, after a while the colored preachers became successful rivals for the fees for performing the ceremony, and thus some revenue was diverted from the plethora pockets of the patriotic philanthropists.

One of the results of these remarriages was both pathetic and ludicrous, for in many cases husbands who had grown tired of their wives welcomed the new order as giving a change, and frequently some gray-haired father, repudiating the mother of his children, sought solace for years of uncon-

genial marriage in the affection of a younger and comelier companion or one whose skill in cooking was greater or one whose tongue was not so sharp. It may be imagined how fiercely the old wife would resent this attempt to set her aside. "Dese Yankees 'tends to be great friends to de colored folks, but dey don't do nothin' but bring trouble. Dey not satisfied wid ruinin' de white folks, but dey must break up our famblys. Dey tell Ike dat me and him wasn't married 'cause ole master was a Rebel, and didn't ole miss fix me up for de weddin', and de white folks was dere to see it? And de preacher tell us to take one another for better or for wusser till death do us part. But now dese Yankees say dat wasn't no good, and Ike got so pernickety he wants dat good-for-nothing yaller gal to marry him, and he wants to leave me and de chillun to work for ourselves. I'll show dat low-down nigger, I will sho'," and the showing was sometimes near a tragedy, for Ike was brought to his senses with a broom handle or a stick of stove wood, and Ike's charmer was fortunate to escape with only a gash or two, for this is no fancy sketch. Reconstruction when it upset the family raised a row.

#### THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

[The following article was a newspaper contribution by John B. Hogg, Jr., of Gibson County, Tenn., who volunteered at the beginning of the war and served with the 4th Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Col. Rufus P. Neely; Otho F. Strahl, lieutenant colonel. This regiment took part in the battles of Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and in the battles of the Atlanta campaign. At Jonesboro, August 31 and September 1, 1863, John B. Hogg, lieutenant commanding Company F, was killed in a charge. He was only twenty-three or twenty-four years old and, as the article shows, a patriotic and brave soldier. His brother, Thomas Henderson Hogg, was killed in the battle of Murfreesboro. The father of these boys, John Baptisto Hogg, was one of the first settlers of Gibson County. Lieutenant Hogg was a talented writer and was paying his way through college by his work on the *Gibson County Journal* when the war broke out.]

STRAHL'S BRIGADE, NEAR DALTON, April 4, 1864.

I have now been in the service of my country for nearly three years, have witnessed times full of doubt, despondency, and gloom, of perfect confidence and unbounding enthusiasm, when all were imbued with a patriotic determination to fight on and fight ever until Heaven blessed our efforts with success; but I have never in the whole course of my soldier's life beheld such unanimity of spirit, such unyielding determination, such perfect harmony of sentiment and unlimited confidence and enthusiasm as now pervade the breasts of our soldier boys from the Carolinas to Northern Georgia, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. In former times occasionally there could be heard a muttering of discontent and gloom among some few of the weak-kneed members of our armies; but now such a sentiment is no longer even harbored, much less given utterance to, but all are unanimous in the belief that the day of our redemption draws nigh and firm in the determination to struggle on until that blissful consummation arrives, be it sooner or later.

The spirit of this army was wonderfully tried after its defeat at Missionary Ridge; but it has come safely through the fiery ordeal with its dross consumed and its gold refined. Its efficiency, instead of being impaired, was increased; instead

of gloom and fruitless bickerings, a glorious spirit of defiance to our enemies arose; instead of disbanding after our term of service was out, a unanimous voluntary reënlistment never to lay down our arms until Tennessee is redeemed and the Confederacy established among the nations of the earth. With that proud and unconquerable mien that rises above petty reverses, that laughs to scorn the thought of yielding, they have thrown themselves once more into the breach, determined to reap a glorious independence or a patriot's grave. They have given the lie to the boasting enemy when he said our armies were demoralized, that all hope of final success was extinguished in their bosoms, and all that was necessary to crush the "rebellion" was a vigorous spring campaign.

This spring campaign was opened with the departure of Sherman's hirelings from the fortified walls of Vicksburg to occupy Selma and Montgomery, by the assistance of a powerful cavalry force from Memphis, of Logan's Corps from North Alabama, and of Thomas's simultaneous move of "on to Atlanta"; also to distract our attention by marching against Tallahassee and thundering with their ironclads against the impregnable fortresses of Mobile. In the short space of thirty days the discomfited legions of Sherman were flying back to their former rendezvous without inflicting any other damage than stealing negroes, destroying private property, insulting defenseless women and children, and tearing up a few miles of railroad track; their heavy cavalry force was utterly routed by the saber strokes of Forrest's invincible cavalry; their minions in Florida were dispersed with terrible slaughter, fifteen hundred of them procuring farms six feet by four upon Southern soil; the victorious cohorts of Thomas were driven back in dismay by the now invincible heroes of Johnston's army; and their ironclads made fruitless waste of powder and ball upon the forts around Mobile. All their contemptible schemes were brought to naught by the unparalleled valor of our troops and the genius of our leaders. Their grand simultaneous move accomplished nothing, and now they have to concoct new schemes of conquest to enslave a people who are determined to be free.

For some time past we have been anxiously awaiting the command "Forward!" when we would have an opportunity of planting our flag upon the hilltops of Tennessee and redeeming an oppressed and downtrodden people. But from present indications the field of strife will be in Virginia, North Carolina, and East Tennessee, the object of Grant's spring campaign seeming to be to make one more grand move of "on to Richmond" by a heavy force moving into North Carolina to cut off communication by railroad with Richmond from the south, a heavy column moving from the Peninsula, and one immediately in Lee's front on the Rapidan. There will probably be some heavy fighting in this section, but the grand contest will be for Richmond. We have no fears for the result, however. The invincible veterans of Lee's army, who have never been known to quail before a Yankee foe, will show them again that the "on to Richmond" will be as hard a road to travel as ever. Everything indicates active operations very shortly.

The veterans of Johnston, Longstreet, Lee, Beauregard, and Polk are ready and more than willing to engage the hated foe on the field of bloody conflict, and when that conflict does come it will find us prepared and will most certainly end in a glorious triumph for our arms. Forrest, the avenger, is on the move in West Tennessee, having already captured Jackson, Bolivar, Trenton, Union City, with all its garrison, numbering over eight hundred cavalry and an immense quantity

of commissary stores, etc. He has also taken Paducah, Ky., the mouth of the Tennessee River, the depot of the enemy for transporting provisions up the Tennessee River; he has captured Hickman, Ky., forty-five miles below Cairo on the Mississippi, thus seriously threatening the enemy's communication by the Mississippi, Ohio, and Tennessee Rivers.

The spring campaign has opened gloriously for our cause; and if our people at home will only devote their time and talents to the supply of the army with food and clothing, give moral comfort and consolation to their sons, brothers, husbands, lovers, and friends in the field, the glorious rainbow of peace will shed its effulgent rays over our now war-stricken land by the 1st of January, 1865, bringing in its train freedom, independence, happiness, and prosperity. These are not the words of an enthusiast, but the calm pleadings of reason based upon the present condition of the enemy's affairs and the glorious morale of our own troops.

Let no word of gloom or one that has a tendency to cast a shadow over our prospects be uttered by those at home; let all be confident, hopeful, defiant, determined. Let every letter to their friends in the army breathe pure, unadulterated, self-sacrificing patriotism, and let every one be animated by one hope, one determination, one energy, and all will be well.

Before I close I must notice some few who, in accordance with the laws of an all-wise Creator, were formed but to heighten the contrast between the good and evil, the generous and miserly, the hopeful and despondent, the courageous and the cowardly, the patriot and the traitor. I am glad to say that the above-mentioned class of persons are few and far between. An un failing test by which a person can invariably discover them is their total ignorance of the great principles involved in the struggle which is now being so fearfully waged for the subjugation of the chivalrous yeomanry of the Sunny South.

This class are always looking on the dark side of everything. "Our enemy has overwhelming numbers"; "they have an abundant commissary, ironclads, while we have none," and therefore "we are whipped." These men, as a general thing, are now devoting all their time to speculating upon the necessities of the country. Their miserly souls are so intent upon grasping a dollar, though the very heartstrings of some poor soldier's widow and orphans are gnawing with hunger, that they would barter the very lifeblood and liberties of their country for a present life of inglorious ease at the sacrifice of every principle of manhood and honor. As Shakespeare says: "They never knew a noble idea or felt a generous impulse." Their hearts are hardened by the god of mammon, and if a principle of remorse ever found a resting place in their sordid bosoms it quickly found a quietus by an appeal to the star of self-interest. Some of these men are exempted from the hardships and fatigues of camp life for the purpose of their serving their country in another capacity and are basely betraying the confidence imposed in them by that government whose clemency to them is a stain and disgrace upon our national escutcheon.

They are ulcers, rankling sores, upon the body politic; they are cancers eating into the very vitals of our common country, and as an evil to be feared they should be quieted. How is this desirable end to be attained? By persuasion, by argument, by an appeal to the bar of their reason, by entreaty and supplication? These have all been ineffectually tried and availed nothing. What will we do then to get rid of them? By indicting them for treason and hanging them to the nearest lamp-post or the limb of some stout monarch of the forest.



This is the only way we can divest our country of these pests, who sit hovering like some incubus upon everything that is calculated to promote the common good.

"O is there not some chosen curse,  
Some hidden thunder in the vaults of heaven,  
Big with uncommon wrath to blast the wretch  
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?"  
(Johannis.)

### AUDUBON, BIRD LOVER.

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, MACON, GA.

It was on the fourth day of May, more than a century ago, that there was born a boy whose nature was like that of this beautiful month. His home was on a Louisiana plantation, where roses and jasmine grow along the byways and orange and magnolia trees make fragrant the sunny air. No wonder he became a true lover of beauty and nature.

The very first thing he remembered was lying under an orange tree watching mocking birds flit from limb to limb. There are so many bright-hued, sweet-voiced birds in the South, and from this beauty and sweetness there stole into the heart of the little boy a passionate love for God's creatures. They became his closest friends.

Perhaps it was some little boy lover under an orange tree who heard the robin laugh and told the poet about it. Do you know Lanier's lines?

"The robin laughed in the orange tree:  
Ho, wintry North, a fig for thee;  
While breasts are red and wings are bold  
And green trees wave us globes of gold,  
Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me—  
Sunlight, song, and the orange tree."

If ever a boy could hear a robin laugh and laugh with it, it was John James Audubon, lover of all birds. No one can tell what thoughts came to this bird lover when

"The linnet, the lark, and the oriole  
Were chanting the loves they chant so well;  
It was blue all above, below all green,  
With the radiant glow of noon between."

Did he sometimes wonder when seeing the bright-winged oriole if

"At some glad moment was it nature's choice  
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?"

If he shut his eyes, he could still revel in beauty of sound, for the mocking bird entrances the ear in the sunny land where Audubon lived.

The nightingale of England which inspired Keats could not have made more exquisite music than our songster of the South.

"Whatever birds did or dreamed this bird could say."

On soft Southern nights there are

"Tissues of moonlight shot with songs of fire;  
Bright drops of tune from oceans infinite  
Of melody, sipped off the thin-edged wave  
And trickling down the beak."

If you have not heard a mocking bird on an early May morning mad with the joy of spring, then you do not know what bird music means.

And so it was that Audubon, drinking in beauty, became

not only a bird lover but a true bird knight to make others love and protect his feathered friends.

His father bought him a large book full of pictures of birds. The little boy first copied them, then tried to make other pictures. He drew so badly at first that he called his birds "a family of cripples." He was not satisfied with his work, but he was not discouraged. When his birthday in May came each year and the world around was so full of bird life, Audubon would take his poor drawings and burn them and begin all over again. So his drawings year by year grew to be more like the real birds. This showed the patience of genius.

Audubon's father was pleased by his perseverance and thought his son might make a great artist, so when fifteen years old the boy was sent to Paris to study painting. He stayed there two years and studied under David. But it was a new kind of art that Audubon wanted to learn, out of doors with his birds. He wanted to know them as well as he loved them and make the world see their beauties. This was his life work, which he followed in many places—in Pennsylvania, in Kentucky, in wilderness and solitude. Audubon's work was that of true lover and knight of birds; it was poetry and chivalry and much more. It was pioneer work for science, for Audubon founded a new science, and this called for all the gifts of woodsman and hunter.

The first American naturalists were the pioneer hunters who learned through all the struggle and peril of savage warfare and exploration about the habits and nature of our wild animals. Perhaps the first accurate observations were recorded by Meriwether Lewis and his party, who were the first to cross the continent.

The only way to learn truly of wild life is to live with it. This Audubon did. A great naturalist needs the eye and step of the Indian, with his astuteness, nerve, and skill. He must not only push his way into the secret places of wild creatures, but he must have learning for gathering the rich treasure of knowledge into books. With all these gifts Audubon labored in lonely retreats and wild fastnesses to teach the world of the life and beauty of birds. The slender boy, who had lain dreaming under the orange trees, became a strong man with keen Indian glance, bold front, "beated and tanned," with the unerring hand of scientist and artist. The boy had followed unwaveringly the inspiration of nature's beauty and truth, which led into new fields of human thought and labor. His bird pictures were historical paintings of nature; what he wrote of them, biographies of living creatures by a brother.

Audubon's "Birds of America and Plates" created a new era in art and nature study.

He studied birds in their haunts; he selected time and place and occasion when they were most *at home*; he found the form, passion, and incident most expressive of each bird. Nothing was forgotten, nothing left out. So each picture became a portrait, showing the lifelike bird in its favorite haunt and mood, every line of form, every tint of plumage perfect. The absolute accuracy of Audubon's historical portraiture of birds surpassed anything ever dreamed of before in the whole world.

It was a brave and noble genius that founded a new art and science of nature study. Audubon gave to the world another beautiful gift—that of bird-loving. Every American boy taking a bird census or wandering in woods should think of the first bird lover and his message of beauty and gentleness to all the world. Any man is nobler for being a bird lover.

GEN. JAMES JOHNSTON PETTIGREW, C. S. A.

[Address by Chief Justice Walter Clark, of North Carolina, at the unveiling of the memorial marble pillar and tablet to General Pettigrew near Bunker Hill, W. Va., September 17, 1920. Chief Justice Clark was attached to the 22d North Carolina Regiment when it was commanded by Pettigrew.]

Near this spot died James Johnston Pettigrew, a native of North Carolina and brigadier general in the armies of the Confederate States, who commanded Heth's Division in the memorable assault on Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. Wounded fatally on the retreat at Falling Waters, Md., on July 14, 1863, he died here on the morning of July 17. His remains were removed to Raleigh, N. C., where they lay in the rotunda of the Capitol, surrounded with due honor, and were interred in the cemetery at the capital of his native State. After the war they were removed to the spot where he first saw the light in eastern Carolina, where the earliest rays of the rising sun greet the shaft that marks his grave.

One who was more than man said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (John xv. 13.)

It is for this reason that men visit with awe and veneration the great fields where man has died for men and with bared heads stand at Bunker Hill, at Saratoga, at Yorktown, and on the great fields of the War between the States.

Dr. Johnson said: "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon or whose piety would not grow warmer amid the ruins of Iona."

Whether the existence of those who have passed beyond the veil is but a fond dream of hope, as some say, or whether they live again, as we believe, "far advanced in state in the lives of just men made perfect," it is certain that what they have been here, what they have done here, what they have said abides with us and is a living influence moving upon our lives to-day. In a recent speech by D'Annunzio at Rome he moved his audience by asking: "Do you not hear the tramp of the army of the dead on the march? All along their route they find the footprints of the marching legions of Cæsar and hear the distant tread of those who went before."

It is said that in the most desperate hour of Verdun a wounded Frenchman called out madly: "Arise, ye dead." His appeal galvanized into supreme resistance the wounded and shattered columns of France. The message spread throughout the French army, and the German advance was stayed at the very moment when it seemed about to become victorious.

The same thought was with the prophet Ezekiel (xxxvii. 9) when he said: "Come from the four winds, O death, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live, \* \* \* and they lived, and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army." There was no actual physical resurrection, but the prophet was calling upon the influence of their deeds upon the living.

The example of those who have sacrificed life for their country and liberty is an appeal which never dies and rings down the ages whenever a column has faltered or a loved leader has fallen. The memory of such sacrifices moves the hearts of men.

"Mid Jersey snows, the march it led,  
The moor at Marston felt its tread."

No Confederate soldier ever failed to be impressed with

the normal hospitality and loyalty of Virginia. Time has not obliterated this recollection nor dulled these qualities in the people of this great State to this day.

We are here to-day to bear tribute to the memory of a brave officer, a leader among the gallant men of the South in one of the greatest struggles of all time. It is fit and proper that we should make some brief note upon the career of the gallant, talented, and distinguished young officer to whom we place this tablet in perpetual memorial.

James Johnston Pettigrew was born at Bonarva, on his family estate at Lake Scuppernong, in Tyrrell County, in Eastern North Carolina, on July 4, 1828. His family was of French origin, but in the fifteenth century removed to Scotland, where they held an estate near Glasgow in 1492, the year Columbus discovered America. A branch of the family later removed to North Ireland, whence the great-grandfather of General Pettigrew in 1732, the year of Washington's nativity, came to Pennsylvania and twenty years later to North Carolina. His son, the grandfather of General Pettigrew, was the first bishop elect of the Protestant Episcopal Church in North Carolina. Bishop Pettigrew's son, the General's father, was elected to Congress in 1835, receiving the rare compliment of every vote in his county except three out of seven hundred cast.

General Pettigrew had the misfortune to lose his mother when he was two years of age. Educated at Hillsboro under the well-known instructor, Mr. Bingham, he entered the University of North Carolina in 1843 and graduated at the head of his class in June, 1847, achieving the reputation of being the most talented youth who has ever graduated at that historic institution. His class, of which he was easily the leader, was one of the most distinguished that the university has ever graduated, and it was a singular coincidence that side by side at recitation there sat in alphabetical order four men who later attained the highest honors: Brig. Gen. James Johnston Pettigrew; John Pool, who became United States Senator; Matthew W. Ransom, brigadier general in the Confederate army and later for twenty-three years a Senator of the United States; and Alfred M. Scales, also a brigadier general in the army of the Confederacy, a member of the United States Congress, and for four years Governor of his native State. Of such men the university can say, like the mother of the Gracchi: "These are my jewels."

At the commencement at which he graduated there was in attendance President Polk, who was himself a graduate of that institution; United States Secretary of State James M. Mason; and Lieut. Matthew Fontaine Maury, of the National Observatory, who, impressed by the homage universally paid to the talents of the young student, offered him a position in the observatory, which he accepted.

Later he obtained license for the practice of law and located in Charleston, S. C. On the advice of friends he soon after proceeded to Berlin and other universities in Germany to perfect himself in the study of the Roman civil law. He remained three years in Europe, where he traveled extensively and acquired the faculty of being able to speak at ease German, French, Italian, and Spanish. For a while he then became secretary of legation to Hon. D. M. Barringer, of North Carolina, who was then our Minister to the Spanish Court, and wrote a delightful volume, "Spain and the Spaniards."

Returning to Charleston, his success at the bar was brilliant. He was elected to the legislature in 1855 and achieved distinction.



In 1859 he went to Europe to offer his services to Count Cavour to serve in the Italian army in the war with Austria, but the battle of Solferino put an end to that struggle before his services could be accepted.

Pettigrew was colonel of a South Carolina rifle regiment when Fort Sumter was fired on, April 12, 1861. As such he received the surrender of Castle Pinckney. Failing later to have his regiment promptly sent to the army in Virginia, in his impatience he resigned and enlisted as a private in Hampton's Legion, which he accompanied to Virginia. Passing through Raleigh, he was recognized by friends, and a few days later was surprised by a telegram announcing his unsolicited election as colonel of the 22d Regiment of North Carolina Troops, which was being organized at Camp Ellis, near Raleigh.

I was at that time attached to the regiment and saw Colonel Pettigrew for the first time on his arrival in Raleigh. Some description of his appearance may not be without interest. He was slender of build, swarthy of complexion, dark hair and mustache, and with black eyes the most brilliant and piercing. He was quick in his movements and quick in perception and in his decision. For several months, and until I was transferred to another command, I occupied a tent near to his and saw him daily. His habit was to pace restlessly up and down in front of his tent with a cigar in his mouth which was never lighted.

Later I served on the staff of Gen. Matthew W. Ransom, who had been his competitor for honors at the university, and thus had the good fortune of knowing them both.

As gentle and modest as a woman, there was an undoubted capacity to command, which obtained for Pettigrew instant obedience, but a kindness and courtesy which won affection and chivalry and courtesy which marked him as every inch a gentleman.

Ordered to Virginia in July, 1861, our regiment was encamped at Rocketts, just below Richmond, whence in the fall of 1861 the regiment was ordered to Aquia Creek; thence we were sent up to Quantico and stationed near Dumfries in the rear of the batteries at Evansport, which were erected to impede the navigation of the Potomac by the Federals.

In the spring of 1862 he was tendered the appointment of brigadier general in another brigade, but he declined to accept the promotion because it would separate him from his regiment. A little later, being offered the command of brigadier general of the brigade to which his regiment belonged, he accepted. He was on the Peninsula under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and shared in the retreat to Richmond in May, 1862.

On June 1, 1862, in the battle of Seven Pines, he was severely wounded in a charge which he led with great gallantry, and, left for dead upon the field, he fell into the hands of the enemy. It is not generally known that after he was shot down and left unconscious on the field General Pettigrew was bayoneted by the enemy. This must have been one of the very few occasions on which this occurred in our war. Yet it is attested to by a letter from General Pettigrew to his adjutant general, Capt. John W. Hinsdale, a gallant Confederate soldier, who had his horse killed under him and who was later colonel of the 72d North Carolina Regiment and is one of the most distinguished lawyers in North Carolina and now living in Raleigh. The following is a verbatim extract from the original which Colonel Hinsdale has in his possession: "Major Lacy told me you were all disturbed at not bringing me off the field. You could not possibly have changed it. At the time I entered the wood none of the staff

were with me, all having been sent off. I did not expect to be in the woods more than ten minutes, but I was unfortunately shot while attempting to ascertain the position of the enemy. The ball entered the lower part of the throat, striking the windpipe, glanced to the right, passed under the collar bone, struck the head of the shoulder, and glanced again upward, tearing the bones. It unfortunately cut an artery, and I would have bled to death had it not been for Colonel Bull. I became entirely unconscious. I subsequently received another shot in the left arm and a bayonet in the right leg, spent the night on the battle field, and a little before day was carried to a Yankee camp. My right leg is still partially paralyzed, but I am recovering the use of it."

On his exchange, his brigade having been placed under the command of the lamented General Pender, he was given the command of another brigade, with which he repelled the Federal raid into Martin County in the fall of 1862 and participated in the defeat of Foster's expedition in December, 1862, against Goldsboro. In the following spring he was under Gen. D. H. Hill in his attack upon Washington, N. C.

When Stoneman made his raid on Richmond, General Pettigrew was sent with his brigade to the protection of that city and was stationed at Hanover Junction. Later his brigade was assigned to Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's corps, in the Army of Northern Virginia, and was in the advance to Gettysburg. His brigade, one of the largest and best in the army, at that time consisted of the 11th North Carolina, commanded by Col. (later Gen.) Collet Leventhorpe; the 26th North Carolina, commanded by Col. H. K. Burgwyn, the gallant young soldier who laid down his life at Gettysburg in a most gallant charge when only twenty-one years of age; the 44th North Carolina, Col. Thomas C. Singletary; the 4th North Carolina, Col. G. H. Faribault; and the 52d North Carolina, Col. J. K. Marshall. This brigade had originally contained the 17th North Carolina, commanded by Col. W. F. Martin; but when, after the battles around Richmond in 1862, Gen. James G. Martin returned to North Carolina, he took with him his brother's regiment, and it was replaced by the transfer to Pettigrew's of the 26th North Carolina, then commanded by Col. (later Gov.) Z. B. Vance, from Ransom's Brigade. This was later commanded, after Vance's election as Governor, by that gallant young soldier, Col. Harry K. Burgwyn.

On the advance into Maryland the 44th Regiment was left to assist in guarding Richmond; but the ranks of the other four regiments were full, and the brigade presented a superb appearance with the distinguished commander at its head. The loss of the brigade in the battle of Gettysburg was the heaviest of any in the army, and one regiment, the 26th, suffered the heaviest loss of any regiment on either side in any one battle during the entire war.

On the third day at Gettysburg, General Heth having been wounded, the division of three brigades was commanded by General Pettigrew, who went forward on horseback, riding close up behind his men. His horse was killed under him, and the General himself was wounded near the stone wall, which was the Ultima Thule of the Confederate advance. This wound in his hand and his death not long after prevented his writing his report of the charge, which would have prevented the subsequent controversy.

The gallantry of Pettigrew's Brigade is most eloquently told by the official returns, which show that on the opening of the battle on July 1 its four regiments showed present for duty three thousand men, of whom on the morning of the



4th only nine hundred and thirty-five were left. General Pettigrew himself was wounded, and all of his field officers were killed or wounded except one, who was captured, and the brigade was commanded by Major Jones, of the 26th, who had been wounded. Two of General Pettigrew's staff were killed. In the battle on July 1 Captain Tuttle's company, of the 26th North Carolina Regiment, of three officers and eighty-four men were all killed and wounded except one. On the same date Company C, of the 11th North Carolina, lost two officers killed and thirty-four out of thirty-eight men killed and wounded. Its captain, Byrd, brought off the regimental flag, the flag bearer being shot.

The official reports of the battle of Gettysburg show that 2,592 Confederates were killed and 12,707 wounded. Of the killed, 700 were from North Carolina, 435 Georgians, 399 Virginians, 258 Mississippians, 217 South Carolinians, and 204 Alabamians. The three brigades that lost the most men were Pettigrew's North Carolina (190 killed), Davis's Mississippi, in which there was one North Carolina Regiment, the 55th (180 killed), and Daniel's North Carolina (165 killed). Pickett's Division of three brigades had 214 killed.

The historic charge made on the 3d of July was composed of Pickett's Division on the right, of three brigades, Garnett's and Kemper's, with Armistead's in the second line. On the left of Pickett's was Heth's Division, composed of Archer's, Pettigrew's, Davis's, and Brockenbrough's Brigades. This division was led by Pettigrew, General Heth having been wounded. In the rear of this division marched Lane's and Scales's Brigades, both from North Carolina.

The stone wall which Pickett and Pettigrew were sent forward to take had a reëntrant angle in front of Pettigrew's part of the line. Owing to this, some of Pickett's men, striking the wall first, passed over it at the angle, and General Armistead was killed forty yards on the other side, but too few got over to hold the ground beyond the wall. The wall in front of Pettigrew being eighty yards farther on, Capt. E. F. Satterfield, of the 55th North Carolina Regiment, was killed, and others were killed or wounded at the wall in their front and thus fell farthest to the front, though on this side of the wall. While General Armistead and others of Pickett's men were killed or wounded on the other side of the wall, they fell not quite so far to the front.

This states fairly the evidence in the generous controversy between the two States as to whose troops went farthest to the front at Gettysburg. There was glory enough for all where all did their duty. General Pettigrew himself had his horse killed under him, but continued to advance on foot and was wounded near the wall in his front.

In this historic charge there were "eighteen regiments and one battalion from Virginia, fifteen regiments from North Carolina, three from Mississippi, three from Tennessee, and one regiment and one battalion from Alabama." (Judge Charles M. Cooke, in "Clark's North Carolina Regimental Histories," page 300.)

On the retreat from Gettysburg, when A. P. Hill's corps crossed the Potomac at Falling Waters, General Pettigrew was placed in charge of the rear guard. A small squad of the enemy's cavalry made a reckless and unexpected charge. One of the enemy's troopers fired at the General, who fell mortally wounded. The trooper was killed, but the loss which he had caused to the Confederacy was irreparable. General Pettigrew was conveyed to this spot, where, lingering, he died in the early morning on the 17th of July, 1863.

When he awakened out of his sleep that morning he said:

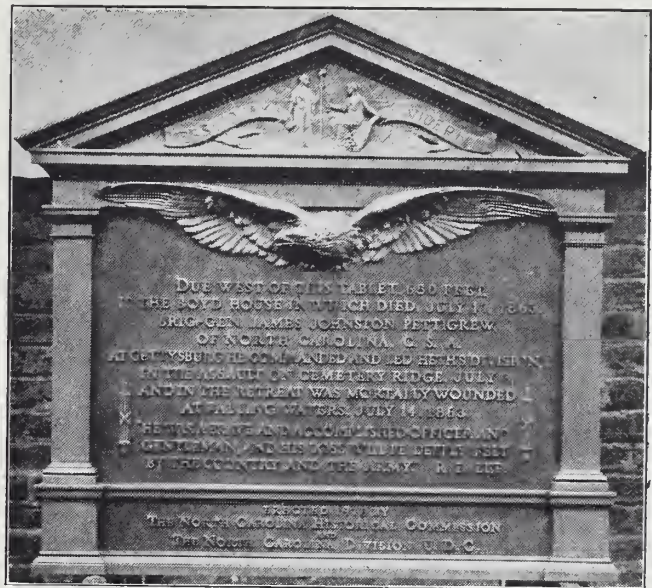
"It is time to be going." He heard the roll call of the Great Commander and answered, "Adsum."

Such is the brief summary of the career of one of the most talented men, one of the bravest spirits that this country has produced.

On the death of Pettigrew it might well have been said in the language of Milton: "Young Lycidas is dead and hath not left his peer."

On the soil of Virginia, which State bore the severest strain of four years of a great war and which saw the fall of so many who died for their duty and their country, there passed away no braver, purer, or more patriotic spirit.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground  
His silent tent is spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead."



JAMES JOHNSTON PETTIGREW.

BY R. W. GRIZZARD.

Let tablet tell Pettigrew fell  
Under the Stars and Bars.  
Well done! Carolina's own son,  
No stain his record mars.

Fair eventide, near where he died,  
On West Virginia's soil,  
Come, soft breeze, waft round his shaft  
Love's dirge that naught shall spoil.

In all the States Confederates  
Mark how he fell and when;  
No coward's face in all his race—  
Brave leader of brave men.

And long his name and blood-bought fame  
Around Southern camp fires  
Shall keep alive and cause to thrive  
Memories that love inspires.



## GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

[Address by Dr. Thornton Whaling, President of the Columbia Theological Seminary, delivered before the Confederate Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy of Columbia, S. C., at the annual meeting of Camp Hampton, U. C. V., July 21, 1920.]

The most momentous event which happened on our globe to-day was not the election of Senators, the coronation of kings, the overthrow of an empire on the battle field, or the formation of policies which are to affect the commercial interests of the whole world; but it was the birth in some American home in the mountains or on the prairie of some child who is to be added to the list of growing Americans. Achievements in any sphere, however epoch-making they may be and however they may swell the sum of human happiness, will always rank second to the production of a real man who illustrates anew the possible worth of human nature and who by the superior force of his own noble personality baptizes with a fresh inspiration the lives of his fellow man. Inventions and arts, institutions and discoveries all pale before the great hero, who is at once the proof of the value of the forces which have produced him and the prophecy of the unceasing good which is to issue from him, a real man, a hero, another great American. Every new century ought to add at least one new name to the growing and illustrious list, but there is one peerless and unchallenged name in our National Hall of Fame to which all the centuries will pay homage and which will never suffer eclipse.

A distinguished American when president of the exposition which celebrated the first English settlement in our country three hundred years ago was visiting the Old World, commissioned by his State to secure the coöperation of the leading nations in the celebration of this unique event. He was interviewing his majesty, King Edward VII, representing to that king the close ties that bound together the great commonwealth of which he was a citizen and the mother country over which the sovereign ruled, requesting in the name of his State that his majesty would order a squadron of war vessels to take part in the naval exhibitions on the waters of Hampton Roads, which witnessed the three hundredth anniversary of the arrival of John Smith and his three small pinnaces; and encouraged by the King's willing and sympathetic assent, the interviewer was emboldened to ask that the renowned British officer, Lord Roberts, might be sent with the military forces because of his remarkable resemblance to one of the most-beloved Southern commanders, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. "Ah!" said the King, breaking in at once, "Why not like General Lee? Is he not like General Lee?"

Drawing himself to his full height, looking the King squarely in the face, the Hon. Mr. Tucker spoke out the views held in every loyal Southern heart: "No, your Majesty, no man is like General Lee. God never made but one man after that model." The King's face flushed, his eyes moistened, and with trembling voice he said: "He was indeed great. None can outrank him."

The proudest distinction that ever came to this Southland of ours is that General Lee was "bone of its bone, flesh of its flesh," the most consummate product of its life, the most perfect expression of its real character; and the appeal which he makes is so convincing that the whole world has not delayed in its decision to place his name first on the list of American heroes. In the quiet town where his ashes lie in the very chapel of the university of which he was the honored head, a distinguished citizen of Massachusetts, descended

from two Presidents of our republic bearing the historic name of Adams, delivered an oration, already famous, in which the estimate which places Lee first on every ground of justice and reason and the impartial and irrevocable judgment of history is rendered by a judge who cannot be accused of bias or partiality—none greater among all the sons of men than this ideal Christian hero, Robert E. Lee.

The vindication of our Southern type of civilization, culture, and religion is found in its production of this great man, who is the most complete embodiment of its innermost and essential life. A culture and a civilization which could flower out in this most consummate man is already proved worthy. "Men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles," and a native tree whose boughs are laden with such fruit as Lee and Jackson and the men who fought with them cannot be smitten with the curse either of God or man. Men are sometimes found who talk in an apologetic vein of that old order which they tell us has vanished away and which for the sake of the world's progress they affect to rejoice can be found no more. And yet "by their fruits ye shall know them," and judged by this standard the world has known nothing better. There is but one final and supreme test of families and schools, institutions and States, religions and civilizations, and that is the type of men they produce. A civilization which could produce Washington and Jefferson, Marshall and Calhoun, Clay and Houston, Lee and Jackson is not a poisonous upas tree nor smitten by the penal lightnings with the curse of barrenness. All these great men were not sporadic and exceptional freaks, but were the efflorescence and the culmination of the intrinsic life and forces which molded their section, and back of them were a people, homogeneous and akin, fired with the same ideals, moved by the same motives which came to such lordly expression in these master Southrons who still rule our spirits from their thrones in our affections and confidence. None of these master spirits were aliens or foreigners, importations from another region, but they came of the very blood and fiber of our people and incarnated with everything that was distinctive and characteristic of the stock and section from which they sprang. Amongst all these signal figures none is so royally commanding, none is so completely expressive of the ideal and character of the race and people out of which he came as that greatest of all our American heroes, who more than one hundred years ago came as a divine gift to become a part of our country's history and to become also a perpetual inspiration to the whole world by the memory of his peerless and unsullied manhood. And when the critics of the old order and the advocates of the new shall show us the new blossoming with the glory of the old and bearing the same kind of fruit, we will have a more attentive ear with which to hear the message.

And yet the contrast between the old and the new is not just or true to the living and evident facts which confront us. The old has been transferred into the new, wearing some new aspects and yet with no change of essential substance; and the new order is but a thin garment clothing the old, which does not conceal the beautiful and symmetrical figure which it adorns. All that was distinctive of the old still lives—chivalric and undying regard for woman, the high valuation of things of the mind and spirit, the sovereign contempt of the man of the dollar if he was a man of dollars alone, the esteem for blood and family and precedent, that lofty racial respect which would not tolerate impurity, that unchallenged belief in religion as the supreme concern

of men, that faith untainted by agnosticism and untouched by doubt. All of these marks still go with us into the new industrial and commercial age into which we have entered, and, please God, these same signs shall always mark our life and civilization. Our whole country would be poorer if this large and invaluable contribution were subtracted from the sum of the forces which make this great country what it is to-day. There is a wider national consciousness than ever before in our country's history, and our place in it is just as essential and indispensable now as at any period in our national growth, and our mission remains to-day what it has ever been—to infuse these distinctive marks into the whole life of the republic.

The vindication of our Southern cause finds its highest and most satisfying expression in the personality of our great commander. There is no latent disloyalty in the statement nor any question of the decision reached by the stern arbitrament of war, but no cause could have been unworthy that received the unqualified adherence of the mind and conscience and the heart of this rare and stainless man. Able books there are by Davis and Stephens and that monumental book on the Constitution of the United States by John Randolph Tucker which present massive and powerful arguments in support of a certain interpretation of our system of government; but a man is always more than a book, and a personality is more convincing than an argument, and the appeal which swayed the reason and commended the conscience and enthralled the heart of Lee is explained in its power to unite as one man a great people for four years of heroic sacrifice. Our triumphant apologetic is not found in books or theories, but, incarnated in noble men, it wins the verdict that a whole people must in honor contend to the very death to sustain them. We rejoice in our great country and rejoice that it was not permanently severed into discordant and belligerent parts; but our fathers who followed the fortunes of the great leaders of '61 would not have been the men they were, would have been crowned with dishonor, if they had faltered or hesitated.

The military genius of our hero has always received recognition from competent military critics. Defeat has not served to eclipse his fame, and the strategy and tactics by which he made every campaign and battle memorable are likely always to serve as faultless models of military art to all succeeding students. But it is of his character, his typical and representative character, that I have been speaking to-day, and as a soldier he still remains the type and representative of the soldiers in gray who followed his matchless leadership. They were like him; there was a glorious affinity which bound together this unrivaled leader and these unrivaled soldiers. His perfect plans, so thoroughly wrought in every detail, so daring in execution, so difficult of hostile divination, so unexpected by every foe who ever confronted him, and yet which seemed ever to completely anticipate the purpose of his opponents—these plans were not executed by his troops as though they were dead, mechanical instruments, but were intelligently fulfilled by those who grasped the significance of their leader's plans, who understood why now the retreat and now the charge, now the flank movement, now the desperate clash of serried ranks in deadly combat was ordered. The Confederate soldier was worthy of his noblest leader. If it be hard to find the equal of our great leaders, it is impossible to find the rival of the private soldier. And that which crowns with the most signal distinction this mighty conflict was the morale of that army which, conspicuous as it was for

gifted leadership, was still more conspicuous for the intelligence, loyalty, and faith of the unrivaled soldiers who ought to have had for their leaders only the most sublimely gifted and heroic of men.

A French count who had for awhile a position on General Lee's staff tells us in his interesting book on war memories that one day during a lull in the storm of battle he was riding with his chief across the field when a private soldier, begrimed with powder from the cannon he had been firing, approached for the purpose of speaking and, to his surprise, proved to be the son of the great commander in chief, serving then as a private soldier in the Rockbridge Battery of the Stonewall Brigade. It was an exceptional case, you might think, to find one of such blood and lineage serving as a private soldier, but it was not an exceptional case to find in every company men who in character and intelligence so resembled the noble commander that they might well have been of the same blood and lineage. The soldier was so worthy of his leader that it is no disrepute to Lee—it is the highest praise—to say that he stands as the type and representative of the noble men whom he commanded.

The grandeur of General Lee's character has its most conspicuous illustration in the calm patience with which he bore the burdens of defeat without murmur or regret, without criticism or complaint. Loyal to the results at Appomattox, he gave himself to the task of showing how the shattered fortunes of his section might be rebuilt. Turning his back on financial emolument or inglorious ease, he spent his closing years in the laborious work of the presidency of a college where Southern youth were to be trained for the duties of citizenship and life under the changed conditions of the new order. The same noble abilities, the same high conception of duty, the same unselfish regard for others, the same patriotic thought of country which made him the model chieftain in war made him the model leader in the arts of peace and in the healing enterprise of university organization. Human history contains few things so inspiring as the spectacle of the transformation of the hero of a score of triumphant battles into the quiet and laborious college teacher and educator, and yet it was the same qualities and the same character which had shone at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville that now made Lexington the center of inspiration and the source of leadership to the whole South. Typical always, his soldiers, young and old, followed him in taking up anew the task of life, thinking chiefly of the generation which was to come after them; and if more than fifty years of peace have healed many of the wounds of the cruel war and obliterated most of its scars and reunited our great country in mind and heart by bonds that are closer and deeper than in any of the days which have gone before, this golden benediction of healing and reunion is due in good measure to the noble man who brought back his stainless sword to the sheath from which he had reluctantly taken it, took up the implements of peace, and in the quietness of his great, strong soul showed his people that "misfortune nobly borne is good fortune"; that the victor on many a fiercely contested field might become "more than a conqueror" in defeat. Our gratitude that God gave us such a leader is most profound when we see him illustrating every virtue which might adorn the hero and wearing every grace which may be wrought into the Christian saint as unostentatiously and laboriously as he devoted himself with all his splendid powers and world-wide fame to the noble vocation of training Southern youth to be the men they ought to be. It is



well; we would not have it other. There could have been no glory prepared for him greater than this, that the earthly crown and consummation of his life should be this service, which can never die, of teaching our young men what royal manhood must forever be.

Some summers ago I visited the costly tomb which a nation has prepared as the last resting place for one of its successful generals. Upon a lofty height overlooking the Hudson, whose waters, laden with commerce, will always flow by, with the financial and commercial metropolis of the country in full view, with the shriek of the passing train and the busy hum of trade always heard, the majestic tomb stands, holding the remains of the noted general. And I said: "It is fitting that it should be thus; it was a wise thought that planned it so." Then I realized how often I had visited the quiet tomb in Lexington beneath the college chapel devoted to culture and religion and in which the sleeping hero had often presided over crowds of young men gathered by the magic of his name to study under his inspiration the art of life, and I said: "I would not change this quiet tomb for the gilded mausoleum in the crowded mart. It is well that our hero should rest within walls sacred to the training of young men and that culture and religion should be spirit and atmosphere that surround the ashes of our mighty dead."

#### *GORDON'S BRIGADE AFTER THE VALLEY CAMPAIGN.*

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

We entrained at Waynesboro, a small village on the railroad east of Staunton, on December 12 and arrived at Petersburg two days later. We were sent immediately to Hatcher's Run, where we built good winter quarters as if we were to spend the rest of the war there without molestation by the enemy; but in these we were not to remain long, for General Grant, with his overwhelming numbers, was ever extending his left wing farther and farther to the west, compelling General Lee to meet these advances by depleting his already very thin line by taking men from it to meet these aggressions. Grant had now brought down from the Valley Sheridan and his army of sixty thousand select men and, like a great serpent, could wind around his enemy and crush him to death in his powerful coil. General Lee had now but one railroad on which to bring up supplies from the south to support his army defending Richmond and Petersburg, and if this should be cut there was but one of two things to do—evacuate or surrender. To escape capture would have been well-nigh impossible.

Month after month our rations grew less and less until the end. Toward the last we were almost starved and had only enough corn bread and meat issued to us to sustain life. The spirit of fortitude exhibited by our brave soldiers, now reduced to a mere handful, under these trying conditions was only an evidence of the unconquerable character of the Anglo-Saxon race. They never under our noble Gordon failed to respond handsomely to every order to attack and never failed to drive the enemy before them. Many of these poor fellows knew that their homes in Georgia were in ashes and their helpless families were destitute.

But I must go back. When we left the Valley, a few cavalry scouts still remained there to observe and to keep in touch with Mosby, who was operating in the rear of the great army Lincoln ever kept south of the Potomac and near Washington to guard his sacred person from the horrid

Rebels. You may search ancient and modern history in vain to find a leader who ever accomplished so much with so small a force at his command. Hardly a week passed from the time we left the Valley until General Lee surrendered that he did not send into our lines prisoners and wagon trains loaded with army supplies captured from the enemy. Not satisfied with this, he even sent as a prisoner to Richmond the general himself who commanded these forces. Many of our sick and wounded soldiers left by our army in that part of the country when we withdrew from it preferred when they recovered to join Mosby rather than make an attempt to get through the lines to their own commands. Some of those who united with his command preferred to wage war near their own homes, where they could see their families, who were always ready to give them information of the movements of the enemy and conceal them in an emergency; while others fell in with him from a love of adventure. From his place of retreat our scouts led these prisoners and booty up the Valley and into our lines. His force was augmented continually by these means until he had with him perhaps two or three hundred men from first to last. He had been left there at first by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart with a small squad of cavalry to observe the enemy's movements and send information through the lines, as he and his men were familiar with the country.

We enjoyed our winter quarters until February, when General Grant's movements compelled General Lee to do something to check him. This resulted in our fight at Hatcher's Run, in which we lost some men. What loss we inflicted on the enemy I cannot say, but it was certainly a very inconvenient place to fight. We advanced into a low, swampy forest, where the ground was covered with shallow pools of water, or bogs, interspersed with briars so that progress was hard to make by us or the enemy. We drove them through the swamp into their works on higher ground, when we became so much disorganized that we fell back to our original position. In this fighting the brigade was commanded by Colonel Baker, of the 13th Georgia. The accomplished and popular Major Grace, of the 26th Georgia, was killed here. Grant continued to extend his left, and we had to fight again a few days after this at Deep Run. Our brigade charged their works and were repulsed, but we rallied and drove them out. This was a stubborn fight in which we lost many of our veteran troops, and our regiments, already thinned by constant fighting, were reduced to the size of companies and companies to squads.

General Lee now decided to relieve our brigade and division by sending us to hold the line in front of Petersburg, and the troops there took our place at Hatcher's Run. But this was like getting out of the frying pan into the fire; for while we had a different kind of fighting on our hands, it was incessant. It never ceased day or night until we evacuated the ditches on the 2d of April. We were in these works about six weeks, where we were never safe one minute of the time from the missiles that continually sizzled and buzzed in the air around and about us, striking in the ground and tearing out great craters large enough to bury an ox, while their riflemen were ever on the alert with their long-range guns to pick off any of our men who exposed themselves to view. Our only safe place was in our bombproofs, where we had to sit in a cramped position or lie down. Our regiment (31st Georgia) was posted directly in front of Fort Steadman and less than one hundred yards from it. At this place and far to the right and left of it while we were fight-

ing in the Valley and in Maryland the previous summer General Grant had sacrificed multitudes of his foreign hordes in his attempts to take Petersburg by direct assault. General Lee had straightened out his line and built excellent breastworks, strengthened by a fort every quarter of a mile or more. Parallel with these Grant did the same thing, and in the rear of them and out of range of our best artillery he erected great observation towers, from which he had a fine view of the country far to our rear. Back of all this he constructed a railroad to carry supplies to his army. In front of his works he had a line of rifle pits about a hundred feet apart occupied day and night by his pickets. We had a line of pits also, but our pickets remained in them only from nightfall to dawn. Between our rifle pits and the breastworks was an abatis made of pine logs with arms through them so that they were very difficult to get through. They kept five or six pickets in their pits, while ours were occupied by one man only in each. These two lines of hostile pickets were about fifty yards apart and kept up a constant fusillade, the principal object being to keep the men from going to sleep.

For a few days after we were put in these works our Yankee neighbors were very social, and between the shooting we sometimes had some conversation and an occasional visit from them, but that was a dangerous business and not allowed often. Our instructions were to fire toward the enemy about every fifteen minutes, lest we should go to sleep on our post. The monotony of the long, cold nights out in the pits was very trying, and we devised many schemes to break it. One of these was firing rockets made of Minie balls into the enemy pickets. These were made by scooping out the leaden ball so that it was only a shell. In the cavity we packed powder that had been dampened with saliva. A charge of dry powder was placed in the gun, and the ball containing the damp powder was inserted in the gun with the sharp end down. By giving the gun the right elevation the ball, with its long tail of fire following it, would fall into the Yankee pits and create great confusion among them for a while. Friend and foe alike enjoyed the joke, and after a while the enemy caught on to the trick. A brave but nervous picket on my right who was an expert at this thing was frightened out of the pit when one of these rockets fell in on him. But I am ahead of my story.

When we came to these breastworks the ground in the rear of them was full of all kinds of bombproofs made in every fashion. I and two comrades selected one deep down in the ground for our quarters. About the second night we were there the orderly sergeant of the company, an old schoolmate, came in and sat down by me and said that they (the regimental officers) had made a demand on the company to furnish another man for the battalion of pickets; and as it was a very dangerous service in which we had lost a great many men, he hesitated about detailing any one and asked me to volunteer. This I did, feeling that it was more honorable to do so than to be put on that duty by those in command. The next morning I met a comrade who was already serving in that capacity and told him I intended to go out with him that evening. He said: "All right; meet me at the head block at dusk with your gun loaded and a fresh cap on, and I will show you your pit."

Now, I had never had a good view of the situation, had only taken a peep occasionally, and at some risk, through the small hole mortised in this block from which a very imperfect idea could be formed. Promptly at dusk I met him at the place designated, and we stepped up on the platform behind

the works. He looked at me and asked me about the condition of my gun and then said: "Are you ready?" I told him I was. We threw our guns up, and at one bound we mounted the parapet in a shower of balls from the enemy pickets, which always greeted us as we went on in the evening or came off at dawn. Standing there one moment, he pointed to the right and said, "That's your picket," and, darting to the left, disappeared.

Now, I did not know about that *chevaux-de-frise* being there or how to get through it in this storm of bullets. Just as I thought I was through one of the arms jerked me back by catching under my canteen strap as if to say, "Don't be in too great a hurry," while the enemy were making the situation very embarrassing for me. When released I plunged without delay into my pit and went knee-deep into the stinking, cold mud. In this miserable hole I sat and shivered until midnight, when I was relieved by a comrade who brought with him a plank which reached from one side of the pit to the other and afforded us a good seat thereafter. We were divided into two reliefs and alternated every night. The first relief the previous night became the second the succeeding night. We were while on duty under Lieut. "Billy" Guinn, who had been promoted for his bravery and good sense in saving our brigade from capture on one occasion in the Wilderness campaign when it had by some means maneuvered so as to find itself at night in the rear of Grant's army. When he found out the predicament which we were in, he led us out of the trap by a secret route known apparently to himself alone. This is the same man who as sheriff of his county in Georgia was killed by the noted outlaw Tom Delk, who was hanged for the crime.

For the first week or ten days after we took over the defense of this part of General Lee's line the enemy pickets conducted themselves very gentlemanly. They were very anxious to have some intercourse with us and often invited us to come over and exchange commodities with them; but that was a very dangerous business and depended entirely upon the humor of the officer in command of the pickets whether a visitor from our side ever came back. One night shortly after I was put on this duty the enemy in front of me asked me to come over and have a talk, giving their word and honor as Irishmen that they would let me return. But I could not accept, as I knew that if I did I should be violating my instructions and if detained would be considered a deserter. Between the picket lines was a low place in which there were a few scrubby willows. A slight depression extended up from this to my pit. One dark night as I sat there peering out into the darkness, with my gun ready for use, I thought I heard a faint voice saying, "Don't shoot, don't shoot; I'm coming in," and then the footfalls of a man approaching I heard distinctly. He continued to repeat as he came, "Don't shoot; I'm coming in," and a big Yank, with his gun in hand and fully equipped, rolled over in on me, at the same time telling me to pass the word to the next man on the left not to shoot, as others were coming in. I called out to my little comrade, Perkins, and told him I had a deserter and not to shoot, as others were coming in. In a very short time seven men, well armed and equipped, fell over into Perkins's pit. He hallooed to me in a very excited tone: "There are seven of them. What shall I do with them?" I told him to send them to the rear. This class of men was not to be feared. They were what the Yankees called "bounty jumpers," men who enlisted only to get the thousand-dollar bounty which Lincoln was giving at the time. They deserted the first op-



portunity and were allowed to pass through the lines, where they changed their names and no doubt reenlisted. Our thin line at this time extended thirty-five miles, and sometimes hundreds came in during a night.

As I have already intimated, our first experience in these rifle pits was only a picnic compared with what we had to endure later on. The enemy, by some means, had become aware that Gracie's Alabama Brigade, which had built and held these works from the first, had been replaced by Gordon's Georgia Brigade. They suspicioned from this circumstance that General Lee intended to make a great effort to surprise and capture Fort Steadman. Lieutenant Guinn came around at night to see if any of us were asleep and usually patted us on the back and asked if we were awake. He was afraid some of us would be found in that condition by the officer of the day (night) and have to suffer the consequences. To keep us awake he revised his order to shoot every fifteen minutes and told us he had plenty of ammunition and to shoot as often as we pleased.

We now made the night lively along the full length of the brigade. This new conduct on our part confirmed them in their belief that we contemplated an attack, and bedlam suddenly broke loose. Their whole picket line arose as one man in a great panic and rushed back into the fort. We could hear the uproar over there as the men hastened from their quarters to their guns. And now the heavens and the surrounding scene were lit up by their artillery, Screeching mortar shells, with a tail of fire following them a yard long, were ascending toward the blue dome of heaven, while shells from the mouths of their rifle cannon were sweeping over our heads and bursting in the rear. The mighty noise of the big guns put a quietus to our activities, and we sat in awe, trembling in our pits. But those splendid meteors began to descend upon us with their ever-increasing, menacing scream as they drew nearer. All around us they dropped and exploded with a terrific noise, scattering dirt and gravel over us. To make the situation even worse their infantry were firing from the parapet as if the result of the war depended on their efforts. The fort was a veritable volcano in eruption, and every minute I expected one of those big shells to drop in on me and tear me into atoms. Language is inadequate to express my feelings as I sat there alone, unable to communicate with my comrades on the right and left and considering what I ought to do. My voice was too weak to be heard in the thunder of the big guns, and no one could be seen. I asked myself: "Are they all dead and I alone am left here? Shall I leave my post and seek safety somewhere else?" These and many other suggestions were in my mind.

How long I remained in this state of uncertainty I cannot say; but when I could stand it no longer, I jumped up, determined to find some one to die with me or to advise me. I started in a trot to the right down the zigzag ditch which connected the pits to find the next man, but he was gone. Hastening on and guided only by the uncertain flashes of the exploding shells, I struck my leg against a gun lying across the ditch. I fell forward in the bottom of the ditch so badly hurt that at first I could do nothing but rub my bruised shin. Poor fellow, brave man as he was, in despair of his life he had thrown down his gun here and was sitting there in the ditch with his back to the wall, awaiting his fate and crying like a child. As soon as my pain had somewhat subsided I said: "What shall we do?" His reply was that we all would be killed there that night. I suggested to him that we follow the zigzag into the breastworks and see if our comrades were

yet alive. This we did, and to our surprise we found them all standing or sitting about under arms awaiting orders. One man was badly hurt by a shell just as we came among them.

There was no let-up in this dreadful cannonade and fusillade until sunup, when the panic-stricken enemy discovered that all of Lee's army had not assembled there to gobble them up. Exhausted by their activities, they gradually slackened their fire, but never for but a brief interval until April 2, when the writer of this article and two comrades were left here to observe the enemy's movements until midnight. We had the honor of being the last men of Lee's army to evacuate the lines.

#### FOUR REMARKABLE BIOGRAPHIES.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

The December topic in the historical program of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is "Southern Women of the Sixties Who Have Written Biographies and Memoirs of Their Experiences during the War between the States." It is not to be expected that one should find the wealth of reminiscences garnered by soldiers and statesmen, but what is lacking in extent and detail is more than compensated in charm.

Imprimis, the Southern woman was a rare and wonderful creature. The popular Northern picture which represented her as an idle, luxurious parasite, incapable of serious effort, was one of the many delusions shattered by experience. It took a race of indomitable females to mother the men who marched in the Southern armies, for men derive their courage from the distaff side. Slavery did not foster indolence; on the contrary, the care and supervision of a plantation imposed heavy burdens and responsibilities upon its mistress. Many are the tributes to Southern women. One which cannot be suspected of flattery was paid by General Sherman. Let us hope that it became known to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, so that she might mark and inwardly digest the opinion of one whose opportunities to know Southern women were quite unusual. After General Sherman captured Savannah he ordered the wives of Confederate officers and soldiers to leave the city. In reply to their remonstrance General Sherman said: "You women are the toughest set I ever knew. The men would have given up long ago but for you. I believe you would keep this war up thirty years." These blunt words, spoken in exasperation and not intended as praise, are indeed a commentary on the fortitude of these women.

After many silent years some of them found a voice, and from the number four are chosen for consideration in this article. First in importance must come the ample and interesting "Memoirs of Jefferson Davis," written by Mrs. Davis. Most sympathetically she describes his youth, the romance of his life, and its tragic ending in the death of his young wife. It is a common error to consider Jefferson Davis simply as the President of the Confederacy. Back of those years was a long and brilliant career as a soldier, statesman, Secretary of War; and the failure of the Southern cause was not due to its chosen leader and subsequent martyr. Of course it is not a cold, impartial record in which there is "nothing extenuate," albeit there is naught set down in malice. It would be ridiculous to suppose that a wife would not exert all her powers in defense of an adored husband who was often unjustly assailed. Also it is to be remembered that the point of view is vital in considering either landscapes or individuals, and no adequate picture can be formed of the times and events

of the Southern Confederacy which does not include this book.

It was in 1857 that Maj. T. J. Jackson, professor at the Virginia Military Institute, married Mary Anna Morrison. Six brief years of happiness followed, crowned by the birth of a daughter, Julia, about six months before the great Stonewall crossed over the river. Mrs. Jackson survived her husband more than half a century. She died on March 24, 1915, bearing to the end with dignity and simplicity the glory of an immortal name. She was a beautiful type of Christian womanhood, the ideal wife and mother, combining gentleness and sweetness with strength of character. There are many lives of Jackson, ranging from Colonel Henderson's great biography to Mrs. Mary L. Williamson's small volume, which is indispensable for children; but the story of this marvelous man would not be complete if Mrs. Jackson had not written her "Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson," revealing the exquisite tenderness of his nature as well as that stern, martial devotion to duty which was woven into the fiber of his soul. To read any life of Jackson is to enter a sanctuary illumined by the beauty of holiness. His military fame was merely the key which unlocked the secret chamber of his soul, revealing its spiritual communion with the divine Source of love and faith. The influence of such a life in stabilizing the hopes and exalting the aspirations of humanity is a priceless possession not less precious than the genius for war which made him one of the foremost soldiers of the world.

In striking contrast to these two books is the volume entitled "Recollections Grave and Gay," by Mrs. Burton Harrison. To begin with, this lady was a belle of the sixties which brought sorrow to Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Jackson. She was then Constance Cary and, with her beautiful cousin Hetty, was the toast of all the young officers in Richmond. Evidently nature designed her to be one of those gracious beings who can make a sunshine in the shady place, as Edmund Spenser beautifully expressed the idea. Before perusing far this record, which one fears was deleted of some very spicy flirtations and not a few proposals, the name of the President's private secretary, Mr. Burton Harrison, receives such frequent and honorable mention that ye experienced devotee to romance discerns that this young man's scalp is dangling at the belt of Miss Constance, along with others. To be perfectly candid, he is engaged in ardent pursuit of Miss Cary, probably with such fluctuations of hope and uncertainty as the Virginia girl usually contributes to the chase. When Mr. Harrison gravely considers resigning as presidential secretary and betaking himself to the firing line, it is a safe guess that the course of true love was not running smoothly; but the President, who is indeed a sorely harried man, needing just such a capable secretary, convinces Mr. Harrison that it was his duty to remain in the executive office. There is a note of tragedy—who could escape it in those days?—when Hetty Cary's husband, Gen. John Pegram, was killed at the head of his division in February, 1865. One of the most exquisite poems in the English language is William Gordon McCabe's lament for this gentle knight.

After the agony was over, Miss Constance duly became Mrs. Burton Harrison, and one is quite sure she lived happily ever after. There was even some money invested in solvent securities which enabled her to go to Paris and purchase a trousseau. This sounds like a fairy tale, but is, nevertheless, true. The young couple settled in New York, where Mr. Harrison successfully practiced law, and Mrs. Harrison wrote stories of Southern life which were so well received that

more ambitious ventures followed, such as "The Anglo-maniacs" and "Sweet Bells Out of Tune." Honors have come to her in ample measure and sons of whom she could be proud, all of which the reader of the "Recollections" feels is justly due this charming woman.

Another brilliant Southern matron living in New York took up the pen late in life. Mrs. Roger A. Pryor was the author of several sketches and entertaining short stories when at seventy-two years old she wrote her first book, "The Mother of Washington and Her Times." This was followed by "Reminiscences of Peace and War," "The Birth of a Nation," which was a comprehensive account of the Jamestown Colony, and "My Day Reminiscences of a Long Life." The two biographical volumes have the freshness of youth and are replete with interesting incidents. Mrs. Pryor was beautiful, stately in presence, with a grace and repose of manner which compelled admiration and a voice whose modulations made any recital attractive. She was in all respects fitted to be the wife and helpmeet of Gen. Roger A. Pryor, and their married life of sixty-three years was ideal.

"Reminiscences of Peace and War" is a delightful book, beginning in Washington during Buchanan's administration, then breezily describing the early days of victory for secession, hospital work in Richmond, and the gradual transition to despair as the drama slowly unfolded with its inevitable climax. "My Day" is more intimate in its revelations, but not less fascinating. It supplements most satisfactorily the "Reminiscences" and shows how General Pryor by intense application and hard study achieved a high place at the bar of New York and became one of its most honored judges. The appreciation accorded to him was her chief joy, but she won for herself a place not less eminent in the social life of the metropolis. She was a charter member of several patriotic societies and foremost in philanthropic work when some great disaster touched the generous heart of New York. Sara Agnes Pryor died on February 15, 1912, and was laid to rest at Princeton beside her gifted son Theo, whose brilliant promise was cut short in early manhood. There too in 1919 Judge Pryor, ninety years old, was buried, and the cycle was complete of two noble and beautiful lives whose length of days was a benediction.

The four eminent women who have been described so imperfectly and briefly essayed literature in the leisure which came when their paramount duty in raising and training their children had been discharged. Perhaps it is because they stood upon the heights after the toilsome ascent was won that a purer atmosphere breathes through their pages and a wider vista is unrolled. For them "across the little landscape of our life" the sunset splendor was falling, the west was golden with the promise of light at eventide, soon would dawn the eternal morning and the reunion with the loved and lost. So these books are in some sort the story of a pilgrimage, beset with perils at times, saddened by deep sorrows, but it is approaching with serenity the river where all human journeys end and the radiance of the celestial city glows upon the horizon.

Their inspirational value, no less than their literary merit, should make us eager to place them in our own libraries and to make them accessible to the students of the era of the Confederacy.

The people that forgets its heroic dead is already dying at heart, and we believe we shall be truer and better citizens of the United States if we are true to our past.—*Dr. Randolph H. McKim.*



## THEN AND NOW—A COMPARISON.

BY CLEMENT SAUSSY, SAVANNAH, GA.

This comparison, showing the conditions under which the soldiers in the American army during the late World War served their country and the conditions under which the Confederate soldier served his country in the War between the States, is in no wise to be construed as a criticism on our soldiers who followed their country's flag to a glorious triumph in the very recent war, for there is no better soldier in the world than the American soldier and none better in that army than were the men from the Southern States, many of whom were descended from men who served in the Confederate army, 1861-65. But it is simply to show the great difference between then and now and what hardships and sufferings men can endure when they are serving their own country.

Now, as I understand it, when a soldier, either a volunteer or one who was drafted for the army in the great World War, was sent to a concentration camp he was given a very careful physical and mental examination, and if only slight defects were found he was given the necessary treatment to bring him up to normal; otherwise he was rejected and returned to his home, only the physically fit being sent into training for service. He was furnished with ample supplies of wearing apparel, including underclothes, and his rations were of the very best food of the many kinds that were to be had. If he was sick, there were hospitals with the best medical treatment and nurses, with an abundant supply of medicines and all kinds of delicacies; in fact, everything to make him comfortable. If he was wounded in battle, he had the most experienced surgeons in our land to give him the very best attention, using the most modern appliances known to surgery; and here again was the competent trained nurse, ever ready to give him aid and comfort. His pay was ample, considering the other things supplied by the government; and when he returned to his homeland, he was given a bonus and had a home to go to, with loved ones waiting for him. This description will give an idea of this treatment of our men who went into the great World War.

Now, how was it with the Confederate soldier? Very few were given any physical or mental examination, for we had in the Confederate army the halt, the lame, and the blind. I will give instances that came under my personal observation as well as some things which I personally experienced, for incidents like these do not get into history; and, therefore, that our young people may know these things, it is necessary for some veteran who "was there" to write of them for their information.

When I went into the Confederate army, March 1, 1862, a beardless boy under eighteen years of age (four brothers having gone into the army at the very start), no examination whatever was made of my condition. In about four or five weeks I was furnished with a cap, coat, and trousers. No underclothes whatever were ever furnished me, these being sent me from home. Some months after enlistment I was given a pair of brogan shoes, and in the summer of 1864 I was furnished with a gray jacket and another pair of shoes, two years between the issuing dates. And as near as I can recall this was all the wearing apparel issued to me in three years and three months' service. All that I had came from home. Our rations during the first part of the war were fairly good, and when supplemented by good things from

home why, we did first rate; but later on it was something else, as you will see.

When our battery, the Chatham Artillery of Savannah, known in the war as Wheaton's Light Battery, was in Charlotte, N. C., I met on the streets of that city Albert Shellman, my schoolboy friend of early boyhood. He was in the 1st Volunteer Regiment of Georgia, and his command was straggling back after the disastrous campaign of General Hood in Tennessee. He was in rags, barefooted, dirty, and lousy. After greeting each other, he said: "Come, let's go and get something to eat." I said: "My boy, if these people have anything, they will not give it to you." "O," he said, "you don't know how to work it. Come on." So we went down the street and soon came to a small bake shop. "Come in," he said, and in there we found a woman and a girl and a showcase with a few loaves of very uninviting bread and a few cakes. Shellman asked the price, which was: bread, \$30 a loaf; cakes, \$25 each. When he said the price was too high, the woman said: "You don't have to buy them; if you don't like the price, go on." Just then he pulled from his pocket a two and a half gold piece, which to me looked to be the size of one of the spare wheels on our caissons. Said I: "Where did you get it?" He said: "Never mind about that; I have it." So the woman at once fell in prices, and by giving us each a plate and a bottle of sorghum syrup we attacked the bread and wound up with some cakes, for all of which she charged one dollar and twenty-five cents. I said to him: "Let's hunt for a place to buy you a pair of shoes." But he said: "No; I am used to going barefooted; but somehow I can't get used to an empty stomach, and I will use this balance when I get good and hungry, and I hope you will be there."

Some time after this, while traveling over the bad roads of North Carolina (I was allowed to ride on the caisson because my feet were badly blistered, the bottoms to my old shoes being entirely gone), when passing a farmhouse I saw some of our battery boys talking with some girls. Having had no breakfast, I inquired if they had anything to eat, and one of them held up a biscuit. Now, girls and biscuits were a very strong drawing card for a hungry Confederate; so, forgetting all about my blistered feet, I jumped down and went over and got two biscuits, the battery going on. When I returned to the road it was out of sight; so I walked on the frozen ground barefooted for about twenty or more miles, and every step I left my good red blood on the red hills of North Carolina.

Some days after that one of our men had begged from a farmer about two or three quarts of cowpeas. The negro who did our cooking had gone to the Yankees, and we took it by turns to do the cooking when we had anything to cook. This night it was my turn, and the peas were given me to cook. It had been raining all day, and our camping place for that night was near a church beside the road, a high hill going up behind the church and descending to a low bottom across the road. Our boys had gone into the church to get out of the rain and go to sleep while the peas were cooking. I was to call them when supper was ready, for we were very hungry. Soon I had a fire going and a camp kettle on some rocks with the peas boiling away, the rain having somewhat subsided.

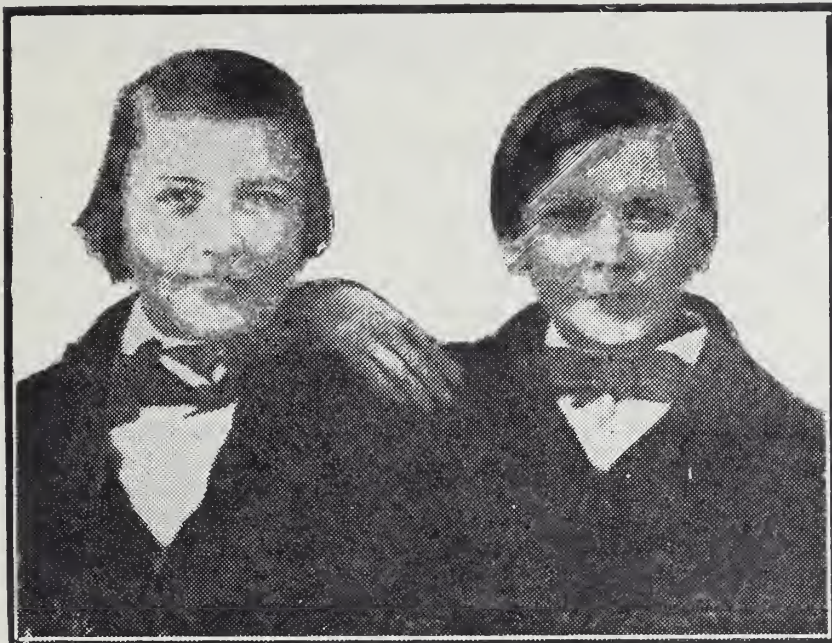
In making the fire I had carefully noted the lay of the land, and pretty soon the heavens opened with a cloudburst, and a stream of water came down that hill that took our kettle, peas, fire, and all, and away it went across the road



and down the hill on the other side. O my! O me! Our supper was gone, and I feared to face my hungry comrades who were sleeping inside the church, waiting for me to call them to a feast of cowpeas; so I slipped in and found a place to sleep, hoping for better luck next time.

Such were some of our experiences in the eating line. We were also short on supplies of various kinds. I remember once when going into camp for the night in passing over a stream the bridge gave way with the last carriage in the battery and the heaviest, the battery wagon and forge combined, and the same was dumped to the bottom of eight feet of cold, swift running water, upside down, and much of the contents—horseshoes, nails, and various tools—falling out. Our captain ordered a detail of ten of the best men who could swim to go back and get the forge out and to recover as much of the contents as possible. City boys were selected for the job, and I was one of the number. We got a fire going, even though it was raining hard, and down into that freezing cold water we worked for over three hours before we succeeded in getting the forge and its contents out. And why did we have to do this? Because our country was so impoverished at that time that these articles could not be replaced. In all my war experience I think that night's work took the lead and will ever be remembered.

How did our wounded fare? My brother, Robert Saussy, who was lieutenant commanding his company, the Georgia Hussars, Company F, Jeff Davis Legion of Cavalry, was severely wounded near Petersburg, Va., in October, 1864, the main artery of his right leg being cut by the bullet. When they found him that night he had bled white, and they thought he was dead; but in taking him up he showed life, and Colonel Waring, of the Legion, had a small tourniquet in his pocket, which he applied and stopped further flow of blood. My brother was taken to a near-by farmhouse, the owner of which was an old retired doctor, and the next morning two army surgeons came to operate. At that time there were no anesthetics to give the wounded when operating. So they had men to hold him down while they cut into his thigh and took up the artery. In a few days the artery sloughed off, and they held him down again and cut farther up and made another take up; and this sloughing kept on for four different cuttings until the cut was ten inches long. The doctors said if any more sloughing occurred that the leg would have to be taken off. The old doctor in whose house my brother was said if the leg was amputated after so much loss of blood he would die. My brother was informed as to the surgeons' intentions. He said: "No, do not cut off my leg; for if I am going to die, why, let me go into the box with all that belongs to me." So they did not amputate, and after heroic treatment he had gotten on crutches when



FRIENDS FOR MORE THAN SIXTY-FIVE YEARS.

A friendship that has survived for more than sixty-five years of constant association is that between Clement Saussy and George F. Walker, of Savannah, Ga. The upper picture shows them as boyhood playmates in 1855, while the lower picture presents them in the evening of their lives. From boyhood to manhood they were in close association, and they served on the same gun in the Chatham Artillery during the War between the States. Mr. Saussy joined the Chatham Artillery March 1, 1862, but Mr. Walker was with the 1st Volunteer Regiment of Georgia before transferring to the Chatham Artillery in November, 1863. This battery saw heavy service about Charleston, S. C., was in the battle of Olustee, Fla., and went through the North Carolina campaign with Johnston's Army, surrendering at Greensboro April 26, 1865, where they turned in the twelve-pound guns captured from the Yankees at Olustee. Mr. Saussy has retired from active business on account of defective hearing; but Mr. Walker is still active in his business, being President of the Strachan Shipping Co.



the war ended; and although he suffered a great deal, he lived to the good old age of nearly seventy-nine years.

Another case of this kind came under my own observation in July, 1864, when the Yankees sent several of the blockading vessels at Charleston bar into Stono River and were shelling Fort Pemberton, James Island, with Wheaton's Battery right alongside of this small fort. The shells were falling thick and fast all around us, when one eight-inch shell exploded just over one of the guns of the fort, killing three or four and wounding four others of a gun crew. One of these poor fellows, badly cut up by pieces of the shell, was laid on an improvised operating table made of boards ripped from the side of a near-by stable and tied down with ropes (plow lines) gotten from the stable, and, with nothing whatever given him to deaden the pain, the surgeons were cutting him in various places, when the poor fellow, crying and cursing fearfully, died while they were cutting.

Now, as to how we were treated while sick. In November, 1864, when Sherman was near Savannah, I had a furlough and was at home sick. I told my mother that as she had two sons then prisoners of war I was not going to be the means of having any more of the family be an expense to the Yankee government; so, sick though I was, I went back to my command at James Island. In December, 1864, we were sent to the Combahee River, between Charleston and Savannah, and I had a relapse and was very sick. I begged our surgeon for some quinine, but he said as I would be dead by Saturday night, this being Tuesday, that quinine was too precious to be wasted on me; yet I am here yet.

As to hospital fare, I will relate this: When we were at Raleigh, N. C., in the latter part of March, 1865, my old comrade, George P. Walker, was sent to the hospital, which was an Episcopal church with pews used as beds. I went there to see Walker; and as the pew behind him was empty, I sat in that and talked with him. He asked if I had had any breakfast. I told him no, so he said that an orderly would soon bring around the breakfast, and, as I looked as sick as he did, that the darky would give me a ration. Soon he appeared and made the rounds, handing me a corn pone with a slice of very fat bacon in sandwich form. He also gave one to Walker, who handed it to me and said: "Now you git, for the doctor will soon be around, and he will have you run in." (An old citizen gave Walker better fare than that.) So I got away with two good corn pones and bacon.

Our last pay as Confederate soldiers was in December, 1864, for two months, which was \$25 Confederate money. I went to Charleston and paid that for one dinner; and as our home was soon occupied by the Yankees, why, we had no more money during the remainder of the war, except the one dollar silver which was given us when our paroles were handed to us at Greensboro, N. C., on May 2, 1865, which dollar I held on to and would not part with, although we were over four hundred miles from home and had to pass through a country which had been denuded by the Yankees. But I managed to exist until I reached home, and I have the dollar now set in a copperplate, which is engraved with a short history of it and will be handed down to my grandson as a souvenir of those terrible days.

These incidents are only a few of many to show what conditions the Confederate soldier endured while serving his

country. And why did these ragged, half-starved Confederates continue to do battle against such odds? Because they were Southern patriots who knew their cause was just and right. And these same veterans, although beaten to a frazzle, when they got back to what was once their homes went right to work to bring order out of chaos and soon, though hampered by Reconstruction days, started our glorious Southland on to what it is to-day—God's country.

#### HOW TOM GOT A FURLOUGH.

BY JAMES A. STEVENS, BURNET, TEX.

Toward the latter part of 1864, just a few months before the "break-up," Capt. F. Henry Quitman, of the commissary department, C. S. A., at Columbus, Miss., had me detailed (with the rank of captain, though I never received a commission) to go to Kemper County and collect what was called the "taxes in kind"—that is to say, the farmers were allowed, or required, to pay their dues to the Confederate government in bacon, wool, and other produce in lieu of paper money, which had gone down in value to almost nothing. My jurisdiction was Kemper County, with headquarters at Scooba, on the M. & O. Railroad.

When I began my duties I sent home for an old negro who had worked for my father as gardener before the war to cook for me and do other chores as needed. His name was Tom Thacker, and he wasn't hurt with a surplus of brains, and he was about sixty years old. After a few weeks, Tom got very homesick and asked for a week's furlough to go to his "wife's home," some one hundred miles or more away. I put him off with one excuse and another until, getting tired of his importunities, I told him he could go home if he would let me shave him according to my fancy. His beard and mustache were quite heavy for a negro, and I am sure this was the first time he was to have a razor put to his face. He was simple-hearted and utterly impervious to a joke. I took my razor and shaved off one half of his mustache on one side, leaving untouched that side of his beard, and then I took off in reversion the other half of the mustache and beard. When the job was done, Tom's side face appeared pretty natural; but to look at him from the front he seemed to have been struck by lightning and his lower face jerked awry. Poor Tom reminded one a little, too, of the Temple of Janus, the door half open on one side and half shut on the other, if such a contradiction in architecture could exist.

Another feature of the furlough contract was that I wanted to send my fine Maltese cat, named "Jeff Davis," to my father's home, and he was to be part of Tom's baggage in a tow sack.

At the end of his furlough Tom returned promptly, and I quizzed him about his trip. It would have forced a laugh from a mummy, if such a thing were possible, to hear Tom relate how the soldiers tormented him about his looks, while wondering where "that infernal cat" was that kept up such an uproar beneath the seat.

Even to this day I smile when recalling Tom's Thacker's zig-zag countenance, while my mouth waters when I remember the seventeen thousand pounds of splendidly cured hams, shoulders, and sides that I turned over to my successor, Captain Bustamente, representing "the storm-cradled nation" when my service was over.

## GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

"Old Joe."

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

Against unnumbered hosts, who sought  
To desolate our native land,  
On many a stricken field we fought,  
Obedient to our leader grand,  
Brave Old Joe.

We trusted him to lead astray  
The foe and weaken all his strength  
In fruitless charges day by day  
Till victory should crown at length,  
Wise Old Joe.

His widening fame our joy and pride  
His modest heart did never know;  
To make a name for him we tried,  
And that because we loved him so—  
Dear Old Joe.

And when of his command relieved  
By means that God nor man approved,  
We mourned like children sore bereaved  
Of one who ruled our hearts by love—  
Rare Old Joe.

Without dishonor or disgrace,  
For lowlier service ready still,  
He yielded up the higher place,  
That only such as he could fill—  
Grand Old Joe.

And when the land with peace was blest,  
He led the life of homely joys;  
Then with him when he went to rest  
There went the love of all "the boys"  
With dear Old Joe.

## SURRENDER OF JOHNSTON'S ARMY.

BY A. L. JORDAN, PULASKI, VA.

Acknowledging that I am a partisan of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, still I am sending a short article in which all par-

tisanry is eliminated, reciting simply a few facts that may interest the VETERAN's army of readers, none of which will sling mud at any one.

I much regret that I was not present at the time of General Johnston's surrender, which was conducted in such a masterly way; but our friend the enemy, General Sherman, had enticed me away from General Johnston in the Atlanta campaign and conducted me to Camp Douglas, Ill., where I was detained for about ten months in abject idleness. General Sherman had the temerity to forcibly abstract me from General Johnston on July 20, 1864, two days after the latter was removed from the command of the Army of Tennessee. My recollection is very vivid of the elation in the Northern ranks at Sherman's headquarters because Johnston was removed, and the cheering of the soldiers could be heard above the din of battle. I saw Sherman frequently that day and heard of his saying: "We have been fighting them under their shelter; now they will fight us under our shelter." And his words were repeated to me: "It has been as Johnston pleased; now it will be as I please." This seemed to be verified soon afterwards in Sherman's inducing Hood to attack him in entrenched positions. I was not at Johnston's surrender, my entire "mess" having been captured a few days previous and, unfortunately, taken to Point Lookout and held in durance vile for more than a month. They learned much from their captors how Johnston was feared by Sherman's soldiers.

The restoration of General Johnston by General Lee to the command of the Southern army on February 22, 1865, was greeted vociferously by the remnant of his old soldiers and caused much depression at Washington, so President Lincoln was anxious that Johnston's surrender be secured as quickly as possible. His unfortunate assassination doubtless materially changed the favorable terms of the surrender agreed on at first between Sherman and Johnston.

The appended pictures of the two great generals and the Bennett house, where the final terms were accomplished, will be of interest. And I am glad to relate that the first meeting of these noted men some time after the conclusion of the war on a public stage was quite affecting as they clasped each other in an affectionate embrace. And it was beautifully affecting that General Sherman on his deathbed sent for General Johnston to come to see him. This he did and was one of the pallbearers at his burial on an inclement day, when he contracted a cold that resulted in his death soon after. The late Dr. George Ben Johnston, one of Virginia's most prominent physicians, sent me a portrait of General Johnston to be presented by me to our Pulaski Camp of Veterans.

Thus ended one of the noblest lives after the enviable distinction of dictating his own terms of peace in surrendering his army, and which was accepted by General Sherman, but rejected by the United States government.

There are few records in history of former enemies paying such high tribute as was paid by prominent Northern officials to Johnston.

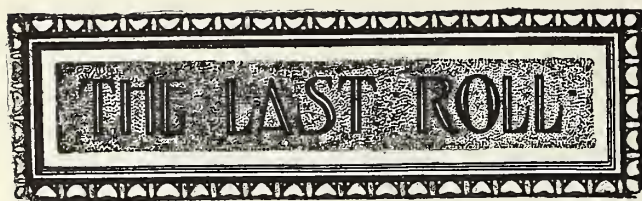
My pride in my old commander knows no bounds, for his legions with one acclaim and no dissenting voice join in giving him unstinted praise as second to no one who wore the gray.



THE BENNETT PLACE, NEAR DURHAM, N. C., WHERE JOHNSTON AND SHERMAN MET TO ARRANGE THE TERMS OF SURRENDER.

The insets in picture give the principals of that meeting.





Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"The good his life has wrought will perish never;  
And though the worker may be laid away  
To his last rest, the work remains forever,  
Nor crumbles with the clay."

THOMAS JEFFERSON ELLIS.

Thomas Jefferson Ellis, mayor of Orrville, Ala., died on July 25, 1920, at the age of eighty-one years. He served with distinction during the four years' conflict between the States, volunteering with his younger brother, James Ellis, in the Cahaba Rifles, and he was with that company during all of the campaign of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was a member of Rodes's Sharpshooters, being at one time in charge of this part of his regiment.

While in the forefront of the conflict during his entire service, the remarkable part of his career was that he never received a wound; but his brother James was killed in the battle of Malvern Hill.

These two boys left their home and joined the Cahaba Rifles as members of the original company after being placed in the special care of Gen. John T. Morgan, who began his career as ficer, but promotion was so rapid that he was taken away from his original company and placed in command of a regiment; but General Morgan never forgot the boys he started out with from his old home.

Mr. Ellis was a man of innate modesty and seldom could be induced to tell anything regarding his military service. He was a patriotic soldier, a true citizen, a devoted husband and father. On December 13, 1866, he married Miss Elizabeth Hatcher, daughter of Henry Crawford Hatcher, of Martin Station. Surviving him are his wife and four children—Col. Crawford H. Ellis, of New Orleans; J. H. Ellis, of Los Angeles; Mrs. Mamie E. Reed, of Orrville; and Mrs. W. H. Gross, of Selma—besides four grandchildren and one great-grandchild. He leaves many other relatives in Dallas County, and among these are three brothers—Gen. B. F. Ellis and J.



THOMAS J. ELLIS.

M. Ellis, of Orrville, and George W. Ellis, of Montgomery—and a sister—Mrs. M. J. Burt, of Orrville.

Truly a good man has gone to his reward.

CAPT. J. C. BARLOW.

Capt. J. C. Barlow, a beloved citizen of Phillips County, Ark, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. P. Coolidge, in Helena, on September 17, 1920.

Joseph Cantrill Barlow was born in Scott County, Ky., on January 3, 1836. He went to Helena from Georgetown, Ky., in 1859 and made that his home until the beginning of the War between the States. In February, 1861, he participated in the movement which resulted in the capture of the arsenal at Little Rock from the United States troops. In April, 1861, he enlisted as a private in Gen. Patrick Cleburne's command and served with that distinguished Confederate officer until the State troops were reorganized and transferred to the service of the Confederate States of America. He then joined the 2d Arkansas Battery, having selected the artillery as his arm of the service, and served under Maj. F. A. Shoupe until that officer was transferred to the Army of Tennessee. The battery was a part of Gen. N. B. Forrest's command. Captain Barlow served with General Forrest until within a few months of surrender. He was sent to Mobile and was there during the siege of that city. After the fall of Mobile he went to Meridian, Miss., where he was paroled on May 13, 1865, as a member of Gen. Dick Taylor's command. Captain Barlow was thought to be the last of the commissioned officers serving under General Forrest.

After the war Captain Barlow went to Memphis, Tenn., and later returned to Helena. During the days of Reconstruction Captain Barlow organized a section of artillery and patrolled Phillips County, every township furnishing a company of cavalry, serving under Col. Paul Anderson. The result of this movement was to take official affairs of the county out of the hands of the carpetbaggers.

Captain Barlow served several terms as mayor of Helena, and throughout his life after the war he was identified with the business interests and welfare of Phillips County. No citizen of Helena was more highly respected and none more popular personally. He is survived by one daughter and one son, J. C. Barlow, Jr., of Trenton, and seven grandchildren.

R. J. LEWIS.

R. J. Lewis, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed citizens of Littleton, N. C., died there on the 10th of September, 1920. He was a native of Halifax County, born and reared near Littleton. He served as a Confederate soldier and was wounded by the explosion of a shell in 1864 and was sent home on a furlough. When again fit for service, he went back to his command, the 12th North Carolina Regiment, and remained until the surrender. After the war he served his county in a number of political offices, the last being as sheriff. Upon his retirement from public service, he became a traveling salesman, visiting most of the important cities of the country. About 1890 he was appointed deputy revenue collector of his district, in which office he served up to the present administration. He was faithful and diligent in the performance of his duties and most considerate of those who worked under him. He was twice married and is survived by four children.

Comrade Lewis was a charter member of Royal Hart Lodge 497, A. F. and A. M., at Littleton and a Past Master of that Lodge. After the funeral services the burial was in charge of the Masons.



## CAPT. THOMAS G. PAGE.

Capt. Thomas G. Page died suddenly in Glasgow, Ky., on May 12, at the age of eighty years. He was in good health to the day of his death. He served as captain of Company E, 6th Kentucky Infantry, C. S. A., and was a gallant soldier. He never missed a battle and never received a wound, except slightly at Murfreesboro; was in the war from first to last. He is survived by his brother, G. R. Page, who was with him throughout the war.

Captain Page was a true Christian and an ardent member of the Masonic fraternity. He was ever devoted to the cause for which he had fought and attended the reunions of his comrades to the last. Many friends and relatives mourn his loss.

[J. A. Murray.]

## THOMAS M. BRADWELL.

Thomas Marion Bradwell was a Confederate soldier from March 17, 1861, to May 6, 1865. He was the oldest son of Dr. Daniel Bradwell and Jane Gordon Bradwell, born February 5, 1835, and was eighty-five years old at the time of his death, May 4, 1920.

Before the War between the States there was a military company at Bainbridge, Ga., called the "Bainbridge Independents," made up of young men of the most prominent families of the town and county. They were handsomely uniformed, well armed and drilled. When the State seceded, they offered their services to Governor Brown and were organized as a part of the 1st Georgia Regiment. This command was sent to Pensacola, Fla., and thence to the mountains of West Virginia, where they suffered untold hardships from hunger and cold. Thomas Bradwell was of this command and was among those Confederates who were surrounded and captured at Cheat Mountain; but his company and regiment made their escape after marching many days without food in the mountains until they got back into the Southern lines. They were afterwards with Stonewall Jackson in his winter campaign in West Virginia, when he marched to Romney. The suffering of the men on this occasion from cold was almost beyond human endurance. Many of the men died from exposure. Jackson was ordered to withdraw from that advanced position, very much against his judgment, to the vicinity of Winchester.

The 1st Georgia had gone into the service of the Confederacy for twelve months, and their time expired before the conscript act was passed. The regiment was mustered out at Lynchburg, Va., and the men returned to their homes to join other commands. Tom Bradwell joined Captain Dunlap's company of the 2d Georgia Cavalry, Col. C. C. Crews. With

this command he served first under Forrest, part of the time in the artillery. His regiment was then put under Wheeler, with whom he served until the surrender in North Carolina. He was in many battles and skirmishes, but was never wounded, although he had seven horses killed under him.

In 1873 Thomas Bradwell moved to Texas, where he married Miss Bird, and from this union there were three daughters and a son, all surviving. In 1891, to educate his children, he went to Kerrville, where he lived respected by all his acquaintances for his learning and kindly disposition and also for the service he had rendered to his country.

There was but one Confederate veteran to march at the head of the procession that laid his body to rest. Adieu, my brother.

[I. G. Bradwell.]

## S. M. GODBEE.

S. M. Godbee, a well-known resident of Columbus, Miss., has been called to eternal rest after a long and painful illness. Death relieved his sufferings on August 20, 1920, at the age of seventy-four years.

Having enlisted at the early age of sixteen years in Company H, 6th Mississippi Regiment of Cavalry, he served to the end and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., on May 12, 1865.

Private Godbee's record as a soldier is highly commendable, his character as a citizen without blemish, and his memory revered by all who knew him.

As the last remaining member of his company, as far as known, this tribute is offered by his comrade.

[W. A. Love.]

## WILLIAM WOOD.

William Wood, who died at Glasgow, Ky., on August 5, 1920, served throughout the War between the States with the 5th Texas Infantry, C. S. A. He was dangerously wounded at Gettysburg and also at Sharpsburg. He was in nearly every battle of the East and was with Longstreet at Chickamauga. No better soldier followed the standards of the South.



WILLIAM WOOD.

Comrade Wood was Adjutant of our Camp and always attended the reunions of our comrades. For a long time he was the VETERAN'S representative at Glasgow. For several years he was a crippled

invalid, lovingly ministered to by his devoted wife and daughter. He was a member of the Methodist Church. His loss is mourned by many friends and comrades. May we all meet him on "Fame's eternal camping ground."

[J. A. Murray.]



LIEUT. CHARLES W. GRAY.

On March 25, 1920, Lieut. Charles W. Gray passed into rest. At the age of sixteen he joined the 66th Georgia Regiment and was twice wounded, first in the battle of Atlanta and again at Bentonville, N. C., in the last engagement of the Western Army under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

Serving his country in time of war, in peace he continued his efforts to prove of benefit to his State. As a member of the Georgia House of Representatives he fathered the bill to build the Georgia monument on the battle field of Chickamauga, giving Georgia the distinction of being the first Southern State to aid in such a noble work.

He was a brave soldier, sharing the hardships of the South in those days without murmur or complaint; and when the final bugle call was sounded, he returned to his home at Graysville, Ga., and made himself useful in the development of that section of the State. For five years he represented his county in the Georgia State Legislature, and at all times was he true to the manly principles which Confederate soldiers fought for. His home was at all times open to his many friends, and those who knew him will recall the many pleasant days spent at Graysville. When in his prime it was his greatest pleasure to entertain his friends.

He was born at Macon, Ga., on December 6, 1846, the son of John D. and Amelia Gray. His wife, one son (Allen Gray), and one daughter (Mrs. George Johnston), survive him, and many friends mourn their loss. May he sleep in peace!

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest."

[A friend.]

E. K. P. TENNERY.

E. K. P. Tenny passed from this life on June 13, 1920. He was born in Giles County, Tenn., on April 21, 1840. In response to the call for volunteers he enlisted in the Confederate army and served throughout the war as a member of Company C, 3d Tennessee Infantry, under Capt. Dave Rhea. He endured many hardships of that bloody conflict and was twice taken prisoner, being in the surrender at Fort Donelson and was again captured at Chickamauga. Both times he was taken to that dreadful Northern prison Camp Douglas, near Chicago, where thousands of our gallant soldiers lost their lives through hunger, cruelty, and exposure to the extreme Northern climate. He was in Camp Douglas at the close of the war and from there made his way home on foot.

Shortly after the war he was married to Miss Mary Isabella Childers, of Pulaski, Tenn., and with his young wife he removed to West Tennessee, settling in Madison County near Medina, which had since been his home. He united with the Antioch Baptist Church of that community, of which he had been a consistent member. He was a loved and honored citizen, esteemed by all who knew him, and his loss is deeply felt by many friends and relatives. His wife and eight daughters survive him.

DEATHS IN LAKELAND CAMP, No. 1543, U. C. V.

The following deaths in Lakeland Camp, U. C. V., Lakeland, Fla., occurred during the past year: O. W. Collier, August 29, 1919; George P. Webb, December 16, 1918; Neal McCloud, September 20, 1919; John Pollock, November —, 1919; W. L. Reynolds, November —, 1919.

[C. L. Willoughby, Adjutant.]

HORACE A. CRANE.

Death has taken from our midst another beloved comrade, Horace A. Crane, who passed over on September 8, 1920, after a short illness, though in failing health for the past year. He was born at St. Mary's, Ga., in 1841, and the family removed to Savannah in 1843, where he had been a continuous resident since. Entering the Confederate army in May, 1861, at the age of twenty years, he joined the Oglethorpe Light Infantry, which became a part of the famous 8th Georgia Regiment, commanded by Francis S. Bartow. After serving a year in the mountains of Virginia, Comrade Crane lost his health and was assigned to hospital duty and later was commissioned a lieutenant in the 1st Battalion of Georgia Sharpshooters, commanded by Gen. Robert H. Anderson. After the fall of Vicksburg this command was ordered to North Carolina and later to Tennessee, joining Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's forces, and in the battle of Chickamauga our comrade was seriously wounded. Before he had fully recovered from his wound a year later, he was appointed adjutant of the garrison at Fort McAllister, on the Ogeechee River, near Savannah, with a garrison of one hundred and fifty men. The fort was stormed by General Hazen with a large force, a part of Sherman's immense army, in its march to the sea. The fort was captured, and Comrade Crane was sent first to a military prison at Hilton Head, S. C., and afterwards to Fort Delaware, remaining a prisoner until the close of the war.

Returning to his home in Savannah, he at once became an active man with his father in the commission business and was afterwards interested in banking. In 1881 he became Vice President of the Southern Bank and so served to the end. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Georgia Anderson, daughter of a former mayor of Savannah. She died in 1880, leaving four children. His second wife was Miss Mary Cox, also of Savannah, and she survives him, with one son.

[D. B. Morgan, Secretary Confederate Veterans' Association, Camp 756, U. C. V.]

H. H. SCOTT.

H. H. Scott was born in Edgefield County, S. C., on June 27, 1843, and died at Augusta, Ga., on the 7th of December, 1919. He entered the Confederate army at the age of sixteen and served throughout the four years of war, nearly all the time acting as scout for Generals Hampton and Butler, by whom he was held in high esteem and confidence for his bravery and daring. He was a member of Company I, 2d South Carolina Cavalry, A. N. V.

Comrade Scott was a most enthusiastic Confederate to the end and loved his comrades of the Southern cause, with whom he enjoyed talking over the stirring scenes of war and camp life. He was a brave soldier, loyal and true to his principles throughout life.

He was laid to rest in Dothan Churchyard at Edgefield to rise again at the great reveille.

COMRADES AT PRAIRIE GROVE, ARK.

Commander R. O. Hannah reports the following losses in the Prairie Grove Camp, U. C. V., during the past year: John McClelland, Robert Parks, J. J. Baggett, Armstrong Hendricks, W. E. Pittman, and J. C. Bane.

## CAPT. S. D. BUCK.

Capt. Samuel D. Buck died at his home, in Baltimore, on the 29th of June, 1920, at the age of seventy-nine years. Thus passed into the great beyond a man distinguished for his courage, his energy, his love for his fellow man, his belief in the Christian religion and his consistent living after that belief, and his devotion to his family.

Captain Buck was born in Warren County, Va., in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, on March 2, 1849. When about eighteen years of age he went to Winchester and entered the mercantile business. Then in 1861 the young clerk threw himself with all the warmth of his nature into the Southern cause as one of the organizers of an infantry company in Winchester which was assigned to the 13th Virginia Regiment, commanded by A. P. Hill, who became the famous lieutenant general under General Lee.

From his entrance into the army until the close of the war Captain Buck was deeply in the dangers of a soldier's life. Wounded, he would recover and regain his command; stricken with sickness, he would almost at the slightest rally be found with his company. Starting as fourth sergeant in his company, he rose to the rank of captain. His military life was a succession of gallant exploits.

After the war Captain Buck located in Baltimore, where he was prominently identified with its business interests. In 1905 he became Secretary of the Credit Men's Association, of which he served as secretary and manager until 1919, when ill health caused him to resign from active work, and he was made secretary emeritus. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Alice Parkins, of Winchester, Va., and one son.

## THOMAS EDWARD STOUT.

Thomas Edward Stout, who died in Atlanta, Ga., on August 30, 1920, was born in Nashville, Tenn., on January 24, 1849, the eldest child of Dr. Samuel H. Stout, medical director of the hospital department of the Army of Tennessee, C. S. A., and of Martha Moore Abernathy, daughter of Thomas E. Abernathy, of Giles County, Tenn.

Thomas Stout passed his youth on his father's plantation at Midbridge, in Giles County, and at the age of sixteen he entered the Confederate navy. He was with the naval forces at Richmond when the war closed and was one of the members of the guard for Mrs. Davis and baby Winnie on their journey from Richmond.

After the war Comrade Stout entered the service of the Express company and was with it many years, retiring two years ago on account of failing health. He was a member of the United Confederate Veterans and also of Georgia Lodge of Masons, No. 96.

He was married in 1880 to Miss Clara C. Allen, and surviving him are two daughter—Mrs. D. C. Yarbrough, of Griffin, Ga., and Mrs. George W. Clayton, of Atlanta—also

two sisters—Misses Margaret and Katherine Stout, of Lancaster, Tex.—and seven grandchildren.

He was laid to rest in Westview Cemetery, Atlanta.

## JUDGE ROGER GREGORY.

Hon. Roger Gregory, of King William County, Va., died at his home, Elsing Green, on September 12, 1920. He was a son of Roger Gregory and Maria Ellett, born April 3, 1833.

Young Gregory was given the best educational advantages and was a student at the University of Virginia and William and Mary College, graduating in 1854 with the degree of Bachelor of Law from the law school of that university. He then entered into the practice of law and was eminently successful. He was made the first judge under the constitution of Virginia creating the county court system and later served as a member of the House of Delegates. In 1890 he was made law professor of Richmond College and subsequently became dean of that department. After a service of sixteen years he resigned and retired to Elsing Green, engaging in agriculture on a large scale. He served as a member of the Constitutional Convention of Virginia, 1901-02, in which he was conspicuous for his learning and ability.

Early in the War between the States young Gregory volunteered and became a member of the Lee Rangers, commanded by the Hon. Beverly B. Douglas, and which became Company H, of the 9th Virginia Cavalry. He was esteemed by his comrades and officers as a brave and faithful soldier.

In 1855 he married his cousin, Mary Ann Maria Brookes, who died a year later. His second wife was Elizabeth Frances Allen, daughter of the late William Coates Allen, of Richmond, and of the eight children of this union, a son and two daughters survive him.

Judge Gregory was a member of the Presbyterian Church. His influence as a wise counselor was far-reaching, and his high principles made for him a host of friends and admirers.

A beautiful incident of the funeral services was the singing of a hymn at the grave by "Uncle" Jerry Samuel, an old servant ninety-three years of age, who for many years faithfully and honestly served Judge Gregory.

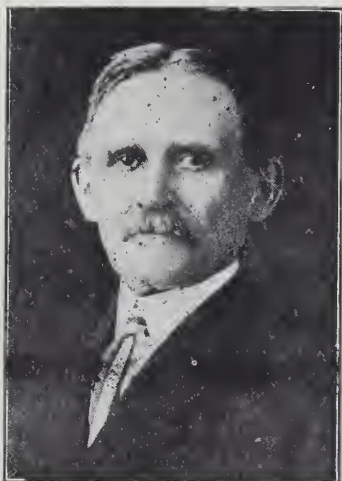
## JOHN C. BUFORD.

John C. Buford was born in Nacogdoches, Tex., in 1842 and died at Sulphur Springs, Tex., on the 3d of September, 1920. Surviving him are his wife and five sons, all prominent in business life. Comrade Buford joined the company commanded by his father, Capt. W. R. Buford, of Ochiltree's Texas Infantry, at the beginning of the War between the States and fought in the Tennessee Army. He was with Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh, where he exhibited those characteristic traits of the Southern soldier in a marked degree. His father was a pioneer Texan, and helped to drive the Indians from the frontiers of Texas. His ancestors fought at Cowpens, Ninety-Six, and King's Mountain, and later at San Jacinto under Sam Houston.

Comrade J. C. Buford filled the full measure of a Christian, a citizen, and a man, for he acted well his part in all the walks of life. We shall miss him at our reunions and at his home.

[B. W. Foster, Historian Matt Ashcraft Camp, No. 170, U. C. V.]

"Out of the twilight of the past  
We move to diviner light,  
For nothing that is wrong can last,  
Nothing eternal but the right."



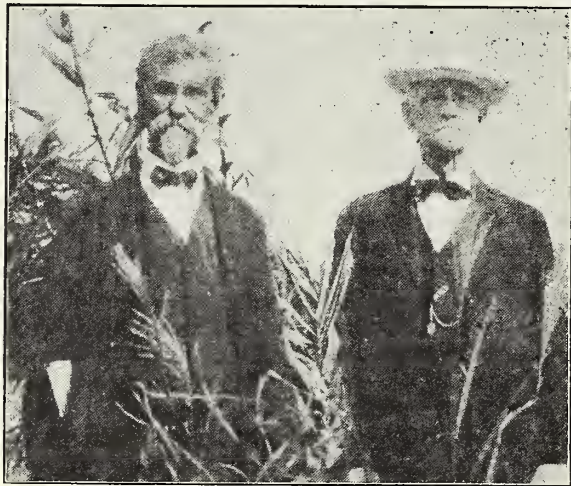
CAPT. S. D. BUCK.



## DR. MAJOR DOWELL STERRETT.

Dr. Major Dowell Sterrett was born on June 27, 1840, near Columbiana, in Shelby County, Ala., the son of Judge A. A. Sterrett. He received his academic training at Howard College, Alabama, and at the University of Virginia. He studied medicine at Selma, Ala., in 1859-60, was licensed to practice medicine by the Shelby County Medical Board in 1864, and graduated as valedictorian of his class at the Atlanta Medical College in 1866.

While at Howard College Dr. Sterrett was elected to membership in the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity. On entering the University of Virginia he met there two other Phi Gams,



CAPT. T. M. FREEMAN, OF AUSTIN, AND DR. M. D. STERRETT.

Major T. William Jones, of Marion, Ala., and T. Major Freeman, of Kentucky. With the three "Majors" thus fortunately thrown together a Chapter of this brotherhood was organized at the University of Virginia. A warm and intimate friendship grew up between these three young men of the Omicron Chapter, and it was under their guardianship that a group of the best minds in the student body was gathered together. But the call to arms in 1861 dissolved this band of brothers, who, returning to their several homes, at once took service with their own troops and saw or knew but little of the other members till after the war. Major Jones fell in the battle of Gaines's Mill and was buried on the field.

The following notes are from a letter written by Dr. Sterrett to me in January, 1910: "I joined the army in Selma, Ala., April 10, 1861. My company was Company C, 4th Alabama. We were sent to Harper's Ferry, and it was after that the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas, the 6th North Carolina, 2d and 11th Mississippi, and the 4th Alabama were organized into a brigade with Hood as our commander. My regiment was the only one of the brigades that got into the First Manassas battle. There we lost heavily. Our colonel was killed, lieutenant colonel badly wounded, and our major shot down. My company had sixteen men killed and over forty wounded. I was not wounded there, but in the battle of Antietam, September, 1862. I was slightly injured before that in the second battle of Manassas while commanding my company. I was a private the first year, elected first lieutenant at the expiration of our twelve months' enlistment, promoted to captain in the battle of Gaines's Mill, and then made major at Antietam. On recovering from the effects of the amputation of

my right leg I was transferred to the Fourth Congressional District of Alabama and made quartermaster, in which capacity I served until the end of the war. After the surrender I was commissioned by Governor Parsons, of Alabama, to reorganize the militia of North Alabama and was given a colonel's commission. The sad part of it all to me is that out of the one hundred and twenty-six boys (none over twenty-one, only one married) I alone am alive, so far as I know."

After Dr. Sterrett recovered from the loss of his right leg, he was chosen to carry money for the payment of General Smith's Trans-Mississippi army; and this one-limbed young man made the trip alone, crossed the river (closely paroled by Federal gunboats), swam unknown creeks and bayous in the Louisiana swamps, and finally reached his destination.

Returning to his home at the close of hostilities, he found it pillaged and destroyed as only Wilson's raiders in 1865 knew how to pillage. Determined not to be a burden on his father, he at once set out for Texas to make his way among strangers as a physician. And here shows forth a determination and love for humanity rarely ever seen. He made a vow that he would never take a fee from a wounded Confederate soldier, a soldier's widow or orphan, or a preacher. But still he prospered, his practice carrying him in every direction for forty and fifty miles. It goes without saying that no physician ever had a more devoted clientele.

Dr. Sterrett was married at Marshall, Tex., in June, 1870, to Miss S. J. Vawter, daughter of Col. A. L. Vawter. Six daughters and a son were born to them, three daughters surviving him. In addition to his own children, they reared and educated the orphaned child of a friend as their son and also reared three grandchildren, and all are a credit to their excellent training.

Converted early in life, Dr. Sterrett united with the Missionary Baptist Church and always lived up to his profession. In 1861 he was given the sublime degree of Master Mason, and the principles of that order were exemplified in his everyday life; he had also been an Odd Fellow for many years.

Such is a brief account of this remarkable man's career. After a long and useful life, he crossed over into the great beyond on October 24, 1919, at the age of seventy-nine years. "True as the needle in the brazen ring," ever faithful to the task he had to do, his bark at last safely reached those "happy isles on whose shining beach the sounds we shall hear and the sights we shall see will be those of joy and not of fear." Thus closing a life of singular devotion to duty, "he went like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams," mourned not only by a devoted wife and family, but by his people throughout the whole countryside.

I can imagine as he crossed the river with the pale ferryman and climbed the bank of yonder shore that gallant band of young men of Company C, 4th Alabama, in serried ranks, with their banner high, advanced, dipped their banner in glad applause for their long-delayed and weary brother, and exclaimed: "Alabama! Here we rest."

Beloved comrade and friend, for a while fare thee well.  
[T. M. Freeman.]

COMRADES AT GRANBURY, TEX.—The mortuary report of Granbury Camp, No. 67, U. C. V., to August, 1920, shows a loss of four members in the year: Dr. J. R. Lancaster, L. J. Caraway, W. J. McElroy, and Robert Foster.

## LIEUT. COMMANDER D. M. SCALES.

Dabney Minor Scales was born on June 1, 1841, near Holly Springs, Miss. His father was a typical Southern planter and gentleman of the family which settled in colonial days in Virginia and North Carolina. He was appointed to Annapolis and was in his last year and ready for service in the navy at the outbreak of the war between the North and South.

Believing, as our forefathers did and as the truth taught us, that the United States was created as an association of sovereign States and that the first duty of every citizen was to the sovereign State in which he was born, he unhesitatingly accepted the call to duty from his State and took his place in the ranks of her sons.

His first assignment was upon the Mississippi River, opposing the naval forces of the United States in the effort to close the navigation of that water, and here he found service in line with his training, holding back ships from the Gulf and gunboats from the North.

He was a lieutenant on the gunboat *Arkansas*, a vessel especially constructed for this service, and won applause and public recognition for conspicuous courage in restoring to its place the flag of his vessel, which had been cut down by a shot from the enemy, an act which required him to pass over the exposed deck during the hottest fire of the engagement.

After the surrender of Vicksburg, Lieutenant Scales saw service on the Atlantic between the coast line of the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, and the West Indies in protecting blockade runners, obstructing enemy shipping, and inflicting heavy losses wherever possible.

During the last years of the conflict, in company with others of his class from the Southern States, he was stationed in Europe and spent much time in London and Paris upon service of the Confederate government incident to outfitting and manning vessels constructed in England for the Confederacy. This service terminated with an assignment as second in command of the *Shenandoah*, which sailed as a cruiser in Atlantic and Pacific waters during the last year and even after the close of the conflict, for it was many months after the surrender at Appomattox before by the capture of a small vessel the officers and crew of the *Shenandoah* learned that the Confederate government had ceased to exist.

Sailing by Cape Horn to avoid capture, this last armed foe of the United States found her way to Liverpool, and

her officers and crew disbanded, and each in his own way sought his home port.

For reasons of prudence not necessary to mention Lieutenant Commander Scales considered it best to seek a new home and country and did not return to his former allegiance, but, in common with others of the Southern cause, went to Mexico and spent several months to try out the land. Finding this experience unsatisfying and political conditions of his State somewhat more promising, he returned to the home of his boyhood, and in a few months more established himself in Memphis and began the practice of law in the office of Kortrecht and Craft about the year 1869.

[The record above was written by his office associate, William W. Goodwin.]

He was married in Nashville to Mrs. W. D. Powell, a daughter of the late Maj. George W. Winchester, by which union there were three children: Dabney M., Jr., who died; George W. Scales, now living in Wyoming; and a daughter, now Mrs. Yates Wellford, of Memphis.

During the administration of Gov. Peter Turney he was elected a member of the Tennessee Legislature and served with his usual faithfulness in the Senate.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War he offered his services to the United States government, which were accepted. He was commissioned a lieutenant in the navy and engaged in actual sea service during the entire war, after which he received his honorable discharge.

He became a member of the Memphis Confederate Historical Association on March 12, 1884, and continued a valuable member until his death. He was honored with the presidency of the Association, and consequently was Commander of Camp 28, U. C. V., and Bivouac No. 18, Tennessee Soldiers' Association.

He was one of the original members of Company A and took part in its famous competitive drill against the Chickasaw Guards in 1894. Afterwards he was elected a lieutenant of the company and then captain, which position he held until his death.

He was a devout Christian gentleman and a lifelong member of the Episcopal Church. As a citizen he was always in the forefront of any movement looking toward the benefit of his city, his State, and his country. As a man he was singularly sincere and just and conscientious; his manner was gentle, but in principle he was firm as a rock. In his death, on May 26, 1920, his comrades have lost a friend and companion, his family a devoted father, and the city and State a valuable citizen, too few of whose type now remain.

[Committee: Edward Bourne, Chairman; M. V. Crump, C. A. DeSaussure, W. A. Collier.]

## FAR FROM HOME AND KINDRED.

Robert Young, of Eatonton, Ga., sends a list of the Confederate dead buried in the strangers' lot of Pine Grove Cemetery at that place who died in the hospitals during 1864 far away from home and loved ones. All have suitable markers, and the graves are cared for by the Daughters of the Confederacy. The list is published so that friends or relatives may know where they are buried and how they are cared for: — Johnson, — Georgia Regiment; C. Turner, — Georgia Regiment; J. Jordan, 55th Tennessee; Lieutenant Sheffield, Florida; J. Holmes, 19th Alabama; L. L. Tuck, 4th Georgia; T. J. Jones, 30th Alabama; G. W. Buckhannon, 65th Georgia.



LIEUT. COMMANDER D. M. SCALES.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*  
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga. .... *First Vice President General*  
MRS. GEORGE CUNNINGHAM, Little Rock, Ark. .... *Second Vice President General*  
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MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C. .... *Recording Secretary General*  
MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. .... *Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla. .... *Treasurer General*  
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va. .... *Historian General*  
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. .... *Registrar General*  
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. .... *Custodian of Crosses*  
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. .... *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: With the sound of Southern melody and the tramp of marching feet still in my heart, I am looking back to-day with pride and pleasure upon the successful Reunion at Houston. It was indeed a great privilege to have represented you officially there, and I am glad to report to you now the zeal and enthusiasm to be found in every heart. The opening evening was one of inspiring splendor. In the great auditorium, crowded with gray-clad veterans, I extended your greetings to the U. C. V. and the S. C. V.

Gen. W. J. Stone, of Kentucky, presented the Jefferson Davis monument at a well-attended business session, and it was my privilege to follow his able presentation of the cause with a plea for coöperation in our effort to finish the monument at once. Nearly two hundred dollars was given from the floor, and the delegates present promised to return to their homes and collect \$25 each to send without delay to the Treasurer.

Miss Decca Lamar West in a forceful address urged the claims of the U. D. C. in the matter of the Jefferson Davis National Highway, and later I had the pleasure of speaking to a resolution Miss West presented to the Sons asking for a committee from that organization to assist the U. D. C. in building this memorial. The resolution was given first place in the report of the Resolutions Committee and was unanimously adopted.

The most heart-lifting and inspiring occasion was the parade on the last day of the Reunion. As matron of honor for the South, with General Van Zandt and his staff, your President General stood for nearly three hours on the reviewing stand watching the great pageant. Thousands of veterans and their friends made the occasion one never to be forgotten.

On Monday following the close of the Reunion I spent the day in New Orleans, the guest of Mrs. Charles Granger, and that afternoon addressed a body of U. D. C. women in Confederate Memorial Hall. A luncheon at the home of Mrs. Granger brought me in close touch with women who love the cause in Louisiana, and in the afternoon I met Miss Margaret Tutwilder, of Alabama, the charming young woman who holds our scholarship at Sophia Newcomb College.

On Tuesday evening I reached Macon, Ga., to be the guest of Mrs. Walter D. Lamar during the Georgia Convention, U. D. C. Arriving on a belated train, I went at once to the convention hall at Wesleyan College, the oldest college for women in the United States, and there extended to the Georgia Division your greetings and good wishes.

While still in Macon enjoying this splendid meeting I am sending this word to you. The opportunity to speak to a Georgia audience on the "U. D. C. as an Educational Factor"

has been given me, and I have tried to impress the importance of our labors along this line among the pure Anglo-Saxon people of our Southland.

*The Confederate Navy.*—Admiral A. O. Wright, of the Confederate navy, has a plan in his heart to secure a home for veterans of the Confederate States navy, a worthy idea which I hope can be realized. It was my pleasure to talk to Admiral Wright at his headquarters in Houston and to hear from him his plans to compile a history of the navy.

The convention at Asheville will be in session when this reaches you, and I hope there to meet many of the Daughters face to face, each and all standing together in an effort to take a forward step for the U. D. C.

Cordially,

MAY M. FARIS MCKINNEY.

October 14, 1920.

## THE HERO FUND.

REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER, 1920.

Previously reported .....	\$2,730 36
Illinois Division: Chicago Chapter, \$25; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, \$15.....	40 00
Louisiana Division .....	14 00
Georgia Division: Agnes Lee Chapter, Decatur, \$10; Americus Chapter, Americus, \$5; Sarah E. Hornsdy Chapter, Ellaville, \$3; Richland Chapter, Richland, \$1; O. C. Horne Chapter, Hawkinsville, \$5..	24 00
Total .....	\$2,808 36

South Carolina Division, third Liberty Bond.....	\$ 50 00
Missouri Division, second Liberty Bond.....	100 00
Missouri Division, second Liberty bond.....	50 00

Total .....\$ 200 00

MRS. J. T. BEAL, *Treasurer.*

## DIVISION NOTES.

*Alabama.*—The first fall meeting of the Oneonta Chapter was held Friday, September 24, with Mrs. L. D. Bynum as hostess. The lovely home was cheery with beautiful flowers and plants. Each member present enjoyed taking up the coming year's work after the summer vacation. Mrs. T. W. Hood presided over the meeting with much ease and grace and dispatched business in a very efficient manner. After the usual patriotic and devotional opening exercises, the minutes of the June meeting were read and adopted and reports were given by the Chapter officers.

The proposed work for the coming year consists mainly of a review of famous men of Southern history, and the afternoon's program was both interesting and instructive. A piano

solo rendered by Miss Ora Hood was very much enjoyed. Mrs. J. W. Roebuck read a selection, "A Life Sketch of Admiral Raphael Semmes," this month having been set apart by the Alabama Division for commemoration of Admiral Semmes. Mrs. P. A. Nash's literary paper for the afternoon, "A Tribute to the Confederate Navy," was very entertaining.

The meeting was then turned over to the charming hostess, who served a delicious salad course.

*Mississippi.*—On the afternoon of September 16 the opening meeting of the Mississippi College Rifles Chapter, of Clinton, was held in the hospitable home of Mrs. J. H. Fox. At the suggestion of the incoming President, Mrs. Texie Pruitt Hall, it was a meeting of appreciative recognition of the four veterans of 1861-65 whose homes are in Clinton, so they were invited to be the guests of honor of the Chapter. Only two, Capt. W. H. Archer and Capt. W. H. Lewis, were well enough to accept. Their presence gave special interest to the occasion.

Mrs. Nettie Story Miller, of Forrest, President of the Mississippi Division, Mrs. J. H. Frazier, Regent of Ralph Humphreys Chapter, D. A. R., Mesdames Knoblock and Allen, of Jackson, and several out-of-town members of the Chapter added to the pleasure of the meeting.

The program was opened with a stirring song, "The Boys of the Old Brigade," given in marching time by a good quartet. Sketches were read of Captains Archer and Lewis and Messrs. Smith Boley and C. C. Moss, all of whom rendered distinguished service during the war. The record of Captain Lewis extended from the beginning of the war to Appomattox, his periods of absence from active service being only when in hospital from wounds.

After the business session Mrs. Fox served delicious and abundant refreshments in two courses.

*Missouri.*—A new Chapter, the Robert E. Lee, has been organized in Poplar Bluff, Mo., with fourteen members.

Mrs. A. M. Baird, President Confederate Dames Chapter, Webb City, Mo., reports splendid work done by the Chapter.

The Higginsville Chapter, Mrs. J. H. Campbell, President, has established an annual observance day, May 28.

The Monett Chapter—Mrs. Mitchell, President; Mrs. Harry Kirk, Secretary—is contributing liberally to all U. D. C. work.

The Brown Rives Chapter, Richmond, Mrs. Carl D. Taylor, President, is sending yarn and quilt pieces to the Confederate Home ladies and supporting a half scholarship.

Miss Flora L. Kiel, Clinton, reports splendid growth in the Clinton Chapter.

The annual convention to be held in Sedalia promises to be one of the best in years.

*North Carolina.*—A most interesting meeting was held in District No. 3 at Charlotte, N. C., quite recently. Mrs. I. W. Faison is leader of this district and sends an account of excellent work.

The five Chapters of the district studied and taught thrift. All of them interviewed their representatives and senators and urged them to vote for larger appropriations for our Old Soldiers' Home at Raleigh and the Confederate Woman's Home at Fayetteville.

Each Chapter gave to all causes asked for, and all seem deeply interested in their work. Mrs. Faison is a former State President and thoroughly understands how to encourage and interest the Chapters in her district.

*Tennessee.*—The Fifth Tennessee Regiment Chapter, of Paris, sent a veteran to the Reunion at Houston, Tex.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

### U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER, 1920.

Southern women of the sixties who have written biographies or memoirs of their experiences during the War between the States.

Give sketches or personal reminiscences of those in whom you feel most interested.

### C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER, 1920.

Story-teller's meeting. Subject, "Young Marooners," by Francis R. Goulding. Give brief sketch of Dr. Goulding and then have the story told of the "Young Marooners."

Open discussion at the close, comparing it with the new books of adventure for boys and girls.

### THE WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Daughters of the Confederacy, guardians of our Confederate dead, arise and by completing the endowment so greatly needed make the White House of the Confederacy, now the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va., a perpetual monument to the fame of our brave veterans of 1861-65 and to your loyalty to the cause. This institution preserves for future generations as no other can the history of that stupendous conflict for the rights of the South.

A few faithful women for twenty odd years have been guardians of this repository of thousands of Confederate relics, original official documents, battle flags, and all data which the future historian will seek for the truth of history.

Without wage, almost without Richmond's realization of the scope and value of that work, this little band has labored unceasingly to accumulate memorials and then funds for the Museum's perpetuity.

Now, with an unparalleled collection of Confederate archives and relics and a nucleus for you to build on, these Confederate women (some grown old in the work) lay before you the need for endowment, grown greater through increasing expenses, and ask that you use your fresh strength and active support to secure the full endowment to preserve forever within these walls the ideals, the glorious records of your ancestors with their heroic sacrifices.

Let not the South's loyalty be now questioned by neglecting to endow this unrivaled memorial to our heroes.

Can you not see the pure spirit of the great Lee, the guiding hand of Jefferson Davis, the fame of all our brave ones proclaimed to the whole world through the thousands upon thousands of visitors who gaze with astonishment and delight upon this historic collection, so fitly enshrined in "the White House of the Confederacy"?

Arise, then, daughters of our heroes, guardians of our Confederate dead, friends of the South, and *speedily complete the endowment* for this Confederate shrine, this sacred trust.

For large or small contributions address Treasurer Confederate Memorial Literary Society, Confederate Museum, Twelfth and Clay Streets, Richmond, Va.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*  
Seale, Ala.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*  
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.  
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
College Park, Ga.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



## VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson  
GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn  
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MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer  
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

## THE CONVENTION AT HOUSTON.

*My Dear Coworkers:* The Houston Convention, C. S. M. A., will go down in the history of our work as one of the most successful ever held.

Enthusiastic interest and responsive coöperation on the part of the new Southern Memorial Association of Houston, less than two months old and hostess to the convention, aided materially in making things go.

Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, organizer and a widely known woman and greatly beloved Houstonian, with Mrs. Leland D. Fletcher, the capable and enthusiastic President, with their committees, were unceasingly active and most considerate in their cordial response to every call.

Happily located in the beautiful ballroom of the Rice Hotel, which was the Reunion headquarters and center of activities, every consideration was given the convention.

A beautifully appointed luncheon by the hostess Association was the first day's pleasure, followed each day by receptions, teas, and other entertainments, making the hours full of delightful incident. The United Daughters of the Confederacy, Colonial Dames, Daughters of the American Revolution, and Woman's Club each joined in some form of entertainment, adding to Houston's fame for delightful hospitality.

Several far-reaching matters were acted upon at the business meetings, notably the action taken that the Confederate Southern Memorial Association continue the bestowal of the gold bar of honor on living Confederate mothers, taking in all living mothers whether or not they have living veteran sons. Please bear this in mind and send names to Mrs. Frank D. Tracy, Pensacola, Fla., who is Chairman of the Bar of Honor Committee. Do this now. Soon it will be too late, for the dear old mothers are rapidly passing away.

A second item of interest is two new State organizations—Oklahoma, with Mrs. Forrest Crowder, of Tulsa, as State President and Mrs. Lewis Cohen as First Vice President; Texas, with Mrs. Mary E. Bryan President and Mrs. Leland D. Fletcher Vice President.

A national organizer was elected, Mrs. E. L. Merry, of Tulsa, Okla., who will meet requests for organization. Thus it will be seen that new life is being infused into our organization and that the sacred trust committed to our keeping shall go forward, carrying to our people the message of loyalty to our hero fathers and no less hero mothers and in paying just honor to those who in the home gave every effort of life, toiling both night and day, aiding in every possible way to keep the men at the front clothed and fed, whose nightly vigils soothed the pillows of the wounded and dying and whose tender hands ministered as undertaker in preparing the body for its last sleep and wove chaplets of flowers

for heroes's graves, and who, when the eventide of life drew its shadows about her and her hands become too feeble to carry on, committed this sacred trust of caring for these hero dead into our keeping. Could we be recreant to that trust?

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON,  
*President General C. S. M. A.*

## ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Another year and the Confederate Southern Memorial Association has held its meeting, many of the officers and State Presidents having a place in the affairs of the conference, which was held at Houston, Tex., October 6, 7, 8, 9. The headquarters were in the Rice Hotel, where the President General has a suite of rooms, and many new plans were made for the coming year.

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General of the C. S. M. A., announced that thirty bars of honor have been given Confederate mothers, and an effort is being made to have every living woman who had a son in the Confederate army to be given a badge of recognition.

Mrs. Wilson impressed upon the members of the Association the importance of maintaining the custom of decorating the graves of the Confederate soldiers on Memorial Day and of organizing the Junior Memorial Associations, which is the only means of perpetuating the beautiful custom and stimulating a loyal interest and clearer knowledge in the minds of the growing youth of the country as to the real facts of the South and the part it took in the War between the States.

Several new Junior Memorials were reported, and Miss Willie Fort Williams, the Director of the newest Junior Memorial organized, was one of the prominent young girls attending the convention.

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General of the C. S. M. A., had as her special page Miss Mary Bryan, the granddaughter of Mrs. William A. Wright, President of the Ladies' Memorial Association in Atlanta.

\* \* \*

A *per capita* tax of ten cents per member was voted at the convention in Houston.

Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, of College Park, Ga., was elected to fill the unexpired term of Corresponding Secretary General.

The convention voted to have members at large, the dues to be \$1 per annum, making eligible women who live in sections where there are no Memorial Associations.

It was also voted to raise a collection of books to be sent

to the American Public Library at Paris, France, in honor of Alan Seegar, the young American poet who gave his life in the great World War.

\* \* \*

Since her return to Atlanta, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, the President General of the C. S. M. A., has had the misfortune to lose her only brother, Mr. Charles O'Connor. She has the sympathy of hundreds of loving friends in this her hour of sorrow.

Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, Corresponding Secretary General, will have her book of "Distinguished Women of the Confederacy" ready for delivery within the next few weeks. The press work on the volume has been a little delayed, but the book will be off the press shortly. This is to be one of the notable historical books of the year and will be of inestimable value to the Memorial women of the South, many of whom are to be included in the historical sketches. Soon after the appearance of the "Distinguished Women of the Confederacy" a book of similar sketches will be published, in which many Memorial women and Daughters of the Confederacy will have a place.

## A BATTLE FIELD WAIF.

BY G. M. DOUGLAS, MATHISTON, MISS.

The battle of Davis's Bridge occurred on the 5th of October, 1862. Price and Van Dorn had failed in their effort on Corinth and were on the retreat from that ill-fated field. In front of the retreating army was Moore's Brigade, which had suffered heavily in the charge on Fort Robinette. The brigade was reduced to a few hundred men. When they reached the Hatchie River, they were ordered across to the west side, although it was known that the Federals were in strong force on the hill beyond. The Yankee general, Hurlbut, had come from Bolivar, Tenn., with six thousand men for the purpose of cutting off the Confederate retreat. Who gave the order to cross is not clear, but that it was a military error there can be no doubt.

After crossing, Moore's Brigade, 35th Mississippi in front, filed to the right and marched down the river and went into line of battle at the edge of a big sedge field. Scarcely had they formed in line when a large force of Federals arose from their place of concealment in the sedge and stalk field and poured a withering fire into the flank and rear of the Southerners, throwing them into confusion and causing them to beat a hasty retreat, leaving their dead and wounded on the field, and crossing the Hatchie on driftwood and by wading, not taking time to return to the bridge. A considerable number was captured.

After the battle a Federal soldier in passing over the field heard the cry of an infant and located a little boy about a year old in the sedge. He carried the little one to camp and endeavored to find the parents, but could not. He then decided to adopt the waif and sent the little chap to his home in Illinois, where he was reared and educated as his own child.

On reaching man's estate the young man came to Poca-hontas, Tenn., the town near which he was found, and made a diligent effort to find some trace of his parents, but his efforts were unavailing. He spent two weeks in the quest and then returned to the home of the man who had reared him.

"To this day it is a mystery and will probably ever so remain.

## REQUIEM.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE, POET LAUREATE U. C. V., S. C. V.,  
C. S. M. A.

[For Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Corresponding Secretary General of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association for twenty-five years. Sung to air of "O! Bury Me in the Sunshine" at the memorial hour of the Confederate Reunion, Houston, Tex.]

We weave the garlands, beloved;  
We sing the songs that you knew;  
No answer comes through the silence,  
Out of the dusk and the dew.  
O busy hands, full of serving,  
O love, our memory may keep,  
God touched your day in its fullness—  
Sleep, sleep, beloved one, sleep!  
Under the bloom of your Southland,  
Under its sunshine and stars,  
Under its red and white roses,  
Under the Stars and Bars!  
Sleep, sleep, beloved one, sleep!

We may not follow, beloved,  
The quiet path you have gone;  
The day is filled with our sorrow,  
The work of your life lives on.  
O, faithful amid the shadows,  
And true on the highest steep  
God keeps the seal of your service—  
Sleep, sleep, beloved one, sleep.  
Under the bloom of your Southland,  
Under its sunshine and stars,  
Under its red and white roses,  
Under its Stars and Bars!  
Sleep, sleep, beloved one, sleep!

## ONLY ONE OF THE KIND.

BY G. H. REID, BISHOPVILLE, S. C.

Perhaps there were some peculiarities attending the formation of all companies during the War between the States, but I will venture to assert that there was one unique feature that could hardly be duplicated in regard to the company in which I served during the last three years of the war.

My two brothers and I had volunteered and served in an infantry company during the first year of the war, but while in winter quarters in 1861 and 1862 we determined to change to the artillery if it was ever possible. Believing the war would last another year or two, we had reënlisted, as our term of service as twelve months' volunteers would expire on the 8th of April, 1862. The War Department had issued orders that those who reënlisted for three years, or for the war, would be allowed to join any branch of the service they chose.

About the latter part of March we were ordered to break camp and begin the march toward Richmond, as it was reported that General McClellan, with a large force, was moving toward Yorktown in order to bring the war nearer to Richmond. When we reached Richmond, we found two young men there whose object was to get recruits from the re-enlisted men for an artillery company, which was to go into camp of instruction near Columbia, S. C. We immediately

[Continued on page 438]



# SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

## OFFICERS, 1919-20.

Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest  
Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton  
Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.  
[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]

## THE HOUSTON CONVENTION.

The twenty-fifth annual Reunion of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, held in Houston, Tex., October 5-8, was a blaze of glorious activity.

Under the splendid leadership of S. F. Carter, Jr., the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, S. C. V., of Houston, Tex., gained the record for membership. It has 1,310 members, thereby exceeding the Macon, Ga., Camp, which has a total of 1,156 members.

The opening session of the convention was called to order by Commander S. F. Carter, Jr. Rev. Henry W. Battle, Chaplain in Chief, Charlottesville, Va., pronounced the invocation. Addresses were made by Commander in Chief N. B. Forrest, of Biloxi, Miss.; Hon. Chester H. Bryan, of Houston, Tex.; Hon. S. H. King, of Tulsa, Okla.; Judge Edgar Scurry, of Wichita Falls, Tex.; Hon. John Ashley Jones, of Atlanta, Ga.; Hon. E. B. Howard, of Tulsa, Okla.; Hon. Lon A. Smith, of Henderson, Tex. Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, of Paducah, Ky., President General U. D. C., presented greetings from the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Greetings from the Confederate Southern Memorial Association were presented by Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, of Atlanta, Ga., President General C. S. M. A.

The Gray Book Committee, consisting of Arthur H. Jennings (Chairman), Matthew Page Andrews, and Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, was given the hearty thanks of the organization for its work in connection with the publication of the Gray Book. The book was distributed, the various Camps buying them, with the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp in the lead, having purchased one hundred of them.

Carl Hinton, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., reported that the organization is now in better financial condition than it has been for the past fifteen years. The report shows a substantial surplus as at the beginning of the current year, and several interested Sons have pledged \$100 and up to finance the work of the Confederation, which is now being outlined. Dr. W. C. Galloway, Surgeon in Chief, Wilmington, N. C., has generously contributed \$200 a year for ten years.

Nathan Bedford Forrest was unanimously reelected Commander in Chief S. C. V. He was brief and to the point in his speech of acceptance, telling those assembled of his fifteen years of effort in behalf of the Confederation and of his determination to make the ensuing year one of note in the history of the organization.

Members of the Executive Council, elected by the three departments, were as follows: J. Roy Price, Washington, D. C., Army of Northern Virginia; Steve H. King, Tulsa, Okla., Army of Trans-Mississippi Department; John Ashley Jones, Atlanta, Ga., Army of Tennessee Department; and W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va., a member at large. James F. Tatum, of Berkeley, Va., was reelected Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department; B. A. Lincoln was reelected Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department;

S. F. Carter Jr., of Houston, Tex., Commander of Trans-Mississippi Department; and Arthur H. Jennings, of Lynchburg, Va., Historian in Chief.

In a general way, summarizing the results of the Reunion, it was an assembly charged with force, huge action dominating the entire proceedings and yielding valuable results. The officers and delegates put all their energy into the work in hand, mightily confident of building up a strong organization.

\* \* \*

The W. R. Scurry Camp, S. C. V., of Wichita Falls, Tex., raised a fund of \$575, which was turned over to the local Chapter, U. D. C., by which it was used to purchase Confederate gray uniforms and pay the expenses of several Confederate veterans to the Houston Reunion.

\* \* \*

On June 4, 1920, G. Knight Renaud passed away at his residence in New Orleans. He was the son of John K. Renaud, a member of the famous Dreux's Battalion, who served throughout the War between the States. Knight Renaud, as he was familiarly called, was one of the organizers of Camp Beauregard, No. 130, S. C. V. He held various important offices in the organization and served as Adjutant of the Camp from 1907 until his death. Much of the success of the great Reunions held in New Orleans in 1903 and 1906 was due to his efforts. To every member of the Camp he was more than a comrade in the ordinary sense; he was a brother. His place will be hard to fill, and Camp Beauregard will ever remember him as one of its most faithful members.

\* \* \*

Washington Camp, No. 305, at a regular meeting held October 12 elected Miss Rebecca Dial, daughter of Senator N. B. Dial, of South Carolina, as sponsor. Miss Pearl Clarke will serve as maid of honor. Applicants elected to membership were Louis C. and William C. Cunningham, Chester I. Finn, James C. Mann, Frank I. de Vane, and W. D. Patterson.

\* \* \*

Bat P. Sullivan, Commander of the Louisiana Division, S. C. V., on his return from the Houston Reunion, mailed to each of the New Orleans public schools named after Confederate celebrities a copy of "The Gray Book" for use in the school libraries.

\* \* \*

Copies of "The Gray Book" may be obtained from Arthur T. Jennings, Chairman, Lynchburg, Va., at 25 cents per copy.

\* \* \*

CAPTURE OF THE "JENNIE."—John W. Clark, of Augusta, Ga., wrote to John C. Stiles some months ago as follows: "I have enjoyed your notes on the 'War Department, C. S. A.," as given in the VETERAN. I witnessed the cannon 'Jennie' Troop Artillery capture at Crampton Gap, Md. When ordered to fall back, this piece turned too short, putting one of the hind wheels so high that the linch pin dropped out, and when the wheel reached the ground it left the axle and rolled down the hill pretty rapidly. Having been flanked by infantry, and plenty of it, the gun was left. I accompanied Gen. Howell Cobb on this trip to Sharpsburg and recall Colonel Lamar, a volunteer aid, and Maj. Jeff Lamar, commanding Cobb's Battalion of Infantry, being killed there. The next day Harper's Ferry surrendered, and we recrossed to Virginia and then back to Maryland next day to Sharpsburg and that evening crossed at Sheppardsville."

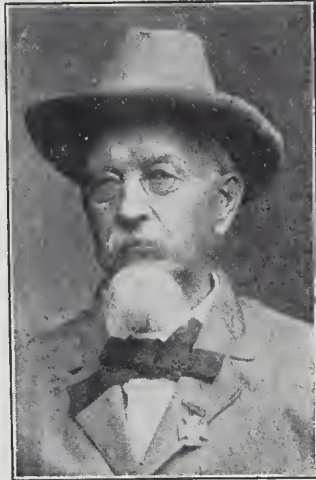
## SOLDIERS OF TENNESSEE.

The two comrades whose pictures are here presented died several years ago, and it was their special request that something of their service for the South be published in the *VETERAN*; but the friend and relative of whom this request was made could not prepare the notices for some years, hence the lateness of this publication. The evening of their lives was spent at the Confederate Home of Tennessee, near Nashville.

Capt. B. J. Roberts was born in North Carolina in 1834, but his parents removed the next year to Weakley County, Tenn., where he grew up, and when the war came on he was among the first to enlist for the Confederate army. He was made orderly sergeant of his company, which later became Company A of the 31st Tennessee Infantry. In the reorganization at Corinth, Miss., in May, 1862, he was made captain and was in active command of the company until the battle of Perryville, where he was wounded severely and captured. But he was allowed to go home to convalesce and there remained on parole until May, 1863, when he was exchanged and rejoined his command. Being still unfit for the field, he was assigned to post duty, and so served until February, 1864, when his infirmities caused him to resign his commission. After the war he returned home, taught school, and served as county superintendent of public instruction. In 1869 he was married to Miss Saluda Milner, who died in 1895. His death occurred on July 3, 1917.

The parents of James C. Clement also came from North Carolina and settled near Sharon, Tenn., where most of his life was spent. He was happily married to Miss Mattie Stovall, and to them was born a son.

The late Col. E. E. Tansil, of Dresden, Tenn., a lifelong friend of James Clement, wrote of him as a man whose example was a restraining influence on his associates, as a Christian who impressed all with the sincerity of his life, as a soldier oblivious to fear and always cheerfully responsive to duty's call. He volunteered in June, 1861, and served with honor throughout the war as a member of Company A, 31st Tennessee Infantry. On the 3d of April, 1913, he answered to the last roll call.



CAPT. B. J. ROBERTS.



J. C. CLEMENT.

## HARD RIDING WITH MORGAN.

BY JOHN HAPS, BEAUVOIR, MISS.

The article in the April *VETERAN* on "One of Morgan's Pilots through Kentucky" was interesting to me, as it recalled the time fifty-seven years ago when I had the pleasure of riding twenty-four hours with Morgan in Ohio. It happened thus:

On the morning of July 19, 1863, I was sleeping soundly on the banks of the Ohio River at a place called Buffington Island—sleeping as soundly as a babe in its mother's arms. From this sleep I was suddenly awakened by a strange sound. On getting up I heard a groan from an old cellar overgrown with weeds. A horse and rider had fallen in. Looking toward the southeast, I saw other men riding as fast as their horses could run toward some haystacks a few hundred yards away. Looking toward the river, I saw a gunboat throwing shells over my head toward the fleeing horsemen. I had gone to sleep a few hours before with my bridle rein in my hand, so I mounted my horse and started for the haystacks. When I got there no riders were in sight, so on I went for the woods, finally reaching a road. I discovered that Morgan's men were in flight, and, halting the first two that came up, I determined to form a rear guard. Others came up a few moments later, and among the last were nearly a full company of the old 2d Kentucky under command of a lieutenant; with these I had about eighty men in my rear guard. After five or ten minutes, seeing that no more were coming, we started up the road, following the trail of those who had gone before.

I was told by the lieutenant that General Duke, with nearly the entire command and all the artillery, had been surrounded and captured. The battle had been fought and lost within a few hundred yards from the place where I was sleeping so soundly on the banks of the Ohio at Buffington.

Riding on, the road turned toward the river at a village some twelve miles from Buffington. Approaching the river near the village, we discovered that the gunboat was ahead of us, and again we took to the woods, going around the town and again reaching the road a few miles above. Here we found men straggling along the road, and we followed. Presently an order came from the rear: "Head of column, halt!" We left no one in our rear, so did not pass the order up. Instead, I called out: "Who orders the halt? Pass it back." The answer came: "By order of General Morgan." Instantly one of our fleetest horsemen moved forward with the other: "Head of column, halt! By order of General Morgan."

We rode on leisurely, and Morgan, with about two hundred men, came up. They had crossed the river and could have escaped, but, seeing that the gunboat had cut some off, he recrossed, risking capture rather than desert his men. The head of the column was halted at a house where there was plenty for the horses, but nothing for the men to eat. Reorganizing into companies, we found that there were seven hundred and fifty men left. After half an hour's rest, we discovered a flag of truce coming up the road in our front, an ultimatum from General Shackelford demanding our "unconditional surrender." Morgan asked for two hours to consult his men, which was granted. He stated that by riding all night we could again reach the Ohio River by morning and asked his men whether it was surrender or ride. The men were unanimous for the ride.

A bridge of hay was soon laid across the road to keep the



dust from rising and thus warning the enemy that we were on the move. Each man gathered an armful of hay for his horse to walk on. Morgan led the advance and gave me the rear guard. This I formed for night duty, selecting a number of men to ride in single file about ten paces apart, the first man to keep in sight of the column, the next about ten paces behind the first, and so on to my squad, which was riding in double file. Through the woods we went, and after dark we struck a road, up which we went in a brisk walk until we came in sight of the enemy's camp fires. The man in front of me had fallen asleep. Going back, I discovered where Morgan had left the road and gone through a fence into a field. By the use of matches we managed to follow the trail, and some time after midnight we caught up with the command. By this time I was tired of rear-guarding, so I called some officer to take charge of the rear guard, and I went to the front.

At daylight we reached a little town on the Ohio River and, as luck would have it, there was a small steamboat in sight; but when it saw us coming it pulled out in midstream, going down the river. We headed it off about two miles below town and fired a few shots at the pilot house to make it come in; but it kept running downstream, the worst scared steamboat you ever saw. There was a flatboat on the opposite bank, and Morgan thought if we had it on our side we might get over with it. Three or four of us volunteered to swim across and get it, and I had my coat and boots off when Morgan called: "Mount your horses." Hastily putting on my boots and coat and mounting my horse, I discovered the Yankee cavalry not more than a quarter of a mile in our rear, and then I did some tall riding to catch Morgan and the command. A bridge across a deep creek about three miles from the town was being torn up, and when I got over every plank was in the creek. Here there was a stretch of timber a hundred yards wide, and then came a cornfield. In this we enjoyed a banquet fit for half a dozen kings—nice corn just out of the milk, not too hard to bite, and our horses fared equally as well; they had all the fodder they could eat and as much corn as we gave them.

General Shackelford remained on the opposite side of the bridge. He did not want to fight us; all he wanted was for us to surrender. He was feeding his horses and men on his side of the creek.

This was a fair sample of twenty-four hours' riding on that Ohio raid.

#### *A LONG SEARCH ENDED.*

After many years of effort and expense to learn something of her uncle, John O'Sullivan, who served in the Confederate army as sergeant of Company C, 1st Louisiana Infantry, Mrs. Rosemary Donnelly, of New York City, writes that she has at last ascertained that he died in that city in 1909. He was previously a resident of Mobile, Ala., and the late Daniel J. O'Sullivan, of St. Louis, Mo., was his brother. Mrs. Donnelly asks that this announcement be made that friends may know his fate, and she expresses appreciation of the assistance rendered her in this search by friends in the South.

W. H. Cleere, Haleyville, Ala.: "Inclosed find check for renewal of my subscription to the *VETERAN*, which I hope to read as long as I live. I get the worth of a year's subscription from every copy and wish everybody knew its value as history."

#### *ONLY ONE OF THE KIND.*

[Continued from page 435]

placed our names on their roll and found no difficulty in securing transportation tickets from the Secretary of War. Upon reaching Columbia, we went into camp at Lightwood Knob Springs, about seven miles from the city, and while awaiting the arrival of horses and guns we began organizing the company. Hugh R. Gordon was elected captain; W. H. Coit, first lieutenant; Samuel Pringle, second lieutenant; George Coit, third lieutenant; and Alexander McQueen, fourth lieutenant. The peculiar feature about this organization was the fact that all four of these lieutenants were sons of preachers of the gospel.

All in all there were in the command three Coits, two McQueens, four Reids, sons of Presbyterian ministers. Lieutenant Pringle, son of a prominent Baptist preacher of Sumter County, was mortally wounded in the battle of Sharpsburg, Md. Lieut. George Coit was instantly killed in a battle near Suffolk, Va., on the day that Stonewall Jackson was mortally wounded at Chancellorsville. Lieut. Alex McQueen was killed in the battle of Dingle's Mill, near his home, in Sumter, S. C., on the 9th of April, 1865, the day of General Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

I am to-day the lone survivor of the ten preachers' sons who served throughout the war in Captain Gordon's battery. I felt the jar of the first gun fired on Fort Sumter on the 12th of April, 1861, and saw General Lee mount old Traveler and ride to the meeting with General Grant to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox.

#### *"MILITARY NECESSITY."*

"Military Necessity" is my name,

A creature strange I am;

I was born in the North and sent down South

By order of "Uncle Sam."

The name of my master is Cowardice,

And many vile deeds does he;

But he cunningly shields himself from disgrace

By packing his deeds on me.

If a home is ruthlessly burned to the ground

Or a man from his family torn,

'Tis Cowardice does the dastardly deed—

By me must the stigma be borne.

I am hated by all, for it is well known

That since the first act of secession


Military Necessity has been but a name

For "Military Oppression."

[These lines were written at "Fort Hill, Winchester, Va., in the winter of 1864" by Miss Annie Hawthorne, a young niece of Capt. W. C. R. Tapscott, whose home was taken possession of at different times by the Federals under the plea of "military necessity."]

IN LIGHTER VEIN.—At the time of General Butler's advance on Petersburg and repulse it is told that a severely wounded Federal soldier, though given every attention by surgeons and attendants, was suffering such pain that he exclaimed: "O kill me and put me out of this misery!" The negro attendant quickly responded: "You see, Mr. Yank, I couldn't, but one ob dese Souf Kērlina gemmens would do it wid pleasure."

**In Tablet Form Only**



**Easy to take**

**NUXATED IRON**

**For Red Blood Strength and Endurance**

**DO NOT ACCEPT SUBSTITUTES**

Thomas F. Kerr, 4104 Spencer Street, Houston, Tex., who had the Confederate blockade runner Cora Smyser during the war, would like to locate a Mr. Walker whom he brought from Havana into a Confederate port; the latter had been 'in prison in the North and took this means of getting back into the Confederacy.

Mrs. Delilah Turney, of Houston, Tex. (205 West Sixteenth Street), is trying to establish the war record of her husband, George H. Turney, so she can get a pension. He served with Captain Berry's company, B, of Waddell's Battery, which was made up, she thinks, near Fayetteville, Tenn. She met him when he was in camp near Chattanooga in 1862, and they were married in 1864. Any surviving comrades who can testify to his service will kindly write to her.

## Don't Wear a Truss



**BROOKS' APPLIANCE**, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day.

C. E. Brooks, 239C State St., Marshall, Mich.

### RED CROSS IS SERVICE.

The fourth Red Cross roll call is not a drive.

It is not a campaign.

It is not an effort to raise any specific sum.

The \$1 dues of ten million people for 1921 are payable, and this roll call is merely the organized activity of collection.

The American Red Cross, by its Congressional charter, is officially designated for the following purposes:

"To furnish volunteer aid to the sick and wounded in time of war in accordance with the treaty of Geneva.

"To act in matters of volunteer relief and as a medium of communication between the American people and their army and navy.

"To continue to carry on a system of national and international relief in time of peace and to apply the same in mitigating the sufferings caused by pestilence, famine, fire, floods, and other great national calamities and to devise and carry on measures for preventing the same." (Act of Congress, January 5, 1905.)

Answer the Red Cross roll call, November 11, Armistice Day, to November 25, Thanksgiving.

W. T. Grice, of Quitman, Wood County, Tex., wants to hear from any of his old comrades who can testify to his service as a Confederate soldier. He belonged to Company C, 27th Alabama Infantry. Just after the war he removed to Texas from his old home in Alabama, and he has not been able to get in touch with any of his war comrades. He is trying to get a pension.

Henry Hardin was a member of Company A, 3d Regiment of Confederate Cavalry, organized at Lebanon, Ala., in October, 1861, and he was continuously with his regiment until the close of the war; was surrendered and paroled at Greensboro, N. C., in 1865. He is now about eighty-seven years of age, unable to work, and utterly dependent. He came to Arkansas soon after the war and has not heard from a comrade since. I ask that any surviving comrade will communicate with me at once in order to prove his service, so he can gain admittance to the Confederate Home. D. M. Cloud, Adjutant David O. Dodd Camp, No. 325, U. C. V., Benton, Ark.

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2. To continue in the hospitals of the army, the navy, and the public health service where there are more than 26,000 men, many of whom will be retained there for months and some for years, and carry on recreational and social work.

3. To keep in touch as an advisory organization with the discharged men of the army and navy and be ready—not in the way of financial aid, but what is worth more—to contribute kind advice and friendly assistance.

4. To carry on the work with the families of soldiers and sailors and for the community at large.

5. To care for those blinded in the crash of war, a service turned over to the Red Cross by the government.

"Am I my brother's keeper" is the stammering alibi of sordid selfishness. Answer the call of your Red Cross, which holds its fourth roll call November 11-25, and fulfill your obligation to the brother who is still with Uncle Sam.



## THE THREE GENERALS



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# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXVIII.

DECEMBER, 1920

NO. 12

## No Land Like Ours

Though other lands may boast of skies  
Far deeper in their blue,  
Where flowers in Eden's pristine dyes  
Bloom with a richer hue;  
And other nations pride in kings  
And worship lordly powers,  
Yet every voice of nature sings—  
There is no land like ours!

Though other lands may boast their brave  
Whose deeds are writ in fame,  
Their heroes ne'er such glory gave  
As gilds our country's name;  
Though others rush to daring deeds  
Where the darkening war cloud lowers,  
Here each alike for freedom bleeds—  
There is no land like ours!

—J. R. Barrick, of Kentucky.



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man on earth.

Mrs. Thomas L. Nugent, of the Con-  
federate Woman's Home, Austin, Tex.,  
wishes information of the war record  
of her husband, Thomas L. Nugent,  
who served near San Marcos, Tex.

The Georgia Pension League has a  
little printing plant at Montezuma, Ga.,  
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Write to W. T. Christopher, Secretary  
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These books have been placed with the VETERAN for sale, and there is only one  
copy of each.

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GENERAL A. N. V., U. C. V.

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BALTIMORE, MD.

R. J. Tabor, of Bernice, La., Route  
No. 1, is interested in securing a pen-  
sion for J. R. Fomby, who first served  
in Company C, of the 4th Georgia Regi-  
ment, and then, after being discharged,  
went with a command to Tennessee to  
help make ammunition for the Confed-  
erate government, later serving with  
Wheeler's Cavalry as a member of Com-  
pany A, 10th Confederate Regiment,  
under Capt. John M. McElroy and  
Colonel Gould, to the end of the war.  
Any one who knew him will please write  
to Comrade Tabor.

Mrs. Lucie M. Clint, of Fitzpatrick,  
Ala., wishes to get in communication  
with some comrades of her husband,  
George H. Clint, originally of Jackson,  
Miss., but she does not know whether  
he enlisted in the Confederate army  
there or at Mobile, Ala. He was only  
sixteen years old, but it seems that he  
fulfilled the duties of a soldier well, as  
at one time when his captain was shot  
he assumed the responsibilities of the  
position and was afterwards known as  
"Captain Clint." His wife is in need  
and wishes to apply for a pension.

# Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXVIII. NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1920.

No. 12. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
FOUNDER.

## GEN. E. M. LAW.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA., November 1, 1920.

### GENERAL ORDERS No. 6.

In the death of Maj. Gen. Evander McIver Law, of the Confederate States army, at Bartow, Fla., our diminishing ranks have lost one of its distinguished soldiers.

2. General Law entered the service in the 4th Alabama Infantry, became successively its lieutenant colonel and colonel, and was promoted to the rank of brigadier general and placed in command of a brigade which became well known as Law's Brigade and which did valiant service in its campaigns.

3. In a military difference or controversy with General Longstreet General Law had the satisfaction of being sustained by our renowned commander in chief, Gen. Robert E. Lee. His death, it is said, leaves only three Confederate generals surviving. In January, 1865, General Law was placed in command of military prisons and prisoners east of the Savannah River.

4. At the time of his demise he was one of the Honorary Aids-de-Camp on the staff of the Commander of the Florida Division, U. C. V. His later days reflected the dignity of character and loyalty to country and our free institutions which should ever be traits of the Confederate veteran as he passes away, leaving a record for emulation.

By command of K. M. VAN ZANDT,  
General Commanding.

A. B. BOOTH, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*

For some years General Law was the ranking surviving general of the Confederacy. A sketch and pictures of him appeared in the *VETERAN* for April, 1914, showing him as the youthful general of twenty-seven and seventy-two years. His picture was also given in the Richmond Reunion number with that of seven of the eighteen Confederate generals then surviving. Now all of those so pictured have passed on with the exception of Gen. M. J. Wright, of Washington, D. C. Others known to be surviving now are: Gens. John McCausland, of West Virginia, George P. Harrison, of Alabama, and Felix Robertson, of Texas.

## MEMORIALS TO SONS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

In marking the places where Generals Pettigrew and Ramseur died in Virginia while fighting for the Confederacy, North Carolina has rendered tribute to worthy sons. This work was under direction of the North Carolina Historical Commission and the State Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy. The memorials are about twenty feet tall and consist of handsome granite pillars, which were the gift of the late Col. Peter H. Mayo, of Richmond, Va., set on granite bases furnished by the two societies of North Carolina. To these bases are affixed handsome bronze tablets, whose inscriptions tell the story of gallantry and sacrifice.

The memorial to Gen. Stephen Dodson Ramseur was unveiled on September 16, 1920, with appropriate ceremonies. The principal address was by Hon. Charles M. Steadman, of North Carolina, who was major of the 44th North Carolina Regiment. His address appears in this number of the *VETERAN*, page 453. Some personal recollections of General Ramseur were given by former United States Senator Henry A. Du Pont, of Delaware, who was a classmate at West Point, and in the war was lieutenant colonel of the 5th Artillery, U. S. A. He was with General Ramseur when he died. The Confederate flags veiling the monument were drawn aside by Miss Mary Ramseur, the only child of the General, born just a few days before his death. The Belle Grove house, where he died, was built as a residence for Dolly Madison, and much of the building material was shipped from England.

Similar exercises marked the dedication of the memorial to Gen. James Johnston Pettigrew in Berkeley County, W. Va., on September 17 and which was attended largely by those taking part in the ceremonies of the previous day, in addition to the large crowd of Berkeley Countians, veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy. The principal address of this occasion was by Chief Justice Walter Clark, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and which was given in the *VETERAN* for November; and personal recollections were given by Capt. Louis G. Young, of Savannah, Ga., Commander of the Georgia Division, U. C. V., who served on General Pettigrew's staff. The same Confederate flags were used to veil this memorial and were drawn by Miss Bessie Conrad, daughter of the late Dr. D. B. Conrad, of Winchester.



## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

May it never be said of the South:

"The wreck of a race so old and vast  
That the grayest legend could never lay hand  
On a single fact of the voiceless past.  
Not even the red-gold crown of a king,  
A warrior's sword, nor aught beside,  
Could history out of the ruin bring.  
They had no poets, and so they died."

—Flora E. Stevens.

## SOUTHERN CIVILIZATION.

BY DR. JAMES H. M'NEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

This year (1920) is the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims in America. And all the horns brought over in the Mayflower will be set a-blowing to proclaim the glories, virtues, and achievements of the Pilgrim Fathers as the originators, promoters, and defenders of all that is worthy in American life and ideals. And Plymouth Rock will be declared the most sacred shrine of liberty and patriotism.

Now, while we give due credit to the Pilgrims for their real worth and work, and while we acknowledge with thankfulness the debt that America owes to them, while we recognize their courage, self-sacrifice, and piety, and that they and their descendants may very properly boast of these things, yet they had, and still have, a tendency, not to say a habit, of discounting or denying the virtues and achievements of other factors in American civilization, as if they themselves were the only and original pioneers of liberty and progress. They are accustomed to speak and think of other sections of the Union, especially the South, as ignorant, lawless, semi-barbarous. Recently I have noted two expressions of this opinion by persons of wide influence. One is by Charles L. Zeigler, characterized as a high-minded Republican by the *Christian Work*, an ably edited paper of the North. Mr. Zeigler urges that the election of the Democratic candidate for President "would continue in power a party that is dominated by the South, the least intelligent and least patriotic section of the United States"; and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, a prominent leader in the movement for female suffrage, declares that the "South is the back yard of civilization," and she ridicules the conservatism of the Old South as stupidity and autocracy.

It seems to me that we of the South are called upon to resent these charges and to vindicate our section as in the front ranks of those who are the leaders in any true and worthy civilization.

It should be mentioned that, while the Pilgrim Fathers are acclaimed as the founders of the republic, their little colony was soon absorbed by the Puritan emigration, a thoroughly intolerant and autocratic government, which set aside Pilgrim ideals and has been the most bitter and persistent in misrepresenting the South and its ideals.

The first English colony to make a permanent settlement in this country landed at Jamestown, in Virginia, in 1607, and

was the first to set up a government by a representative legislative assembly in 1619. And the colony was noted in all its early history for its assertion of the right of self-government.

When we come to the war for independence, the Southern colonies were as ready to resist the tyranny of the mother country as was New England; although they were exempt from many of the evils of that tyranny. And while the "Boston Massacre," with its eight victims, and the "Boston Tea Party," with its masked destroyers of the obnoxious tea, are glorified for their patriotic devotion, there is seldom mention of the battle of the Alamance in North Carolina, with its thirty to fifty victims, who contended for the same principles as led Boston to resist; nor is there notice of the fact that in Annapolis, Md., and Charleston, S. C., unmasked men destroyed or confiscated the tea.

So also the Southern colonies were the most strenuous advocates of independence, and the measure was proposed in the Continental Congress by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, and seconded by John Adams, of Massachusetts. The immortal Declaration was drawn by Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, and its claims vindicated by George Washington, of Virginia, in chief command of the patriot armies, and Gen. Nathaniel Greene, of Rhode Island, as his able second in command.

Then came the work of establishing a government that should unite the original independent colonies in a federated republic. The result was a Constitution pronounced by W. E. Gladstone, the great British statesman, "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

The Southern members of that convention were prominent in all of its deliberations. James Madison, of Virginia, is spoken of as the "Father of the Constitution," and the Pinckneys, of South Carolina, exercised a commanding influence. Surely up to the adoption of the Constitution the South could not be accounted as a drawback to American civilization. For seventy years—1789 to 1861—the government was administered mainly according to Southern theories and principles, and confessedly they brought the republic to a wonderful degree of power and prosperity, and the men who did this were not ignorant, uncultured bores. Let me quote the testimony of James G. Blaine, certainly no favorable witness. In his "Twenty Years in Congress," page 45, he writes: "The Southern leaders occupied a commanding position. Those leaders constituted a remarkable body of men. Having before them the example of Jefferson, of Madison, and of George Mason in Virginia, of Nathaniel Macon in North Carolina, and of the Pinckneys and Rutledges in South Carolina, they gave deep study to the science of government. They were admirably trained as debaters, and they became highly skilled in the management of parliamentary bodies. As a rule, they were liberally educated, many of them graduates of Northern colleges, a still larger number taking their degrees at Transylvania, in Kentucky, at Chapel Hill, in North Carolina, and at Mr. Jefferson's peculiar and admirable institution in Virginia. Their secluded mode of life on the plantation gave them leisure for reading and reflection. They took pride in their libraries, pursued the law so far as it increased their equipment for a public career, and devoted themselves to political affairs with an absorbing ambition. \* \* \* They were almost without exception men of high integrity, and they were especially and jealously careful of the public money. Too often ruinously lavish in their personal expenditures, they believed in an economical government, and throughout the long period of their domination they guarded the treasury

with rigid and unceasing vigilance against every attempt at extravagance and against every form of corruption."

Let us see to it that our children and children's children shall know the character of the men who stood for Southern rights, and let them contrast the government of that older day with the present order, which was introduced by a war that destroyed a republic to make a nation, which has been administered for the benefit of the classes against the masses, which for the sake of political and partisan advantage has introduced a vast mass of foreigners, ignorant of our system and opposed to our ideals and who try to make our government a mere instrument for promoting their radical and anarchistic theories until to-day our whole country is a seething mass of discontent and unrest. And it is only to the South that men can look for a stay of these evil influences.

The charge is made that the South was and is behind the North in intellectual culture, and it is so often repeated that it is taken for granted. But when we turn to the professions which depend on intellectual skill and ability, we find the Southern men fully equal to their professional brethren of the North. For sixty years two Southern men held the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and John Marshall, of Virginia, is recognized as the very ablest of American jurists; while his successor, Roger B. Taney, of Maryland, served with distinction until he incurred the enmity of the Abolition party by a decision as to the rights of slaveholders. The present incumbent, Chief Justice Edward D. White, of Louisiana, was a Confederate soldier. These men came into the profession before the age of the corporation lawyer, whose training enables him to keep "big business" out of the penitentiary when it tramples law and justice underfoot.

In the science of medicine and surgery Drs. Ephraim McDowell and Marion Simms are leaders in a long list of eminent physicians of the South, and to-day such men as Drs. Wyeth and Polk, both ex-Confederate soldiers, are recognized as leaders in the profession.

In the ministry of the gospel the Southern preachers have been distinguished for their freedom from fads and isms, for their devotion to their religious and spiritual functions, for their eloquence, and for profound thinking on the great questions of life and destiny; and such men as Bascom and Pierce, as Fuller and Broadus, as Meade and Elliott, as Thornwell, Dabney, and Palmer will stand in the front rank of great ministers of the word.

Among the great orators of America, whether in the forum or on the hustings, Patrick Henry, of Virginia, and Henry Clay, of Kentucky, take the lead; and they are leaders of a host of eloquent men, from Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, William C. Preston, of South Carolina, Hayne and Calhoun, from the same State, to Yancey, of Alabama, and Haynes, of Tennessee.

In science and invention the Southern men who have been most successful in investigation have been content to announce results without seeking profits from them, and the real inventors, as of the cotton gin and the repeating pistol, have seen their inventions patented by thrifty Northern profiteers.

In military affairs the South holds a record of leadership and of heroic valor almost without a parallel in history. From Washington, in the war for independence, and his wonderfully efficient partisan commanders, Marion, Sumter, and Morgan, through the War of 1812, where Harrison and Jackson were the only successful generals; and through the war with Mexico, where Scott and Taylor, both Virginians, won out; to our War between the States, where Lee and Jackson

and Forrest and Stuart and Hampton won victory after victory by military skill against strong odds. These men, all of the South, are universally recognized as masters in the art of war. And no soldiers ever surpassed in valor and devotion the men of the South who defeated the flower of the British army at New Orleans, who won immortal glory on the bloody field of Buena Vista, and who for four years, ragged and hungry, defied and defeated armies far outnumbering them, armies recruited from all the world.

Surely when it comes to patriotic loyalty to cause and country the South welcomes comparison with any other people.

The Puritan engaged in the African slave trade, and, with England, he forced slavery on the colonies, and, when it ceased to be profitable in his own section, he sold his slaves to the South and abolished slavery; then his conscience revolted against association with slaveholders, and he never rested until he had brought on a war costing a million of lives and billions of treasure to enforce emancipation and to establish his theory of liberty, equality, and fraternity. And now to justify his course he is, in literature, by the press, by the pulpit, on the political platform, trying to impress on the coming generations as history the most malignant misrepresentations of Southern life and character.

## BOY SCOUTS OF THE SIXTIES.

The "Personal Reminiscences" of Comrade George W. Sirrine, of Greenville, S. C., appearing in the November VETERAN, brought him the following letter from Judge J. P. Young, of Memphis, Tenn.:

"Reading last evening the November number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, I came across an article signed George W. Sirrine. This surname sent my memory galloping back fifty-six years ago, when I was a boy member of Company A, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, then detailed as Gen. W. A. Jackson's escort. As courier for the General, I came in almost daily contact with Harvey's Scouts, or some of them. Several I knew well after the close of the war, among them James L. Goodloe, George Shelby, John Murdock, Wiley N. Nash, a schoolmate at the University of Mississippi, and Lieut. George Harvey.

"The last time I saw Capt. Ad. Harvey was on April 2, 1865, when he passed us in the road near Scottsville, Ala., while our division was pursuing LaGrange's Federal Brigade in its rapid retreat to Centerville, on the Cahaba River. He had lost his hat and was riding bareheaded, with his hair streaming in the breeze.

"But the inquiry I wish to make of you is this: Were you a young boy during that and the Hood campaign in Middle Tennessee, something like fifteen or sixteen years of age? I remember a little boy scout at that time who was frequently in our camp on his visits to Jackson's headquarters and whom the boys called 'Serene,' which I supposed was a nickname. I saw that youngster behaving very handsomely under fire in the fighting at Mt. Carmel Church the day before the battle of Franklin and on the afternoon of the battle of Spring Hill, November 24, 1864. On another occasion he came to headquarters down in Alabama on the Wilson raid, above mentioned, and spent the night with me in my 'shebang' out in the woods, much to my delight. I was at the time a boy of seventeen. John Martin, of my company, called this boy 'Serene,' and of late years I have often tried to learn from survivors of the company what his name was. They remembered the boy, but could tell me nothing further. I was on the right, across Harpeth River, at Franklin and also



got lost on the field in the night after Armstrong's Brigade retired while trying to find headquarters.

"I did not, like you, come across a wounded Confederate, but did find a Federal officer whose neck was broken beyond repair by a fall. If you are the youthful comrade of those old days, I would be delighted to hear from you."

### *"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."*

BY C. C. BAKER, BATTERY C, 1ST WISCONSIN HEAVY ARTILLERY.

A few days ago in the town where I live, Weatherford, Tex., North Main Street was crowded with traffic, trucks, cars, wagons, and vehicles of every kind and description passing in every direction.

A little child, a sweet little blue-eyed, curly-haired girl, had escaped her mother's watchful eyes as she was shopping in one of the stores and had wandered out on the street. She was unafraid, innocent, sweet, and was enjoying the sights and sounds about her as she watched the cars passing by. One large touring car came toward her, and the driver, seeing the danger, was afraid to try to pass around her, fearing she might run in front of the car. He stopped his car and pleasantly spoke to the child, telling her to move out of the way.

She obeyed and stood wonderingly watching the car go on. By this time several others had observed the child, and, realizing that if she was seen there was no danger of running over her, they rather enjoyed the novel spectacle of a little child blocking the traffic of the busy street.

In the meantime the little girl was taking in the sights as unconscious of danger as though she were at home.

By this time traffic had stopped, and the innocent cause of this congestion was standing in the middle of the street, smiling and unafraid.

But the mother, having missed the child and discovering her whereabouts, rushed frantically out into the street and gathered the child in her arms, scarce realizing that the baby's innocence and sweetness were her greatest protection.

And then my mind went back to the dark days of 1863, when I witnessed a scene somewhat similar to the one just enacted before my eyes.

Two armies, the Confederate and the Union, were facing each other upon the eve of battle. The Confederate army was aligned on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, while the Union army was entrenched in the valley below. Both were preparing for the death struggle awaiting them. The armies were pretty near to each other, and both had pickets out watching every movement of the enemy.

One day we were perfectly astonished by the sight of a little child toddling toward our lines. She was such a little innocent, unafraid creature, entirely unconscious of any danger. She came from the direction of the Rebel army, and, needless to say, we surrendered to her without the firing of a gun. When she reached a place within our lines, hundreds of our men gathered around her. Apparently she was perfectly at home as she stood looking at us with wide-open eyes in which shone perfect trust and confidence.

The boys began to ply her with questions as to what her name was and where she came from, but she could give no satisfactory answer. One of the men asked her to whom she belonged, and she lisped: "Uncle Jim." Then we asked her who Uncle Jim was, and she pointed toward the Confederate lines, by which we knew that she must have strayed away from Uncle Jim and in some mysterious manner made her way through both picket lines into the Yankee army.

Every man wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her, and how they did wish they had some candy or cakes to give her, but army rations afforded nothing of this kind. Then some of the men thought of sugar, and each wanted to give her some, of which they had a plentiful supply. So we loaded her down with big lumps of the sweet stuff, and one boy happened to remember that he had a string of beads, which he brought and placed around her white neck. Another had a silk handkerchief, which he tied about her throat, while the other boys, not to be outdone, searched among the keepsakes which their sisters and sweethearts had sent them and found handkerchiefs and ribbons, which they tied on her small person.

One produced a rosette of red, white, and blue ribbon, which he pinned on her dress. Another found a small silk flag, and that also was pinned on her; all of which she enjoyed immensely and seemed to think it was all "in the play."

I saw tears come into eyes that had not been wet since they left their mothers, wives, and sweethearts in the far-away North.

Our captain took the child in his arms and, while he pressed her close to his heart, said: "Boys, I've got a little girl at home about the age of this little one. O God! I wonder if I shall ever see her again?"

At this every man removed his hat and stood silently at attention, but if you had asked them why they did so, they could not have told you. But I know now a little child can bring God mighty near you under such conditions.

And then the question was raised, what shall we do with her? for, obviously, we could not keep the child in such circumstances of impending danger. The problem was solved by one of the men removing the ramrod from his gun and tying a white handkerchief upon the end, then, after obtaining permission from the captain, he took the child and her gifts in his arms and started toward the Rebel lines.

Bob Chambers, one of the biggest devils in our company, called to him to hold on a minute, he wanted to send "Uncle Jim" some coffee.

"I'll bet he hasn't had a good cup of coffee since the war began," he said; so he filled a small bag with the precious grains and gave it to the little girl, saying: "Take this to your Uncle Jim."

The boys all shouted a good-by as they started for the Rebel lines, the little girl still holding high the flag of truce.

As they neared the Confederate lines several men came forward to meet them, among whom was Uncle Jim, who was searching for his little girl in every direction.

Ed Avery, who was carrying the child, learned from Uncle Jim that the child's father had been killed at the battle of Chickamauga, and that her mother had since died, leaving the child to the care of Uncle Jim, who was waiting for a chance to send her to his home in the Southland.

Tightly holding the baby in his arms and looking fondly at her, Uncle Jim said:

"Boys, I am going to get permission to take her to my home, and maybe while I am gone this battle will come off. I hope it will, for damned if I feel like shooting at you fellows after this—at least, for some time to come," he added, with a twinkle in his dark gray eyes and a smile upon his weather-beaten features.

And as the gray-clad men around him grasped his meaning, a regular Rebel yell went up from each throat, which was echoed from the blue-clad lines as they witnessed the dramatic scene, and both sounds blended into whispering echoes from the rugged sides of Lookout Mountain.

## SAN JACINTO.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE, POET LAUREATE U. C. V., C. S. M. A.,  
S. C. V.

[Written for the thirtieth Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Houston and dedicated to Commander in Chief K. M. Van Zandt.]

Texas, O Texas, how were you dressed that morning  
When the hosts of Santa Anna lay glittering in the sun?  
With the cloak of valor around you and with courage for  
your shield,  
What need for other raiment and with freedom to be won?

Texas, O Texas, how were you armed that morning  
To meet the ranks of Mexico—the edge of Spanish steel—  
With a pair of keen-nosed cannon, rifles, Bowie knives, and  
clubs,  
And the skill God gave to man to crush the tyrant with his  
heel?

For you burned your bridge behind you, and you closed  
the field before,  
And you woke the sleeping army, drunk with conquest,  
glory mad;  
And your answer thrilled with terror as your Houston raised  
the cry:  
"The Alamo! The Alamo! Remember Goliad!"

On and on the seven hundred! It was victory or death!  
What though the serried lines of Cos had swept across  
the bay,  
'Twas your last firm stand for freedom, for Texas, and for  
home;  
And the souls of Travis, Crockett, and Fannin led the way.

On and on across the prairie, through the bog and through  
the marsh  
Pressed the hosts of Santa Anna, fighting, driving, plunging  
in.  
But they fell before the onslaught in a fearful, bloody rout,  
For your Houston knew no tactics save to fight and fight  
to win.

No pause nor halt nor quarter till the voice of victory rang  
Through the silence of surrender, and then the fight was  
done;  
And the lone star rose unchallenged on the azure field of fame  
With the wild hoarse shout of "Freedom!" for your free-  
dom had been won.

Texas, O Texas, you fought with Lee and Jackson,  
With Johnston, Forrest, Hood, and Smith against the fear-  
ful odds;  
You fixed your matchless star upon the hallowed Stars and  
Bars  
And wept low with your Southland in the twilight of her  
gods.

Texas, O Texas, the World War found you ready;  
Across the storm-swept fields of France a tender shadow  
falls,  
For you share the graves of glory, and you hold the living  
flame  
That shall fire the sons of freedom whenever freedom calls.

## HARD TIMES WITH ROSS'S CAVALRY.

BY W. A. CALLAWAY, ATLANTA, GA.

I once had a friend who had refused all his life to "sit" for a picture. As he was getting old, the family became anxious about it, and finally as a martyr he yielded to their persistency. The picture so much pleased the old gentleman that he went again and again for more sittings, until his family interceded to stop him. Apropos: several of my friends have asked me to write some war incidents, and I have yielded to their requests. I was slow to start and may be as hard to stop, though a gentle hint from the editor will do the work.

My command did service for about a year in Mississippi, around Vicksburg, Jackson, Canton, etc. We were sick a whole lot. My company surgeon was Dr. Peoples, of Aberdeen, a fine, cultured gentleman. He had no medicines but opium pills. We sick folks would go to him each morning for a pill, no matter what the complaint; but it so happened that we usually needed just that thing, for we lived on bull beef and tadpole water, which was caught in ponds in winter for cattle, hogs, and other animals. We all bathed and drank together. The white folks had cistern water, and it was dealt out as carefully as "rock and rye" in these latter days. So many troops had been along that guards were placed over the cisterns and only officers allowed to drink. Unfortunately, I was a private and had to drink with the cattle. Having just jumped out of the schoolroom in God's country (Lagrange, Ga.), this kind of fare was rather harsh, especially as I arrived there in midsummer.

In December, 1864, near Murfreesboro, Ross's Cavalry Brigade captured a train of cars loaded with all kinds of army supplies *en route* to Murfreesboro. We had to fight hard to take it, as it was guarded by about two hundred men, and they were protected in a railroad cut. Young's Battery did efficient work in exploding shells over their heads. We finally drove them out, but they took refuge close by in a block-house. Our men were half starved, as usual, and ignored the proximity of the guard, who were still firing on us. It took General Ross several minutes to get enough men together to charge them, but he finally succeeded and drove them out. It was a sight worth while to see the boys going for those good things to eat—sugar, coffee, bacon, hard-tack, clothing, etc.—not to mention other things to drink. I loaded my old mare with all she could carry, and the consequence was that I had to walk and lead her for a day or two. We set fire to what we could not carry away, and when the train was burning well we left in double-quick, just reaching the pike from Murfreesboro in time to keep from being cut off and captured by a brigade of cavalry sent out for that purpose. Let me tell you that eating and drinking (coffee, of course) was fine. I always was fond of sugar, and now I had it to my heart's content piled up on hard-tack. In addition to eatables and drinkables, I captured an officer's suitcase filled with fancy shirts, neckwear, etc.; and as I had no use for "biled" shirts, I gave them to General Ross, who never forgot it. In after years, while Governor of Texas, he wrote me referring to it.

When the Reunion was to be held in Atlanta in 1898, I wrote to General Ross to make my house his home on that occasion, but a day or two afterwards I saw the announcement of his death. At that time he was President of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas.

Having made several references to my moon-eyed mare, I will tell about it. I had the prettiest pony in the brigade



named Billie, and he attracted as much attention as a pretty girl wherever he went. He knew me in any crowd and would follow me anywhere. I petted him like a baby—the fact is, I loved Billie and he loved me. On one occasion Dick Young, brother of my captain, was detailed to go on an errand of about one hundred miles, and he insisted on borrowing Billie and leaving his moon-eyed mare with me. I wouldn't have done it, but Captain Young, of whom I was very fond, begged me into it. To make a long story short, I have not seen Billie since, nor did I see Dick any more until in 1866, when we met on Broad Street in Columbus, Ga. My first thought was of Billie, but neither of us mentioned it. I was there in Columbus to sell my first cotton crop after the war, and I got thirty-three and three-quarter cents for it. Getting my first greenbacks made me feel like a Vanderbilt.

When Sherman was about to cross the Chattahoochee River in his march through Georgia, a lot of negroes were throwing up breastworks on the south side of the river. The Yankees planted a battery on the north side and opened up on them. In less than a minute and a half not a nigger was in reach of Sherman's longest range gun. One round was sufficient. It was "run, nigger, run."

I will close by telling of Jim and Aaron, the body servants of Jack Thornton and Sergt. George Croft, of Young's Battery. Both were fine cooks and foragers if everything was quiet at the front; but when the shells began to fly in the battle of New Hope Church, both had pressing business at the rear, and, no use arguing the question, they were going to leave. Jim said, "Marse Jack, I jest can't stand them things, and you must 'scuse me, please sir"; and, being well mounted, to the rear he went, with Aaron a close second. Jim and "Marse" Jack have gone to their reward. Aaron also has passed away; but "Marse" George is still living, feeble with age. Both of these negroes remained with their owners until death parted them a few years ago, and it was "Marse Jack" and "Marse George" to the end.

In this connection I might tell about getting shot in the back in this battle, but have never been able to explain to my friends satisfactorily just how it was, so will not attempt it now. It has been suggested by some that I was showing Jim and Aaron the nearest cut to safety, but I deny the allegation. I was sticking to my gun and can prove it.

### THE BATTLE OF JACKSON.

BY CAPT. WILLIAM L. RITTER, REISTERSTOWN, MD.

At three o'clock in the morning of July 5, 1863, Lieutenant Moore called me and said: "Vicksburg has fallen. General Grant is in possession of it, and we have orders to fall back to the entrenchments at Jackson. Call the men, harness up, and be ready to move at four o'clock."

We were then near Big Black, Miss. On the evening of the 7th we reached Jackson, and the next day we were sent to a redoubt on the Raymond road in rather a sharp angle on the battle line and in a much-exposed position. Right on the Raymond road, previous to our arrival there, a sixty-four pounder rifled piece was placed to command the road, and our two sections were put on the right and left of it. On the 10th the enemy moved up and drove in our pickets. Soon after several pieces of artillery came in sight and fired a few shots at our line, evidently to test the distance and locate our batteries. That night they began to fortify around the angle of our line which held the large gun and kept busy at the work the next day and night, though no guns could be

seen, yet we knew they were there, because the embrasures revealed the fact. Thirty-six Parrott guns, to be run into position as soon as the works were completed, cast a gloom over our little band of heroes as they cast their eyes in that direction. The storm that was brewing became more ominous every minute, as the angle in the line would enable them to bring their guns to bear on our battery.

Sunday, July 12, was a beautiful day, and it seemed more like Sabbath indeed than any day I had seen in a long while. From the northeast a gentle breeze was blowing, but save its whisperings, not a sound disturbed the stillness except an occasional picket shot reverberating among the hills. We were sitting on some seats which we had constructed along the parapet for our comfort when not engaged with the enemy, when suddenly we were aroused by a terrific fire from their artillery, which appeared to shake the very earth. For two hours the leaden storm raged around us. Cotton bales had been placed on the parapet to protect the men from the sharpshooters in buildings near by, and these bales were knocked off by the enemy's shot, torn to pieces, and set on fire by the explosion of the shells. The tornado of shells, a ton coming every minute, put the air into cyclonic action, taking up the smoke of the burning cotton and whirling it around our little band of faithful men, cutting us off apparently from the sight of our enemies, their shells rising higher and higher as the minutes passed. As "heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," did not a kind Providence send the whirlwind to save our little band from utter annihilation? Just think of it, one hundred and twenty tons of metal thrown at us in those two hours! Casualties: two men killed, three lieutenants and ten men wounded. The killed were buried behind the lines. Henry Gordon belonged to the Maryland detachment and Corp. L. McCurry to the Georgia detachment. The latter had so endeared himself to us all by his manly ways and excellent qualities that the boys concluded he must have a special funeral; so a coffin was made, and Private Brown, a candidate for the ministry, conducted the service at the grave. As the poet says:

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,  
But steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead  
And bitterly thought of the morrow."

History nowhere records the concentration of so many pieces of artillery focused on a single object as that at Jackson. It is unprecedented in the annals of time. There are three incidents that occurred at Jackson which I wish to relate. The first is the keenness, accuracy, and ability of the enemy's sharpshooters. Joe Wills, of the Maryland detachment, was detailed to cook and bring to the works my meals. One time he asked to be permitted to remain a few minutes longer than it was necessary for me to dispose of the food. I said: "No, Joe, go back to the wagon yard as quickly as you can, for the sharpshooters know you are here, and they are on the lookout for you." He persisted in remaining a little while, so I said: "All right, Joe." He then went to a small crevice in the works beside a stake, placing his left hand on the top of it a few inches above the parapet in full view of the enemy. He was there but a few seconds before he returned to me with the blood running from his fingers. "Well, Joe, he caught you, and that is punishment for disobeying orders."

The second incident was one that we might say illustrated predestination. Henry Gordon, who succeeded Joe Wills in cooking my rations, brought my supper to the works that

day and before returning asked to be promoted. I said: "Gordon, what do you mean by promotion?" "Why," said he, "I want to be made a cannoneer." I then pointed out to him the dangers on the firing line and the safety at the wagon yard. "If you persist in being made a cannoneer, get some one to take your team and report here to-morrow morning." He did so, and the next day he was killed.

The third incident was the frailty and unreliability of human courage. Two days after the avalanche of shells described in this article the major commanding our battalion of light artillery picked up courage in the lull of fighting to pay our battery a visit. A sharpshooter must have discovered the major's approach, particularly his bright uniform and the large gold star on his collar, and reported the same to the commander of the enemy's artillery. The major had scarcely reached our right gun when the ball opened. The occasion was one long to be remembered. The major's nerves gave way, he fell to the ground, then crawled beneath a large tarpaulin, and remained there till the engagement was over. Covered with dust, the major emerged from his hiding place and departed without even saying good-by.

## WITH STONEWALL AT CHANCELLORSVILLE— FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS AFTER.

BY JOHN N. WARE, SEWANEE, TENN.

[This review of the Chancellorsville Campaign fifty-seven years after comes from the heart of "a very devoted admirer of the Army of Northern Virginia" who spent the past summer in visiting the battle fields made glorious by the daring of that immortal army. With bicycle, maps, and text, he covered Gettysburg, Sharpsburg, Kernstown, Winchester, Harper's Ferry, First and Second Manassas, Cedar Run, Chancellorsville, Salem Church, Marye's Heights, Fredericksburg, attended the Confederate reunion at Culpeper and the dedication of the New York State monument at Sharpsburg—"The happiest and fullest summer of my life," he says.]

You talk with men just back from France, and in casual and detached fashion they speak of mud and lice, of gas and high explosives, of the terror that flieth by night, and the destruction that stalketh by noonday. And with more interest they tell you how well they were shod, clothed, and munitioned, and how adequate and never-failing was the chow. And then they warm up indeed and talk of movies and shows, of famous actresses and singers, of rest areas and Paris, and you feel that war has its pleasures no less than peace.

And then you go to quiet Culpeper, set in the green midst of Piedmont, Va., with the Blue Ridge as background, and there you see assembled in what will be the last reunion on earth for many of them some four hundred old, old men, a pathetic remnant of that greatest of all armies, the immortal Army of Northern Virginia. You hear them tell of the bitter, unrelieved misery of winter quarters, of marching twenty, thirty, forty miles a day with shoeless feet that bled, of weeks at a time when there was "nothing to eat and you had to cook it yourself," of the months of never-ceasing fighting against Grant on green corn and apples snatched from the roadside. And you feel that these men know what war actually is.

But you draw near a little group off to one side, and at once you feel that here is a different note. They are deep in reminiscence, and you learn that they are survivors of the Stonewall Brigade. Breathless, you hear them tell of epic deeds, of the Valley Campaign, the seven days at Richmond,

Manassas, Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg. And when they speak of the last, every one of them says regretfully: "If the 'Ole Man' just could have been there that first day!"

You say aloud to yourself, "I certainly would like to see Chancellorsville," and your newly acquired friend on the right, a son, says: "Well, why not? Come over and spend some night with me and next morning I will take you to old Germanna and turn you loose in the Wilderness. I think you will find all the history you want, ancient, medieval, and modern." You accept immediately, lest he change his mind, and the following Tuesday morning, armed with Bigelow's "Campaign of Chancellorsville," that you have read until it seems the very print has faded, you cross the Rapidan at Germanna Ford and plunge at once into colonial history.

Your host leads you up steep wooded banks to the least known of all Virginia antiquities, "Old Germanna." Situated on a high plateau a quarter of a mile north of the road, the colony looked west down grassy slopes to the Rapidan, both river and colony named for the "good queen." The colony itself is a reminder that German-English alliances were once desirable things, for the name commemorates both the "good queen" and the first Germany colony in America. It was the time, you must remember, when George I was sleepily qualifying in his little two-by-four court in Hanover to be the successor of the good—and rapid—queen and also, O genealogy, to be the progenitor of George V and the ancient English family of Windsor.

In 1714, as the ancient chronicler tells us, there put in at Tappahannock a boat on which brethren were not dwelling together in unity. The passengers were German, the captain Scotch, or close kin to it, and a difference of opinion had arisen about passage money due. The captain settled the question, to his own satisfaction at least, by sequestering his opponents' clothes and thereby had the last word. It was plainly out of the question to tackle the Wilderness in such scantiness of clothes. But at this high tide of Teutonic embarrassment comes Governor Spotswood, a sort of reverse English Moses, to lead them into the Wilderness. If they will stay long enough to instruct his men in the trades, he will redeem their effects, and accordingly it is so ordered.

And so Germanna is founded, a row of twelve houses, and, facing each and some thirty feet downhill, for obvious reasons, the corresponding pigsty and all the appurtenances thereof. A long street then, inclosed by palisades, and in the center, with loopholes in its five sides to provide fitting hospitality for uninvited visitors, a blockhouse, an instrument of providence, it would seem, for converting bad Indians into the only good ones known to these voices crying in the Wilderness, and when not converting the heathen devoted to domestic missions as a Church.

In 1721 the original settlers, evidently having worked out that little matter of passage money, had moved with the pigs to pastures new, and Governor Spotswood made Germanna the county seat of the newly formed county of Spotsylvania. Colonel Byrd described it for us in 1732, and it would be lost labor to attempt a better description. "This famous town consists of Colonel Spotswoods enchanted castle on one side of the street and a baker's dozen of ruinous tenants on the other, where so many German families had dwelt some years ago. There had also been a chapel about a bowshot from the Colonel's house at the end of an avenue of cherry trees, but some pious people had lately burned it down with intent to get another built nearer to their own homes." You can



see the twinkle in the eye of the satirical old Colonel as he wrote that "pious people."

Germanna at that time was the extreme western outpost of colonial America. Just across the Rapidan began an unbroken stretch of virgin forest, and about sixty miles beyond stood up the challenging bulk of a "mighty mountain range." The doughty Colonel was certainly not the man to gaze on mountains and waste time in vague speculations as to what lay beyond them, and so one day in late August, 1716, he and some fifty other gentlemen, as true disciples of Columbus as ever lived, set forth on the expedition of the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe." There were negro servants, Indian guides, and, needless assurance, "extraordinary supply of liquors." In the days when one took abundant supply for a day's journey you may well imagine what largess was required for such an expedition. And in about two weeks they were back with "many marvelous tales," and the Shenandoah Valley had been added to the geography of America. Certainly a worthy enough result for any labor, even one unrelieved by "extraordinary supply" of christening material.

Of Old Germanna all that remains to-day is an old, old deserted house, a pitiful shell of past glories, and scattered bricks half covered by the grass. You wander with your host over the traces of the old fort, brave in its possession of "two pieces of cannon," and locate the flower garden of the old Governor's gracious lady, and then you wander down "a shady lane to the river," still a cool, shady avenue lined by bent old trees and leading to a little spring, once "a stately marble fount." You look eagerly and vainly for a "covered bench just behind it." For here, as the ancient chronicler so quaintly tells us, "sat often Mrs. Spottswood's sister, Miss Shecky, and bewailed her virginity." Strange and bootless pastime, you think idly, and pass on—pass on one hundred and thirty years and, walking slowly up the hill from the ford with Hooker's advance guard, leave it at the top and wait for "Ole Jack" and his men.

On the top of a hill overlooking Wilderness Run stand the weatherbeaten remains of the old Wilderness Tavern, a faded, decrepit memory of the oasis in which east-bound travelers braced themselves for the terrifying parched desert that separated them from Dowdell's Tavern, some four arid miles away. Those were moist days indeed. And once more on your way, you are immediately in the Wilderness, a tangled mass of scrub oak and pine and black jack, with underbrush so thick you marvel that a human being can penetrate it. Then you remember that twenty-five thousand men fought through this very same underbrush, and your wonder grows.

A little blacksmith shop on the right is a landmark, and, riding slowly, you see almost buried among the trees a narrow country road which seems to be shrinking away in confusion from the fame that history has thrust upon it. And here you stand at two-thirty of a hot afternoon, May 2, 1863, and see videttes of the 2d Virginia Cavalry turn quickly a bend in the little road, trot in watchful silence to the turnpike, and then turn east. You are thrilled all over, for in that direction is Hooker's right flank, and you realize that once more "Ole Stonewall" and his men have caught their enemy asleep. And then come the 5th Alabama and the divisions of Rodes and Colston and A. P. Hill, sunburned, gaunt men in dusty gray rags, shoeless many of them, but all moving swiftly, smoothly with that lithe, tireless tread that has immortalized them as Jackson's "Foot Cavalry." They, too, turn east and bury themselves in the woods that line the road on either side. Now the artillery is up, and with a feeling of awe you fall in behind this silent army of gray

ghosts. Many of them lie that night staring with sightless eyes at the unheeding stars; most of them have been dust, God know how many years, but just now they are in the flesh, and you live and move with them. A mile you follow, and then comes a little clearing, the old Lockett farm, and you watch Stonewall make his disposition for attack.

There is a sense of tension in the air, and you welcome any diversion that will give you a momentary release from it. Listen then to "Uncle" Charles Weedon, who has owned the Lockett place "evuh sens de wah. Yessuh, I wus wid de Loosanna Taggers, wid Kunnel Speers. Dem sut'nly wus good times, suh. Dey *sho'* wus (lamentissimo). I wish de wah nevuh had uh ended." Clearly this requires elaboration, and this solitary dweller on Olympus, the only man who considers Appomattox as unseasonable, explains delightedly: "Didn' we nevuh git hongry? Naw suh! Not us niggers. Twan' uh bit uh sens gittin hongry wid all dem chickens an' hawgs runnin' roun' loose lak. Dem gemmun what fit dey got hongry many's de time, but not us niggers. Naw suh! We foraged whils' dey wus sleepin', an' in de day time dey fit an' we slep'." Which fits in exactly with the explanation why negroes do not commit suicide: "Hit's dis way, boss. White man gits in trouble, an' he sets down an' studies an' studies 'bout hit, an' fus' thing he knows he's done gone crazy an' kilt hisself. Nigger gits in trouble, an' he sets down an' 'gins to study 'bout hit, an' fus' thing *he* knows he's done gone to sleep."

But it is now five o'clock with Stonewall and time to go. The "Ole Man" nods to Rodes, and the skirmishers move forward into the dense underbrush, the main body follows, and a moment later the bugles ring out along two miles of forest, and a mighty roar of human voices breaks the deep silence. The Army of Northern Virginia is once more on the move.

Down the turnpike is pandemonium—men and horses running frantically in every direction; wagons, ambulances, artillery in an inextricable mass; here and there small bodies of brave and honorable men fighting desperately a few hopeless minutes and then engulfed in the overwhelming tide that sweeps over them. And you pause a moment to do tardy justice to the men of the 11th Corps, who fled precipitately from this inferno. They may have been the poltroons that they have been called, but they must be so adjudged by their actions on other fields, for they did here what any soldiers in the world would have done—yes, and have done many times under the same circumstances—what their very assailants would have done. Blame rather the man who put them in such a position, and then let Stonewall have his unmolested way—twelve thousand men facing south in a wilderness along a west and east road that serves only as a narrow passage attacked front, flank, and rear by twenty-six thousand men sweeping down their line in a perfect frenzy of victory. Bullet-proof men need not have run and would not if they did not mind the short rations of a Confederate prison, but vulnerable men who did not pine for such simple fare can easily be acquitted for running that afternoon.

It does seem, however, that some of them rather overdid their running, and there is no discounting the panic of those who ran the six miles to Chancellorsville in one breath and by that time had gotten under such a head of steam that they kept on, ran over Hancock's line, facing east, over his picket line, over the amazed Confederate pickets, who killed several of them in the not unreasonable assumption that it was a charge, and into the equally amazed Confederate lines, where a few more were killed by matter-of-fact Confederates labor-

ing under the same illusion. And here in this haven of rest the survivors, empty of breath, but full of gratitude, constituted themselves the most easily captured and least exigent prisoners in the history of warfare. You remember history's inevitable repetition and compensation, the colored member of the A. E. F. turning his back hurriedly on the "promised land" of Berlin and headed for South Car'lina *a toutes jambes*. He is halted after several record-breaking minutes. "Where are you going?" "To de rear. Who is *you*, anyhow?" "I am the general in command." "My Gawd (cre-scendo), is I done run dat far?"

The hurricane sweeps on, and breathless you arrive at a little clearing where, as old Confederates bear generous testimony, fought for ten desperate minutes the 75th Ohio, one single regiment sturdily trying to stem, or at least slow up, the irresistible fiery tide. One hundred and fifty of its dead and wounded lie in or near this little spot, serene now in the pulsing heat of a mid-August noonday. You go a few hundred yards to the little white house buried in the shade of ancient trees and on a lawn that has not felt the plow for many decades, and there comes to meet you a breath of a fragrant past. You are the guest of Mr. Alexander Spottswood, late of the 2d Virginia Cavalry, sir, and great—O so many greats—grandson of the old Governor of Germanna. You drink the clear, cold water that he brings you and hear much of colonial days. The little white house was once the kitchen of the manor house, burned many years ago, sir. "My father was six years old at the time, and he lived to be eighty-nine, and I am now ninety-two." You are invited to walk into the house, and you find three tiny rooms fairly packed with priceless furniture, all that was saved from the fire. And in the back of the old fireplace is the first product of the first iron foundry of the Tubal Cain of North America, a fireback with the appropriate coat of arms—a tiny little jewel of a museum set in the deep green solitude of a Virginia wilderness.

You would like to stay longer, but you must push on, for the sound of battle is getting fainter as it rolls along. Your host walks with you to the edge of the ancient trees and in the dear, dear old style bids you good-by and invites you when you return that way to "stop and visit us." You resolve to do so and register a silent hope that he may still be there to greet you, and at the big gate you turn and wave farewell to the dear and gracious survivors of a dear and gracious régime. And then once more it is '63, and you plunge into the woods.

It is now 6:30 Stonewall time, and Taylor's farm has been reached and passed. You are at the place where the Orange Plank Road comes in, and you look anxiously down it and wonder what in the world has become of Colquitt and Ramseur and Paxton, who should have been here by now and who, as you find later, have spent the last two hours getting ready to fight a cavalry force that did not exist. And as you need those five thousand men before you can go on against the fresh Federal troops, now rapidly massing in front, you stop a minute in the little store at the fork of the roads and call up the wagon trains.

By 1920 time it is now 1:30, and, except for those five weakened mites of peaches "Uncle" Charles had given you as he said good-by, you have had nothing to eat since eight. Plainly it is time for food. Alas for human desires! You forget that you are campaigning with men who "lived on nothing and had to cook it ourselves." So you sit hungrily in the shade to wait for Colquitt *et als* before you move on to the little Wilderness church and Dowdall's Tavern and

what adventure lies beyond. It is going to be hot work, and you need all your strength. And then you feel a little ashamed of yourself for thinking of hunger when you remember that not a one of your ragged gray comrades has had a thing since early dawn and that whole brigades of them have not tasted a thing since dawn of the day before, and in both cases little enough then, God knows. So you pull up your belt a notch, and, as Colquitt is now up, you storm once more down the road.

Indeed, it is hot work. Berry's Division and Hay's Brigade, quite fresh, are now in the way, contesting bitterly every inch of the road; but the foot cavalry are not to be denied, and along they sweep. The woods here are densest, and to the right, cut like a little canyon through the pines, is the road to Hazel Grove. You regret that daylight is so scarce now, for you would like to see the "key position of Chancellorsville." Right now it is crowded with Federal artillery, at which Archer's men look regretfully. Taking these cannon is their particular job next morning, and the prospect is not alluring. And that night, for some reason that remains unexplained to this day, or maybe for no reason at all, Hooker withdraws from Hazel Grove and makes the "most gratuitous present of a battle field in the history of warfare," to quote one of Archer's grateful men thus relieved of a joyless responsibility. It was a piece of generosity much more appreciated by the Confederate army than by several millions of the folks up North and the cause of the fighting one's so soon thereafter being allowed to devote himself to less strenuous pursuits than fighting "Mars Bob" and "Ole Jack."

You cannot go down the road, but there is a little clear space where it comes into the pike, and in it a doorless, weather-beaten one-story frame building. It is centuries old seemingly, and leans wearily as if utterly tired of life. You look in and see several arms and legs in the corners and blood all over the floor. It was "the old schoolhouse" in '63 and the hospital of Birney's Division, and the "Flying Dutchmen" on their way to safety "actually ran over it," as its medical director indignantly testifies.

A few yards farther on are the Slocum Log Works, if your map is correct, and you stop at a little store and make inquiry. The very lame young man who owns the store tells you that "he ain't never hear tell of'em nor seen 'em neither"; but you are very sure of your ground, and you leave your wheel and go on afoot with your maps. Not forty yards from the store you see in the bushes north of the road a little mound, and you know you have found what you are seeking. You follow its course through some three hundred yards of thick scrub pine, over a ground deep in dead pine needles, a breastworks still some three feet high with a shallow trench behind. And there in the oppressive silence you stand and see men shoot and stab and, cursing, die in long blue and gray lines of American flesh and blood. It fairly sickens your soul, this insensate, obscene thing that is war between brothers, and you move back as fast as you can over this blood-soaked ground to the open air.

Just across the road is a little garden patch, and you tell the very lame young man that those breastworks ran right through the middle of his garden. "O, that thing," he says a little contemptuously, you think, but maybe it is only pity for your simplicity; "I know what you mean. That wan't no breastworks. That was jus'a ditch somebody dug to drean the road and throwed up the dirt on this side. I didn't need it, so I jus' leveled it off."

Somebody indeed—somebody digging in desperate haste to strengthen that frail protection against the death that comes



roaring through the woods in front, a terrifying tempest of sound, with the rolling thunder of artillery and the crashing lightning of thousands of muskets, the shrill, blasphemous voices of utter panic, and, dominating all, the vicious note of the victorious Rebel yell. "Jus' a ditch somebody dug and throwed up the dirt on this side!"

But now the works are carried, and you push on, still afoot, for every inch along here is historic and, to you, sacred ground. It is now about 9:15, with only a very dim moonlight. The enemy has fallen back to within a mile of Chancellorsville, and Stonewall rides out before his lines to reconnoiter. On the side of the road you see a great white stone that tells you it marks the spot where he was wounded, but you know better, and, turning into the woods north of the road, you push some thirty paces through the thicket and come on the old road where perished Confederate hopes. It is now a mere trace, soon to disappear entirely, but in '63 it was the somewhat recently abandoned original road still clear underfoot, but overhung with limbs and small branches. One hundred yards you go down it, and then you turn and slowly retrace your steps. You are with Stonewall and his staff. There is a sense of impending tragedy, and your heartstrings tighten. For you are a Confederate, remember, and all these things are dear to you.

And suddenly from the darkness ahead comes a sharp challenge and then the crash of muskets, and the right arm of the Confederacy dangles helplessly as Stonewall sways drunkenly in his saddle. You see Little Sorrel, mad with fear, plunge into the woods and dash toward the Federal lines. A limb strikes the rider in the face and nearly unhorses him, but some one catches him in time, and he is taken down and laid on the roadside where the marker now is. You stand on the outskirts of a group of heartsick officers, and by you is a silent little picket post of 33d North Carolina mountaineers, too awed and griefstricken for tears, men who had done only what was their duty, and ready, every one of them, to give his life to see it undone. You stand bareheaded as the mortally stricken man is put tenderly in an ambulance, and sadly you watch it go slowly down the road. And a few days later the mighty gates of Valhalla swing open and Stonewall is greeted by his immortal peers. And deep down in you you know that the Confederacy perished with him, and for the moment your heart is heavy indeed. It is still '63, remember.

At daybreak next morning you see twenty thousand grimly determined men fling themselves on twenty-six thousand equally grim and determined men and inexorable, foot by foot, drive them back. From earliest dawn to seven-thirty you see charge and countercharge and the smoke of many guns. And the woods are ablaze, and here there are slightly wounded men frantically scratching away the dry pine needles and dead leaves around them. And, when it is too late, you find them, pitifully charred things, each surrounded by his little cleared circle with a radius of an arm's length and with futile hands outstretched as if in protest against the horrible thing that creeps upon him.

At seven-thirty Pegram draws his guns up the gentle rises of the Hazel Grove gift of the night before, and the end is in sight. From Lee's army Anderson slips his men to the left and Archer extends to the right, and at nine-thirty they sweep through the woods in front of Chancellorsville, and down the pike comes Stuart; and the "finest army on the planet" falls back in confusion, while the "Rebel army, whom God Almighty cannot prevent me from destroying," is once more united.

The battle of Chancellorsville is over, and you mount your wheel and start the ten miles to Fredericksburg.

There is much of interest between, but it is now late; there are signs of a storm, and you must push on to shelter and food. You pass the high ground where Hooker, emerging from the Wilderness the first day in pursuit of a "rapidly retreating Lee," found a rapidly advancing one and lost his nerve and retired to Chancellorsville and a blasted reputation. You pass Salem Church, where Sedgwick, supposed to be the nether millstone, turned a few feeble times and then ceased to grind, and Marye's Heights and the Sunken Road, soaked with the blood of thousands of brave men stupidly murdered by a kind-hearted, obstinate old blunderer named Burnside, who in private life would not wittingly have killed a fly.

And at nightfall you walk wearily into Fredericksburg's one hotel, and the Chancellorsville Campaign is finished.

### A SKIRMISH AT LOST MOUNTAIN.

BY G. M. DOUGLAS, MATHISTON, MISS.

It was a wet day in June, 1864. Our brigade, Ferguson's Cavalry, was camped on the Lost Mountain line when our company, under command of Lieutenant Mullins, was ordered on picket. We relieved some infantry pickets and gathered under the bark shelters and around the fires they had left behind—that is, all but two, Lark Logan and Tom Nimmo, who were detailed and sent about three hundred yards in front as videttes. The rest of us proceeded to make ourselves comfortable, having dismounted and hitched our horses to convenient saplings.

The Yankee breastworks were only five hundred or six hundred yards in front, but everything had been quiet for hours. Suddenly there was a volley of small arms in front, and soon we beheld our videttes coming at full speed and behind them a blue skirmish line on foot, firing rapidly as they came. Logan passed right by us without halting the fierce speed of his much-spurred animal. He had been an infantry soldier and was lamed by a Yankee bullet in the charge on Fort Robinette, and therefore had a wholesome dread of Minie balls. He passed on to the rear, where we heard the bugle call the brigade into line. Meantime Lieutenant Mullins had gotten the company mounted and into line just as the advancing enemy topped the rise in our front and about one hundred and fifty yards off. There they halted long enough to give us a volley, to which we replied. Then we were ordered to about face and retire.

A small creek ran between us and the camp, and when we reached this we found our regiment, the 11th Mississippi Cavalry, dismounted and in line on the other side. Here we were halted, made to face the enemy, and start in their direction. As we did so I heard Lieutenant Colonel Muldrow's clear voice sing out: "Forward, guide center, march!" I looked back and saw the boys plunge into the creek, which was up to their armpits, and wade across. As we advanced to the front, the Yankees began to retire, firing as they went. We followed, returning the fire, until they reached the vicinity of their breastworks, behind which they disappeared. They had no artillery, I presume, else we would have suffered severely; as it was, our loss was small.

We returned to our bark shelters and fires and were disturbed no more that day.

A TOAST GIVEN BY ANDREW JACKSON.—John C. Calhoun, an honest man, the noblest work of God.

## GEN. STEPHEN DODSON RAMSEUR.

[Address by Hon. Charles M. Steadman, member of Congress from North Carolina, on September 16, 1920, at the unveiling of the memorial tablet to Maj. Gen. Stephen D. Ramseur, erected at Belle Grove, near Winchester, Va., by the North Carolina Historical Commission and the U. D. C. of that State.]

Stephen D. Ramseur was born on the 31st of May, 1837, in the village of Lincolnton, the county seat of Lincoln County, N. C., among a people who have ever been distinguished for their refinement as well as their attachment to lofty ideals. He was the second child of Jacob A. and Lucy M. Ramseur and inherited from his ancestors patriotic sentiment, loyalty to and attachment for the land of his birth. They fought at King's Mountain and Eutaw Springs. To his mother, who was a lady of rare excellence of character, he was indebted largely for the mental and moral training which made up a character seldom equaled in those great qualities essential to success and lasting renown.

His elementary education was received in the schools of Lincolnton and Milton, in his native State. At an early age he manifested a strong inclination for military life; but, being unable to secure an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point, he entered the freshman class in Davidson College, North Carolina, where he remained about eighteen months. Gen. D. H. Hill, who was at that time professor of mathematics in the college, became interested in his aspirations and mentioned his splendid qualities to the Hon. Burton Craige, who gave him the appointment he had so much at heart. He was graduated at West Point in 1860.

A large majority of young men in army life at first prefer the artillery service, and such was his choice. He was commissioned second lieutenant by brevet.

Lieutenant Ramseur was in the United States army only a few months before the breaking out of hostilities between the States—from June, 1860, to April, 1861. During that period he was occupied in the performance of his duties at Fortress Monroe. In April, 1861, he resigned his commission in the United States army and tendered his services to the government of the Confederate States at Montgomery. He did not leave the United States army without pain and distress. He loved the flag of his fathers; but, actuated by a supreme sense of duty to the State of his birth, to which he believed his first allegiance due, he hastened to a conflict whose echoes have reverberated around the world.

On the 22d of April, 1861, he was commissioned first lieutenant of artillery and ordered to the Mississippi Department. But before reaching his post of duty he received a telegram stating that he had been elected captain of the Ellis Light Artillery. This battery was being organized in Raleigh and had within its ranks young men who represented the very élite of the young men of North Carolina. It was named in honor of the very efficient and beloved Governor, whose early death thereafter brought sorrow to all the people of the State he served so well. Its officers were Manly, Saunders, Guion, and Bridgers. They were entirely ignorant of artillery drill. They knew that the membership of their battery, was of the very highest order, and they desired to see it the pride and glory of the State. They thought not of themselves, but of their country; so they requested Governor Ellis to furnish them a commander who would bring the battery to the highest state of efficiency. He immediately, without hesitation, named Lieutenant Ramseur. The wisdom of the choice was afterwards made apparent to all. The battery, under the training

of Captain Ramseur, attained an excellency in drill and an *esprit de corps* which was surpassed by none other in the incomparable Army of Northern Virginia.

Late in the summer of 1861 Captain Ramseur's battery was sent to Virginia and stationed at Smithfield, on the south side of the James, and received unlimited praise from all who witnessed its wonderful proficiency in every requirement of the artillery service.

In the spring of 1862 Captain Ramseur was ordered to report, with his battery, to Gen. J. B. Magruder at Yorktown, who, with a force of less than fifteen thousand men, confronted McClellan advancing up the Peninsula with more than one hundred thousand men for the capture of Richmond. General Magruder was fully aware of the great worth of Captain Ramseur, whom he had known in the old army. He was promoted to the rank of major, and all the artillery of the right wing of Magruder's forces was placed under his command. Here was his first active service in the field.

McClellan was delayed more than a month by the strategy of Magruder. In the meanwhile Major Ramseur was elected lieutenant colonel of the 3d North Carolina Regiment of Volunteers, but declined the position. Afterwards he accepted the colonelcy of the 49th North Carolina Regiment of Infantry. He had become greatly attached to his battery and left it with regret, but with complete confidence that Manly and its other officers would maintain its splendid standard of efficiency, in which he was not mistaken.

Soon thereafter the battle of Williamsburg was fought. The battery, commanded by Captain Manly, won the applause of all who witnessed its superb conduct. Its fame extended throughout the army. Years ago I heard Col. D. K. McRae, who commanded the 5th North Carolina Regiment at Williamsburg, whose charge gave him immortality, speak more than once of the heroism of Captain Manly upon that field and the destructive fire of his battery.

With eager joy the historian gilds his pages with the great achievements of artillery and lingers long over their recital. Can no son of the South be found to tell of the deeds of Pegram, of Pelham, of Haskell and Manly, who reversed the ancient method of fighting with artillery at a long and safe distance and brought it to its highest perfection, always advancing to the front line of battle when the occasion demanded?

The 49th Regiment, of which Colonel Ramseur assumed command, had just been enlisted and had been assembled at Raleigh at the camp of instruction. The men were entirely ignorant of infantry tactics and other requirements requisite for active service in the field. Colonel Ramseur soon placed the impress of his character as a soldier upon the regiment, and at an early day it was ready to go to the front. This regiment participated in the seven days' fighting around Richmond and at Malvern Hill. While leading it Colonel Ramseur received a severe wound from which he never fully recovered. He was shot through the right arm above the elbow and was carried to Richmond to the house of Mr. M. S. Valentine. Every possible kindness and attention was shown him, but his wound was of such a serious nature that he was unable to go to his home in North Carolina for more than a month. While at home, and before he was able to return to the field, he was commissioned a brigadier general. This high honor for one so young in years was doubtless due to the conspicuous bravery and reckless daring displayed by him at Malvern Hill, which elicited unstinted praise from the brave but unfortunate Magruder. With that modesty which was so attractive to his friends, he hesitated to accept the honor



tendered him. In October, 1862, although entirely unable to use his right hand, he went to Richmond and called upon President Davis and told him of his doubts as the propriety of accepting the high position conferred upon him.

President Davis told him to accept the commission and return to his home in North Carolina and remain there until his health was restored. General Ramseur, however, did not return to his home, but went directly to the army and was assigned to the command of the brigade of Gen. George B. Anderson. General Anderson was an officer of great merit, and his place could not be properly filled by any ordinary man.

The eminent qualifications of General Ramseur for the duties devolving upon him, his chivalrous nature, his pure character without a blemish, his considerate care for the comfort of his men at once won not only their respect and confidence, but the enthusiastic love of all.

The brigade at the time he assumed command consisted of four North Carolina regiments: The 2d, Col. William R. Cox; 4th, Col. Bryan Grimes; 14th, Col. R. Tyler Bennett; and the 30th, Col. Francis M. Parker—an array of names which recall the memories of the marshals of the empire when Napoleon was in the zenith of his glory. It was in Rodes's Division, of Jackson's Corps. No event of importance connected with his history transpired until the Chancellorsville campaign.

On Friday, May 1, 1863, Ramseur's Brigade left a point near Hamilton's Crossing, where they were in camp, and marched in the direction of Chancellorsville, leading the advance of General Rodes's division. About seven miles from Fredericksburg the brigade was detached from Rodes's Division and ordered to report to General Anderson. Soon thereafter the enemy was encountered and driven back in great disorder by Ramseur's Brigade, with General Posey on its right and General Wright on its left. Night closed the advance, Ramseur's Brigade sleeping on its arms, with a strong picket line in the front.

The advance of Ramseur's Brigade on Friday afternoon was witnessed by Stonewall Jackson and A. P. Hill, who thanked General Ramseur on the field for the splendid conduct of his men.

On Saturday, May 2, about sunrise, Ramseur's Brigade marched by a circuitous route to the rear of the enemy and about five o'clock in the afternoon were ordered to attack. The brigade was directed to support Brigadier General Colquitt, with orders to overlap his right by one regiment, and it was so placed.

Saturday night Rodes's Division, with Ramseur's Brigade, occupied the last line of battle within the entrenchments from which the corps of Sigel had been driven in abject terror.

On Sunday morning, May 3, Ramseur's Brigade advanced about nine o'clock to the support of the second line. The charge of the brigade upon the last stronghold of the enemy was made in view of Maj. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart and Maj. Gen. R. E. Rodes, who pronounced it the most glorious charge of that most glorious day.

The battle of Chancellorsville is considered by many well-informed military critics as the most brilliant of the many victories won by Gen. Robert E. Lee. In this fight General Ramseur won the admiration of all who witnessed his splendid conduct and established forever his reputation as one of the ablest commanders of his rank in the Army of Northern Virginia. As he rode along the line of battle, dressed in full uniform, the enthusiasm of his men knew no bounds. Many

of them threw their hats in the air and cheered for North Carolina.

In this battle General Ramseur, although severely wounded, refused to leave the field and was especially mentioned by General Rodes as well as by Gen. A. P. Hill, who was also wounded, and by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, who succeeded General Hill in command. His marked ability and the reckless exposure of his life created a profound impression upon Stonewall Jackson, which he made manifest when mortally wounded by sending a special message to General Lee commending to his notice General Ramseur. Nor did his high qualities escape the attention of General Lee himself, as was shown by a letter from General Lee to Governor Vance, of North Carolina, in which he named the brigade and regimental commanders of Ramseur's Brigade as among the best of their respective grades in the army.

The pages of history will be searched in vain for any higher tribute paid to any soldier in that age of glory than was rendered to General Ramseur by Gen. Robert E. Lee and his great lieutenant, Stonewall Jackson.

General Ramseur was with Lee when he invaded Pennsylvania and in all the engagements of that campaign fought with his accustomed valor and added renown to the glory won by him at Chancellorsville.

In the first day's fight at Gettysburg the Confederate forces drove the Federal troops before them in utter rout and pursued them through the town. When Ramseur's Brigade, with Rodes's Division, occupied a high ridge known as Oak Hill, he urged and most earnestly insisted that the pursuit be continued and Cemetery Heights be captured. With the eye of a born soldier he discerned the necessities of the situation at a glance. Had his advice been followed, Gettysburg would have told a different tale.

When our army went into winter quarters near Orange Courthouse after its return from Pennsylvania, and there was no possibility of a renewal of active hostilities at an early period, he obtained leave of absence and went to North Carolina to consummate the most cherished wish of his heart—his marriage to Miss Ellen E. Richmond, of Milton, N. C., to whom he was devotedly attached and to whom he had been long engaged. Their marriage had been delayed by the exigencies of his service in the army. They were married on the 22d of October, 1863. The world became all sunshine and happiness to both in their mutual affection.

The constant and uninterrupted defeats of the Army of the Potomac by Lee had caused great dissatisfaction in the North and restless apprehension as to the final result of the war.

General Grant had met with success in the West, and he was made commander of all the armies of the United States, with unlimited resources of men and every appliance of war. He crossed the Rapidan on the 4th of May, and on the morning of the 5th, with more than one hundred thousand men, advanced into the dense thickets of the Wilderness. Here, to his amazement, he was attacked by Lee and badly worsted. In this battle, as always and everywhere, Ramseur's Brigade measured up to the full extent of its duty.

From the battle field of the Wilderness Grant moved to the right of Lee in the direction of Spotsylvania Courthouse, hoping to place his army between Lee and Richmond. Again, to his surprise, he found Lee in front of him. Here was fought one of the most sanguinary battles of the war. Ramseur won laurels which will never fade so long as the love of chivalric courage and devotion to duty appeals to the hearts of mankind.

There was severe fighting on the 11th, when Ramseur crossed our works and drove the enemy from our front on the right. During that night the guns in front of Johnson's Division, at a point known as the "Salient," were withdrawn by order of General Lee, who apprehended that Grant would withdraw and continue his march toward Richmond. In some way this fact became known to General Hancock, who commanded the Federal troops in front of that part of our line. Early in the morning, before it was entirely light, he assaulted our lines and captured our works, taking many prisoners. It was an hour of peril. To Ramseur was intrusted the grave responsibility of reestablishing the line of our original works.

I have been able to find nowhere a description of the conduct of Ramseur's Brigade in this terrific contest more graphic or more true than that given by a correspondent of the London *Morning Herald*, who was allowed free admission to Lee's headquarters. It appeared at the time in the London papers and in other papers elsewhere, but it cannot be published too often. It reads as follows: "The Federalists continued to hold their ground in the Salient and along the line of works to the left of that angle within a short distance of the position of Monaghan's (Hays's) Louisianians. Ramseur's North Carolinians of Rodes's Division formed, covering Monaghan's right, and, being ordered to charge, were received by the enemy with a stubborn resistance. The desperate character of the struggle along that brigade front was told terribly in the hoarseness and rapidity of its musketry. So close was the fighting there for a time that the fire of friend and foe rose up rattling in one common roar. Ramseur's North Carolinians dropped in the ranks thick and fast, but still continued with glorious constancy to gain ground foot by foot. Pressing under a fierce fire resolutely on, on, on, the struggle was about to become one of hand to hand, when the Federalists shrank from the bloody trail. Driven back, they were not defeated. The earthworks being at the moment in their immediate rear, they bounded on the opposite side, and, having thus placed them in their front, they renewed the conflict. A rush of an instant brought Ramseur's men to the side of the defense; and though they crouched close to the slopes under enfilade from the guns of the salient, their musketry rattled in deep and deadly fire on the enemy that stood in overwhelming numbers but a few yards from their front. Those brave North Carolinians had thus in one of the hottest conflicts of the day succeeded in driving the enemy from the works that had been occupied during the previous night by a brigade which, until the 12th of May, had never yet yielded to a foe—the Stonewall."

For twenty hours without intermission the men of Ramseur's Brigade fought to reestablish the line of our works. Wherever the strife was most deadly and the carnage greatest, there could be seen their heroic leader. He had three horses shot under him and was again severely wounded, but refused to leave the field. In recognition of his splendid conduct he was promoted to the rank of major general and assigned to the command of Early's Division, receiving his commission in June, 1864.

The green fields of the beautiful Valley of Virginia will ever be associated with the name of Ramseur, whose wondrous deeds have invested them with a new and unfading charm.

When General Early was ordered to the Valley of Virginia to arrest the march of Hunter, who was advancing in the direction of Lynchburg and devastating the entire coun-

try through which he passed, he carried with him Ramseur's, Rodes's, and Gordon's Divisions.

Early united with Breckinridge at Lynchburg. Hunter, who was in camp near that city, learning of the reinforcements to Breckinridge, became panic-stricken and retreated during the night. He was pursued by our troops and overtaken at Liberty, where Ramseur's Division attacked and drove him through that place. Hunter continued his precipitate retreat and escaped.

Early crossed the Potomac into Maryland and entered Frederick, where the Federal troops made a slight show of resistance, Ramseur driving them before him. The Federal authorities at Washington now became greatly alarmed and ordered General Wallace to place such troops as were available between General Early and Washington. Wallace confronted the Confederate forces at Monocacy Bridge. General McCausland, with our cavalry, crossed the river and was promptly assisted by Gordon.

General Ramseur, with his division, passed over the railroad bridge and engaged Wallace, who was badly defeated, with a loss of many prisoners, besides his killed and wounded. The Confederate troops continued to advance until they were within five miles of Washington. The arrival of additional troops to reinforce those defending Washington caused General Early to retreat to the lower valley, where he remained until ordered to rejoin Lee.

On the 19th of September, at Winchester, General Early was defeated by Sheridan, his defeat being largely due to the dislocation of his divisions. Here Ramseur, with seventeen hundred men, fought the whole of Sheridan's army from early dawn until nearly ten o'clock. His splendid ability and unrivaled courage cast a radiance upon that field of disaster. With his division unaided, he halted Sheridan's advance in the morning for hours, and again later in the afternoon he repelled Sheridan's advance. Upon this field he exhibited the highest order of ability as a commander.

The conduct of Ramseur at Winchester, as well as the marked ability exhibited by him, bears a striking similarity to that of Marshal Lannes at Aspern, who conducted the retreat of the French army and who was mortally wounded and afterwards died in the arms of his emperor.

There was no event during his entire military career which could even suggest a mistake or error of judgment on his part, unless it be his moving out from Winchester, where he had been left by Early, and attacking Averill near Stephenson's Depot. In so doing he committed no error. He acted just as Gen. Robert E. Lee or Stonewall Jackson or any enterprising officer of courage would have done. He had been informed by General Vaughn, commanding the cavalry, that Averill, with a small force, was at Stephenson's Depot and could be surprised and captured. Relying upon this information, General Ramseur advanced against Averill, who, with a large force of both infantry and cavalry, repulsed his attack with considerable loss to Ramseur. The error, or mistake, if any, was due entirely to information furnished by General Vaughn, who is credited by all properly informed as to the facts with the responsibility for General Ramseur's attack.

General Rodes, a most efficient officer, having been killed at Winchester, General Ramseur was assigned to the command of his division.

After his defeat at Winchester, General Early retreated to Fisher's Hill. Sheridan followed and on the 22d of September attacked. In this engagement Ramseur's Brigade maintained its high reputation.



Gen. William R. Cox, under orders from General Ramseur, withdrew his brigade from the line and went in the direction of the firing. His brigade was formed across the turnpike over which our forces were retreating and had a desperate conflict with a portion of Sheridan's army, repulsing them in a severe encounter.

After the fight at Fisher's Hill, General Early fell back to the lower passes of the Blue Ridge, Sheridan following him as far as Staunton. After destroying the Central Railroad, he retreated up the Valley and occupied a strongly entrenched camp. General Early pursued him.

Sheridan's camp was plainly visible from our signal station, and it was discovered that the Federal left flank could be easily surprised and overwhelmed, but it required a long and circuitous march. This movement was intrusted to General Gordon, who, with Ramseur's Division, moved under the darkness of the night and with great secrecy. Gordon attacked early in the morning. Sheridan's headquarters were captured by our cavalry, and practically his entire army was demoralized. Before nine o'clock our forces had captured most of their artillery and over fifteen hundred prisoners.

Sheridan was at Winchester on his return from Washington. He met his soldiers retreating along the road without the semblance of order; their panic to some extent had subsided. Sheridan knew that Longstreet was not with Early and that his army was nearly three times the number of the force opposed to him. By the aid of General Wright, with his division, who alone of all of his army retained an organization, he rallied his men and ordered an attack about three o'clock in the afternoon. Ramseur chose the line of his defense with great skill and successfully resisted the advance of the Federal forces. Kershaw's Division, however, gave way, and Ramseur's line being outflanked, his troops also became alarmed, and in his effort to hold them firm he fell mortally wounded.

On the day preceding the battle of Cedar Creek General Ramseur learned of the birth of his little girl. His face was radiant with joy as he appeared upon the field of battle in full uniform with a small bouquet fastened upon the lapel of his coat. Death had no terror for him. He was the cynosure of all eyes as he rode over the field wherever his presence was necessary. He had two horses killed under him and was mortally wounded when mounting a third late in the afternoon. He was captured and carried to Sheridan's headquarters, where he received both attention and kindness.

Maj. R. R. Hutchinson, acting adjutant general, was with him when he received his fatal wound and was also captured while having him removed from the field. He wrote Mrs. Ramseur after the death of her heroic husband a letter full of pathos and giving a graphic account of events and scenes connected with his last hours.

The kind treatment extended to him after having been carried to Sheridan's headquarters cannot be forgotten. He was attended by a Confederate surgeon, assisted by the surgeons of Sheridan's command. Sheridan, Custer, and many of his former friends at West Point gathered around the bedside of the dying soldier and rendered all possible assistance. His conduct on the battle fields of the Valley had won the admiration of friend and foe alike. His body was embalmed by friends in Winchester and sent through our lines and afterwards carried to Lincolnton and buried in the Episcopal church yard beside his father and mother.

His wife, who ever carried his image in her heart, died in Concord, N. C., in 1900 and was buried beside him. His last thoughts on earth were of her. Visions of the fields of his

glory faded from his memory. Her face was before him and lighted up his dying bed. "Tell my darling wife I die with a firm faith in Christ and trust to meet her hereafter" were his last words. They dwell together in the realms of the blessed.

Wonderful as were his achievements as a military commander, more attractive than the glory won upon the fields of his renown was his Christian character and his faith in the providence of God. His life was as stainless as that of a pure woman. On the 22d of April, 1858, he was received into the communion of the Presbyterian Church of Lincolnton. He loved the Church of his choice.

The military ability of General Ramseur has been questioned by none. Every field upon which he fought bears tribute to his genius. If the history of the era in which he lived is truthful and impartial, upon its pages it will be recorded that he had no superior in skill and capacity as a soldier among all those of his own rank in the Army of Northern Virginia and that few officers of any grade in the Confederate service equaled him in those qualities requisite for high command. He was endowed by nature with a type of personal courage which made him absolutely indifferent to danger. He sought upon every battle field the place where the strife was most severe and was as calm amidst a hurricane of fire as when seated at his breakfast table. He made all around him brave and imparted to troops under his command the highest order of *esprit de corps*. He was absolutely impartial and just; otherwise he could never have obtained the control over the hearts of his men to the extent wielded by him. He was a rigid disciplinarian, yet not one murmur was ever heard in his command against his most stringent orders.

General Ramseur's estimate of men was singularly accurate. It was manifest in his choice of friends. From early childhood he was greatly attached to Gen. R. F. Hoke, who, next to General Lee and Stonewall Jackson, was the best-beloved of all the generals in the Army of Northern Virginia. They were born in the same village, and there was a difference of only a few days in their ages. Both were cast in the heroic mold and from the lofty heights where such spirits are at home look down with scorn upon all that is base and mean. As he was being carried from the battle field he sent to General Hoke by the ambulance driver this message: "Tell General Hoke I die a Christian and I have done my duty."

For Gen. William R. Cox, who led the last charge at Appomattox, and for Gen. Bryan Grimes, who commanded the greater part of the infantry in that last fight, he had sincere affection and friendship. During the last years of his life his chaplain, the Rev. Dr. E. H. Harding, was his most intimate friend.

He was the embodiment of honor and chivalry and worthy, had he lived in the same era, to have been the associate of Richard Cœur de Lion. He ever helped the weak and those in distress. He was a friend to all humanity. He loved little children, and they loved him. Children make no mistake in their real friends. They were very happy and full of childish glee when in his presence.

Unlike Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Carthage, who died an exile from home and whose remains rested on a foreign shore, he was buried amidst the people he loved so well. King's Mountain will keep watch over his grave, but his resting place will be in every land where patriotic heroism has a home. He died in the triumph and faith of the Christian religion and left a name without blemish and without reproach, a heritage of honor to his family, to his State, and to our common country. His name and fame belong not to

North Carolina alone, but are the common property of the American people and will be preserved by them in their pristine splendor when the bronze tablet which we have unveiled to-day has perished by decay and the granite column erected has crumbled into dust.

## INSCRIPTION ON TABLET.

"Northwest of this tablet, eight hundred yards, is the Belle Grove house, in which died October 20, 1864, of wounds received at Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864, Maj. Gen. Stephen Dodson Ramseur, C. S. A. A native of North Carolina, he resigned from the United States army in 1861 and, entering the Confederate States army as a lieutenant, rose to the rank of major general at the age of twenty-seven."

## HOLDING THE LINES AT PETERSBURG.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

The gradual extension of Grant's army to our right compelled General Lee, as I have already said, to extend his right and to stretch out his weak forces in a very thin line to hold Petersburg and Richmond. To do this he took advantage of streams of water in the swampy country, and erected dams in places which covered the flat lands, so that they were practically impassable for an army. In our breastworks our brigade, now reduced to only about twelve or fifteen hundred men, stood about twenty feet apart; but the enemy never made an attempt to drive us out of our part of the line, which they might have done by a sudden attack with a large force. Farther to our right they made an attempt and came near being successful, but were finally repulsed by the weak force guarding the place.

To the right of Gordon's Brigade was the famous Crater, where the summer before General Grant had made his disastrous failure to take Petersburg by blowing up our fort occupying an elevation opposite Fort Steadman. Always after that they had an idea that we had an inner line between our front line and the town, and for this reason, I suppose, they made no effort to advance farther on the morning of April 2 and occupy the city in our rear and thus cut us off from any avenue of escape. But they doubtless arrived at this conclusion from the fact that on that occasion General Lee placed batteries of artillery at prominent places just outside of the city, which did great execution and checked any farther advance on their part until our infantry could come up to drive them out of this dreadful smoking pit of death. All day long (April 2) they remained inactive, when they might have gone on and taken the place without much resistance.

Our brigade remained inactive all day and marched out of their breastworks at dusk (dark) without any interference. After the night of their great panic their artillery kept up their activities to the last, but not on so great a scale. At no time did this shower of shells cease to fall among us, but, strange to say, they did us very little harm, although we were under it five weeks. From the first we learned to keep an eye skyward for shells, so as to dodge them. At night our rations were sent to us. These consisted of a square piece of corn bread about three by four inches in size and two ounces of bacon, which we learned to eat raw lest we should lose some of it in cooking. I was always hungry, and finally concluded, as life was uncertain in the great danger by which I was always surrounded, I would fast one full day by keeping a day's ration until the next, when I could appease my appetite to some extent once more before I should be killed. I hid the little morsel of food in the folds of my

blanket in my bombproof, and the next day when they doled out to me my portion for the day I hastened down to satisfy my craving for food, when lo! to my surprise and regret it was not there. Whether it was eaten by some of my thievish companions or by rats I never knew. These rodents were very numerous and almost as large as squirrels. They burrowed into the walls of our bombproofs and at night were a great annoyance to us by running over our faces as we slept.

Our pickets were exempt from any other duty and could rest all day. One Sunday morning, as I had never been to the left of the regiment, I decided to stroll down that way to see how everything stood. The mortar shells were falling as usual, but I did not mind that so much; I was used to them and wanted to stretch out my limbs by a little walk from the cramped quarters in my underground retreat. The extreme end of the line was held by Company A, now reduced to three men, or rather two men and a boy, who had lately come as a recruit. When the regiment was organized at Savannah in 1861, it contained a hundred or more splendid soldiers under their noble captain, Forrester, who was killed while in command of the regiment in the second battle of Manassas. It was now under Sergeant McLemore. As I approached his quarters I saw him and his "company" sitting down to their breakfast of corn bread and raw bacon. I was about to salute them when the menacing shriek of a shell caused me to cast my eye up toward the heavens, and I saw one of those monsters apparently coming rapidly straight down on top of my head. I had but a moment to act and felt sure that my time had now come. I dodged about, uncertain in what direction to move to escape death, but it fell on McLemore's bombproof, bursting as it penetrated the protecting dirt and heavy timbers overhead and scattering these in every direction in a perfect mix-up of men and material. I was certain the three occupants were killed, either by the shell or the heavy timbers falling on them. Immediately a cry of pain arose, and the men came running out of their holes to assist the wounded. One of the heavy timbers was lying across the boy and crushing him to death, while the other two were unhurt.

I now turned around and sought my own dark, narrow quarters under the ground, feeling that I had no desire or special need to inspect the line farther. But the danger from bombs was not so great as that we suffered from their sharpshooters hidden somewhere out of sight. We lost ten times as many of our men by that means. One day as I was resting behind the defenses I heard the indistinct report of a rifle far to the left, and a ball, sounding like a small bee or other insect, passed over my head. Looking to the right, I saw a brave soldier in another regiment sink to the ground dead, he had just come out of his bombproof and was standing on the hillside cleaning his gun when he was seen by one of those fellows hidden somewhere in a tree top and became a target for his rifle. There had been so much firing of cannon and small arms along the line here that the noise made by the discharge of a rifle was very indistinct, a mere squib. I noticed the same phenomenon at the Wilderness and at Spotsylvania. Perhaps the air had grown tired of the everlasting noise and refused to "function."

To relieve the pressure on General Lee's right wing, General Gordon decided to capture Forts Steadman and Stephens and put a stop to their incessant shelling. I suppose the enemy considered these defenses practically impregnable, and they were, but we took them, though we were too weak to hold them. This is the way it was done: General Gordon kept



the remnant of our brave old battalion of sharpshooters somewhere in the rear for any desperate enterprise for which he might need them. The previous night he called them to him and explained his plan, so that all would know just what was required of them. At a certain hour before day, when the enemy pickets were expecting to be relieved and were unsuspecting, they were to enter the picket line between their pits and, advancing down their line to the right and left, relieve them in the darkness when they could not tell the color of their uniforms. This succeeded without a hitch, and now there was nothing between our men and the fort. At a given signal the brigade, which was standing ready to advance, moved forward quietly; but when they reached the fort they found it surrounded by a ditch ten feet deep and the same in width, with a wall of dirt ten feet in height. In this wall were driven arms of wood standing out so as to make an entrance well-nigh impossible. When our men found out the situation, they ran to and fro to find some place where it was possible to get in. All this must be done immediately or the enemy would be aroused and the whole affair would be a failure. But as nothing seems impossible to brave men determined to accomplish their purpose, somebody got up to the stakes and pulled them aside, and our men managed to scale the embankment and reach the parapet. Among the first to get up was a certain brave but profane young fellow of our regiment. He leaped down among the enemy, now assembling and taking their places, at the same time saying, with an oath, that he was the first Rebel to enter the fort. From his own words the enemy knew to what side he belonged and began jabbing at him with their bayonets and shooting at him. This uncalled-for remark cost him an arm. But others were now coming to his rescue, and the enemy were soon routed, and the great fort which had annoyed us so long was in our hands.

Hearing the noise and confusion, General McLaughlin, the commandant, seized his sword and, rushing out into the darkness and fighting, found himself in the midst of our men. He happened to meet face to face with Lieutenant Guinn, who was advancing, pistol in hand, with the foremost men. He asked: "Are you a Rebel?" To this Guinn replied, "I am," and commanded him to surrender. When asked if he was an officer, Guinn replied that it did not matter and told the General to surrender immediately or he would blow his head off. In the fight Guinn was shot through both legs, but some one took the General out of the fort to General Gordon, awaiting outside.

I was on the first relief that night and might have taken no part in this affair if I had preferred, but I could not sleep when I knew my comrades were engaged. I grabbed my gun, lying by my side, and, mounting the breastworks, I stood there awhile to locate, if possible in the smoke and mist of the morning, the standard of our regiment before rushing headlong into the fort. But before I could do this a ball aimed at me cut my hat off my head and came near cutting off an ear also. Thinking it was better to be killed fighting than standing there an idle spectator, I struck out for the fort. Before I reached it I saw General Gordon standing up conversing with a well-dressed Yankee officer. He beckoned to me and said: "This is General McLaughlin, of Kentucky. Take him out to the iron railroad bridge to a place of safety and keep him there until the fighting is over. I want to talk with him. Don't let any other soldiers go with you—you are enough—and treat him with respect."

When we reached the place designated, I found it anything but a "place of safety," for the shells from the long-range

guns in the forts still held by the enemy were plowing up the ground at that place. I told the General that it was unsafe to stay there and I was afraid he would be killed. To this he replied that it did not matter with him, as he had fallen into the hands of the Rebels, and he would as soon be dead as alive. This rather nettled me, and I replied by saying that he had fallen into the hands of civilized people who would treat him as well as circumstances would permit. We turned to go to the city (Petersburg), but he said: "Let me stop here one minute to see how the battle is going." While standing there on that elevation I could see that our men had taken Steadman, and some of them were advancing on a hill beyond, while others were attacking Fort Stephens, to the right. The brigades assigned to that task were slow in their movements, and some of our brigade were coming up in the rear while they were assaulting it in front. But beyond all this I could see a vast army of dark-blue soldiers, many times greater than our scattered forces, assembling to drive them off. The General turned his face toward the city and said: "O it's only a matter of time." As soon as we entered the streets of the city, now thronged with soldiers, some one in a crowded street which intersected the one on which we were called to the General, and he asked me to let him stop there a minute, saying: "I see they have captured one of my aids." A dandy-looking young Yank, escorted by several Confederate soldiers, came up. He was very much surprised to see that we had the General also, and he asked how it happened. The General replied: "This morning before I got up I heard a mêlée out among the 104th Pennsylvania Regiment, and, grabbing up my sword, I rushed out to see what it all meant. In the darkness and confusion I found myself in the midst of the Rebels."

We marched the two on to a large inclosure where other prisoners were assembled. I took a receipt for my man and returned to my command. General McLaughlin seemed to be a perfect gentleman, but he was mad enough to die because of his bad luck. I have always had a desire to know what became of him. I supposed he was one of those Kentuckians who could not give up their love for the old Union established by our fathers and was willing to fight, even under the Lincoln government, to maintain it.

This battle cost us the lives of brave veterans who had faced the enemy on many fields. Although they knew that further effort to secure our independence at this time was utterly useless, they laid down their lives freely for their country's sake. Ever ready to respond to every demand upon their courage, they now at the last moment made this supreme sacrifice. They deserve a memorial in the hearts of their countrymen more enduring than brass or stone, for they sleep in their silent graves in obedience to their country's call. May they ever rest sweetly, undisturbed by the missile of death, the cannon's roar, the fatigue of the tiresome march, or hunger or thirst! Well done, my faithful comrades! Rest in peace. I hope to meet you beyond the reach of all these things.

Among those who fell in this battle was Captain Vaughn, of Company D, from Monroe County, Ga. He was the third captain of that fine company. Captain Crowder, promoted to lieutenant colonel, was desperately wounded at Sharpsburg and was never more fit for service. His successor, Captain Lytle, was killed at Fredericksburg on December 13, 1862. This splendid company was now reduced to a mere squad. But this story would be incomplete if I did not tell of the death of another soldier, a humble private soldier, whose name I need not give. He had come to us in 1861 as a vol-

unteer to defend his country, leaving behind him to support themselves as well as they could his wife and little ones. The thought of his defenseless and struggling family wrought on his mind so that he became sick at heart and sick in body. He was sent to the hospital, but when he returned he soon lapsed into the same condition and was sent off again. This continued for two years, and he was absolutely worthless as a soldier. But when we came back from Gettysburg the younger soldiers decided among themselves to get him out of this low state of mind by teasing him and tormenting him in a thousand ways. If one of them had to pass by him while cooking his meals or sitting about in camp, he would manage to trip and fall over on him, or half dozen of them would surround him and begin a rough tussle. Finally "Uncle Calvin," as he was called, began to like the sport, and the boys found him hard to handle and always ready for anything. If they didn't begin a frolic to break the monotony, he would. By this means they got him out of the "dumps," and he became a splendid soldier. On this occasion he was in the midst of the fighting in Fort Steadman when a ball passed through his body and laid him low. Some of his companions picked up his lifeless body and brought it out. For two or three days after it lay behind our breastworks on the frozen ground when a detail was made to bury him. I was one of those sent to perform this last sad office, and we lowered him into the grave on a hillside in full view of the enemy's artillerymen, who, seeing what we were doing, did not molest us. While filling the grave our regimental band played an appropriate piece of music, and after we had finished we fired a last salute over him and returned to our command. We left him there to sleep by the side of his comrades in Old Blanford Cemetery until the angel shall call him forth to meet those he loved so well but never saw again in this life.

Others equally worthy fell on this occasion and afterwards, and a small white marble slab or an earth mound somewhere alone stands to commemorate their deeds of heroism.

A few brave spirits still clung to the defenses and held back the enemy in spite of the merciless shelling and the pangs of hunger, which never ceased. Warehouses in the city were piled up with supplies, which were burned when the place was evacuated a few days after this. These stores were as carefully guarded as if it were possible for us to hold the city for an indefinite period of time, when every soldier in the army knew better. But it was our duty to serve and not to make suggestions. We did not blame our officers, but those higher up. They were in position to know the situation and to take some decisive action.

It was the unanimous sentiment of the soldiers that we should withdraw from Petersburg and Richmond and by rapid marches join our forces with those of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in North Carolina, fall on Sherman's scattered divisions, and, after delivering a crushing blow, demand an honorable peace. This policy General Lee was finally forced to adopt when it was too late to succeed. No doubt he would have done this in time if he had not been hindered by those at the head of affairs and controlling the destinies of the Confederacy.

## LAST MEETING WITH GEN. R. E. LEE.

BY COL. CLEMENT SULIVANE, CAMBRIDGE, MD.

From June, 1863, to April, 1865, up to April 2, when I was detached from his staff and placed in command of his old brigade in order to cover our retreat from Richmond, I

served as adjutant general on the staff of Brig. Gen. (afterwards Maj. Gen.) G. W. C. Lee.

After Appomattox we were both paroled prisoners within the limits of Richmond. Gen. Robert E. Lee, with his family, occupied a small house in the city, and Gen. Custis Lee resided with them. The former had a multitude of visitors, made up in part of his officers and men and Southern politicians, and there were crowds of every station in life from the North who were curious to see the celebrated soldier. There was also a burden of correspondence, in which Custis Lee assisted, and it was my custom to go to the house every morning at ten o'clock to assist him with it.

One morning all visitors were turned away, generals and statesmen, high and low alike, with the statement that General Lee had such an arrêrage of correspondence that he must dispatch it, and he had given instructions to excuse him to all visitors during the day. I was seated at a window in the parlor only a few feet from the door; and as the windows and doors were all open, I could see and hear all that passed. By and by a tall, ragged Confederate soldier, with his left arm in a sling, came up the steps and was met at the door by Custis Lee. He asked to see General Lee. "I am sorry," replied Custis, giving him the familiar explanation. The soldier hesitated a moment and then said that he belonged to Hood's Texas Brigade, that he had followed General Lee for four years, that he was about to set off and walk to Texas, and he had hoped before he left to shake his old commander by the hand and bid him good-by; but if he couldn't, he couldn't, and it could not be helped, and with this he turned away and went down the steps. Custis Lee hesitated a few moments and then called to the soldier to come back, that possibly General Lee would make an exception in his case, and he would see. So he ushered him into the parlor and went off upstairs. I offered the old soldier a seat and entered into friendly conversation with him about his wounds, etc. Presently I heard the stately step of Gen. Robert E. Lee descending the stairway. As we both arose on his entrance into the room, he bowed gravely to me and then advanced to the Texan with his hand extended. The poor fellow grasped it, looked General Lee straight in the eye, struggled to say something, but choked and could not, and, wringing Lee's hand, he dropped it as he burst into tears; then, covering his face with his arm, he turned away and walked out of the room and the house. General Lee gazed after him for a few moments motionless, his fine, deep, dark eyes suffused and darkened with emotion, and then, again gravely bowing to me, he left the room and returned upstairs. Not a single word was spoken during the meeting by any one of the three participants, and I never saw him again.

In all this was shown the fine character of those Lees. Custis Lee, in obedience to his instructions, inflexibly turned away all comers, great and small, but his own fine nature prompted him to think that possibly his father would, under the circumstances, make an exception of this poor, wounded, and ragged soldier, and his judgment was justified by the result.

For my part, as General Lee gazed after the departing soldier and I gazed at him, it seemed probable to me that all the glories of the Seven Days, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Manassas, Cold Harbor, etc., and all the disasters of his bloody defeat at Malvern Hill, Gettysburg, the terrible nine months in the trenches at Petersburg, and the crowning ruin of Appomattox were flashing through that capacious mind, conjured up by the appearance before him



of this wounded soldier of the famous Texas Brigade, from first to last the most dependable brigade of the Army of Northern Virginia.

[This article was sent to the *VETERAN* by Judge L. B. McFarland, of Memphis, Tenn., who writes in explanation: "The *VETERAN* for December, 1919, and January, 1920, gave some extracts from the war-time journal of my deceased wife, Ellen Virginia Saunders, daughter of Col. James E. Saunders, of Alabama, and in this journal were mentioned many prominent Confederate officers who had enjoyed the hospitality of her father's home, Rocky Hill. Among them was Lieut. Clement Sulivane, of General Van Dorn's staff. The publication of the journal brought me many letters, one from Texas, another from California, and other States, recalling the welcome at Rocky Hill and making inquiry as to the members of the family, now all dead. One of these letters was from Lieutenant Sulivane, who, after General Van Dorn's death, was ordered to report to Richmond and placed on the personal staff of Gen. G. W. C. Lee and subsequently placed in command of his former brigade by Lieutenant General Ewell with the rank of colonel and afterwards made a brigadier, though his commission was never issued. He was assigned to cover the retreat from Richmond, and as commander of the rear guard on April 3, 1865, fired the last bridge over the James River with his own hands under the fire of pursuing cavalry. In our after correspondence and exchange of war reminiscences Colonel Sulivane sent me an account of his last meeting with Gen. R. E. Lee, which I am sure will be appreciated by the *VETERAN*'s readers."]

#### FIGHTING JOHN BROWN AT OSAWATOMIE.

BY R. W. LINDSEY, CHOTEAU, OKLA.

I was born at Indian Springs, Ga., and went to Kansas in October, 1855, drawn there by the "irrepressible conflict" and the hope of bettering my fortune. Conditions in Kansas were not to my liking, and I went to Kansas City, Mo., and, in partnership with S. Machett and T. S. Chick, established Kansas City's first jobbing house for the sale of piece goods.

I have lived at Choteau, Okla., since 1859, engaged in farming, stock-raising, and merchandising. I am now eighty-eight years old. I have been asked to give an account of my experience in the fight with John Brown at Osawatomie, Kans. It's a long, long trail, a-winding back over the past, and I wonder if there are any other survivors of that encounter.

I don't believe we dare lay claim to much military glory on our side, for there were nearly two hundred of us and less than fifty men under John Brown, but we were so utterly without discipline and so ignorant of martial duties it was well for us perhaps that as soon as possible after the fight we retired to our rendezvous on the head of Bull Creek. We knew that Gen. "Jim" Lane was moving to cut us off, and we got past him only by a flank movement. A well-disciplined body of troops of far less numerical strength than ours could have annihilated us in a long-drawn battle.

The attacks of John Brown upon his proslavery enemies, death being the fate of many of them, fired proslavery men to reprisal. Martin White, a Baptist minister from Illinois and an ardent Douglas Democrat, escaped death at the hands of Brown only by reason of being so well fortified in his house that Brown could not take him. White went to Missouri and told with such impassioned detail of what Brown was doing that plans were quickly formed for a raid into Kansas against Brown and Lane.

Every steamboat that came up the river to Kansas City brought new recruits from Missouri counties, and they passed at once across the line and went into camp. When we assembled at Bull Creek, in the northwestern part of Johnson County, Kans., under Gen. David Atchison, with John W. Reed, of Independence, Mo., second in command, we numbered about six hundred men, all mounted. We were so raw that a trained soldier would have looked at us in dismay. But we were out for a fight to a finish, even if every man had to shift for himself. Colonel Doniphan, of Liberty, Mo., was with the expedition and was asked to take command. Doniphan had a high-keyed voice. He replied: "I'll do all I can, but I'd rather go out on the raw prairie and hitch up four thousand wild Mexican mules and try to drive them than to attempt to turn this bunch into trained soldiers."

Lane had a considerable force at Lawrence and Brown a smaller one at Osawatomie. It was decided that a body of picked volunteers under Reed should annihilate Brown before he could get aid from Lane. At sundown on August 29, 1856, about two hundred and twenty-five men started from Bull Creek. We rode all night, moving carefully to guard against surprise, and at daybreak encountered Brown's pickets in the timber at the edge of Osawatomie. Brisk firing took place, and the pickets were driven in. Fredrick Brown, son of John Brown, was killed in this preliminary encounter. He was shot in the forehead by White, the Baptist minister, who was using a "squirrel" rifle. Brown was approaching White, who, it is thought, he may have mistaken for a friend. White called, "Stop, Mr. Brown," three or four times, without checking his advance. White then fired, and Brown fell dead.

From the top of the hill we saw Brown and his men run from the town into the near-by timber. We had one piece of artillery, an old Mexican six-pounder, captured by Doniphan and brought from Liberty, Mo. There were three artillerymen with the gun and a guard of seventeen men. I was a member of the guard. The gun had been advanced ahead of our main body, and it was in an exposed place on the open prairie when the main body fell back and dismounted for attack upon Brown in the timber. This left us exposed to the long-range Sharpe rifles with which Brown and his men were armed. The bullets fell all around us, but Brown's men did not have our range, and nobody with the gun was hit. General Reed ordered the artillery to turn loose, and we began shelling the woods.

Capt. "Si" Gordon, of Liberty, was shot in the shoulder and injured, and a nephew of Lieut. Hancock Jackson, of Missouri, was shot in the mouth. These were our only casualties, and both recovered. Brown and his men procured skiffs and escaped across the Osage River to the north. We made no effort at pursuit. General Reed was a trained soldier, having served in the Mexican War. He was greatly chagrined by our lack of discipline and was unwilling to risk a farther campaign in which we might encounter both Brown and Lane. Our courage was beyond question, but it was dangerous soldiering where every man was upon his own initiative and unable to understand the wisdom in having orders come from only one source.

We reached Bull Creek after having been about twenty-four hours in the saddle, covering the distance of about seventy miles. We remained in camp all that day and then fell back to Shawnee Mission to recuperate and reorganize. It was a historic engagement, though not much of a fight. Shortly afterwards Brown and his sons left Kansas. The

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## DRINKWATER'S "LINCOLN" AND HISTORY.

[This paper was prepared by Mrs. F. E. Selph as secretary of a committee appointed by the affiliated Chapters, U. D. C., of Nashville, Tenn., and it was indorsed by the Tennessee State Convention, U. D. C., also indorsed and adopted by the general convention, U. C. V., in Houston, Tex.]

This article is an exposition of the historic data which John Drinkwater, an English writer, has woven into his drama, "Abraham Lincoln." He announces in the introduction that his purpose "is that of the dramatist and not the historian." Unfortunately for his purpose, he deals extravagantly with historic facts, which deeply impress his audiences. The historic data used by him is exceedingly inaccurate and unjustly misleading. This history concerns a great and proud people, whose intellectual and spiritual force, whose civic and military achievements were vital factors in the building of this, the greatest nation in the world to-day. They are a people who have suffered greatly but bravely and patiently, and they deserve their rightful place in history. The purpose of the exposition is that of the historian in defense of the truth.

The drama opens with a reference to the landing of the Pilgrims in the Mayflower, which suggests the legend, to which certain New England writers have attempted to place the stamp of history, that "the Pilgrims in the Mayflower were the first English settlers in America," and that all the great and good things which followed are to be accredited to them and their descendants.

Jamestown, Va., was settled by the English in 1607. The Pilgrims did not come to America until 1620. By that time the Virginia Colony had become well established. A government with a written constitution was in force. There were schools and churches. The plantations were cultivated as far inland as Richmond, and a profitable commerce had begun to bear fruit. It was the success of this colony which induced the Pilgrims to come to America.

Mr. Drinkwater draws a picture of England when Cromwell came into power and makes it a setting for another picture portraying conditions in the United States leading up to the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency. This picture is given in verse, as follows:

"Once when a peril touched the days  
Of freedom in our English ways,  
And none renowned in government was equal found  
Came to the steadfast heart of one  
Who watched in lonely Huntingdon  
A summons, and he went,  
And tyranny was bound,  
And Cromwell was lord of his event.

And in that land where, voyaging,  
The pilgrim Mayflower came to rest  
Among the chosen, counseling  
Once, when bewilderment possessed  
A people, none there was might draw  
To fold the wandering thoughts of men  
And make as one the names again  
Of liberty and law.

And then from fifty fameless years  
In quiet Illinois was sent  
A word that still the Atlantic hears,  
And Lincoln was the lord of his event."

A real student of history will have great difficulty in tracing an analogy between conditions of the two historic periods as described by Mr. Drinkwater. "Law and liberty" were made one in the United States as the result of the Revolutionary War, before Mr. Lincoln was ever born, and they continued in force until his accession to the presidency. "Law and liberty" found their rightful expression in the Declaration of Independence and reached their highest accent in the Constitution.

Instead of the people being possessed with "bewilderment," as described in the drama, those years covered the great constructive period in which the United States as a nation was in process of building, and they present an era of progress without a parallel.

A review of this progress shows the immense extension of territory; founding of educational, religious, and benevolent institutions; investigations and discoveries in science; inventions; steam as a motive power and the telegraph coming into use; improvement of the printing press; construction of the Atlantic cable; the great work of Matthew Fontaine Maury in giving to the world the interpretation of the Gulf stream and chart of the ocean currents; the stretch of internal improvements, both in highways and railroads; the Erie Canal; plans of the great continental railroad; strengthening of coast defenses and elevating the army and navy to a higher standard by Jefferson Davis when Secretary of War. The establishment of international law as the result of American victories, which settled the rights of nations on the high seas, and the legislation which gave the protection of its Monroe Doctrine were notable achievements of the period; Christianity also received a wonderful impetus and was carried throughout the highways and byways of the new territory and to the Indians and negroes on the large plantations. The missionary spirit to extend Christianity into foreign lands also gained force.

The wonderful progress of these years developed illustrious characters of imperishable fame, and prominent among the leaders were Southern statesmen, such as: George Washington, the first President; Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence; James Madison, the author of the Constitution; Edmond Randolph, the author of the Laws of Neutrality; George Mason, the author of the first Declaration of Rights; James Monroe, the author of the Monroe Doctrine; Patrick Henry, the father of States' Rights; Chief Justices John Marshall and Roger Brooks Taney; John C. Calhoun; Henry Clay, the great Pacificator; Jefferson Davis, Alexander Stephens, James K. Polk, Charles Pinckney, and others.

Among the Southern military heroes of the Indian wars were Zachary Taylor, Andrew Jackson, and Jefferson Davis. Andrew Jackson was the greatest hero of the War of 1812, Sam Houston and Davy Crockett of the Texas Revolution. The Mexican War developed a long list of heroes, among the most distinguished being Zachary Taylor, Winfield Scott, Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and others.

General Scott gave Robert E. Lee the credit of planning the battles from Vera Cruz to Mexico City. Jefferson Davis directed the brilliant victories of Buena Vista and Monterrey. His heroism and military leadership at these two battles have never been surpassed and rarely equaled in the annals of war.

John Paul Jones, Admiral Raphael Semmes, and Admiral Franklin Buchanan, who are recognized as among the most brilliant of naval commanders, were from the South.



Southern writers of note, scientists, inventors, educators, founders of great institutions, promoters of progressive movements, and ministers of note covered a large field in this era.

In reviewing the wonderful panorama of great characters and their achievements, it will be interesting to know the part taken by the "Star" of Mr. Drinkwater's drama, whom he has distinguished as the "Lord" of his event, "who," he says, "belonged to the ages," and who has been pronounced by a certain element "the greatest American." As greatness is measured by service, he must have accomplished something marvelously great to have won such distinction over an array like this.

The records do not mention Mr. Lincoln in the lines of literature or science, invention, the founding of any great institution or movement, or that he ever contributed to their support. It is recorded that he was connected with military affairs as captain of a company of volunteers from Illinois during the Black Hawk War. Ida Tarbell, one of his biographers, describes him as being perfectly ignorant of the manual and military discipline and that his mistakes were so grievous he was constantly under correction. She states that "the only service he rendered was at Kellogg's Grove. He had been ordered to join a regiment there and arrived at the close of a skirmish and helped to bury five men who were killed in the skirmish."

That the records be kept clear, it is well to mention here that Jefferson Davis captured Black Hawk and conducted him to Jefferson Barracks. His treatment of the prisoners was so chivalrous that the old chief always referred to him as "the fine young brave."

It is again recorded that Mr. Lincoln served one term in Congress. He was not a success there, which he felt keenly, and he returned to the practice of law.

#### THE CAUSE OF SECESSION.

Mr. Drinkwater makes the emancipation of the slaves the dominant note of his drama and as being the issue leading up to the War between the States, the North being for freeing them and the South for continuing them in slavery, and stresses emancipation as the policy of Mr. Lincoln's administration.

The unjust discrimination and the tariff of 1828-33, the South paying two-thirds of the custom duties while she had only one-third of the vote, the unjust legislation in 1833 of giving the North the surplus of many millions in the public treasury for public improvements (George Lunt), the usurpation of power in regard to the rights of the States in the new territories, and other violations of the Constitution detrimental to the vital interests of the South were the causes of secession.

"Secession is not intended to break up the present government, but to perpetuate it. Our plan is to withdraw from the Union in order to allow amendments to the Constitution to be made guaranteeing our just rights. If the Northern States will not make the amendments, then we must secure them by a government of our own." (Sheffner's "Secession or War.")

"If the Union was formed by the accession of States, then the Union may be dissolved by the secession of States." (Daniel Webster.)

"If the Constitution is a compact, then the States have a right to secede." (Judge Story.)

"Any people whatever have a right to abolish the existing

government and form a new one that suits them better." (Abraham Lincoln, "Congressional Records," 1847.)

"The South has an undeniable right to secede from the Union. In the event of secession, the city of New York and the State of New Jersey and, very likely Connecticut, will separate from the New England States when the black man is put on a pinnacle above the white." (*New York Herald*, November 11, 1860.)

"New England threatened secession as early as 1790 and again in 1799. John Quincy Adams announced that a plan was being arranged for New England to secede and form a union with Great Britain. In 1812 feeling again arose, and New England again threatened secession. From December 13, 1814, to January 5, 1815, a convention was held at Hartford, Conn., to which Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island sent representatives. The sessions were secret, but among the decisions later revealed was that secession was justifiable as a remedy for an uncongenial union." (Thompson's "History of the United States.")

"The statute of establishing perpetual slavery was adopted by Massachusetts in December, 1641." (Massachusetts's "Historical Collections.")

Another testimony establishing the constitutionality of secession is in the fact that Jefferson Davis was never brought to trial as a traitor. Chief Justice Chase said: "If Jefferson Davis be brought to trial, it will convict the North and exonerate the South."

The admission of additional territory brought in by the Louisiana Purchase and the annexation of Texas, the great West and Northwest, precipitated new issues. The South held to the doctrine of State sovereignty, which had been established by the Constitution, and claimed that the States as they came in had a right to adjust their own laws and to decide for themselves whether they would allow free or slave labor. The North and the East repudiated this right and advocated that the national government should dictate those laws. This brought bitter debates in Congress and became the campaign issue in 1860.

"The point the Republican party wanted to stress was 'to oppose making slave States out of newly acquired territory and not abolishing slavery as it existed.' Lincoln spoke of antislavery men in 1862 as radicals and abolitionists." (Rhodes's "History of the United States.")

The Fort Sumter incident was made a special feature of the drama, Mr. Lincoln attributing the motive of the Confederacy to continue slavery.

"The forts of the South were partnership property, and each State an equal party to the ownership. The Federal government was only a general agent of the real partners, the States which composed the Union. The forts went with the States. South Carolina could not deprive New York of her forts, nor could New York deprive South Carolina of hers." (Horton's "History," pages 71, 72.)

"South Carolina, feeling that she had a constitutional sovereign right to her own territorial possessions, sent commissioners to Washington to negotiate a peaceful withdrawal of the troops from what was her protection to her harbor. The commissioners were not recognized in their official capacity and were detained under misleading inducements until Lincoln, through his War Department, could prepare for the defense of the fort. The vessels carrying the reinforcements refused to return or surrender and were fired on." (John Codman Ropes's "Story of the Civil War.")

The War between the States was not caused by the question of the emancipation of the slaves, nor did it begin with the firing on Fort Sumter. The cause and its declaration centered in the order issued by Abraham Lincoln for 2,400 men and 265 guns for the defense of Sumter, followed by his call for 75,000 troops to coerce the South back into the Union.

"The determination expressed by Lincoln in his inaugural address to hold and occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the United States precipitated the outbreak, and his determination to collect duties and imports was practically an announcement of an offensive war." (Hosmer's "History of the American Nation," Volume XX, page 20.)

"The attempt to reinforce Sumter will provoke war. The very preparation of such an expedition will precipitate war. I would instruct Anderson to return from Sumter." (Secretary William Seward in Lincoln's Cabinet.)

That the war was not waged for the emancipation of the slaves has an unanswerable argument in the fact that General Grant, the commander of the Union forces, was a slaveholder and retained possession of his slaves until freed by the war. General Lee, commander of the Confederate forces, freed his slaves before the war.

Another strong argument is in the fact that there were 315,000 slaveholders in the North and nonseceding States and only 200,000 in the Confederacy.

"The war was inaugurated by the North and defended on an unconstitutional basis." ("The Opening of the Twentieth Century.")

"The North waged war to coerce the South back into the Union. Southern men fought a defensive war for States rights and State sovereignty with a holy ardor and self-denying patriotism that have covered even defeat with imperishable glory." (Charles Beecher Stowe.)

## EFFECT OF THE PROCLAMATION.

Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, which was introduced after the war had advanced, has been given many versions. It is well here to state briefly the conditions which caused him to repudiate the statement made in his inaugural address in regard to the Constitution and then let Mr. Lincoln make his own statement.

At the time of its inception (1862), the armies of the South were gloriously victorious. Their marvelous valor and achievements were startling the world. Carl Schurz, who had just returned from Europe, reported that a profound impression had been made on England and France and that there was danger of the Southern Confederacy being recognized by them.

Mr. Lincoln then decided to meet the issue by the celebrated document. In presenting his intention to his cabinet, he stated: "I have no constitutional right to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States, but I think the Constitution invests the commander in chief with the law of war in time of war. Slaves are property. Has there ever been any question that by the law of war property, both of enemies and friends, may not be taken when needed? Is it not needed whenever taking it helps us and hurts the enemy? Armies the world over destroy their own property to keep it from the enemy. Civilized belligerents do all in their power to help themselves or hurt the enemy. Without this policy the negroes will remain and continue to raise food." (Rhodes's "History of the United States," Ida Tarbell's "Life of Abraham Lincoln," and other biographies.)

"The negroes produce food for the Confederacy. It is a military necessity, absolutely essential for the salvation of the nation that the slaves be emancipated." (Thompson's "History of the United States.")

"I made a solemn vow before God that if General Lee was driven back from Maryland I would crown the result by the declaration of freedom to the slaves." (Barnes's "Popular History.")

Fearing the effect on the slaves in the slave territory outside the Confederate army, and especially its effect on the fifty thousand "bayonets" (soldiers from slaveholding States) in the Union army, Mr. Lincoln placed special emphasis on his motive as being purely a war measure confined strictly to Confederate territory and excluding the slaves in the territory under Federal control. This is from the proclamation as issued:

"Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, \* \* \* as a fit and necessary war measure, \* \* \* do \* \* \* order and designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States the following—to-wit: Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana (except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemine, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans), Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth), and which excepted parts are for the present left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

"And \* \* \* I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are, and henceforward shall be, free."

So, as issued, the proclamation was a farce, but Lincoln hoped that the report of it through the Southern States would stir the slaves into insurrection and thus create conditions that would cause the soldiers to leave the army and return home to protect their families.

Lord John Russell, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, sneered at it and sent the following dispatch to the Ministers at Washington: "It is a measure of a questionable kind, an act of vengeance on the slave owner. It affects emancipation only where the United States authority cannot make emancipation a reality, but nowhere that the decree can be carried out."

As an excuse for arming the slaves, Mr. Lincoln said: "I am pretty well cured of any objection to any measure except want of adaptedness to putting down the rebellion." (James C. Welling's "Reminiscences of Lincoln.")

Rhodes, in his history of the United States, says: "At a cabinet meeting, when the proclamation was announced, Secretary Seward said: 'At this juncture [1862] it would likely seem the last measure of an exhausted government, our last shriek in retreat.'" Ida Tarbell makes the same statement. Mr. Lincoln was induced to wait for a Union victory.

It was a clear confession that they had failed to defeat the Confederate army in the open field of honor as man to man and were compelled to resort to the method of attack through homes.

The Emancipation Proclamation was a failure. None of Mr. Lincoln's objects were realized. Most of the slaves remained at home, loyal and true, protecting the women and



children, and they produced food for them and for the soldiers of the Confederacy.

"The proclamation had a depressing effect on stocks, and the elections in the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, which followed the announcement in the previous September, went against the party in power. There were large desertions from the army." (Rhodes.)

"The ranks were largely filled with foreign enlistment. Until the late World War pensions amounting to nearly one million dollars were paid annually to foreigners, distributed through Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Belgium, Luxemburg, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and Canada, for their services in helping to coerce loyal American descendants of the heroes of the Revolution." (CONFEDERATE VETERAN.)

In speaking of the proclamation afterwards, Mr. Lincoln said: "It was the folly of my life. It was like the pope's bull against the comet." (Wendell Phillips.)

"It is a historical travesty to celebrate January 1, the anniversary of the proclamation, as Emancipation Day. Emancipation was effected by the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution after the war had closed and after Lincoln's death. The amendment was introduced in Congress by Mr. Henderson, of Missouri, a Southern man, and was the culmination of forces that had been at work for half a century. There were 130 abolition societies in the United States before 1820, of which 106 were in the South." (Lundy's "Universal Emancipation.")

The Virginia Legislature made thirty-two efforts to abolish the slave trade. Georgia and other States did the same, but were defeated by New England representatives.

George Washington urged the gradual emancipation of slaves, and freed his by will. So did George Mason and John Randolph and the Lees. Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, author of the Declaration of Independence, urged that the slave trade be forbidden, and John Adams, of Massachusetts, defeated it.

In 1816 the African Colonization Society was organized, with James Madison, of Virginia, as President. Thomas Jefferson testified that many slaveholders were planning to free their slaves. When James Monroe, of Virginia, was President a tract of land on the west coast of Africa was secured for the colonization of slaves and called Liberia. In 1847 it became a republic, with negroes as officers. Its capital was named "Monrovia," in honor of Monroe, and it was protected by the Monroe Doctrine.

"Thousands of negroes (more than were included in the proclamation) were freed by Southern slaveholders in their wills. Jefferson Davis, when in the United States Senate, urged that a plan be made for emancipation that would be best for the slaveholder and the slave. The great problem confronting the movement was: How could they best dispose of the slave under freedom. This was why Southern men were so insistent about securing more space from the new territory to relieve the congested condition of the slave States, that they might prepare the slaves freed for their future government." ("Congressional Records.")

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., said: "Had the South been allowed to manage this question unfettered, the slaves would have been ere this fully emancipated, and that without bloodshed."

"If slavery was a sin so strongly defined by Mr. Lincoln and

the Abolitionists of New England, the sin lies at the door of the New England slave traders, who brought the slaves here and sold them. No Southern man ever owned or commanded a slave ship or ever went to Africa for slaves. The first ship built in America to carry on the slave traffic was in Massachusetts and sailed from Marblehead, Mass., in 1636." (Thompson's "History.")

The Southern planters gave them civilization and Christianity, provided them with homes and home comforts, and taught them useful arts of industry. When the war broke out in 1861, there were over five hundred thousand Church members among the slaves, and over \$4,000,000 had been spent for their evangelization. They had become a part of the social order in the South. A more beautiful character does not figure in romance or legend than the "Black Mammy" of the Old South.

The slave trade was a profitable enterprise in New England. Many of the fortunes that now startle with their splendor in Newport, R. I., had their origin in the slave trade. The "Cradle of Liberty," Faneuil Hall, in Boston, was built by Peter Faneuil, its owner, with slave trade money. Girard College, in Philadelphia, was built by Stephen Girard with money made by African slaves on a Louisiana plantation.

#### THE CONSTITUTION SET ASIDE.

Mr. Drinkwater places special emphasis on the fact that Mr. Lincoln scrupulously obeyed the Constitution. "Abraham was all for the Constitution," it is said in the drama.

Calling for troops to coerce the South, refusing to withdraw from Fort Sumter (the territorial possession of South Carolina), the Emancipation Proclamation, destruction of private property, suspension of *habeas corpus*, unlawful arrests of law-abiding, peaceful citizens, suppression of the freedom of the press and free speech, which marked the Lincoln administration, were violations of the Constitution. Making medicines and surgical instruments and appliances contraband of war and refusing an exchange of prisoners were violations of all recognized civilized warfare.

Wendell Phillips, in a lecture in New York and Boston in 1861, said: "Lieber says 'that *habeas corpus*, free speech, and free press are the three elements which distinguish liberty from despotism. All that Saxon blood has earned in two hundred years are these three things. To-day every one of them is annihilated in every square mile of the republic.'"

"Thirty-eight thousand men, women, editors, politicians, and clergymen of good character and honor are imprisoned in gloomy, damp casements for no overt acts, but simply because they were Democratic suspects, many of them not having the least idea for what cause and without being given a trial. The writ of *habeas corpus* was suspended by order of Mr. Lincoln in order to carry out the arbitrary arrests." ("Life and Times of Hannibal Hamlin," Bancroft's "Life of Seward.")

The destruction of property in Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia was by order of the War Department, of which President Lincoln was the commander in chief. The only stain that mars the Stars and Stripes was placed under the Lincoln administration. Such disregard for civilized rules was never allowed in any other war in which America has ever engaged.

"Do all the damage to railroads and crops you can. Carry off stock of all descriptions and the negroes so as to prevent further planting. We want the Shenandoah Valley to remain

a barren waste." (Orders from Lieutenant General Grant, U. S. A., to Major General Sheridan in Virginia.)

"I have burned two thousand barns filled with wheat and corn, all the mills in the whole country, destroyed all the factories of cloth, killed or driven off every animal, even the poultry, that could contribute to human substance. Nothing should be left in Shenandoah but eyes to lament the war." (Sheridan's Official Report.)

"History will in vain be searched for a parallel to the scathing and destructive effect of the invasion of the Carolinas. Aside from the destruction of military things, there were destructions overwhelming, overleaping the present generation. Even if peace speedily come, agriculture and commerce cannot be revived in a day. On every side the head, center, and rear of our columns might be traced by columns of smoke by day and the glare of flames by night. The burning hand of war on these people is blasting, withering." (Brevet Maj. George W. Nichols, aid-de-camp to General Sherman, in "The Story of a Great March.")

"One hundred million dollars of damage has been done to Georgia, \$20,000,000 inured to our benefit; the remainder was simply waste and destruction. I'll not restrain the army lest its vigor and energy be impaired." (Sherman's Dispatch.)

"We are leaving Atlanta, Ga., all aflame. The air is filled with flying, burning cinders. Buildings covering two hundred acres are in flames. I heard a soldier say: 'I believe Sherman has set the very river on fire.' The Rebel inhabitants are in agony. The soldiers are as hearty and jolly as men can be." (Gregg's "History," page 375.)

"The wanton pillage or uncompensated appropriation of individual property by an enemy's country is against the usage of modern times." (William M. Macy, Secretary of War, July 28, 1865.)

In contrast to all this General Lee, for fear his soldiers should pillage when foraging in Pennsylvania, had roll call three times a day.

President Davis issued the following orders: "In regard to the enemy's crews and vessels, you are to proceed with justice and humanity, which characterize our government and its citizens."

Gen. John B. Gordon said to the women in York, Pa.: "If the torch is applied to a single dwelling or an insult offered to a woman by a soldier in my command, point me to the man and you shall have his life."

One scene of the drama depicts General Lee offering his sword to General Grant. The scene of General Grant's refusing the sword of Gen. Robert E. Lee is not in accordance with the real facts. Among the terms of surrender agreed upon by the two commanders was that the Confederates were to retain their side arms and horses. General Lee never offered his sword to General Grant. General Grant did not demand it. ("War Records.")

## LINCOLN NOT A BELIEVER.

"Mr. Drinkwater represents Mr. Lincoln in one scene as kneeling in prayer, and reference is made often to his Christianity. No phase of Mr. Lincoln's character has been so persistently misrepresented as this of his religious belief. When he went to Salem he consorted with the freethinkers and joined them in deriding the gospel story of Jesus. He wrote a labored book on the subject, which his friend Hill burned up. Not until after Mr. Lincoln's death were any of these facts denied." (Lamon's "Life of Lincoln.")

"Mr. Lincoln never made any confession of faith nor attached himself to any creed." (Ida Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln.")

"Abraham Lincoln became more discreet in later life and used words and phrases to make it appear that he was a Christian. But he never changed on this subject. He lived and died a deep-grounded infidel." (Herndon's "Life of Lincoln.")

"Such is human sympathy and human love that assassination is ever a consecration. The figure vanishes into mist; incense vapors a vision, not a man. There is little justice that is written of Lincoln. I have never read a description of him that recalls him as I knew him. Something always beyond and beyond. Nor has fame been kind to him in the sense that fame is never kind unless it is just." (John Russell Young's "Review" in *New York Times*, January 18, 1902.)

"The ceremony of Mr. Lincoln's apotheosis was planned and executed after his death by men who were unfriendly to him while he lived. Men who had exhausted the resources of their skill and ingenuity in venomous destruction of the living Lincoln were the first after death to undertake the task of guarding his memory, not as a human but as a god. After his death it became a political necessity to pose him as the greatest, godliest man that ever lived." (Lamon's "Life of Lincoln.")

The authors of the apotheosis were those who hated Lincoln in life, but hated the South more. They used it to implicate the South and the South's great leader, Jefferson Davis, in Lincoln's assassination and gave what they viewed as justifiable causes for the horrors of the Reconstruction period which followed. It found large space in the literature and histories of the times and was extensively circulated. It was necessary to deify Lincoln in order to sacrifice the South. "Lee's shrine at Lexington, not Lincoln's tomb, will be the shrine of American patriotism when once history is told correctly." (Dr. A. W. Littlefield, Needham, Mass.)

## A PRAYER AND A TRIBUTE.

BY EVALYN CASTLEBERRY COOK.

(To the U. C. V.)

Give us their courage to stand alone,  
Facing majorities massed to fight;  
Give us their candor to ever own  
Faiths and convictions we hold are right.

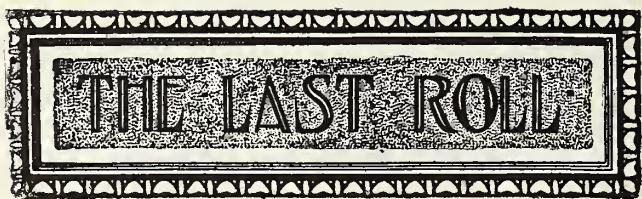
Give us their honor to meet our foes,  
Dealing as fairly with them as friends;  
Give us their loyalty, such as knows  
Pledged allegiance never ends.

Give us their chivalry, born again;  
Give their forgiveness, whole and free;  
Give us their truth toward the world of men,  
Give us their reverence, Lord, for thee;

Give us their power to rebegin,  
Building our future upon their past;  
Give us their valor to lose or win,  
Prayerfully, proudly, unchanged at last;

Give us nobility great as theirs,  
Hearts of Confederate tempered worth;  
Give us the heritage due their heirs,  
Scions forever of Southern birth.





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### THE IMMORTALS.

"We call them dead, the loved and lost,  
Whose faces dear no more we see,  
Those who the solemn bound have crossed  
That borders vast eternity.

Yet all that in their lives was sweet—  
The words they spoke, the smiles they gave,  
The kindly acts love made complete—  
Passed not with them into the grave.

For these their blessed influence  
Still round our pathway sweetly cast  
And open to the soul's pure sense  
The dearest memories of the past.

And though no more their hands we press,  
Though they have vanished from our side,  
The glory of their loveliness  
Faded not with them when they died.

Their sweet companionship we miss  
As we recall the words they said,  
But in our souls their presence is—  
We cannot call them wholly dead."

### CAPT. LORRAINE F. JONES.

Entered into life eternal on Tuesday, October 19, 1920, in his eighty-third year, Capt. Lorraine Farquhar Jones at his home, Ivy Lodge, Kirkwood, Mo.

Captain Jones was born in Charles Town, W. Va., on November 9, 1837, the son of Rev. Alexander and Ann Northey Churchill Jones and a brother of the late Dr. George W. and William M. Jones, of Richmond, Va.

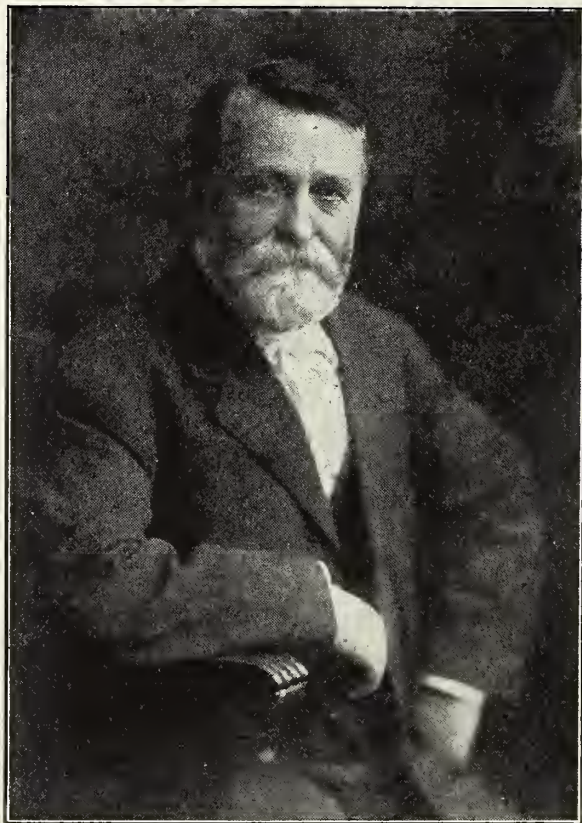
In the Confederate army he served under Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee, and was captain of the second company of the Richmond Howitzers. His battery had the distinction of holding the Bloody Angle in the battle of the Wilderness. He also helped to fire the first piece of artillery that was fired in Virginia, and surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox.

A comrade in arms, the late Edwin H. Sublett, says of him: "I desire to write a few facts that I deem due to Confederate history; in fact, a just tribute to American valor in its highest sense. I was a private in the third company of Richmond Howitzers, 1st Virginia Artillery, A. N. V. On May 10, 1864, my battery was captured in the 'Horseshoe' at Spotsylvania Courthouse, Va. Our position was about the center of General Lee's army and was of vital importance to both Gens. Robert E. Lee and U. S. Grant. After we were captured, and for quite a time, there was absolutely nothing

to oppose the Federal advance through this 'gap' in our lines except Capt. Lorraine F. Jones and several members of the second company of Richmond Howitzers, the company that Captain Jones then commanded. They, by hand, removed cannon from the breastworks to an open field in their rear and opened fire on the advancing Federals. The odds against this little band was beyond computing, but they checked the advance long enough for reinforcements to reach and recapture the 'gap' before all was lost. I and others who witnessed this soldierly and gallant act know full well that it saved the day, and I believe that it saved the Army of Northern Virginia from signal defeat at that time. Several of that only partially filled detachment were shot down, and, if memory serves me rightly, Captain Jones and possibly one other were left to load and fire that gun alone before the last shot was fired. The names of those grand men should be emblazoned upon fame's immortal page. I pronounce this the bravest and most timely act of all that I witnessed during the War between the States."

Captain Jones went to St. Louis in 1865 and entered the employ of Mr. George R. Robinson, Sr., a commission and bagging merchant, which was his first and only position until he went into business for himself, shortly after which he, Dr. Warren, Mr. Anderson Gratz, and Mr. Benjamin Gratz entered into partnership known as Warren, Jones, and Gratz. He was one of the organizers of the American Manufacturing Company, makers of bagging and cordage, and was its treasurer. Captain Jones was President of the State National Bank of St. Louis in 1906 and director in many other important enterprises in St. Louis, among them the St. Louis Union Trust Company, retiring from active business in 1908.

He married on November 9, 1870, Miss Matilda Fontaine



CAPT. L. F. JONES.

Berkley, third daughter of Rev. E. F. Berkley, D.D., founder of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, St. Louis, Mo. Mrs. Jones, three sons, and four daughters survive him. The sons are: E. F. Berkley Jones, Lorraine F. Jones, Jr., and F. Maury Jones, all of Kirkwood, Mo. The daughters are: Mrs. John B. Pitman, of Long Island, N. Y.; Mrs. Joseph R. Matthews, Mrs. Laurence D. Bridge, both of Kirkwood, Mo.; and Mrs. Benjamin O'F. Randolph, of Milwood, Va.

Captain Jones lost his sight on June 15, 1911, as the result of a severe illness, and after that time his greatest pleasure was to give a helping hand and to distribute God's Word, having sent out one hundred and forty thousand pocket Testaments and St. John's Gospels, which he called his "little preachers."

A life-long friend has written: "I cannot let the opportunity pass without speaking of the nobility of the man whose word was as good as his bond and who was never known to speak an unkind word of any one, whose charity was unbounded. He was surely a Christian and a gentleman, and we 'shall not look upon his like again.'"

N. N. HARRISON.

Nathan Nathaniel Harrison, a soldier of the Confederacy, died on September 24, 1920, at the home of his son, Bela J. Harrison, in Hanley, Tarrant County, Tex., after a brief illness, at the age of seventy-eight years. He was born in Wilcox County, Ala., on November 15, 1842, and was married on September 24, 1868, to Frances Josephine Smith in Berlin, Ashly County, Ark.

In 1861 Mr. Harrison was living in Moorehouse Parish, La., and when the call to arms came he immediately volunteered with a company that was organized in his home parish, known as the "Moorehouse Southerners," under the command of Captain Herd, the number being about one hundred and thirty men. After organization the company was sent to Camp Moore, La., a camp of instruction, and remained there for about four months. Later the company was organized into a regiment with nine other companies, and this became the 17th Louisiana Infantry. Captain Herd was promoted to colonel, commanding the regiment, and General Tracy was the brigade commander. The regiment was soon ordered to New Orleans, where it remained until February, 1862, then proceeding to Corinth, Miss., some forty miles from where the battle of Shiloh was fought, which was the first experience in battle for Comrade Harrison. Shortly after the return to Corinth the regiment proceeded to Vicksburg, where it was in all of the engagements in and around Vicksburg up to the final surrender.

The battle at Vicksburg concluded the active service of Comrade Harrison in the Confederate army. He went home on parole and after being exchanged was called into camp at Alexandria, La., where he remained with his comrades until after the surrender of General Lee. With his regiment, he then took up the march for Texas, but a halt was called at Mansfield, La., where he received his final discharge. The regiment at that time was commanded by Colonel Richardson, and his company, which numbered one hundred and thirty when recruited, had dwindled to twenty-eight.

After the war Mr. Harrison moved to Eureka Springs, Ark., and later to Paris, Tex., then, in 1898, he moved to Corpus Christi, Tex., where he made his home for fifteen years. Upon the death of his wife he went to Tacoma, Wash., where he spent four years with a daughter, Mrs. Bessie Clark. In October, 1919, he returned to Texas, spending several

months at Corpus Christi with a son, Frank B. Harrison. He was visiting another son at Hanley when his death occurred.

REUBEN A. MEREDITH.

Reuben A. Meredith was a pioneer settler of Los Angeles County, Cal., and one of the leading horticulturists. He had been a resident of Southern California for more than fifty years. He was born April 30, 1840, in Sumter County, Ala., a son of Reuben A. and Ann E. Harwood Meredith, both Virginians. The Harwood family originated in Scotland, whence the founder of the American family of that name emigrated in colonial times, settling in Virginia. On the paternal side he was of Welsh ancestry and of a distinguished family, his grandfather, Dr. Reuben A. Meredith, having been a noted physician and a soldier in the War of 1812.

Mr. Meredith was reared to manhood in Alabama, and in April, 1861, he enlisted in Company G, 5th Alabama Infantry, C. S. A., and served under Generals Beauregard, Joseph E. Johnston, and R. E. Lee. He was under the command of Stonewall Jackson in the battle of Chancellorsville. He participated in many engagements, including the battles of Seven Pines, the Seven Days' fight before Richmond, and the battle of Gettysburg; was in both of the Fredericksburg campaigns, the battles of Cold Harbor, the Wilderness, and Spotsylvania Courthouse. He was with Early in the Shenandoah Valley, was in the Petersburg campaign, and surrendered at Appomattox. At Chancellorsville he was captured in the second day's fight and for ten days was held a prisoner in Washington, D. C. Entering the ranks as a private, he was promoted to sergeant soon after, and he served in that capacity during the war.

On returning to Alabama Mr. Meredith lived in Gainesville until 1868. Going from there to Corpus Christi, Tex., he joined a company going westward with a wagon train and a drove of cattle as far as El Paso, Tex. From there he and two companions went on horseback to California, reaching El Monte six months after leaving Corpus Christi, Tex. He engaged in horticultural pursuits as a fruit grower, and in 1894 located at Covina, where he resided until his death, which occurred on the 27th of September, 1920.

He was a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and of the Ancient Order of United Workmen of Covina. He leaves surviving three sisters and two brothers.

R. W. SIMPSON.

After a short illness at his home, in Poulan, Ga., Comrade R. W. Simpson, "passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees" on October 6, 1920. He was born in Tennessee on September 16, 1837; was married to Miss Sarah Parker in 1883. He served the Confederacy under General Wheeler in Kentucky and Tennessee; was wounded near Cleveland, Tenn., after which he was left at his home and never rejoined his command, as the Federals held that section till the surrender; therefore he never received his parole.

He leaves a wife and three sons, one of whom is in Texas, one in Birmingham, Ala., the other (the youngest) lived with his father till he volunteered in the late war in 1916 and went with the American army to France, where he distinguished himself. France conferred on him her croix de guerre, and the United States officers honored him with the distinguished service medal. We all feel proud of young Harry Simpson. He sprang from good old Tennessee fighting stock.

[P. Pelham, Commander of Camp No. 1149, U. C. V.]



## VICTOR REINHARDT.

In the Confederate army there were many choice characters, brave and daring soldiers, ardent and chivalrous; but there was no one braver or truer than Victor Reinhardt, a private in Company C, 25th Alabama Infantry, in which he enlisted at the very incipency of the war and remained and responded to the last bugle call.

Alabama soldiers who knew him as the drummer boy, and they were many, will cherish his memory as a comrade who knew duty only to obey its most exacting terms.

He was born in Columbiana, Shelby County, Ala., on March 1, 1845, and died at Terrell, Tex., on November 6, 1920. He emigrated in the early seventies to Texas, where he spent fifty years of useful citizenship and was at all times in accord with his comrades on all issues pertaining to the cause for which they so gallantly fought. He was always of good cheer and inspired others to deeds of good citizenship and loftiness. He never spent his time in frivolous amusements and was a Christian by practice and belief.

At the time of his death he was a member of the personal staff of the Commander of the Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, United Confederate Veterans.

The marches of this soldier are over, his battles are all fought, his victories all won, and, as other Christian Confederate soldiers who have preceded him to the heavenly world, he now lies down to rest a while and to await the resurrection.

[V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.]

## DR. ALFRED JONES.

May 15, 1839-April 16, 1920.

These dates mark the beginning and ending of the earthly life of one of God's noblemen. Dr. Alfred Jones was born in Marshall County, Tenn., son of Dr. John Ridley and Martha Lane Jones, both from North Carolina. He took his college course at the University of Tennessee and graduated with honors in 1858. He also took special work at New Orleans and Bellevue College, New York, and began the practice of medicine in Cornersville, Marshall County, where he has since resided, except the four years of the War between the States. When the call to arms came in 1861, he enlisted as a volunteer and served as lieutenant in Company H, 3d Tennessee Regiment. He was captured at Fort Donelson and sent to Camp Chase, from which prison he made his escape in a thrilling manner, disguised in a "paddy's" suit of clothes, and getting back to the army on the second day of the battle of Shiloh. He was immediately made a surgeon in the 17th Tennessee Regiment, in which capacity he served until the close of the war. This regiment participated in the battles of Rock Castle (or Wild Cat), Fishing Creek, Mill Springs, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Hoover's Gap, Shiloh, Chickamauga, Drewry's Bluff, and Hatcher's Run. The last battle was fought in defense of Petersburg, Va., on April 2, 1865, and the regiment lost severely, over one-half of the men being captured. Dr. Jones was seriously sick in the hospital in Richmond when that city surrendered.

Dr. Jones was married to Miss Maxie Harris, daughter of Capt. William Harris, of Cornersville, who survives him, with three splendid sons—Dr. Kenneth, Shirley Patrick, and Max M. Jones.

Dr. Jones was a leading physician and surgeon of his State, and was at one time President of the Middle Tennessee Medical Association. Though a very busy physician, he took time to serve his community in any capacity for its uplift and welfare. He was the honored President of the Farmers Bank of Cornersville from its organization until his death.

He represented Marshall County twice in the lower house of the legislature and three times in the senate. When in the senate he got the bill through for building the splendid railroad, the Lewisburg and Northern, through Marshall County. He was a Son of the American Revolution and a member of that society for a number of years, descending from Francis Jones, of Virginia, on the paternal side and through his mother from Col. Joel Lane, of North Carolina, both of whom fought in the Revolutionary War.

Dr. Jones was a devoted husband and kind father. The devotion of the whole family is beautiful. He was a Christian from early manhood, and later in life was made an elder in the Presbyterian Church, in which office he served most faithfully and efficiently. Any Church or community can ill afford to lose such a great and godly man. At his funeral a great concourse of people of all ranks, both white and black, came to pay a last tribute of respect. Surely it can be said with the Psalmist: "Mark the perfect man, and behold his uprightness, for the end of that man is peace."

## JOHN W. BALL.

John W. Ball was born in DeKalb (now Fulton) County, Ga., on the 24th of November, 1840, and died near Decatur, Ga., on August 5, 1920. He was a volunteer in Captain Flowers's company, A, 38th Georgia Regiment, from Doraville, Ga., and was mustered into service near Decatur on the 26th of September, 1861. This regiment belonged to Gordon's Brigade, 2d (or Stonewall) Corps, A. N. V., and took part in the battles of Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Kernstown, Gettysburg, Bristoe Station, Mine Run, Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Mechanicsville, three battles at Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, Hatcher's Run, Fort Steadman, Sailor's Creek, and Appomattox Courthouse, April 9, 1865. He returned home to find his country a vast wilderness, made so by Sherman's destruction in his march to the sea. Engaging in farming, he was successful from the start.

He was married to Miss Margaret Adams, and from this union there were eleven children, four daughters and seven sons, of whom three daughters and three sons survive him. He was buried beside his wife at the old homestead, near Sandy Springs, Ga., attended by comrades who served with him throughout the war.

Comrade Ball was a model husband, a kind father, an honorable, upright citizen, loyal to his country and friends, and a veteran without murmuring. He was President of the Survivors' Association of the 38th Georgia Regiment. When the reveille of time shall beat, we hope to join him and other comrades who have gone before "beyond the sunset's radiant glow."

[L. F. Hudgins, Historian and Adjutant of the 38th Georgia Regiment Association.]

## COMRADES AT GRAVEL HILL, ARK.

The following members of Ben T. Embury Camp, No. 977, Gravel Hill, Ark., have answered the last roll call since the last annual meeting:

M. C. Baker, Company L, 32d North Carolina Battalion.

G. W. O. Davis, lieutenant Company E, 15th Arkansas Regiment.

J. N. Nichols, Company I, 22d Arkansas Regiment.

W. M. Stokes, Company B, 1st Battalion Arkansas Cavalry.

J. G. Turner, Company I, 36th Georgia Regiment.

G. W. Vaughn, Company K, 51st Virginia Regiment.

## CAPT. JAMES LACHLISON.

"'Tis never right to say a good man dies."

On Monday, November 1, the spirit of Capt. James Lachlison passed away peacefully and bravely, as he had lived. He was born in Charleston, S. C., on April 18, 1837, but spent all his boyhood in Savannah until he went to Philadelphia to the Polytechnic College, where he graduated. In 1858 he was married in Philadelphia to Miss Sarah Thompson, of that city. She preceded him to the "great beyond" about fifteen years.

In August, 1861, he entered the Confederate service as second lieutenant of the Oglethorpe Light Infantry and was the last of the charter members of the company. In the battle of Fort Pulaski he was taken prisoner and confined on Governor's Island, N. Y., then transferred to Johnson's Island, Ohio. He was exchanged, and in September, 1862, was made first lieutenant. He served several months around Savannah and was promoted to captain of his company. He was in the first attack upon Fort Wagner, Charleston Harbor. He was in the battles of Kenesaw Mountain, Jonesboro, and Atlanta, and was wounded in front of Atlanta. He was with Forrest covering Hood's retreat at Nashville. In April, 1865, he surrendered with his company at Macon. He has ever been a loyal son of the Confederacy and true to the best traditions of his native South.

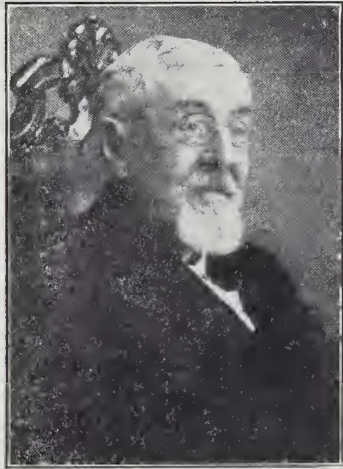
He moved to Darien, Ga., in 1869 and engaged in the lumber business, and until his retirement, a few years ago, he was with the Hilton, Dodge Lumber Company. He was a faithful and consistent member of the Methodist Church, serving for many years as steward. He was the oldest Past Grand Master of the Odd Fellows in Georgia and was also a prominent Mason.

For several months his health had been failing, but his interest in local and public affairs was truly remarkable. His intellect and character were of the highest order, and he has left the priceless heritage of a stainless name.

He is survived by a sister (Mrs. James Foster, of Savannah), two daughters (Mrs. P. S. Clark, of Darien, Ga., and Mrs. T. H. Thomson, of Dawson, Ga.), eight grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

## THOMAS WALLACE GREEN.

Thomas W. Green was born near Hopkinsville, Ky., on February 22, 1842. His parents were John R. Green and Elizabeth Nelson, and he was the second son of a large family. He joined Hill's Confederate Cavalry in Tipton County and served throughout the war as a scout. He was never wounded. He was elected captain several times, but preferred the most dangerous position and was a brave soldier to the end. He was under Gen. N. B. Forrest in 1862 and 1863 and had pleasant recollections of that great leader.



CAPT. JAMES LACHLISON.

Mr. Green was reared a Presbyterian, but on April 21, 1886, he was confirmed by Bishop T. F. Gailor. In October, 1869, he married Miss Katherine Taylor Somervell, of Tipton County, and leaves a daughter and a son—Mrs. Edward Tarry and John W. Green—also two grandchildren. Mr. Green passed away at his home, at Keeling, Tenn., on October 24, 1920, and was laid to rest at Old Trinity Chapel, in Tipton County.

M. W. DEAVER.

[From resolutions passed by John C. Burk Camp, U. C. V., of El Paso, Tex., in tribute to Comrade M. W. Deaver.]

Maxwell Wilson Deaver was born June 29, 1837, in the State of North Carolina, but when he was five years of age his father moved to Mississippi. He received his education at LeGrande, Tenn., and then the family moved to Texas and settled near Clarksville, in Red River County.

When the tocsin of war was sounded throughout the Southland, Maxwell Wilson Deaver enlisted in the first company of his county in April, 1861, John C. Burk, captain, which was made Company C, of the 11th Texas Cavalry. Its first service was in the Indian Territory, where Chief Apothlahala was put out of commission. They were next in Northeastern Arkansas and after the battle of Elkhorn went to Des Arc, Ark., and dismounted, then by foot to Memphis, Tenn., joining Bragg's army at Corinth, Miss., and in the fighting around Corinth and Farmington. Next assigned to Gen. E. K. Smith's command, they went to Chattanooga, Tenn., and rested and drilled for more active duties. After engaging in the Kentucky campaign they went on to Cincinnati unmolested, from which point General Smith hastened to join Bragg's army at Perryville, Ky., arriving just in time to cover his retreat back into Tennessee. At Murfreesboro Company C entered that battle with forty-seven muskets, a captain, and two lieutenants, and at the close of the day only seventeen answered to roll call—no officer except one sergeant. Col. John C. Burk, commanding the regiment, also received his death wound there. The regiment was then brigaded with the 8th Texas, the 4th Tennessee, and the 3d Arkansas Cavalry, under Col. Tom Harrison, in which unit our comrade served the last two years of the war, participating in all the Atlanta campaign, then battling with Sherman's army into the Carolinas, laying down his arms in his native State.

Comrade Deaver died at Paris, Tex., on March 17, 1920, at the age of eighty-two years, survived by his wife, two daughters, and one son. He was laid to rest in Clarksville.

He was a charter member of Camp John C. Burk and always participated faithfully in its duties.

[Committee: Isaac Guest, Sr., S. R. Stiles, G. B. Dean.]

## JAMES P. HAMILTON.

On the 29th of June, 1920, at his residence, near Fayetteville, Tenn., James Pink Hamilton "passed over the river" to answer the roll call on the other shore. He enlisted in Freeman's Battery, C. S. A., in 1863, at the age of seventeen years, and served with it continuously until the surrender, doing his part to make that battery famous as one of the best in the service. His comrades all esteemed him for his work's sake. He was proud of having been a Confederate soldier and a subscriber to the VETERAN all the time, and he attended regularly all reunions as long as his health permitted. He was a good citizen, a kind and indulgent father and husband, a true friend, an honest man.

[T. C. Little.]



CAPT. JOHN O. CARR.

Capt. John O. Carr, oldest son of Maj. James L. Carr, was born in Charleston, Va. (now W. Va.), on December 10, 1841, and died in Houston, Tex., on September 25, 1920. Educated in private schools in Albemarle County, Va., and at the University of Virginia, he left this institution on April 17, 1861, as a member of the Southern Guard, one of the student companies organized there, for Harper's Ferry, where he saw his first service in the capture of the United States arsenal and military stores at that place. Though his company was disbanded soon afterwards by General Letcher, of Virginia, he did not resume his studies, but returned at once to Charleston and bore an active part under Generals Wise and Floyd in resisting the invasion of his native State by the much superior forces of the enemy until his command was withdrawn and went into winter quarters. He then returned to Albemarle County, Va., and enlisted as a private in Company H, 57th Virginia Infantry, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, A. N. V., and participated in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond in June, 1862. He was then commissioned as captain and ordered to the camp of instruction, then being organized near Dublin Depot, Department Southwestern Virginia and East Tennessee, and appointed commander of the post by Maj. Gen. Sam Jones, commanding this department. Organizing a company of infantry from among the recruits under his training at this camp, he was elected its captain and assigned as Company I to the 26th Battalion of Virginia Infantry, under Col. George M. Edgar, and continued his active service with this organization under command of General Breckinridge in all the actions in which the division was engaged, including the battles of New Market, Va., and Monocacy, Md., and later as a unit of the A. N. V. under General Lee until the battle of Cold Harbor, when he was captured, with most of his regiment,, on June 3, 1864, and sent to Point Lookout and later to Fort Delaware and remained in prison till exchanged shortly before the war ended.

Returning to Charleston at the close of the war, Captain Carr engaged in steamboat service as clerk on the Kanawha River for several years, until January, 1873, when he was most happily married to Miss Stella Gallagher, of Charleston, and removed soon afterwards to Houston, Tex., where he entered the employment of the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, in which he rendered most faithful and efficient service for more than thirty years, most of the time in the important and responsible position of paymaster, till he passed his seventieth birthday and, under the rules of the company, was honorably retired on pension. He continued to live in his home in Houston with his family until the death of his beloved wife, in 1915, after which he made his home with his daughter, Mrs. J. Allen Kyle, in Houston, till his death. He is survived by two daughters (Mrs. Frank Leeman and Mrs. J. Allen Kyle), two sons (John Philip and James Laurence Carr), all of Houston; also by two sisters, Mrs. Ellen Tompkins and Mrs. Mary C. Carpenter, of Charleston, W. Va.

The writer has known and loved him from boyhood and gladly offers this tribute to the memory of his old friend and comrade. Captain Carr was endowed with many fine qualities, a keen intellect, and most attractive and genial personality. He was a charming companion and most loyal friend, a gallant Confederate soldier, a public-spirited and useful citizen, and a Christian gentleman. His influence was felt, and his presence will be missed in his city and community, where he was widely known and most highly esteemed.

[W. W. Minor, Charlottesville, Va.]

GEORGE W. CARMICHAEL.

In sorrow over the loss of another good comrade, Troop A, Forrest's Cavalry, of Nashville, Tenn., passed resolutions in tribute to George W. Carmichael, a charter member of the Troop, from which the following is taken:

"George Washington Carmichael, one of the charter members of Troop A, Forrest's Cavalry, was born near Nolensville, in Williamson County, Tenn., on the 8th of September, 1843. He joined Capt. (afterwards Col.) J. W. Starnes's company of cavalry in October, 1861, when stationed at Sacramento, Ky., and was one of the forty members of the company who took part with Forrest's command in the battle near Sacramento, Ky. Soon after the battle of Chickamauga young Carmichael was sent with others across the Tennessee River near Loudon on a scout, during which his horse was killed and he was captured, but was later exchanged and rejoined his company. He was with Company F until the surrender and was paroled at Washington, Ga., on May 9, 1865.

"Returning to his home in Williamson County, he resumed his occupation as farmer. In 1868 he was married to Miss Mary Herbert, with whom he lived happily for over fifty years. After his marriage he removed to Brentwood and was a member of the old Smyrna congregation of the Methodist Church, South, there and had served as superintendent of the Sunday school for twenty-five years. He was a Christian gentleman, a good citizen and neighbor, a man who had many friends.

"Comrade Carmichael helped to organize Troop A in 1895 and was an honored member of the Troop until his death, which occurred on March 3, 1920, at his home, near Brentwood."

[Committee: Thomas R. Tulloss, J. G. Herbert, Hamilton Parkes.]

CAPT. D. W. WARLICK.

Capt. Daniel William Warlick, aged eighty-two years, died at his home, in Jacksonville, Ala., on October 15, 1920. He served the South as captain of Company B, 30th Alabama Regiment, and was a fearless soldier, always at his post of duty. His company belonged to Pettus's Brigade, and where Pettus went Warlick followed. He lived and died true to the principles for which he had fought. He was a member of Camp Col. J. B. Martin, U. C. V., and took great interest in the reunions. Jacksonville has lost an honest, upright citizen who made friends and kept them.

On December 10, 1876, Captain Warlick was married to Miss Mary Emma Hoke, who preceded him to the grave only three months. Just a short separation and then they were united forever in heaven. He is survived by a son and two daughters, also a brother, Monroe Warlick, of Paris, Tex.

Captain Warlick was a member of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, of Jacksonville, where the funeral was held. He was laid to rest on the hillside by the side of his devoted wife.

WILLIAM H. CONNERAT.

William H. Connerat, former Vice President of the Confederate Veterans' Association of Savannah, Ga., was called by death on November 10, after several years of failing health, though seriously ill for only a week.

Comrade Connerat was born in Savannah on July 4, 1845. He was a member of the Savannah Cadets, serving in the Confederate army as a part of the 54th Georgia Infantry. He was in government service at Albany, Ga., at the close of the war, coming back to his home in March, 1865. He

was married to Miss Anna Maner Roberts, of Robertsville, S. C., and by this union there were two sons and a daughter, of whom a son and daughter survive him. He retired from business on a competency several years ago and devoted his time to his real estate interests. He was fond of hunting and fishing and spent a good portion of his time on our near-by waters. He was a genial and companionable man. His grandfather and grandmother are buried in our old Colonial Cemetery.

[D. B. Morgan, Secretary Confederate Veterans' Association, Camp 756, U. C. V.]

## MRS. SUE F. MOONEY.

Mrs. Susan Frances Dromgoole Money, Confederate veteran, widow of a Confederate chaplain, on September 13, 1920, from the home of her son-in-law, C. K. Turpin, in Nashville, Tenn., passed over the river to the rest of the people of God.

Her parents, John Easter Dromgoole and Lucy K. Blanch, were Virginians who came to Tennessee early in life and settled in Rutherford County, near Murfreesboro. Both families were prominent patriots in the war for independence, and afterwards were active and influential in civil, Church, and educational affairs throughout the history of the State. John E. Dromgoole was mayor of Murfreesboro in 1864 and was a member of the State Constitutional Convention of 1870. He was a prominent layman in the activities of the Methodist Church, South, and also in the higher circles of Masonry. He died in 1897, nearly ninety-two years old. This daughter, Sue F., was carefully trained and received the best educational advantages the country afforded. Born July 10, 1837, she was married on July 31, 1856, to Rev. Wellborn Mooney, a minister of the Southern Methodist Church. Thus at nineteen years of age began that long life of self-sacrificing devotion which makes the Methodist ministry a record of heroism. She shared all the vicissitudes of her husband's life and work, making everywhere a home for him and their children. It would take a volume to tell of the patient, fruitful work of all those years. She has given sketches of it in her little volume, "My Moving Tent."

In those sad and strenuous years, 1861-65, of the War between the States, while her husband was away with the armies of the Confederacy, she became familiar with the perils of refugee life, as she and her little children were driven from place to place by the Federal authorities. But it all served to confirm her native-born devotion to the South and its ideals and traditions. Her experiences only developed and strengthened that resourcefulness that made her such an efficient helper of every good cause.

She was a born teacher, with a tender heart for every needy child, and during the war as she had opportunity she taught without charge needy Confederate children along with her own. After the war she, with her husband, established a school at Murfreesboro, where they taught and trained the boys and girls of needy Confederate families and also young men who had been in the army and needed training for business. Then in 1890 she established a school in her home town of Dresden, Tenn., where she continued the same liberal policy with Confederates. No one will ever know the extent of her influence for good on the generation succeeding the war. She once told me that she had at Murfreesboro trained thirty girls and sent them forth well educated free of charge.

Her husband died on October 5, 1907, after fifty-one years of happy life and service with this lovely helper in all his

work. But with intelligent energy she continued to work for the highest spiritual interests in various positions assigned to her by the Church. She possessed a remarkable literary gift, and she wrote entertainingly with inspiring messages of memory and hope in the Church papers almost to the last—bright, interesting, helpful, drawn from the varied experiences of her long pilgrimage, full of encouragement to others in the path of that same pilgrimage. And she never lost her love for the Confederate soldier and his cause. The Old South was in her heart next to her religion.

With a strong, clear intellect, a tender, gentle heart, a bright, sunny disposition she made this world a better and happier place to live in. It was a long life, more than fourscore years of beautiful service, that leaves behind it an inspiring fragrance of goodness and graciousness. We will miss her, but we know that her Lord has welcomed her to the heavenly reunion. "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." She is survived by three sons and two daughters, five out of eight children.

[J. H. McNeilly.]

## FAMILY RECORD UNSURPASSED.

Comrade A. C. Wright, of St. Petersburg, Fla., answers the challenge in the February VETERAN, page 116, for a finer family record of war service than that of Mrs. Mary Anderson, who gave seven members of her family to the Confederacy, by giving his own family record. He says:

"My father and mother, Jacob and Nancy Wright, of Edgefield, S. C., had nine sons, all of whom served in the Confederate army. Three were killed under the flag: Thomas, in the battle of Atlanta; Josiah, at Sharpsburg, Md.; and J. Wesley Wright, in the battle of the Wilderness.

"J. Russell Wright was wounded in 1862 and went home to recuperate. Upon his recovery he returned to his command and was wounded again severely in the battle of the Wilderness. As soon as he was able to be moved he was furloughed, but before entirely well he went back to his command and was at the surrender in North Carolina. He is still living at the age of eighty-one, his home being in Edgefield, S. C.

"Jacob Fletcher Wright was wounded very seriously in the head at the Crater in front of Petersburg in 1864, a ball entering the brain through the skull on the left side and lodging in the back of the head. After a long while he was able to be removed to his home, got well enough to return to his command in 1865, and was in front of Petersburg and the retreat to Appomattox at the surrender. Although the ball was located by the X-ray in late years, the doctors advised its being let alone; said it had to pass through the brain three or four inches to where it lodged. He is still living, seventy-eight years old, at Parrott, Ga.

"A. C. Wright was wounded in a moonlight charge in front of Petersburg on the night of June 17, 1864. The charge lasted only two minutes, but we lost in killed and wounded one half of our company. We were successful in the charge and took the breastworks. I recovered, returned to my command, and was with General Lee at Appomattox.

"William, Ira B., and R. S. Wright all went through the war without a scratch. Of the fourteen children in the family—nine boys and five girls—all are dead except the three wounded brothers, who are living in different States—Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina.

"If there is any family record that can beat this, I should like to hear of it."



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*  
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga. .... *First Vice President General*  
MRS. GEORGE CUNNINGHAM, Little Rock, Ark. .... *Second Vice President General*  
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. .... *Third Vice President General*  
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C. .... *Recording Secretary General*  
MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. .... *Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla. .... *Treasurer General*  
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va. .... *Historian General*  
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. .... *Registrar General*  
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. .... *Custodian of Crosses*  
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. .... *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

## THE CONVENTION AT ASHEVILLE.

The twenty-seventh convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy met in Asheville, N. C., November 9-13, with headquarters at the Battery Park Hotel. All the general officers were present except Mrs. George Cunningham, of Little Rock, Ark., who was ill. On Thursday morning, November 11, all these officers were unanimously reelected:

President General, Mrs. R. W. McKinney, of Paducah, Ky.

First Vice President General, Miss Alice Baxter, of Atlanta, Ga.

Second Vice President General, Mrs. George Cunningham, of Little Rock, Ark.

Third Vice President General, Mrs. R. P. Holt, of Rocky Mount, N. C.

Recording Secretary General, Mrs. R. D. Wright, of Newberry, S. C.

Corresponding Secretary General, Mrs. William E. R. Byrne, of Charleston, W. Va.

Treasurer General, Mrs. Amos Norris, of Tampa, Fla.

Historian General, Mrs. A. A. Campbell, of Wytheville, Va.

Registrar General, Mrs. F. M. Williams, of Newton, N. C.

Custodian of Crosses of Honor, Mrs. W. D. Mason, of Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Custodian of Flags and Pennants, Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw, of Montgomery, Ala.

Among the Honorary Presidents two vacancies were made by the death of Mrs. William M. Parsley, of North Carolina, and of Mrs. John B. Richardson, of Louisiana. These were filled by the election as Honorary President of Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe, of Charleston, S. C., and of Mrs. John P. Poe, of Baltimore, Md.

Two Honorary Presidents were in attendance at this convention: Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, of Richmond, Va., and Mrs. Algernon Sidney Sullivan, of New York. Two ex-Presidents General attended the convention: Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Paris, Tenn., and Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, of Washington, D. C.

The Credentials Committee reported that 1,176 Chapters had sent in credentials, these Chapters representing a membership of 64,000. Seventeen new Chapters have been chartered during the year, seven being in North Carolina.

The report of the President General, Mrs. McKinney, was interesting. She told in detail of the bequest of the estate of Hector W. Church, of Oxford, N. Y., a soldier on the Union side in the War between the States, to the Daughters of the Confederacy. This bequest amounts to nearly \$10,000 and is to perpetuate the fame of Jefferson Davis, Gen. Robert E. Lee, Gen. John B. Gordon, and Gen. Jubal Early. The U. D. C. appreciate this bequest very much.

At the recommendation of the President General the con-

vention voted to assist the Sons in erecting at Harper's Ferry a boulder to commemorate the loyalty of a slave who was killed by John Brown to his friends.

The convention renewed interest in the Jefferson Davis National Highway, raised on the floor of the convention one thousand dollars for maps of the route, and authorized a committee to cooperate with the Sons of Confederate Veterans, with N. B. Forrest, Commander in Chief, at the head of the work.

After some spirited debate it was decided that the medal given to World War veterans should be bestowed on descendants of Confederate veterans and of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the work was recommended for further investigation to be reported to the next convention.

When the relief work was discussed, it was decided to request every Chapter to send to the Treasurer General one dollar a year for the relief work. Last year fifty cents from each Chapter was requested, but that proved inadequate to the needs of aged Confederate women and men stranded in States where there are no Confederate homes; so now one dollar is asked for. By contributions from the floor \$1,305 was raised, and it was decided to send to each old lady a \$5 bill for Christmas.

The Hero Fund Scholarship Fund for World War soldiers, has grown to \$29,500, and the interest from it is now available, and \$200 each will be given for several scholarships. The Philadelphia Chapter has given more than any Chapter to the Hero Fund, and South Carolina is the first large State Division to pay her *per capita* assessment, \$1.15 per member, totaling \$4,600.

The Education Committee reported seven hundred scholarships and a grand total of expenditures of \$81,158.

Much interest in organizing Children's Chapters was reported, and the banner for membership was awarded to North Carolina.

The Children's Chapters are to be given certificates of membership and the U. D. C. Constitution changed next year so charters may be given them.

Historical Evening was very interesting. The address of the Historian General was masterly and replete with historical data. The following awards of prizes were made:

For the greatest historical work during the year, the Raines Banner went to Georgia.

To Mrs. Fisher, of Lynchburg, Va., for an essay on Stonewall Jackson, the Rose loving cup.

The Anna Robinson Andrews medal for the best historical sketch went to Miss Bessie Mauney, of King's Mountain, on the subject, "King's Mountain."

The Youree prize was awarded Miss Julia Fletcher, of the State of Washington.

The soldiers' prize of \$20 in gold went to Miss Maud

O'Fry, and the Roberts prize, \$10 in gold, to Miss Alyne Reid, both of Gastonia, N. C.

The Hyde prize went to the essay on Matthew Fontaine Maury, by Mrs. L. F. Beatty, former State Historian of Tennessee.

The Robert P. Ricks banner went to North Carolina.

The Florence Golder Faris prize went to John Wesley Weeks, of Decatur, Ga.

The Mildred Rutherford historical medal was awarded the Denver (Colo.) Chapter for the fourth time.

On Thursday, Armistice Day, thirty Confederate veterans attended the convention. In commemoration of the day a silent prayer was made and a motion adopted that on every Armistice Day the U. D. C. are in session a moment's silent prayer followed by the Lord's Prayer be observed at noon. A telegram of greetings was sent to President Woodrow Wilson.

A delegate calling attention to the day being the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, the Historian General, Mrs. A. A. Campbell, stated that the U. D. C. stand for the truth of history and that the permanent colony at Jamestown, Va., was founded in 1607, thus antedating the

landing of the Pilgrims by several years, and that the first legislative assembly was held there before the Pilgrim Fathers ever left the Old World.

In her report as President of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, Mrs. Sallie Archer Anderson, of Richmond, stated that 7,777 visited the Confederate Museum during the year, among them General Pershing and his staff.

June 3, birthday of President Jefferson Davis, has been set aside as Museum Day, when relics and donations are to be sent. Many States have not finished the endowment fund of their room. They are earnestly urged to complete these funds, so the Museum can be adequately maintained.

A most interesting and instructive report was the one on "Church Bells Presented the Confederate Government."

Mrs. Bennett D. Bell, of Tennessee, reported the Mrs. John C. Brown peace essay.

Miss Caroline W. Ware, of Vassar College, won the prize of \$100 for the best Confederate essay.

The Alexander Faris trophy, a beautiful silver loving cup, awarded to the Chapter with the largest number of new members between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, was presented to the Winthrop College (S. C.) Chapter.

There is a live Chapter in Boston, Mass., one is in process of organization in Connecticut, and one is expected to be organized soon in London, England. Several members of the U. D. C., among them Lady Astor, a member of the Virginia Division, reside there.

Dr. Henry Lewis Smith, President of Washington and Lee University, made an interesting talk, asking the Daughters to approve the Lee Memorial Fund. This was indorsed. Admiral A. O. Wright made a talk and plea to the Daughters for help to erect a home for naval veterans. The Daughters subscribed liberally. After an address by Judge Howry, resolutions condemning the omission of names of Southern heroes from the honor roll of the Arlington Memorial Amphitheater were adopted and a committee created to secure the placing of the names of the South's heroes there.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas the name of Jefferson Davis, our chieftain, pure and stainless as the lilies, is shrined in every loyal Southern heart; and whereas we realize he has not yet been accorded the high place on the pedestal of fame and honor we know he deserves; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we, as Daughters of the Confederacy, wherever and whenever assembled, will pay loyal tribute to the memory of this great statesman and man of integrity, purity, and honor, the only President of the Confederacy, by displaying his picture and assigning some part of the program to his honor and memory, that the world may know the high place he holds in the hearts of the Southern Confederacy."

The delegates voted to endeavor to have sung in all Southern churches the favorite hymns—"How firm a foundation" and "Jesus, lover of my soul"—of President Jefferson Davis and Gen. Robert E. Lee on the Sundays preceding their birthdays.



MRS. FELIX HARVEY, PRESIDENT NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION AND HOSTESS TO THE CONVENTION IN ASHEVILLE.



All Divisions and Chapters which have not completed their quota are urged to send to the Treasurer General at once twenty-five cents per member for the Jefferson Davis monument at Fairview, so the monument can be completed and unveiled on President Davis's birthday, June 3, 1921.

The U. D. C. decided, as the Veterans are erecting a beautiful monument to S. A. Cunningham, to endow a \$3,000 scholarship in Peabody College to be known as the S. A. Cunningham Scholarship.

The convention decided to cooperate with the Matthew Fontaine Maury Association in the erection of a monument to the "Pathfinder of the Seas" in Richmond, the capital of the Southern Confederacy.

The convention urged all U. D. C. Chapters to protest against the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" having a place on programs in the South, especially on school programs, as it was written in bitterness to commemorate victories over the South and teaches wrong history.

Mrs. W. S. Coleman, of Atlanta, presented to the organization, to be placed in the Confederate Museum, a cross made of a small piece of the celebrated charter oak of Hartford, Conn. The cross was made and mounted in London. On the ends of the cross in the gold mounting are tiny acorns. The charter was granted the colonists on May 10, 1662; the charter was concealed in the oak on October 31, 1687; the oak fell on August 21, 1856. These dates are engraved on the cross.

The book, "Women of the South in War Times," compiled by the historian, Matthew Page Andrews, was reported ready for distribution, and for its historic value and as an addition to their educational work the U. D. C. are anxious to place it in every home, library, and school of the United States.

A number of books, including several volumes of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, were reported sent to the Bodlian Library, Oxford, England, and that the library at Ottawa, Canada, desires Southern books. The recommendation of the President General that correspondence be opened with libraries of other foreign countries looking to placing similar collections in their ranking libraries was adopted. Mention was made that credit for placing books from the South in the Bodlian Library should be given to Miss Catherine Stiles, of Georgia, the first one to send books there.

St. Louis will be the next convention city and will have to exert herself to surpass or equal Asheville. The social functions were enjoyable, beginning with a tea and organ recital at Grove Park Inn on the wonderful new organ with seven thousand stops. The opening exercises were held in the beautifully decorated City Auditorium, where representatives of the city and various organizations voiced their welcome to the U. D. C., and Gov. Thomas W. Bickett welcomed them to North Carolina. That evening the pages' ball was given at Grove Park Inn. On Wednesday evening the Board of Trade gave a reception at Battery Park Hotel for all the delegates; the same evening before the reception Mrs. Platt gave at Grove Park Inn a dinner for the general officers, the ex-Presidents General, and State Presidents. The Kiwanis Club gave on Thursday for all attending the convention a drive about beautiful Asheville, its mountains, and show places; the members of the club driving their cars and pointing out points of interest. That night the Rotary Club gave a dinner for general officers, ex-Presidents General, State Presidents, and North Carolina Executive Board as honor guests. Appreciation of these and other courtesies were beautifully expressed by the Resolution Committee.

## Historical Department, H. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

### U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JANUARY, 1921.

#### PARLIAMENTARY MEETING.

Authorities: Robert's "Rules of Order," "Parliamentary Usage," by Mrs. Emma Fox. Chapter IX of "Parliamentary Usage" may be used as a guide for forms of procedure and motions which may be debated. It is suggested that all the various motions possible be used, so that this meeting may be in the nature of a parliamentary drill.

### C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JANUARY, 1921.

#### HERO YEAR.

Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States. Study his life, his great services as a soldier and statesman, and as the first and only President of the Confederacy.

### SURVEY OF THE 1921 PROGRAM.

Through the Historical Program for 1921 "one increasing purpose runs." First, to arouse the Chapters to the importance of studying rules of order by a parliamentary meeting in January; second, to teach history by localities.

The Chapter meeting is the school in which Division and U. D. C. officers must all serve, and nothing can so facilitate the dispatch of business as a strict observance of parliamentary usage. The authority used by the U. D. C. and by many Divisions is Robert's "Rules of Order." For those who find this classic too technical "Parliamentary Usage," by Mrs. Emma Fox, is recommended. Mrs. Fox is the parliamentarian who has so acceptably served several U. D. C. conventions. Her book is in complete accord with General Robert, but is more easily understood because the reason of the law, which is the light of the law, is so clearly stated. Chapter IX contains the forms and procedure of which no presiding officer can afford to be ignorant. After having gained some knowledge of parliamentary law, do not allow it to lapse through disuse. At each meeting bring up some point, whether it be the list of privileged main motions (called by Robert "Privileged Questions"), subsidiary motions, or the rank of these motions.

The topic for the year is "Southern Ports and Poets." The study of history by localities is based on the cities of Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, Wilmington, Norfolk, and New Orleans. It will include the battles fought in these harbors, the exploits of Admiral Semmes, and the poets who are associated with four of these cities.

For those who are unable or unwilling to give time to the preparation of a program, and in this way to derive the most benefit from it, the Historian General will endeavor to publish in the VETERAN short articles on each subject. State Historians will receive copies of the program in time to publish and distribute them for the January meeting should they desire to use them. A few Divisions prefer their own year-books and are free to dispense entirely with the U. D. C. program. The only complication resulting from this is the

[Continued on page 478.]

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*  
Seale, Ala.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.  
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*  
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.  
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
College Park, Ga.  
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*  
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



## VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson  
GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll  
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner  
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer  
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

## THE C. S. M. A. IN 1921.

*To My Dear Coworkers:* The seasons greetings from your President General, with the earnest wish that the Prince of Peace may abide in every home and heart and with the prayer that his loving care may enfold each one, that the light of a new dawn may shine in our hearts, uplifting, inspiring, and anointing afresh for the sacred duties intrusted to us by those who have paid the price and shine in the light of God. Let us carry on, ever mindful of our motto, *Lest We Forget*.

*Notice to the State Presidents.*—Last month the announcement was made of the appointment by your President General, and later ratified by the Houston Convention, of Mrs. Emmet Lee Merry, of Tulsa, Okla., as National Organizer for our C. S. M. A. work. Fearing that the real significance of this important action may not be fully comprehended, special attention of the State Presidents is called to this splendid opportunity of assistance in adding to your work and bringing back to life Associations that have been inactive. Let me strongly urge upon you the importance and value of this opportunity, and write Mrs. Merry at once, so as to secure her services, which she freely gives, at the earliest possible moment. Mrs. Merry is a Virginian by birth, and inherits from the best blood of that grand old State just the qualifications necessary to successfully aid you. She is a type of the true gentlewoman of the Old South, magnetic as a speaker, tactful and gracious in manner, with an attractive personality and a depth of patriotic pride and loyalty to the South. Mrs. Merry is eminently qualified for the work she is undertaking and will respond to any calls for assistance in organizing or strengthening Associations. Address: Mrs. Emmet Lee Merry, 815 South Boulder Avenue, Tulsa, Okla.

Let us do this work now and bring to the next convention such reports as will insure the care of every grave of a Confederate veteran, with markers placed and our annual Memorial Day celebration a pean of praise for our matchless heroes who wore the gray.

*The Bar of Honor, Important Notice.*—The convention at Houston voted to give the bar of honor to every mother of a Confederate veteran whether or not she has a living son. Not only are Associations urged to take this matter up, but every Memorial woman is appealed to to aid in locating and reporting these dear old mothers. Their extreme age makes haste necessary and life to them doubly uncertain. Search through very hamlet and village and send names with certified facts as to son's service, also address and age of applicant, to Mrs. Frank D. Tracy, General Chairman Confederate Mothers' Committee, Pensacola, Fla.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON,  
*President General C. S. M. A.*

## ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY MRS. LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE, ATLANTA, GA.

*C. S. M. A. Stationery.*—Beautifully engraved stationery, bearing the insignia of the C. S. M. A. in gold and colors, can be had in any quantity desired by ordering through Mrs. Bryan W. Collier, Corresponding Secretary General, College Park, Ga. Send money in checks or post office orders.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Bryan W. Collier is preparing her second volume of "Representative Women of the South," and it is hoped that many of our women who have given lives of service to our country, especially during the Reconstruction period, will send in to her biographical sketches which will include any unwritten history of the South. The book will be sold by subscription only.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Oswald Eve, of Augusta, Ga., has been appointed Chairman of the Seegar Library to be placed in the American library in Paris, France, in honor of Allen Seegar, the young American poet who gave his life in the World War. Fuller details will be given later.

\* \* \*

The following is from the open letter sent to all State Presidents of the C. S. M. A. by the President General:

"At the recent convention in Houston the following matters of vital import were passed:

"1. In presenting the gold bar of honor to Confederate veterans' mothers it was voted that the pins be given to all living mothers, whether or not they have living sons, and that each Association contribute any sum which they desire toward the payment of same. A number of contributions were made at Houston; and if your Association has not contributed, please send money to your President General, who up to the present time has paid all expenses. Thirty-eight of these dear old mothers were thus honored during the past year, and you are urged to help seek out those mothers deserving this honor.

"2. Voted that the dues for the C. S. M. A. be two dollars for all Associations under twenty-five members and for each additional member over twenty-five a *per capita* tax of ten cents be paid.

"3. That the C. S. M. A. indorse the Seegar Library to be placed in the 'American Library in Paris, Incorporated.' The request is made that you send in to the President General any books of Southern history which you may desire to see placed in the Paris library.

"4. Two new States were added to our work: Oklahoma, with Mrs. W. H. Crowder, of Tulsa, as State President; and Texas, with Mrs. Mary E. Bryan as State President. Houston, Tex., has a splendid new Association, with Leeland D.



Fletcher as President. This Association was the hospitable hostess to our convention. Mrs. B. L. Merry, of Tulsa, Okla., was elected National Organizer and Miss Annie M. Lane, of Washington, Ga., Chairman of the Historical Committee.

"The organizing of Junior Memorial Associations was also stressed. Please take up this work. Hold sacred and inviolate your Memorial Association and bear in mind that our work is for the dead and carry ever in mind our motives."

#### "THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

It would not be possible to gather all the incidents pertaining to the part taken by the women of the South in the War between the States, but the modest volume compiled by Matthew Page Andrews and published under the auspices of the U. D. C. is a mine of information on their great work, wonderful courage, patient endurance, sacrifice, and loyalty—a record not surpassed in the history of any people. Theirs was indeed a great part in the history of the Confederacy. The book was not prepared simply for the U. D. C., but its purpose is to inform the world as to the justice of the Southern cause and to show that the sacrifices of its noble womanhood were in behalf of a worthy cause. The last chapter gives the record of the U. D. C. in relief work during the World War.

The narratives given take us through scenes of suffering and despoliation from the beginning to the end of the War between the States, in many instances not surpassed by what transpired in the invaded regions of Belgium and France during the World War. And amid all this blackness shines the light of that brave womanhood whose frail strength was nerved to meet the need of every occasion. Surely no unworthy cause could have called forth such devotion and loyalty.

Many other just as worthy records were sent to the managing editor, but it was not possible to use all, and selection was made with a view to illustrating the different phases of life in all parts of the South. The publication of the picture of Mrs. Sarah Dabney Eggleston, of Sewanee, Tenn., brought a letter from her saying that she could not understand why she was so "signally honored," as she could mention scores of women "more worthy to have their pictures in the work." This spirit of modesty is characteristic of those women, who never made claim for any recognition of their deeds.

Only a few illustrations are used, but these are exceptionally good, and especially a hitherto unpublished picture of General Lee.

The presentation of the first copy of the book to the Convention, U. D. C., at Asheville, N. C., was made the occasion for a pretty little ceremony. The next forty-eight copies were reserved for disposition to each State of the Union, orders for which were taken at the convention. The remainder of the edition is now ready for general distribution, and the book should be sent into all parts of the country and abroad. See notice of price, etc., on page 478.

Capt. H. M. Taylor, of Carlisle, Ky., one of "Morgan's Men," writes that he wants to "join old Brother Thompson, of Dothan, Ala., in expressing my appreciation of the VETERAN and to say that, although I am only two years his junior, the VETERAN is one of the visitors to my home which is most highly appreciated, and price is no consideration."

#### A TRIBUTE TO HOOD'S TEXANS.

A. N. Neal, Adjutant of Teche Camp, U. C. V., Jeanerette, La., writes:

"I wish to say a few words in regard to Ross's Texas Cavalry Brigade, of whose services in the disastrous campaign from Atlanta, Ga., to Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., and out at the pontoon bridge near Florence, Ala., much has been written. As a sergeant I was at Atlanta when General Hood was rash enough to undertake to carry a load too heavy for our beloved Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and we all felt that the end had almost come. Armstrong's and Hood's Brigades were in the same division, and it was my good fortune to be with some of Hood's men throughout the whole trip. The Texas boys were always on a scout, and often did we enjoy a treat of good rations, such as coffee and other things designed to feed the Yanks, from a wagon captured by them—those bad Texans. When with Ross's men or Young's Battery I had little fear of all the Yanks might do.

"Fortunately, we were not at the bridge during that cold night's drive, and I suppose the army was nearly all over when it came my time to cross. A company of the Texans crossed and halted, then some other command, and, last, Armstrong's men. I chanced to halt near the front of our column, and then the Texans began their fun. The soldiers between were the butt of their joshing. One of their best jokes was that a few miles back they had drawn up a gun on a negro cabin and shelled it all day, until just about sunset an old negro hobbled out from the cabin and said: 'What you-uns shootin' at, anyway?'

"These things are all nonsense, but they linger long in the minds of us old Johnny Rebs. Beyond this, I have little recollection of what happened until I was paroled with General Forrest's cavalry at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865."

#### FORREST'S CAVALRY AT THE HOUSTON REUNION.

The annual meeting of Forrest's Cavalry Corps, which was held during the Reunion, U. C. V., in Houston, was fully attended. The following officers were unanimously elected: Commander in Chief, Lieut. Gen. W. A. Collier, of Memphis; Commander of First Division, or Eastern Department, comprising all territory east of the Mississippi River, Maj. Gen. John N. Johnson, of Chattanooga; Commander of Second Division, or Western Department, comprising all territory west of the Mississippi River, Maj. Gen. Felix H. Robertson, of Crawford, Tex.

The following were elected Commanders of the several States: Alabama, Frank S. White, Birmingham; Arkansas, J. E. Wood, Marianna; Florida, Raymond Cay, Jacksonville; Kentucky, J. H. Price, Bowling Green; Louisiana, James A. Dinkins, New Orleans; Mississippi, W. G. White, West Point; Missouri, A. A. Pearson, Kansas City; Oklahoma, S. T. Lane; Texas, N. A. Bridges, Bonham; Tennessee, D. C. Scales, Nashville.

When Mrs. Mary Forrest Bradley, granddaughter of General Forrest, was elected Honorary Matron of Honor for life, the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. She was escorted to the front and made a brief and beautiful speech, which was most heartily cheered.

## SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1919-20.

Commander in Chief.....Nathan Bedford Forrest  
Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton  
Editor, J. R. Price.....1205 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.  
[Address all communications to this department to the Editor.]

### CONFEDERATION NEWS AND NOTES.

The editor of the S. C. V. Department extends Christmas greetings to the United Confederate Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. Our felicitations for the new year can find no more perfect expression than the wish that the traditional ideals of the Old South may continue to be our guide in the paths of progress and civilization.

\* \* \*

J. Edward Beale, Commander of the Black Horse Camp, Warrenton, Va., has shown an unusual interest in the VETERAN. He apparently avails himself of every opportunity to tell his friends about the S. C. V. Department. The most recent subscribers to the VETERAN through his efforts are: Miss Victoria Gray and Mrs. M. T. Hart, Warrenton, Va.; Mrs. Hettie Wyant, Remington, Va.; Mrs. Lelia M. Moncure, Bealeton, Va.; and Mr. J. Gillison Beale, Midland, Va.

\* \* \*

R. Johnson Neely, Commander of Virginia Division, S. C. V., has made the following appointments on his staff and Executive Council:

Brodie S. Herndon, Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Portsmouth, Va.

W. L. Wilkinson, Division Inspector, Holdcroft, Va.

Albert Rust, Division Quartermaster, Hay Market, Va.

Dr. J. Garnett King, Division Surgeon, Fredericksburg, Va.

C. Whittle Sams, Division Historian, Norfolk, Va.

Samuels L. Adams, Division Judge Advocate, South Boston, Va.

J. Edward Beale, Division Commissary, Remington, Va.

J. W. Atwell, Division Color Bearer, Leesburg, Va.

Rev. Cleveland Hall, Division Chaplain, Danville, Va.

Executive Council: R. J. Neely, Division Commander, *ex officio* Chairman, Portsmouth, Va.; Samuel L. Adams, South Boston, Va.; Dr. R. B. Davis, Holdcroft, Va.; W. A. Par-due, Petersburg, Va.; T. W. Spindle, Roanoke, Va.; J. H. Leslie, Leesburg, Va.; W. H. Lewis, Clifton Forge, Va.; W. W. Old, Norfolk, Va.; Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.; James F. Tatem, Berkley, Va.; Garland P. Peed, Norfolk, Va.

Commander Neely requests that all the above-appointed officers will, as soon as possible, make reports to the general headquarters and further requests that all Brigade and Camp Commanders reorganize the dead Camps and continue to stimulate a live interest in all Camps. A copy of the muster roll and officers of each reorganized Camp should be sent to the Commander immediately.

\* \* \*

At a recent meeting of Camp Pender, S. C. V., Currie, N. C., the following officers were elected: E. A. Hawes, Commandant; B. F. Keith, First Lieutenant; J. F. Lucas, Adjutant; Devane Murphy, Treasurer.

Comrade Keith offered a resolution at the Houston Reunion, which was unanimously adopted, authorizing the Com-

mander in Chief to appoint one or more organizers in each State for the purpose of organizing Camps in each county, township, and municipality.

\* \* \*

According to information received from N. B. Forrest, Commander in Chief, the following members have contributed \$100 each toward a fund to be used to enlarge the work of the organization for the current year: Edgar Scurry, S. H. King, Jr., John Ashley Jones, Carl Hinton, W. McD. Lee, S. F. Carter, Jr., J. R. Price, and the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp.

\* \* \*

G. O. Coble, Commander North Carolina Division, S. C. V., attended the opening session of the U. D. C. convention held at Asheville, N. C., on November 10. In his address of welcome he stressed the need of organizing more Camps of Sons of Confederate Veterans in order to perpetuate Southern ideals and memories and care for the failing veterans. Speaking for Thomas D. Johnston Camp, S. C. V., of Asheville, Rev. Dr. W. F. Powell welcomed the "fairest daughters of the South to the sky parlor of America." "When time has continued until man can survey the perfect type of man, history will write Robert E. Lee as the greatest man yet produced by the Anglo-Saxon race," declared Dr. Powell. Arthur H. Jennings, Historian in Chief S. C. V., Lynchburg, Va., also attended the convention. He says as a result of his many conferences with the Daughters plans were perfected to inaugurate a movement to disseminate the truths of Confederate history.

\* \* \*

### NAVAL REGISTER RECORDS SOUTHERN HEROES AS DISMISSED.

Several hundred officers of the United States navy from the South resigned their commissions in 1861 to cast their fortunes with their States. The resignations of most of them were accepted at the time. There were one hundred and thirty-six of them, however, who resigned at about the same time whose resignations were not accepted, and the Navy Register of 1862 records them as "dismissed," while it records all the others as "resigned."

The heroism these men displayed during the War between the States is an American heritage that should be the pride of every American citizen. Their sons and grandsons fought our battles in the Spanish-American War; their grandsons and great-grandsons fought our battles in the World War. They are denied the privilege of joining patriotic orders because their ancestors are branded as having been dismissed from the service.

Every man named in the list of one hundred and thirty-six is dead, and of the six thousand who served in the Confederate States' navy all are dead but about one hundred and fifty.

The authority to remove this stigma from the names of these heroes is within the power of Congress either to date the acceptance of these resignations back to the time they resigned or of this date, fifty-eight years after they resigned.

It is requested that the various Camps of Sons of Confederate Veterans and the United Daughters of the Confederacy take some action to have this Register corrected.

The United States Naval Register, page 112, shows the names of those dismissed from January 1, 1861, to December 31, 1862, and also in the VETERAN for October, 1919, page 396.



## SURVEY OF THE 1921 PROGRAM.

(Continued from page 474.)

fact that many Chapters in these Divisions write to the Historian General for programs and information. This does not seem courteous to the State Historian, who is naturally in closer touch with the Chapters of her Division and would like to be apprised of their needs.

Small Divisions desiring only a few programs will be supplied with a sufficient number for their use, and they will also be sent to Chapters not in Divisions.

*"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."*

Orders for the book, "Women of the South in War Times," should be sent to the managing editor, Matthew Page Andrews, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md., who will receive subscriptions direct from individuals and Chapters in order to save time in transshipment. The prepublication price of \$2 to members of the U. D. C. only has been extended until after Christmas, plus ten cents extra for postage. To all others the price is \$2.50, postpaid.

The leaders to date on prepublication subscriptions are the States of South Carolina, North Carolina, and Mississippi. Two of the most active distributors live in the North—Mrs. Bradford, of Pittsburg, Pa., and Mrs. Ollor, of Tacoma, Wash.

It is particularly important that the Committee on Publication have a publicity fund raised at once. Contributions to this fund may be sent to the managing editor or to any member of the Committee on Publicity. Those individuals and Chapters contributing to this fund or sending notable subscriptions to the book will be credited therefor through the columns of the VETERAN. The first contribution to the publicity fund was from the New York Chapter, U. D. C., \$25, which was used in printing circulars.

The convention at Asheville approved of the idea of having each Chapter subscribe for a copy to present to the editor of its local paper for review. If this were done throughout the South, the expense of publicity would be almost negligible, and great good would be accomplished in extending knowledge of and interest in the book.

The managing editor wishes to express his deep appreciation of the hearty cooperation on the part of every member of the Committee on Publication. Everything was done in absolute and perfect harmony.

J. L. Smith writes from Philadelphia: "Your magazine is ahead of Yankee magazines, as you have an obituary department with pictures of deceased comrades. I have been struck with the fact in connection with the 'late Rebs' that they held responsible positions and were held in high esteem in the opinion of many of the Yanks. I have talked to Fitzhugh Lee, a clever man, and many others on my trips over the battle fields in the South; and as I was in thirty-seven battles myself, my verdict is that they are the finest fighters in world. \* \* \* Here's my two years' dues."

B. C. Lee writes from Coushatta, La., renewing subscription for two years: "The VETERAN is a good paper and has a glad welcome in my home and, like an old comrade, recalls the joys of other days in youth's glad morning, when hearts were young and hopes were bright, and it is truly a means of pleasure and comfort in the passing moments of life's quiet evening. Its monthly visits are made promptly on time and highly appreciated."

## FIGHTING JOHN BROWN AT OSAWATOMIE.

(Continued from page 460.)

smoke of war was in the nostrils of men, and the great tragedy of the War between the States was coming on swiftly.

I enlisted in Bryan's Battalion, Confederate Volunteers, in August, 1861. In 1862 I was transferred to the 2d Cherokee Regiment, acting as adjutant for one and a half years, and later was transferred to Lee's Battery, in which I served in the capacity of second lieutenant until the close of the war.

## WHAT FLAGS ARE THESE?

An interesting letter comes to the VETERAN with inquiry about two flags that are now in the State Armory at Jefferson City, Mo., and any information that will identify these banners is especially desired. One is thus described: "Made of white silk, on one side of which is painted a pine tree. At the root of the tree is an open book with the following words written on the two pages: 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be carried into the midst of the sea. The Lord of hosts is with us. The God of Jacob is our refuge.' Above the pine tree is one star and the inscription, 'Separate State Action.' The other side is of dark blue silk with the words painted in gilt: 'South Carolina Convention, 1860.' This banner is about two and a half feet square and hung from the top; it is bordered with gold fringe and has a deep tassel on each lower corner."

The other flag is about 6x4 feet, made of dark blue silk, with a large star, in the center of which is a red cross; above the large star is a group of seven stars, and below is written "Beauregard Rifles."

Response to this inquiry should be sent to the VETERAN.

## THE VIRGINIA SCHOOL OF NURSING.

An institution that deserves encouragement is the School of Nursing located at Fredericksburg, Va. Many young women and girls all over the country who have hesitated to go into such work because of the long and arduous training will find in this school an opportunity to fit themselves quickly for profitable positions. The school has been in existence for some years, but was suspended during the World War, as its doctors and nurses were in the service. Now it is being built up again. Its President, Dr. W. J. Chowning, is the son of a Confederate veteran. His father, who is also a member of the faculty, was a young captain under Stonewall Jackson, having run away from home to join the army when but seventeen years of age. Dr. Chowning and his associates have been teaching nursing for more than twenty years, and he served under Dr. Hunter McGuire for two years, being chief house surgeon of the Virginia Hospital, Richmond, during the time.

The price for the course in this school is very moderate, and all who are thinking of taking up nursing as a profession would do well to write to Dr. Chowning for full information. There are daily calls on this school for nurses.

The appeal for the Jefferson Davis monument at Fairview so effectively presented at the Reunion in Houston has stirred our veterans in its behalf. D. E. McMillin, of Louisville, Miss., writes that he has collected \$81.35 since he went home and sent it on to Mrs. McKinney, President General U. D. C. Just a little effort by each Camp will help to complete that great undertaking.

# NUXATED IRON

increases strength of delicate, nervous, run-down people in two weeks' time in many instances. Used and highly endorsed by former United States Senators and Members of Congress, well-known physicians and former Public Health officials. Ask your doctor or druggist about it.

W. D. Robinson, of Corsicana, Tex., would be glad to hear from any of the comrades of R. M. (Matt) Collins, who served in Company F, 13th Regiment of Georgia Troops. Any surviving comrades are asked to respond to this at once in the interest of his widow, who needs a pension.

"One finds it difficult in these times to dress as one ought."

"O, I don't know. I have a suit of clothes for every day in the week."

"Really?"

"Yes, this is it."—*Tit-Bits, London.*

WANTED.—A copy of "Leopard's Spots," by Dixon, and of "Eagle's Nest," by John Esten Cooke. Any one having these books for sale will kindly communicate with the VETERAN, stating price wanted.

Frank Brame, County Court Clerk, Lewisville, Ark., makes inquiry for L. B. Chambers, who is on the pension roll of Lafayette County and for whom he is holding a pension check, but has not been able to locate him. Information of his whereabouts will be appreciated.

Mrs. T. J. Lally, 114 S. B. Street, McAlester, Okla., wishes to get information on the record of several relatives who served in the Confederate army—namely, her grandfather, William F. Henderson, who served under Capt. Clifas Thompson; two uncles, Summerfield and Milton Henderson, who enlisted in St. Louis; two other uncles, Milton nad Jack Shields, who also enlisted at the beginning (Jack was wounded and died in Atlanta, Ga., where he is buried); a cousin, Marion Thompson, who died in the service. All of these enlisted either in Giles or Maury County, Tenn. Any information of their service will be appreciated.

## SEE THESE FACTS AGAIN.

An investigation of the educational advantages enjoyed by the eight thousand persons mentioned in "Who's Who in America" for the years 1899-1900 brought out the following facts: Out of the nearly five million uneducated men and women in America, only thirty-one have been sufficiently successful in any kind of work to obtain a place among the eight thousand leaders catalogued in this book. Out of thirty-three million people with as much as a common school education, 803 were able to win a place in the list, while out of only two million with high-school training 1,245 have manifested this marked efficiency; and out of one million with college or university training, 5,768 have merited this distinction—that is to say, only one child in one hundred and fifty thousand has been able in America, without education, to become a notable factor in the progress of his State; while the children with common school education have, in proportion to numbers, accomplished this four times as often, and those with high school education eighty-seven times as often, and those with college training eight hundred times as often. If this list had been selected by the universities or school-teachers, or if literary leaders only were chosen, it might easily be claimed that the apparently greater success of the educated was due to the line of work from which the leaders were selected. But the selection of the men and women in this book was not in the hands of professors, but in the hands of a firm of business men. They selected leaders in all lines of industry, commerce, agriculture, and other fields of practical endeavor besides the professions, and still this enormously increased efficiency and productivity of those with education was found.

The child with no schooling has one chance in 150,000 of performing distinguished service; with elementary education, he has four times the chance; with high school education, eighty-seven times the chance; with college education, eight hundred times the chance.—*Boys' Life for September.*

J. E. Stevenson, of Lancaster, S. C., is anxious to hear from M. P. Stevenson, who was a member of the 4th or 5th Alabama Regiment and was badly wounded at Seven Pines, Va. His company was made up in Pickens County, Ala. If he is not living, and response from any friends or relatives will be appreciated.

# Deafness

**From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!**



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

**Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums** often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn. What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page Book on Deafness—giving you full particulars. **WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,** 302 Inter-Southern Bldg. **INCORPORATED LOUISVILLE, KY.**



## LEARN TO SPEND.

It has been found that two families out of three who are classed as poor owe their condition to bad habits of spending rather than actual lack of money. It is almost as important, therefore, that we learn how to spend money as well as how to make it. It has been said that even the great World War would have been worth all it cost if it had only taught us as a nation how to be economical. A great educational movement is on foot to teach boys and girls, even in the early grades of the schools, how to spend money intelligently. One of the first steps is to learn to keep a budget of expenses, no matter how small they may seem. With such a foundation a boy begins life with an excellent start in the right direction.—*Boys' Life for September.*

W. R. McClellan, of Coleman, Tex., writes: "For the first time in these twenty-seven years I have missed a number of the VETERAN. I dislike to lose a single copy, so please send it on if possible."

R. R. Witt, of Lexington, Va., wishes to procure a copy of "Jim Cummings's Book of Memories" and "Under the Black Flag," by Kit Dalton.



## THE THREE GENERALS



The title of this picture is distinctive. This splendid grouping of the three greatest generals this country has produced is offered as a handsome steel engraving 18x23½ inches. The VETERAN commends it above all others as most suitable for presentation to schools, libraries, Camps, etc., and it should be in every home. Let it be your Christmas gift to some one. The price is \$7.50, postpaid. Order from the VETERAN.





























